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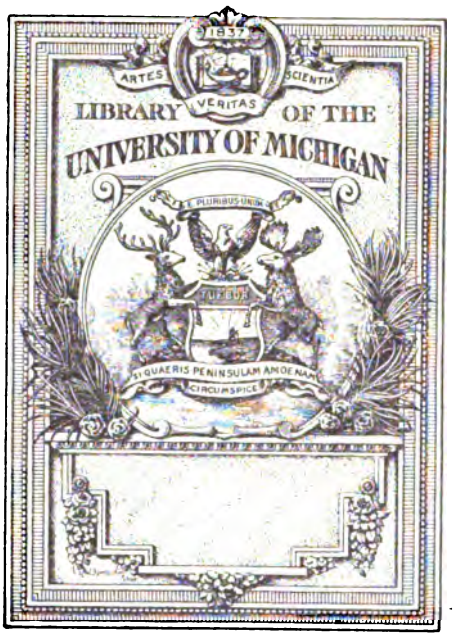
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THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

103885

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1844.

EDITED BY JOHN HOLMES AGNEW.

PUBLISHED BY LEAVITT, TROW, & CO.

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1844.

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INDEX TO THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

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1. The Widow, Painted by Leslie.
2. Cleopatra Crowning the Tomb of Anthony, by Kauffman.
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A

Akerman's New Testament,—*Literary Gaz.*, 530
Animal Magnetism,—*Fraser's Magazine*, . 71

B

Barry Cornwall's Songs,—*Athenæum*, . 69
Beard and Pipe,—*New Monthly Magazine*, . 467
Beaumarchais and Sophie Arnould,—*Westminster Review*, ... 271, 532
Beneke's Theory and Practice of Education,—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, . . . 532
Bibliographical Notices: Great Britain, 143, 144, 431, 573; Germany, 432, 574.
Burns and Byron,—*Tait's Magazine*, . . 409

C

Campbelliana,—*Fraser's Magazine*, . . 289
Caraccas, a Visit to,—*United Service Jour.*, 363
Chatham, Earl of,—*Edinburgh Review*, . 470
Clapham Sect, the,—*Edinburgh Review*, . 1
Coningsby; or the New Generation,—*New Monthly Magazine*, ... 45
Course of English Reading,—*Fraser's Mag.*, 512

D

Durbin's Observations in Europe,—*Spectator*, 353
Drama, Saint Marc Girardin's Lectures on the,—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, . . 38

E

Ellen Middleton,—*Edinburgh Review*, . 269
English Opinions on Germany,—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, ... 399
Ethics of Politicians, the,—*Westminster Review*, ... 145
Exhibition of the English in China,—*Charivari*, ... 87
Expedition of Dr. Lepsius in Egypt,—*Literary Gazette*, ... 224

G

Geology, Scriptural Difficulties of,—*Dublin Review*, ... 185
Glaciers, a Week among the,—*Athenæum*, 109

H

Harris's Highlands of Ethiopia,—*North British Review*, ... 433
Herbst's Letters From England,—*Tait's Magazine*, ... 349
Histoire Francaise,—*Tait's Magazine*, . 328

I

Illustrated Books,—*Quarterly Review*, . 90
India,—*Spectator*, ... 362
Ireland and O'Connell,—*Spectator*, . . 415

J

Jeffrey's Contributions,—*North British Review*, ... 542

L

Legend of Zahringen,—*Court Journal*, . 304
Le Peuple Souriquois,—*New Monthly Magazine*, ... 265
Liberation War in Germany,—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, ... 369
Louisa Queen of Prussia,—*Literary Gazette*, 510
Louis Philippe's Visit to Victoria,—*Court Journal*, ... 529
Lowell Offering,—*Athenæum*, ... 318

M

Manners, Fashions, and Things in General,—*Fraser's Magazine*, ... 53
Martyrs of Science, the,—*Edinburgh Review*, 226
Mehemet Ali,—*Examiner*, ... 320
Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess,—*New Monthly Magazine*, ... 177
Mexico, Discovery and Conquest of,—*Tait's Magazine*, ... 460
Mill's Essays on Political Economy—*Spectator*, ... 562
Miscellany: First Impressions of Capetown, 52; Monument to Sir David Wilkie—Convent of Mount Carmel—Voice Lozenges, 68; Shakspeare's Jug, 70; King Charles's Bible, 86; Peal of Bells for York Minster, 108; Railroad Bridge of Venice, 113; The Royal Academy—Monument to Dr. Arnold—National Monuments, 124; Mr. Bright's MSS.—Double Alliance—Flower Market, 134; Intellectual Character of the Esquimaux—Xanthian Marbles—Italian Dwarf, 176; Rain of Eels and Pebbles, 185; Munificence of a Pole—The Upas Tree, 200; Prince de Joinville, 225; Mummy Wheat, 254; Return of Poles—British and Foreign Institute, 265; Ancient Coins, 271; Southey's Monument—Lord Byron, 299; Nelson—Madonna of Lorette, 303; Improved Omnibus, 304; The King of the French—Poland, 327; Trade Exhibition at Paris, 338; Manchester Park, 348; Bi-monthly Intercourse between India and England, 352; Suez, 354; Cure of Consumption, 367; Punch's Charge to Juries, 368; Prince of the Asturias—Bone Lane, 377; Egyptians sent to Paris for Education—Purcell's Anniversary, 408; Dr. Wolffe, 412; Sale-catalogue of Books—Pirated English Works—Tasso's Monument, 448; Decorative Art Society, 512; Isabella of Spain—Dr Dalton, 523;

Sue's Wandering Jew—Railroad from Civita Vecchia to Rome, 528; Chain Bridges, 531; Algeria a Viceroyalty—Talleyrand, 542; Ice—Victoria's Ponies, 561; British Antiquities—Motive Power, 564.
Modern Babylon, the,—*Metropolitan*, . 339

N

Newspaper Press, German,—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, ... 167

O

Obituary: Dr. Hope—Mr. Thomas Campbell, 141; Madame Thierry—James Stuart—Capt. R. Fair, 142; Joseph Bonaparte—Grand Duchess Alexandra of Russia—Lady Anne Scott—Samuel Drummond, 287; Duc d'Angoulême, 288; Dr. Heinroth—Joseph Bonaparte—Rev. Henry Francis Cary—George Christian Benecke, 430; John Dalton, D. C. L., F. R. S.—Rev. Thomas Gillespie, LL. D., 571; Captain Basil Hall—Francis Bailey—Granville Penn—Rev. Robert Taylor, 572.
Oxford Professors of Poetry,—*Fraser's Magazine*, ... 245

P

Passages in the Life of a Radical, *Quarterly Review*, ... 378
Physiognomy of Serpents,—*Athenæum*, . 413
Poetry: The Widow (see Plate); Old Cries, 135; the Rustic Seat, 136; The Waste of Life, 137; The Mesmerist—Sonnet, 138; Feasts of the Poets for September, 1844—Ancient Gentlewoman—Galatea, 280; Queen Elizabeth—A Swiss Melody, 282; The Beautiful and True—Prospective Jubilee on the Banks of the Mersey, 283; Harp of Memnon—Stanzas, 284; The Bush of Southernwood, 421; On the Death of Thomas Campbell, 422; Campbell's Funeral—A Mother's Wail after the Battle—Seashells left by the Tide, 423; The Star and the Angel — Thomas Carlyle — Elopement, 424; Sounds—Latour D'Auvergne, 425; The Maid and Flowers—The Southern Wind—Song from Afar, 426; The Two and the Third—The Cradle of a Babe—The Graves of Genius, 427; John Anderson my Jo—The Libelled Benefactor, 565; The Goldsmith's Daughter, 566; Irish Song—Absence—Scenes of my Boyhood, 567; Campbell's Funeral—The Posthumous Work, 568.
Pulpit in the Nineteenth Century, the,—*Fraser's Magazine*, ... 160
Punch's Letter Writer,—*Charivari*, . . 411

R

Recent Revolutions in Hayti,—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, ... 125
Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon,—*Literary Gazette*, ... 201
Robertses on their Travels—*New Monthly Magazine*, . . . 114, 255, 305, 449
Robespierre, Maximilien,—*British and Foreign Review*, ... 204

S

Science and Art: Energiatype, a new Photographic Process, 44; Northern Antiquaries—Combustion of Coal, 139; Antiquities—The Tagua Nut, or Vegetable Ivory—Archæological Discoveries—Statistics of the Paris Exposition—Earl of Durham, 140; Old Paintings—Wollaston Pile—Durham Monument—Electric Fluid—Mode of putting New Roots to Old Trees—Lach, 285; Eclipse—Explosion of Gunpowder—Silicic Ethers—Chart of Church Architecture—Falling Stars Prognostics of Weather—French Antiquarian Intelligence—Ancient Church Music, 286; Prizes of the French Academy, 428; Manufacture of Iron—Cassini—Gambia and Senegal—Bridge at Warsaw—Photography—Royal Heraldic Ink—Cow Feed, 429; Metallic Sand Cement, 412; Another Petrified Forest—English Education in China, 569; Roman Antiquities—Earl of Rosse's Telescope—Polish for Plated Ware—The Moa, or Gigantic Bird of New Zealand—Statue of Laplace, 570.
Select List of Recent Publications: Great Britain—Germany—France, 288, 432, 574.
South African Tale,—*Asiatic Journal*, . 368
Suniasse, the,—*Fraser's Magazine*, . . 321
Sweden, the Late King of,—*New Monthly Magazine*, ... 299

T

Tale of Sacrifice, a,—*Asiatic Journal*, . 355

Y

Young England,—*Edinburgh Review*, . 524

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THE WIDOW.

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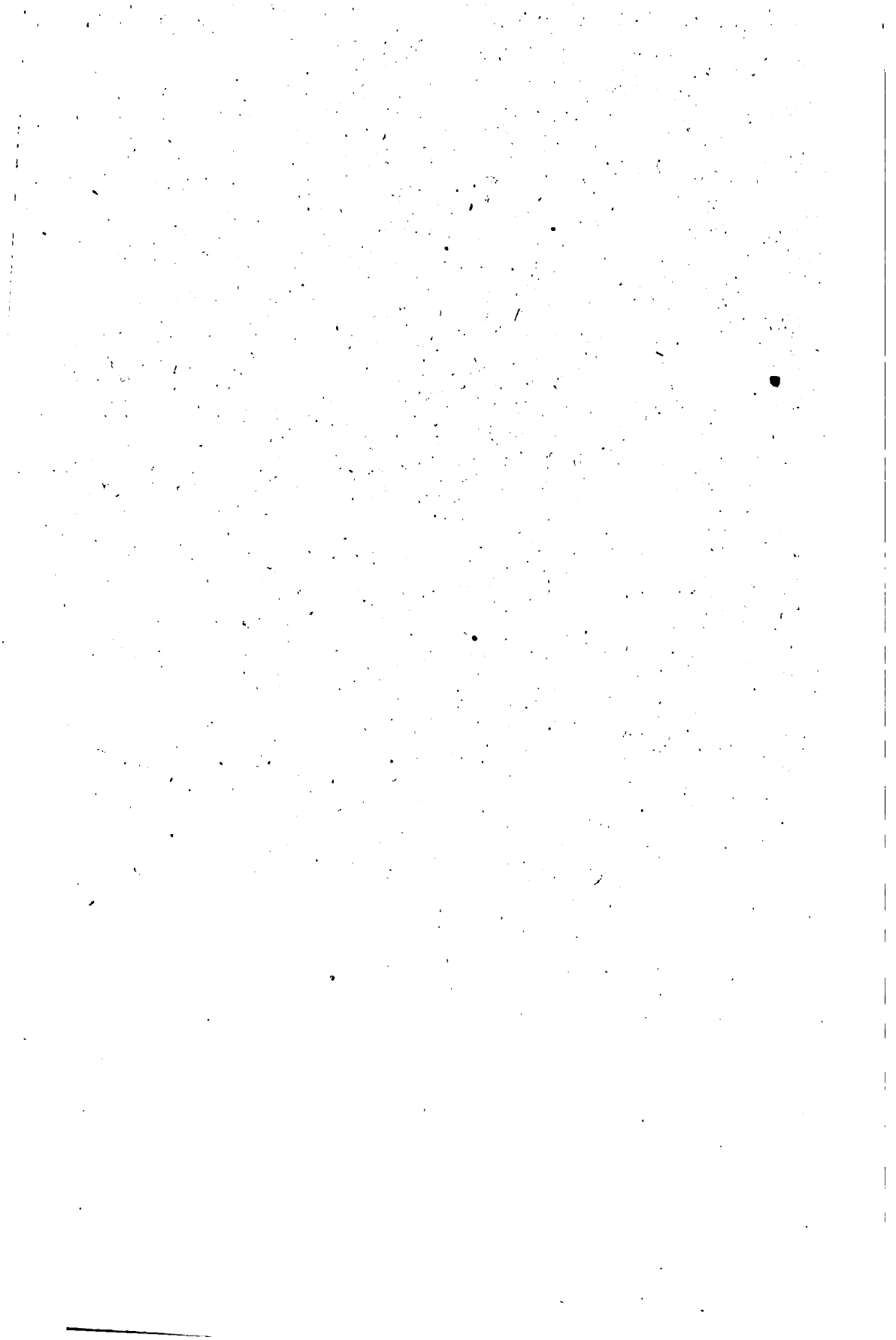

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Akerman's New Testament,—*Literary Gaz.*, 530
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Barry Cornwall's Songs,—*Athenæum*, . 69
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Bibliographical Notices: Great Britain, 143, 144, 431, 573; Germany, 432, 574.
Burns and Byron,—*Tait's Magazine*, . . 409

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Campbelliana,—*Fraser's Magazine*, . . 289
Caraccas, a Visit to,—*United Service Jour.*, 363
Chatham, Earl of,—*Edinburgh Review*, . 470
Clapham Sect, the,—*Edinburgh Review*, . 1
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Course of English Reading,—*Fraser's Mag.*, 512

D

Durbin's Observations in Europe,—*Spectator*, 353
Drama, Saint Marc Girardin's Lectures on the,—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, . . 38

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Ellen Middleton,—*Edinburgh Review*, . 269
English Opinions on Germany,—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, ... 399
Ethics of Politicians, the,—*Westminster Review*, ... 145
Exhibition of the English in China,—*Charivari*, ... 87
Expedition of Dr. Lepsius in Egypt,—*Literary Gazette*, ... 224

G

Geology, Scriptural Difficulties of,—*Dublin Review*, ... 185
Glaciers, a Week among the,—*Athenæum*, 109

H

Harris's Highlands of Ethiopia,—*North British Review*, ... 433
Herbst's Letters From England,—*Tait's Magazine*, ... 349
Histoire Francaise,—*Tait's Magazine*, . 328

I

Illustrated Books,—*Quarterly Review*, . 90
India,—*Spectator*, ... 362
Ireland and O'Connell,—*Spectator*, . . 415

J

Jeffrey's Contributions,—*North British Review*, ... 542

L

Legend of Zahringen,—*Court Journal*, . 304
Le Peuple Souriquois,—*New Monthly Magazine*, ... 265
Liberation War in Germany,—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, ... 369
Louisa Queen of Prussia,—*Literary Gazette*, 510
Louis Philippe's Visit to Victoria,—*Court Journal*, ... 529
Lowell Offering,—*Athenæum*, . . . 318

M

Manners, Fashions, and Things in General,—*Fraser's Magazine*, ... 53
Martyrs of Science, the,—*Edinburgh Review*, 226
Mehemet Ali,—*Examiner*, ... 320
Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess,—*New Monthly Magazine*, ... 177
Mexico, Discovery and Conquest of,—*Tait's Magazine*, ... 460
Mill's Essays on Political Economy—*Spectator*, ... 562
Miscellany: First Impressions of Capetown, 52; Monument to Sir David Wilkie—Convent of Mount Carmel—Voice Lozenges, 68; Shakspeare's Jug, 70; King Charles's Bible, 86; Peal of Bells for York Minster, 108; Railroad Bridge of Venice, 113; The Royal Academy—Monument to Dr. Arnold—National Monuments, 124; Mr. Bright's MSS.—Double Alliance—Flower Market, 134; Intellectual Character of the Esquimaux—Xanthian Marbles—Italian Dwarf, 176; Rain of Eels and Pebbles, 185; Munificence of a Pole—The Upas Tree, 200; Prince de Joinville, 225; Mummy Wheat, 254; Return of Poles—British and Foreign Institute, 265; Ancient Coins, 271; Southey's Monument—Lord Byron, 299; Nelson—Madonna of Lorette, 303; Improved Omnibus, 304; The King of the French—Poland, 327; Trade Exhibition at Paris, 338; Manchester Park, 348; Bi-monthly Intercourse between India and England, 352; Suez, 354; Cure of Consumption, 367; Punch's Charge to Juries, 368; Prince of the Asturias—Bone Lane, 377; Egyptians sent to Paris for Education—Purcell's Anniversary, 408; Dr. Wolffe, 412; Sale-catalogue of Books—Pirated English Works—Tasso's Monument, 448; Decorative Art Society, 512; Isabella of Spain—Dr Dalton, 523;

of the borough of Southwark, having become a husband, became also the owner of a spacious mansion on the confines of the villa-cinctured common of Clapham.

It is difficult to consider the suburban retirement of a wealthy banker esthetically (as the Germans have it); but, in this instance, the intervention of William Pitt imparted some dignity to an occurrence otherwise so unpoetical. He dismissed for a moment his budgets and his subsidies, for the amusement of planning an oval saloon to be added to this newly purchased residence. It arose at his bidding, and yet remains, perhaps a solitary monument of the architectural skill of that imperial mind. Lofty and symmetrical, it was curiously wainscoted with books on every side, except where it opened on a far-extended lawn, reposing beneath the giant arms of aged elms and massive tulip trees.

Few of the designs of the great Minister were equally successful. Ere many years had elapsed, the chamber he had thus projected became the scene of enjoyments which, amidst his proudest triumphs, he might well have envied, and witnessed the growth of projects more majestic than any which ever engaged the deliberations of his Cabinet. For there, at the close of each succeeding day, drew together a group of playful children, and with them a knot of legislators, rehearsing, in sport or earnestly, some approaching debate; or travellers from distant lands; or circumnavigators of the worlds of literature and science; or the Pastor of the neighboring Church, whose look announced him as the channel through which benedictions passed to earth from heaven; and, not seldom, a youth who listened, while he seemed to read the book spread out before him. There also was still a matronly presence, controlling, animating, and harmonizing the elements of this little world, by a kindly spell, of which none could trace the working, though the charm was confessed by all. Dissolved in endless discourse, or rather in audible soliloquy, flowing from springs deep and inexhaustible, the lord of this well-peopled enclosure rejoiced over it with a contagious joy. In a few paces, indeed, he might traverse the whole extent of that patriarchal dominion. But within those narrow precincts were his Porch, his Studio, his Judgment-Seat, his Oratory, and 'the Church that was in his house,'—the reduced but not imperfect resemblance of that innumerable company which his Catholic spirit embraced and loved, under all the varying forms which conceal their union from each other, and from the world. Discord never agitated that tranquil home; lassitude never brooded over it. Those demons quailed at the aspect of a man in whose heart peace had found a resting-place, though his intellect was incapable of repose.

Henry was the second son of John Thornton, a merchant renowned in his generation for a munificence more than princely, and commended to the reverence of posterity by the letters and the poetry of Cowper. The father was one of those rare men, in whom the desire to relieve distress assumes the form of a master passion; and if faith be due to tradition, he indulged it with a disdain, alternately ludicrous and sublime, of the good advice which the eccentric have to undergo from the judicious. Conscious of no aims but such as might invite the scrutiny of God and man, he pursued them after his own fearless fashion—yielding to every honest impulse, relishing a frolic when it fell in his way, choosing his associates in scorn of mere worldly precepts, and worshipping with any fellow-Christian whose heart beat in unison with his own, however inharmonious might be some of the articles of their respective creeds.

His son was the heir of his benevolence, but not of his peculiarities. If Lavater had been summoned to divine the occupation of Henry Thornton, he would probably have assigned to him the highest rank among the Judges of his native land. Brows capacious and serene, a scrutinizing eye, and lips slightly separated, as of one who listens and prepares to speak, were the true interpreters of the informing mind within. It was a countenance on which were graven the traces of an industry alike quiet and persevering, of a self-possession unassailable by any strong excitement, and of an understanding keen to detect, and comprehensive to reconcile distinctions. The judicial, like the poetical nature, is a birthright; and by that imprescriptible title he possessed it. Forensic debates were indeed beyond his province; but even in Westminster Hall, the noblest of her temples, Themis had no more devoted worshipper. To investigate the great controversies of his own and of all former times, was the chosen employment, to pronounce sentence in them the dear delight, of his leisure hours.

Nothing which fell within the range of his observation. escaped this curious in-

quiry. His own duties, motives, and habits, the characters of those whom he loved best, the intellectual resources and powers of his various friends and companions, the prepossessions, hereditary or conventional, to which he or they were subject, the maxims of society, the dogmas of the Church, the problems which were engaging the attention of Parliament or of political economists, and those which affected his own enterprises—all passed in review before him, and were all in their turn adjudicated with the grave impartiality which the keeper of the great seal is expected to exhibit. Truth, the foe of falsehood—truth, the antagonist of error—and truth, the exorcist of ambiguity—was the object of his supreme homage; and so reverential were the vows offered by him at her shrine, that he abjured the communion of those less earnest worshippers, who throw over her the veil of fiction, or place her in epigrammatic attitudes, or disguise her beneath the mask of wit or drollery. To contemplate truth in the purest light, and in her own fair proportions, he was content that she should be unadorned by any beauties but such as belong to her celestial nature, and are inseparable from it. Hence his disquisitions did not always escape the reproach of drought and tediousness, or avoided it only by the cheerful tone and pungent sense with which they were conducted. He had as little pretension to the colloquial eloquence as to the multifarious learning and transcendental revelations of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Yet the pilgrimages to Clapham and to Highgate were made with rival zeal, and the relics brought back from each were regarded as of almost equal sanctity. If the philosophical poet dismissed his audience under the spell of theories compassing all knowledge, and of imagery peopling all space, the practical philosopher sent his hearers to their homes instructed in a doctrine, cheerful, genial, and active—a doctrine which taught them to be sociable and busy, to augment to the utmost of their power the joint stock of human happiness, and freely to take, and freely to enjoy, the share assigned to each by the conditions of that universal partnership. And well did the teacher illustrate his own maxims. The law of social duty, as expounded in his domestic academy, was never expounded more clearly or more impressively than by his habitual example.

Having inherited an estate, which, though not splendid, was enough for the support of his commercial credit, he adjudged that it ought never to be increased by accumulation nor diminished by sumptuousness; and he lived and died in the rigid practice of this decision. In the division of his income between himself and the poor, the share he originally assigned to them was nearly six-sevenths of the whole; and as appeared after his death, from accounts kept with the most minute commercial accuracy, the amount expended by him in one of his earlier years, for the relief of distress, considerably exceeded nine thousand pounds. When he had become the head of a family, he reviewed this decree, and thenceforward regarded himself as trustee for the miserable, to the extent only of one-third of his whole expenditure. The same faithful record showed that the smallest annual payment ever made by him on this account, amounted to two thousand pounds. As a legislator, he had condemned the unequal pressure of the direct taxes on the rich and the poor; but instead of solacing his defeat with the narcotic of virtuous indignation combined with discreet parsimony, he silently raised his own contribution to the level of his speech. Tidings of the commercial failure of a near kinsman embarked him at once on an inquiry, how far he was obliged to indemnify those who might have given credit to his relative, in a reliance, however unauthorized, on his own resources; and again the coffers of the banker were unlocked by the astuteness of the casuist. A mercantile partnership (many a year has passed since the disclosure could injure or affect any one), which, without his knowledge, had obtained from his firm large and improvident advances, became so helplessly embarrassed, that their bankruptcy was pressed on him as the only chance of averting from his own house the most serious disasters. He overruled the proposal, on the ground that they whose rashness had given to their debtors an unmerited credit, had no right to call on others to divide with them the consequent loss. To the last farthing he therefore discharged the liabilities of the insolvents, at a cost of which his own share exceeded twenty thousand pounds. Yet he was then declining in health, and the father of nine young children. Enamored of truth, the living spirit of justice, he yielded the allegiance of the heart to justice, the outward form of truth. The law engraven on the tablet of his conscience, and executed by the ministry of his affections, was strictly interpreted

by his reason as the supreme earthly judge. Whatever might be his topic, or whatever his employment, he never laid aside the Ermine.

And yet, for more than thirty years, he was a member of the unreformed parliament, representing there that people, so few and singular, who dare to think, and speak, and act for themselves. He never gave one party vote, was never claimed as an adherent by any of the contending factions of his times, and, of course, neither won nor sought the favor of any. An impartial arbiter, whose suffrage was the honorable reward of superior reason, he sat apart and aloft, in a position which, though it provoked a splenetic sarcasm from Burke, commanded the respect even of those whom it rebuked.

To the great Whig doctrines of Peace, Reform, Economy, and Toleration, he lent all the authority of his name, and occasionally the aid of his voice. But he was an infrequent and unimpressive speaker, and sought to influence the measures of his day rather by the use of his pen, than by any participation in its rhetoric. His writings, moral, religious, and political, were voluminous, though destitute of any such mutual dependence as to unite them into one comprehensive system; or any such graces of execution as to obtain for them permanent acceptance. But in a domestic liturgy, composed for the use of his own family, and made public after his death, he encountered, with as much success as can attend it, the difficulty of finding thoughts and language meet to be addressed by the ephemeral dwellers on the earth to Him who inhabiteth eternity. It is simple, grave, weighty, and reverential; and forms a clear, though a faint and subdued, echo of the voice in which the Deity has revealed his sovereign will to man. That will he habitually studied, adored, and labored to adopt. Yet his piety was reserved and unobtrusive. Like the life-blood throbbing in every pulse and visiting every fibre, it was the latent though perennial source of his mental health and energy.

A peace, perfect and unbroken, seemed to possess him. His tribute of pain and sorrow was paid with a submission so tranquil, as sometimes to assume the appearance of a morbid insensibility. But his affections, unimpaired by lawless indulgence, and constant to their proper objects, were subject to a control to be acquired by no feebler discipline. Ills from without assailed him, not as the gloomy ministers of vengeance, but as the necessary exercise of virtues not otherwise to be called into activity. They came as the salutary lessons of a father, not as the penal inflictions of a judge. Nor did the Father, to whom he so meekly bowed, see fit to lay on him those griefs, under the pressure of which the bravest stagger. He never witnessed the irruption of death into his domestic paradise, nor the rending asunder by sin, the parent of death, of the bonds of love and reverence which united to each other the inmates of that happy home—a home happy in his presence from whose lips no morose, or angry, or impatient word ever fell; on whose brow no cloud of anxiety or discontent was ever seen to rest. Surrounded to his latest hours by those whom it had been his chief delight to bless and to instruct, he bequeathed to them the recollection of a wise, a good, and a happy man; that so, if in future life a wider acquaintance with the world should chill the heart with the skepticism so often engendered by such knowledge, they might be reassured in the belief that human virtue is no vain illusion; but that, nurtured by the dews of heaven, it may expand into fertility and beauty, even in those fat places of the earth which romance disowns, and on which no poet's eye will condescend to rest.

A goodly heritage! yet to have transmitted it (if that were all) would, it must be confessed, be an insufficient title to a place amongst memorable men. Nor, except for what he accomplished as the associate of others, could that claim be reasonably preferred on behalf of Henry Thornton. Apart, and sustained only by his own resources, he would neither have undertaken, nor conceived, the more noble of those benevolent designs to which his life was devoted. Affectionate, but passionless—with a fine and indeed a fastidious taste, but destitute of all creative imagination—gifted rather with fortitude to endure calamity, than with courage to exult in the struggle with danger—a lover of mankind, but not an enthusiast in the cause of our common humanity—his serene and perspicacious spirit was never haunted by the visions, nor borne away by the resistless impulses, of which heroic natures, and they alone, are conscious. Well qualified to impart to the highest energies of others a wise direction and inflexible perseverance, he had to borrow from them the glowing

temperament which hopes against hope, and is wise in despite of prudence. He had not far or long to seek for such an alliance.

On the bright evening of a day which had run its course some thirty or forty summers ago, the usual groups had formed themselves in the library already celebrated. Addressing a nearer circle, might be heard above the unbusy hum the voice of the Prelector, investigating the characteristics of Seneca's morality perhaps; or, not improbably, the seizure of the Danish fleet; or, it might be, the various gradations of sanity as exhibited by Robert Hall or Joanna Southcote; when all pastimes were suspended, and all speculations put to flight, to welcome the approach of what seemed a dramatic procession, emerging from the deep foliage by which the further slopes of the now checkered lawn were overhung. In advance of the rest two noisy urchins were putting to no common test the philanthropy of a tall shaggy dog, their playfellow, and the parental indulgence of the slight figure which followed them. Limbs scarcely stouter than those of Asmodeus, sustaining a torso as unlike as possible to that of Theseus, carried him along with the agility of an antelope, though under the weight of two coat-pockets, protuberant as the bags by which some learned brother of the coif announces and secures his rank as leader of his circuit. Grasping a pocket volume in one hand, he wielded in the other a spud, caught up in his progress through the garden, but instinct at his touch with more significance than a whole museum of horticultural instruments. At one instant, a staff on which he leant and listened to the projector at his elbow developing his plan for the better coppering of ships' bottoms, at the next it became a wand, pointing out to a portly constituent from the Cloth Hall at Leeds some rich effect of the sunset; then a truncheon, beating time to the poetical reminiscences of a gentleman of the Wesleyan persuasion, looking painfully conscious of his best clothes and of his best behavior; and ere the sacred cadence had reached its close, a cutlass raised in mimic mutiny against the robust form of William Smith, who, as commodore of this ill-assorted squadron, was endeavoring to convoy them to their destined port. But little availed the sonorous word of command, or the heart-stirring laugh of the stout member for Norwich, to shape a straight course for the volatile representative of the county of York, now fairly under the canvass of his own bright and joyous fancies. He moved in obedience to some impulse like that which prompts the wheelings of the swallow, or the dodgings of the barbel. But whether he advanced, or paused, or revolved, his steps were still measured by the ever-changeful music of his own rich voice, ranging over all the chords expressive of mirth and tenderness, of curiosity or surprise, of delight or of indignation *Eheu, fugaces!* Those elder forms are al now reposing beneath the clods of the valley; those playful boys are venerable dignitaries of the Church; and he who then seemed to read while he listened silently, is now, in the garrulity of declining years, telling old tales, and distorting, perhaps in the attempt to revive them, pictures which have long since been fading from the memory. But for that misgiving, how easy to depict the nearer approach of William Wilberforce, and of the tail by which, like some Gaelic Chief or Hibernian demagogue, he was attended! How easy to portray the joyous fusion of the noisy strollers across the lawn, with the quieter but not less happy assemblage which had watched and enjoyed their pantomime—to trace the confluence of the two streams of discourse, imparting grace and rapidity to the one, and depth and volume to the other—to paint the brightening aspect of the grave censor, as his own reveries were flashed back on him in picturesque forms and brilliant colors—or to delineate the subdued countenance of his mercurial associate, as he listened to profound contemplations on the capacities and the duties of man!

Of Mr Wilberforce, we have had occasion to write so recently, and so much at large, that though the Agamemnon of the host we celebrate—the very sun of the Claphamic system—we pause not now to describe him. His fair demesne was conterminous with that of Mr. Thornton; nor lacked there sunny banks, or sheltered shrubberies, where, in each change of season, they revolved the captivity under which man was groaning, and projected schemes for his deliverance. And although such conclaves might scarcely be convened except in the presence of these two, yet were they rarely held without the aid of others, especially of such as could readily find their way thither from the other quarters of the sacred village.

It is not permitted to any Coterie alto-

gether to escape the spirit of Coterie. Clapham Common, of course, thought itself the best of all possible commons. Such at least was the opinion of the less eminent of those who were entitled to house-bote and dinner-bote there. If the common was attacked, the whole homage was in a flame. If it was laughed at, there could be no remaining sense of decency amongst men. The commoners admired in each other the reflection of their own looks, and the echo of their own voices. A critical race, they drew many of their canons of criticism from books and talk of their own parentage; and for those on the outside of the pale, there might be, now and then, some failure of charity. Their festivities were not exhilarating. New faces, new topics, and a less liberal expenditure of wisdom immediately after dinner, would have improved them. Thus, even at Clapham, the discerning might perceive the imperfections of our common nature, and take up the lowly confession of the great Thomas Erskine—'After all, gentlemen, I am but a man.'

But if not more than men, they were not less. They had none of the intellectual coxcombry since so prevalent. They did not instil philosophic and political Neology into young ladies and officers of the Guards, through the gentle medium of the fashionable novel. They mourned over the ills inseparable from the progress of society, without shrieks or hysterics. They were not epicures for whose languid palates the sweets of the rich man's banquet must be seasoned with the acid of the poor man's discontent. Their philanthropy did not languish without the stimulant of satire; nor did it degenerate into a mere ballet of tender attitudes and sentimental pirouettes. Their philosophy was something better than an array of hard words. Their religion was something more than a collection of impalpable essences; too fine for analysis, and too delicate for use. It was a hardy, serviceable, fruit-bearing, and patrimonial religion.

They were the sons, by natural or spiritual birth, of men who, in the earlier days of Methodism, had shaken off the lethargy in which, till then, the Church of England had been entranced—of men, by whose agency the great evangelic doctrine of faith, emerging in its primeval splendor, had not only overpowered the contrary heresies, but had perhaps obscured some kindred truths. This earlier generation of the evangelic school had been too ingenuous, and too confident in the divine reality of their cause, to heed much what hostility they might awaken. They had been content to pass for fools, in a world whose boasted wisdom they accounted folly. In their one central and all-pervading idea, they had found an influence hardly less than magical. They had esteemed it impossible to inculcate too emphatically, or too widely, that truth which Paul had proclaimed indifferently to the idolaters of Ephesus, the revellers of Corinth, the sophists of Athens, and the debauched citizens of sanguinary Rome.

Their sons adopted the same creed with equal sincerity, and undiminished earnestness, but with a far keener sense of the hinderances opposed to the indiscriminate and rude exhibition of it. Absolute as was the faith of Mr. Wilberforce and his associates, it was not possible that the system called 'Evangelical,' should be asserted by them in the blunt and uncompromising tone of their immediate predecessors. A more elaborate education, greater familiarity with the world and with human affairs, a deeper insight into science and history, with a far nicer discernment of mere conventional proprieties, had opened to them a range of thought, and had brought them into relations with society, of which their fathers were comparatively destitute. Positiveness, dogmatism, and an ignorant contempt of difficulties, may accompany the firmest convictions, but not the convictions of the firmest minds. The freedom with which the vessel swings at anchor, ascertains the soundness of her anchorage. To be conscious of the force of prejudice in ourselves and others, to feel the strength of the argument we resist, to know how to change places internally with our antagonists, to understand why it is that we provoke this scorn, disgust, or ridicule—and still to be unshaken, and still to adhere with fidelity to the standard we have chosen;—this is a triumph, to be won by those alone on whom is bestowed not merely the faith which overcomes the world, but the pure and peaceable wisdom which is from above.

And such were they whom the second generation of the Evangelical party acknowledged as their secular chiefs. They fell on days much unlike those which we, their children, have known—days less softened by the charities and courtesies, but less enervated by the frivolities of life. Since the fall of the Roman republic, there

had not arisen within the bosom, and armed with the weapons, of civilization itself, a power so full of menace to the civilized world as that which then overshadowed Europe. In the deep seriousness of that dark era, they of whom we speak looked back for analogies to that remote conflict of the nations; and drew evil auguries from the event of the wars which, from Sylla to Octavius, had dyed the earth with the blood of its inhabitants, to establish at length a military despotism—ruthless, godless, and abominable. But they also reverted to the advent, even at that age of lust and cruelty, of a power destined to wage successful war, not with any external or earthly potentate, but with the secret and internal spring of all this wretchedness and wrong—the power of love, incarnate though divine—of love exercised in toils and sufferings, and at length yielding up life itself, that from that sacrifice might germinate the seeds of a new and enduring life—the vital principle of man's social existence, of his individual strength, and of his immortal hopes.

And as, in that first age of Christianity, truth, and with it heavenly consolation, had been diffused, not alone or chiefly by the lifeless text, but by living messengers proclaiming and illustrating the renovating energy of the message intrusted to them; so to those who, at the commencement of this century, were anxiously watching the convulsions of their own age, it appeared that the sorrows of mankind would be best assuaged, and the march of evil most effectually stayed, by a humble imitation of that inspired example. They therefore formed themselves into a confederacy, carefully organized and fearlessly avowed, to send forth into all lands, but above all into their own, the two witnesses of the Church—Scripture and Tradition;—Scripture, to be interpreted by its divine Author to the devout worshippers—tradition, not of doctrinal tenets, but of that unextinguishable zeal, which, first kindled in the apostolic times, has not wanted either altars to receive, or attendant ministers to feed and propagate, the flame. Bibles, schools, missionaries, the circulation of evangelical books, and the training of evangelical clergymen, the possession of well attended pulpits, war through the press, and war in Parliament, against every form of injustice which either law or custom sanctioned—such were the forces by which they hoped to extend the kingdom of light, and to resist the tyranny with which the earth was threatened.

Nor was it difficult to distinguish or to grapple with their antagonists. The slave trade was then brooding like a pestilence over Africa; that monster iniquity which fairly outstripped all abhorrence, and baffled all exaggeration—converting one quarter of this fair earth into the nearest possible resemblance of what we conceive of hell, reversing every law of Christ, and openly defying the vengeance of God. The formation of the holy league, of which we are the chroniclers, synchronized with that unhappy illness which, half a century ago, withdrew Thomas Clarkson from the strife to which he was set apart and consecrated; leaving his associates to pursue it during the twelve concluding years, unaided by his presence, but not without the aid of his example, his sympathy, and his prayers. They have all long since passed away, while he still lives (long may he live!) to enjoy honors and benedictions, for which the diadem of Napoleon, even if wreathed with the laurels of Goethe, would be a mean exchange. But, alas! it is not given to any one, not even to Thomas Clarkson, to enjoy a glory complete and unalloyed. Far from us be the attempt to pluck one leaf from the crown which rests on that time-honored head. But with truth there may be no compromise, and truth wrings from us the acknowledgment, that Thomas Clarkson never lived at Clapham. Not so that comrade in his holy war, whom, of all that served under the same banner, he seems to have loved the best. At the distance of a few bow-shots from the house of Henry Thornton, was the happy home in which dwelt Granville Sharpe; at once the abiding guest and the bosom friend of his more wealthy brothers. A critic, with the soul of a churchwarden, might indeed fasten on certain metes and bounds, hostile to the parochial claims of the family of Sharpe; but in the wider ken and more liberal judgment of the historian, the dignity of a true Claphamite is not to be refused to one whose evening walk and morning contemplations led him so easily and so often within the hallowed precincts.

Would that the days of Isaac Walton could have been prolonged to the time when Granville Sharpe was to be committed to the care of the biographers! His likeness from the easel of the good old Angler would have been drawn with an outline as correct and firm, and in colors as soft and as

transparent, as the portraits of Hooker or of Herbert, of Doune or of Watton. A narrative, no longer than the liturgy which they all so devoutly loved, would then have superseded the annals which now embalm his memory beneath that nonconforming prolixity which they all so devoutly hated.

The grandson of an Archbishop of York, the son of an Archdeacon of Northumberland, the father of a Prebendary of Durham, Granville Sharpe, descending to the rank from which Isaac Walton rose, was apprenticed to a linen-draper of the name of Halsey, a Quaker who kept his shop on Tower Hill. When the Quaker died, the indentures were transferred to a Presbyterian of the same craft. When the Presbyterian retired, they were made over to an Irish Papist. When the Papist quitted the trade, they passed to a fourth master, whom the apprentice reports to have had no religion at all. At one time a Socinian took up his abode at the draper's, and assaulted the faith of the young apprentice in the mysteries of the Trinity and the Atonement. Then a Jew came to lodge there, and contested with him the truth of Christianity itself. But blow from what quarter it might, the storm of controversy did but the more endear to him the shelter of his native nest, built for him by his forefathers, like that of the swallow of the Psalmist, in the courts and by the altar of his God. He studied Greek to wrestle with the Socinian—he acquired Hebrew to refute the Israelite—he learned to love the Quaker, to be kind to the Presbyterian, to pity the Atheist, and to endure the Roman Catholic. Charity (so he judged) was nurtured in his bosom by these early polemics, and the affectionate spirit which warmed to the last the current of his maturer thoughts, grew up, as he believed, within him, while alternately measuring crapes and muslins, and defending the faith against infidels and heretics.

The cares of the mercer's shop engaged no less than seven years of a life destined to be held in grateful remembrance as long as the language or the history of his native land shall be cultivated among men. The next eighteen were consumed in the equally obscure employment of a clerk in the office of Ordnance. Yet it was during this period that Granville Sharpe disclosed to others, and probably to himself, the nature, so singular and so lovely, which distinguished him—the most inflexible of human wills, united to the gentlest of human hearts—an almost audacious freedom of thought, combined with profound reverence for hoar authority—a settled conviction of the wickedness of our race, tempered by an infantine credulity in the virtue of each separate member of it—a burning indignation against injustice and wrong, reconciled with pity and long-suffering towards the individual oppressor—all the sternness which Adam has bequeathed to his sons, wedded to all the tenderness which Eve has transmitted to her daughters.

As long as Granville Sharpe survived, it was too soon to proclaim that the age of chivalry was gone. The Ordnance clerk sat at his desk with a soul as distended as that of a Paladin bestriding his war-horse; and encountered with his pen such giants, hydras, and discourteous knights, as infested the world in the eighteenth century. He found the lineal representative of the Willoughbys de Parham in the person of a retired tradesman; and buried himself in pedigrees, feoffments, and sepulchral inscriptions, till he saw his friend enjoying his ancestral privileges among the peers of Parliament. He combated, on more than equal terms, the great Hebraist, Dr. Kennicott, in defence of Ezra's catalogue of the sacred vessels, chiefs, and families. He labored long, and with good success, to defeat an unjust grant made by the Treasury to Sir James Lowther, of the Forest of Inglewood, and the manor and castle of Carlisle. He waged a less fortunate war against the theatrical practice of either sex appearing in the habiliments of the other. He moved all the powers of his age, political and intellectual, to abolish the impressment of seamen, and wound up a dialogue, with Johnson, on the subject, by opposing the scriptural warning, 'woe to them that call evil good, and good evil,' to what he described as the 'plausible sophistry and important self-sufficiency' of the Sage. Presenting himself to the then Secretary of State, Lord Dartmouth, he denounced, with prophetic solemnity, the guilt of despoiling and exterminating in the Charib war that miserable remnant of the aboriginal race of the Antilles. As a citizen of London, he came to the rescue of Crosby, the Lord Mayor, in his struggle with the House of Commons. As a citizen of the world, he called on earth and heaven to stay the plagues of slavery and the slave-trade, and advocated the independence of America with such ardor as to sacrifice to it his own. Orders had reached his office to ship munitions of war to the revolted colonies. If

his hand had entered the account of such a cargo, it would have contracted in his eyes the stain of innocent blood. To avoid that pollution he resigned his place, and his means of subsistence, at a period of life when he could no longer hope to find any other lucrative employment. But he had brothers who loved and supported him; and his release from the fatigues of a subordinate office left him free to obey the impulses of his own brave spirit, as the avenger of the oppressed.

While yet a chronicler of gunpowder and small arms, a negro, abandoned to disease, had asked of him alms. Silver and gold he had none, but such as he had he gave him. He procured for the poor sufferer medical aid, and watched over him with affectionate care until his health was restored. The patient, once more become sleek and strong, was an object on which Barbadian eyes could not look without cupidity; and one Lisle, his former master, brought an action against Granville Sharpe for the illegal detention of his slave.—Three of the infallible doctors of the Church at Westminster—Yorke, Talbot, and Mansfield—favored the claim; and Blackstone, the great expositor of her traditions, hastened, at their bidding, to retract a heresy on this article of the faith into which his uninstructed reason had fallen. Not such the reverence paid by the hard-working clerk to the inward light which God had vouchsafed to him. He conned his entries, indeed, and transcribed his minutes all day long, just as if nothing had happened; but throughout two successive years he betook himself to his solitary chamber, there, night by night, to explore the original sources of the Law of England, in the hope that so he might be able to correct the authoritative dogmas of Chancellors and Judges. His inquiries closed with the firm conviction that, on this subject at least, these most learned persons were but shallow pretenders to learning. In three successive cases he struggled against them with various and doubtful success; when fortune, or, be it rather said, when Providence, threw in his way the negro Somerset.

For the vindication of the freedom of that man, followed a debate, ever memorable in legal history for the ability with which it was conducted;—for the first introduction to Westminster Hall of Francis Hargrave;—for the audacious assertion then made by Dunning, of the maxim, that a new brief will absolve an advocate from the disgrace of publicly retracting any avowal however solemn, of any principle however sacred;—for the reluctant abandonment by Lord Mansfield of a long-cherished judicial error;—and for the recognition of a rule of law of such importance, as almost to justify the poets and rhetoricians in their subsequent embellishments of it;—but above all, memorable for the magnanimity of the prosecutor, who, though poor and dependent, and immersed in the duties of a toilsome calling, supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance, and the learning, required for this great controversy—who, wholly forgetting himself in his object, had studiously concealed his connection with it, lest, perchance, a name so lowly should prejudice a cause so momentous—who, denying himself even the indulgence of attending the argument he had provoked, had circulated his own researches in the name, and as the work, of a plagiarist who had republished them—and who, mean as was his education, and humble as were his pursuits, had proved his superiority as a Jurist, on one main branch of the law of England, to some of the most illustrious Judges by whom that law had been administered.

Never was abolitionist more scathless than Granville Sharpe by the reproach to which their tribe has been exposed, of insensibility to all human sorrows, unless the hair be thick as wool, and the skin as black as ebony. His African clients may indeed have usurped a larger share of his attachment than the others; and of his countless schemes of beneficence, that which he loved the best was the settlement at Sierra Leone of a free colony, to serve as a *point-d'appui* in the future campaigns against the slave trade. But he may be quoted as an experimental proof of the infinite divisibility of the kindly affections. Much he wrote, and much he labored, to conciliate Great Britain and America; much to promote the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures; much to interpret the prophecies contained in them; much to refute the errors of the Socinians; much to sustain the cause of Grattan and the Irish volunteers; much to recommend reform in parliament; and much, it must be added, (for what is man in his best estate?) to dissuade the emancipation of the Catholics. Many also were the benevolent societies which he formed or fostered; and his publications, who can number? Their common aim was to advance the highest interests of man-

kind: but to none of them, with perhaps one exception, could the praise either of learning or of originality be justly given. For he possessed rather a great soul than a great understanding; and was less admirable for the extent of his resources, than for the earnest affection and the quiet energy with which he employed them.

Like all men of that cast of mind, his humor was gay and festive. Among the barges which floated on a summer evening by the villa of Pope, and the chateau of Horace Walpole, none was more constant or more joyous than that in which Granville Sharpe's harp or kettle-drum sustained the flute of one brother, the hautboy of another, and the melodious voices of their sisters. It was a concord of sweet sounds, typical, as it might seem, of the fraternal harmony which blessed their dwelling on the banks of that noble river. Much honest mirth gladdened that affectionate circle, and brother Granville's pencil could produce very passable caricatures when he laid aside his harp, fashioned, as he maintained, in exact imitation of that of the son of Jesse. To complete the resemblance, it was his delight, at the break of day, to sing to it one of the songs of Zion in his chamber—raised by many an intervening staircase far above the Temple gardens, where young students of those times would often pause in their morning stroll, to listen to the not unpleasing cadence, though the voice was broken by age, and the language was to them an unknown tongue.

On one of their number he condescended to bestow a regard—the memory of which would still warm the heart, even were it chilled by as many years as had then blanched that venerable head. The one might have passed for the grandson of the other; but they met with mutual pleasure, and conversed with a confidence not unlike that of equals. And yet, at this period, Granville Sharpe was passing into a state which, in a nature less active and benevolent than his, would have been nothing better than dotage. In him it assumed the form of a delirium, so calm, so busy, and giving birth to whims so kind-hearted, as often to remind his young associate of Isaac Walton's saying, that the very dreams of a good man are acceptable to God. To illustrate by examples the state of a mind thus hovering on the confines of wisdom and fatuity, may perhaps suggest the suspicion that the old man's infirmities were contagious; but even at that risk they shall be hazarded, for few of the incidents of his more vigorous days delineate him so truly.

William Henry, the last Duke of Gloucester, (who possessed many virtues, and even considerable talents, which his feeble talk and manners concealed from his occasional associates,) had a great love for Granville Sharpe; and nothing could be more amiable than the intercourse between them, though the one could never for the moment forget that he was a prince of the blood-royal, and the other never for a moment remembered that he was bred up as a linen-draper's apprentice. Beneath the pompous bearing of the Guelph lay a basis of genuine humility, and the free carriage of the ex-clerk of Ordnance was but the natural expression of a lowliness unembarrassed by any desire of praise or dread of failure. A little too gracious, perhaps, yet full of benignity, was the aspect and the attitude of the Duke, when, at one of the many philanthropic assemblages held under his presidency, Granville Sharpe (it was no common occurrence) rose, and requested leave to speak. He had, he said, two schemes, which, if recommended by such advocates, must greatly reduce the sum of human misery. To bring to a close the calamities of Sierra Leone, he had prepared a law for introduciug there King Alfred's frank pledge, a sovereign remedy for all such social wounds. At once to diminish the waste of human life in the Peninsula, and to aid the depressed workmen in England, he had devised a project for manufacturing portable woolpacks; under the shelter of which ever-ready intrenchments our troops might, without the least danger to themselves, mow down the ranks of the oppressors of Spain.

A politician, as well as a strategist, he sought and obtained an interview with Charles Fox, to whom he had advice of great urgency to give for conducting the affairs of Europe. If the ghost of Burke had appeared to lecture him, Fox could hardly have listened with greater astonishment, as his monitor, by the aid of the Little Horn in Daniel, explained the future policy of Napoleon and of the Czar. "The Little Horn! Mr. Sharpe, at length exclaimed the most amiable of men, what in the name of wonder do you mean by the Little Horn?" "See there," said the dejected interpreter of prophecy to his companion, as they retired from the Foreign Office—"See there the fallacy of reputation! Why, that man passes for a states-

man; and yet it is evident to me that he had never before so much as heard of the Little Horn!"

As his end drew nearer, he became less and less capable of seizing the distinction between the prophecies and the newspapers. It rained as heavily on the 18th of February, 1813, as on the afternoon when Isaac Walton met the future Bishop of Worcester at Bunhill Row, and found in the public-house which gave them shelter, that double blessing of good ale and good discourse which he has so piously commemorated. Not such is the fortune of the young Templar, who, in a storm at least as pitiless, met Granville Sharpe at the later epoch moving down Long Acre as nimbly as ever, with his calm thoughtful countenance raised gently upwards, as was usual with him—as though gazing on some object which it pleased him well to look upon. But his discourse, though delivered in a kind of shower-bath, to which his reverie made him insensible, was as characteristic, if not as wise, as that of the learned Sanderson. "You have heard," he began, "my young friend, of this scandalous proceeding of the Rabbi Ben Mendoli? No? Why, then, read this brief account of it which I have been publishing. About a year ago the Rabbi being then at Damascus, saw a great flame descend, and rest on one of the hills which surround the city. Soon after, he came to Gibraltar. There he discovered how completely that celestial phenomenon verified my interpretation of the words—'Arise, shine, for thy light is come,' &c.; and now he has the audacity not only to deny that he ever saw such a flame, but to declare that he never pretended to have seen it. Can you imagine a clearer fulfilment of the predicted blindness and obduracy of Israel before their restoration?"

That great event was to have taken place within a few months, when the still more awful event which happens to all living, removed this aged servant of God and man from the world of shadows to the world of light. To die at the precise moment when the vast prophetic drama was just reaching its sublime catastrophe, was a trial not easily borne, even by a faith so immovable as his. But death had no other sting for him. It awakened his pure spirit from the dreams which peopled it during the decay of his fleshly tabernacle; and if that change revealed to him that he had ill-interpreted many of the hard sentences of old, it gave him the assurance that he had well divined the meaning of one immutable prophecy—the prophecy of a gracious welcome and an eternal reward to those who, discerning the brethren of their Redeemer in the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick, and the prisoner, should for His sake feed, and shelter, and clothe, and visit, and comfort them.

United in the bonds of that Christian charity, though wide as the poles asunder in theological opinions, were Granville Sharpe and William Smith; that other denizen of Clapham who has already crossed our path. He lived as if to show how much of the coarser duties of this busy world may be undertaken by a man of quick sensibility, without impairing the finer sense of the beautiful in nature and in art; and as if to prove how much a man of ardent benevolence may enjoy of this world's happiness, without any steeling of the heart to the wants and the calamities of others. When he had nearly completed fourscore years, he could still gratefully acknowledge that he had no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness; and that of the very numerous family of which he was the head, every member still lived to support and to gladden his old age. And yet, if he had gone mourning all his days, he could scarcely have acquired a more tender pity for the miserable, or have labored more habitually for their relief. It was his ill fortune to provoke the invective of Robert Southey, and the posthumous sneers of Walter Scott—the one resenting a too well merited reproach, the other indulging that hate of Whigs and Whiggery which, in that great mind, was sometimes stronger than the love of justice. The enmity even of such men he, however, might well endure, who possessed, not merely the attachment and confidence of Charles Fox and his followers, but the almost brotherly love of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, and of Thomas Clarkson. Of all their fellow-laborers, there was none more devoted to their cause, or whom they more entirely trusted. They, indeed, were all to a man *homoousians*, and he a disciple of Belsham. But they judged that an erroneous opinion respecting the Redeemer's person would not deprive of his gracious approbation, and ought not to exclude from their own affectionate regards, a man in whom they daily saw a transcript, however imperfect, of the Redeemer's mercy and beneficence.

Thirty-seven years have rolled away since

these men met at Clapham in joy, and thanksgiving, and mutual gratulation, over the abolition of the African slave-trade. It was still either the dwelling-place, or the haunt, of almost every one of the more eminent supporters of that measure; and it may be that they exulted beyond the measure of sober reason in the prospects which that success had opened to them. Time has brought to light more than they knew or believed of the inveteracy of the evil; and of the impotency of law in a protracted contest with avarice. But time has also ascertained, that throughout the period assigned for the birth and death of a whole generation of mankind, there has been no proof, or reasonable suspicion, of so much as a single evasion of this law in any one of the transatlantic British colonies. Time has shown that to that law we may now confidently ascribe the deliverance of our own land from this blood-guiltiness for ever. Time has ascertained that the solemn practical assertion then made of the great principles of justice, was to be prolific of consequences, direct and indirect, of boundless magnitude. Time has enlisted on our side all the powers and all the suffrages of the earth: so that no one any longer attempts to erase the brand of murder from the brow of the slave-trader. Above all, time has shown that, in the extinction of the slave-trade, was involved, by slow but inevitable steps, the extinction of the slavery which it had created and sustained. This, also, was a result of which, as far as human agency is concerned, the mainsprings are to be found among that sect to which, having first given a name, we would now build up a monument.

It is with a trembling hand that we inscribe on that monument the name of Zachary Macaulay; for it is not without some misgiving lest pain should be inflicted on the living, while we pass, however reverently, over the half-extinguished ashes of the dead. The bosom shrines, erected in remembrance of them, may be yet more intolerably profaned by rude eulogy than by unmerited reproach, and the danger of such profanation is the more imminent when the judgment, though unbiassed by any ties of consanguinity, is not exempt from influences almost as kindly and as powerful. It is, however, an attempt which he who would write the sectarian history of Clapham could not wholly decline, without an error like that of omitting the name of Grotius in a sectarian history of the Armenians.

A few paces separate from each other, in the church of Westminster, are three monuments, to which, in God's appointed time, will be added a fourth, to complete the sepulchral honors of those to whom our remotest posterity will ascribe the deliverance of mankind from the woes of the African slave-trade, and of colonial slavery. There is a yet more enduring temple, where, engraven by no human hands, abides a record, to be divulged in its season, of services to that cause, worthy to be commemorated with those of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, of Zachary Macaulay, and of Thomas Clarkson. But to that goodly fellowship the praise will be emphatically given. Thomas Clarkson is his own biographer, and pious hands have celebrated the labors of two of his colleagues. Of Mr. Macaulay no memorial has been made public, excepting that which has been engraved on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, by some eulogist less skilful than affectionate. It is no remediless omission, although it would require talents of the highest order, to exhibit a distinct and faithful image of a man whose peculiarity it was to conceal as far as possible his interior life, under the veil of his outward appearance. That his understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear, were, indeed, conclusions to which a stranger arrived at the first interview with him. But what might be suggesting that expression of countenance, at once so earnest and so monotonous—by what manner of feelings those gestures, so uniformly firm and deliberate, were prompted—whence the constant traces of fatigue on those overhanging brows, and on that athletic though ungraceful figure—what might be the charm which excited among his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm, towards a man whose demeanor was so inanimate, if not austere? —it was a riddle of which neither Gall nor Lavater could have found the key. That much was passing within, which that ineloquent tongue and those taciturn features could not utter; that nature had compensated her other bounties by refusing him the means of a ready interchange of thought; and that he had won, without knowing how to court, the attachment of all who approached him closely—these were discoveries which the most casual acquaintance might make, but which they whom he honored with his intimacy, and they alone, could explain.

To them he appeared a man possessed by

one idea, and animated by one master passion—an idea so comprehensive, as to impart a profound interest to all which indicated its influence over him—a passion so benevolent, that the coldest heart could not withhold some sympathy from him who was the subject of it. Trained in the hardy habits of Scotland in ancient times, he had received from his father much instruction in theology, with some Latin and a little Greek, when not employed in cultivating his father's glebe at Cardross, on the northern bank of Clyde. While yet a boy, he had watched as the iron entered into the soul of the slaves, whose labors he was sent to superintend in Jamaica; and abandoning with abhorrence a pursuit which had promised him early wealth and distinction, he pondered the question—How shall the earth be delivered from this curse? Turning to Sierra Leone, he braved for many years that deadly climate, that he might aid in the erection and in the defence of what was then the one city of refuge for the Negro race; and as he saw the slave-trade crushing to the dust the adjacent tribes of Africa, he again pondered the question—How shall the earth be delivered from this curse?

That God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil, became his immutable conviction. During forty successive years, he was ever burdened with this thought. It was the subject of his visions by day, and of his dreams by night. To give them reality, he labored as men labor for the honors of a profession, or for the subsistence of their children. The rising sun ever found him at his task. He went abroad but to advance it. His commerce, his studies, his friendships, his controversies, even his discourse in the bosom of his family, were all bent to the promotion of it. He edited voluminous periodical works; but whether theology, literature, or politics were the text, the design was still the same—to train the public mind to a detestation of the slave-trade and slavery. He attached himself to most of the religious and philanthropic societies of the age, that he might enlist them as associates, more or less declared, in his holy war. To multiply such allies, he called into existence one great association, and contributed largely to the establishment of another. In that service he sacrificed all that man may lawfully sacrifice—health, fortune, repose, favor, and celebrity. He died a poor man, though wealth was within his reach. He pursued the contest to the end, though oppressed by such pains of body as strained to their utmost tension the self-sustaining powers of the soul. He devoted himself to the severest toil, amidst allurements to luxuriate in the delights of domestic and social intercourse, such as few indeed can have encountered. He silently permitted some to usurp his hardly-earned honors, that no selfish controversy might desecrate their common cause. He made no effort to obtain the praises of the world, though he had talents to command, and a temper peculiarly disposed to enjoy them. He drew on himself the poisoned shafts of calumny; and while feeling their sting as generous spirits alone can feel it, never turned a single step aside from his path to propitiate or to crush the slanderers.

They have long since fallen, or are soon to fall, into unhonored graves. His memory will be ever dear to those who hate injustice and revere the unostentatious consecration of a long life to the deliverance of the oppressed. It will be especially dear to the few who closely observed, and who can yet remember how that self-devotion became the poetical element of a mind not naturally imaginative; what deep significance it imparted to an aspect and a demeanor not otherwise impressive; what energy to a temper, which, if not so excited, might perhaps have been phlegmatic; what unity of design to a mind constitutionally discursive; and what dignity even to physical languor and suffering, contracted in such a service. They never can forget that the most implacable enemy of the tyrants of the plantation and the slave-ship, was the most indulgent and generous and constant of friends; that he spurned, as men should spurn, the mere pageantry of life, that he might use, as men should use, the means which life affords of advancing the happiness of mankind; that his earthward affections, active and-all enduring as they were, could yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the Divine presence, and so absolute a submission to the Divine will, as raised him habitually to that higher region, where the reproach of man could not reach, and the praise of man might not presume to follow him.

Although to repeat a mournful acknowledgment, the tent of Thomas Clarkson was pitched elsewhere, yet throughout the slave-trade abolition war, the other chiefs who hailed him as the earliest, and as

among the mightiest of their host, kept their communications open by encamping in immediate vicinity to each other. Even to Lord Brougham the same station may, with poetical truth at least, be assigned by the Homer who shall hereafter sing these battles; for though at that period his London domicile was in the walks of the Inner Temple, yet might he not seldom be encountered in the less inviting walks which led him to the suburban councils of his brethren in command. There he formed or cemented attachments, of which no subsequent elevation of rank, or intoxicating triumph of genius, or agony of political strife, have ever rendered him forgetful. Of one of those denizens of Clapham he has published a sketch of which we avail ourselves, not as subscribing altogether to the accuracy of it, but as we can thus fill up, from the hand of so great a master, a part of our canvass which must have otherwise remained blank and colorless:—"Mr. Stephen was a person of great natural talents, which, if accidental circumstances had permitted him fully to cultivate, and early enough to bring into play upon the best scene of political exertion, the House of Commons, would have placed him high in the first rank of English orators. For he had, in an eminent degree, that strenuous firmness of purpose and glowing ardor of soul, which lies at the root of all eloquence: he was gifted with great industry, a retentive memory, an ingenuity which was rather apt to err by excess than by defect. His imagination was, besides, lively and powerful; little, certainly, under, the chastening discipline of severe taste, but often enabling him to embody his own feelings and recollections with great distinctness of outline and strength of coloring. He enjoyed, moreover, great natural strength of constitution, and had as much courage as falls to the lot of most men. But having passed the most active part of his life in one of the West Indian colonies, where he followed the profession of a barrister, and having, after his return, addicted himself to the practice of a court which affords no scope at all for oratorical display, it happened to him, as it has to many other men of natural genius for rhetorical pursuits, that he neither gained the correct taste which the habit of frequenting refined society, and above all, addressing a refined auditory, can alone bestow, nor acquired the power of condensation, which is sure to be lost altogether by those who address hearers compelled to listen, like judges and juries, instead of having to retain them by closeness of reasoning, or felicity of illustration. * * * * *

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It must have struck all who heard him when, early in 1808, he entered parliament under the auspices of Mr. Perceval, that whatever defects he had, arose entirely from accidental circumstances, and not at all from intrinsic imperfections; nor could any one doubt that his late entrance upon parliamentary life, and his vehemence of temperament, alone kept him from the front rank of debaters, if not of eloquence itself. With Mr. Perceval, his friendship had been long and intimate. To this the similarity of their religious character mainly contributed; for Mr. Stephen was a distinguished member of the evangelical party to which the minister manifestly leant without belonging to it; and he was one whose pious sentiments and devotional habits occupied a very marked place in his whole scheme of life. No man has, however, a right to question, be it ever so slightly, his perfect sincerity. To this his blameless life bore the most irrefragable testimony. A warm and steady friend—a man of the strictest integrity and nicest sense of both honor and justice—in all the relations of private society wholly without a stain—though envy might well find whereon to perch, malice itself, in the exasperating discords of religious and civil controversy, never could descry a spot on which to fasten. Let us add the bright praise, and which sets at nought all lesser defects of mere taste, had he lived to read these latter lines, he would infinitely rather have had this sketch stained with all the darker shades of its critical matter, than been exalted, without these latter lines, to the level of Demosthenes or of Chatham, praised as the first of orators, or followed as the most brilliant of statesmen. His opinions upon political questions were clear and decided, taken up with the boldness, felt with the ardor, asserted with the determination, which marked his zealous and uncompromising spirit. Of all subjects, that of the slave-trade and slavery most engrossed his mind. His experience in the West Indies, his religious feelings, and his near connexion with Mr. Wilberforce, whose sister he married, all contributed to give this great question a peculiarly sacred aspect in his eyes; nor could he either avoid mixing it up with almost all other discussions, or prevent his views of its various relations from

influencing his sentiments on other matters of political discussion."*

The author of the preceding portrait enjoyed the happiness denied to the subject of it, not merely of witnessing, but of largely participating in, the last great act by which the labors borne by them in common, during so many preceding years, were consummated. It was a still more rare bounty of Providence, which reserved the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire as a triumph for the statesman who, twenty-seven years before, had introduced into the House of Commons the first great act of tardy reparation to Africa. Crowned with honor and with length of days, to Lord Grey it has further been given, by the same benignant power, to watch, in the calm evening of life, the issues of the works of justice and of mercy which God raised him up to accomplish. With the evil omens, and with the too glowing anticipations of former times, he has been able to contrast the actual solution of this great practical enigma. He has lived to witness eleven years of unbroken tranquillity throughout countries where, before, a single year undisturbed by insurrection was almost unknown—the extinction of feuds apparently irreconcilable —positions full of danger in former wars, now converted into bulwarks of our national power—an equal administration of justice in the land of the slave-courts and the cart-whip—a loyal and happy peasantry, where the soil was so lately broken by the sullen hands of slaves—penury exchanged for abundance—a population, once cursed by a constant and rapid decay, now progressively increasing—Christian knowledge and Christian worship universally diffused among a people so lately debased by Pagan superstitions—and the conjugal duties, with all their attendant charities, held in due honor by those to whom laws, written in the English language, and sanctioned by the kings of England, had forbidden even the marriage vow. If, with these blessings, have also come diminished harvests of the cane and the coffee plant, even they who think that to export and to import are the two great ends of the social existence of mankind, have before them a bright and not very distant futurity. But he, under whose auspices the heavy yoke was at length broken, is contemplating, doubtless, with other and far higher thoughts, the interests of the world, from which, at no remote period, the inexorable law of our existence must summon him away. In that prospect, so full of awe to the wisest and the best, he may well rejoice in the remembrance that, in conferring on him the capacity to discern and the heart to obey the supreme and immutable will, God enabled him to grasp the only clew by which the rulers of the world can be safely guided amidst the darkness and the intricacy of human affairs.

Such at least is the doctrine which, if Clapham could have claimed him for her own, Clapham would have instilled into that Great Minister of the British crown, to whom, more than to any other, she was prompt to offer her allegiance. Politics, however, in that microcosm, were rather cosmopolitan than national. Every human interest had its guardian, every region of the globe its representative. If the African continent and the Charibbean Archipelago were assigned to an indefatigable protectorate, New Holland was not forgotten, nor was British India without a patron.

It was the special charge of Mr. Grant, better known to the present generation by the celebrity of his sons, but regarded at the commencement of this century as the real ruler of the rulers of the east, the Director of the court of Directors. At Leadenhall Street he was celebrated for an integrity exercised by the severest trials; for an understanding large enough to embrace, without confusion, the entire range and the intricate combinations of their whole civil and military policy; and for nerves which set fatigue at defiance. At Clapham, his place of abode, he was hailed as a man whose piety, though ever active, was too profound for much speech; a praise to which, among their other glories, it was permitted to few of his neighbors there, to attain or aspire to. With the calm dignity of those spacious brows, and of that stately figure, it seemed impossible to reconcile the movement of any passion less pure than that which continually urged him to requite the tribute of India by a treasure, of which he who possessed it more largely than any other of the sons of men, has declared, that the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. No less elevated topic (so judged the inquisitive vicinage) could be the subject of his discourse, as he traversed their gorse-covered common, attended by a youth, who, but for the fire of his eye,

* *Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham.* Vol. I. pp. 402-5.

and the occasional energy of his bearing, might have passed for some studious and sickly competitor for medals and prize poems. If such were the pursuits ascribed by Clapham to her occasional visitant, it is but a proof that even "patent Christianity" is no effectual safeguard against human fallibility.

Towards the middle of the last century, John Martyn of Truro was working with his hands in the mines near that town. He was a wise man, who, knowing the right use of leisure hours, employed them so as to qualify himself for higher and more lucrative pursuits; and who, knowing the right use of money, devoted his enlarged means to procure for his four children a liberal education. Henry, the younger of his sons, was accordingly entered at the University of Cambridge, where, in January 1801, he obtained the degree of bachelor of arts, with the honorary rank of senior wrangler. There also he became the disciple and, as he himself would have said, the convert of Charles Simeon. Under the counsels of that eminent teacher, the guidance of Mr. Wilberforce, and the active aid of Mr. Grant, he entered the East India Company's service as a chaplain. After a residence in Hindostan of about five years, he returned homewards through Persia in broken health. Pausing at Shiraz, he labored there during twelve months with the ardor of a man, who, distinctly perceiving the near approach of death, feared lest it should intercept the great work for which alone he desired to live. That work (the translation of the New Testament into Persian) at length accomplished, he resumed his way towards Constantinople, following his Mihmander (one Hassan Aga) at a gallop, nearly the whole distance from Tabriz to Tocat, under the rays of a burning sun, and the pressure of continual fever. On the 6th of October 1812, in the thirty-second year of his age, he brought the Journal of his life to a premature close, by inscribing in it the following words, while he sought a momentary repose under the shadow of some trees at the foot of the Caramanian mountains: "I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and fear of God—in solitude, my companion, my friend, and comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness and love! There shall in nowise enter any thing that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made man worse than wild beasts; none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more." Ten days afterwards those aspirations were fulfilled. His body was laid in the grave by the hands of strangers at Tocat, and to his disembodied spirit was revealed that awful vision, which it is given to the pure in heart, and to them alone, to contemplate.

Amidst all the discords which agitate the Church of England, her sons are unanimous in extolling the name of Henry Martyn. And with reason; for it is in fact the one heroic name which adorns her annals from the days of Elizabeth to our own. Her apostolic men, the Wesleys and Elliotts and Brainerds of other times, either quitted or were cast out of her communion. Her *Acta Sanctorum* may be read from end to end with a dry eye and an unquickened pulse. Henry Martyn, the learned and the holy, translating the Scriptures in his solitary bungalow at Dinapore, or preaching to a congregation of five hundred beggars, or refuting the Mohammedan doctors at Shiraz, is the bright exception. It is not the less bright, because he was brought within the sphere of those secular influences which so often draw down our Anglican worthies from the Empyrean along which they would soar, to the levels, flat though fertile, on which they must depasture. There is no concealing the fact, that he annually received from the East India Company an ugly allowance of twelve hundred pounds; and though he would be neither just nor prudent who should ascribe to the attractive force of that stipend one hour of Henry Martyn's residence in the east, yet the ideal would be better without it. Oppressively conclusive as may be the arguments in favor of a well-endowed and punctually paid "Establishment," they have, after all, an unpleasant earthly savor. One would not like to discover that Polycarp, or Bernard, or Boniface, was waited on every quarter-day by a plump bag of coin from the public treasury. To receive a thousand rupees monthly from that source, was perhaps the duty, it certainly was not the fault, of Henry Martyn. Yet it was a misfortune, and had been better avoided if possible.

When Mackenzie was sketching his *Man of Feeling*, he could have desired no better model than Henry Martyn, the young and successful competitor for academical honors; a man born to love with ardor and to

hate with vehemence; amorous, irascible, ambitious, and vain; without one torpid nerve about him; aiming at universal excellence in science, in literature, in conversation, in horsemanship, and even in dress; not without some gay fancies, but more prone to austere and melancholy thoughts; patient of the most toilsome inquiries, though not wooing philosophy for her own sake; animated by the poetical temperament, though unvisited by any poetical inspiration; eager for enterprise, though thinking meanly of the rewards to which the adventurous aspire; uniting in himself, though as yet unable to concentrate or to harmonize them, many keen desires, many high powers, and much constitutional dejection—the chaotic materials of a great character, destined to combine, as the future events of life should determine, into no common forms, whether of beauty and delight, or of deformity and terror.

Among those events, the most momentous was his connection with Charles Simeon, and with such of his disciples as sought learning at Cambridge, and learned leisure at Clapham. A mind so beset by sympathies of every other kind, could not but be peculiarly susceptible to the contagion of opinion. From that circle he adopted, in all its unadorned simplicity, the system called Evangelical—that system of which (if Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and the writers of the English Homilies, may be credited) Christ himself was the author, and Paul the first and greatest interpreter.

Through shallow heads and voluble tongues such a creed (or indeed any creed) filtrates so easily, that, of the multitude who maintain it, comparatively few are aware of the conflict of their faith with the natural and unaided reason of mankind. Indeed he who makes such an avowal will hardly escape the charge of affectation or of impiety. Yet if any truth be clearly revealed, it is, that the apostolic doctrine was foolishness to the sages of this world. If any unrevealed truth be indisputable, it is, that such sages are at this day making, as they have ever made, ill-disguised efforts to escape the inferences with which their own admissions teem. Divine philosophy divorced from human science—celestial things stripped of the mitigating veils woven by man's wit and fancy to relieve them—form an abyss as impassable at Oxford now, as at Athens eighteen centuries ago. To Henry Martyn the gulf was visible, the self-renunciation painful, the victory complete. His understanding embraced, and his heart reposed in the two comprehensive and ever germinating tenets of the school in which he studied. Regarding his own heart as corrupt, and his own reason as delusive, he exercised an unlimited affiance in the holiness and the wisdom of Him, in whose person the divine nature had been allied to the human, that, in the persons of his followers, the human might be allied to the divine.

Such was his religious theory—a theory which doctors may combat, or admit, or qualify, but in which the readers of Henry Martyn's biography, letters, and journals, cannot but acknowledge that he found the resting-place of all the impetuous appetencies of his mind, the spring of all his strange powers of activity and endurance. Prostrating his soul before the real, though the hidden Presence he adored, his doubts were silenced, his anxieties soothed, and every meaner passion hushed into repose. He pursued divine truth (as all who would succeed in that pursuit must pursue it,) by the will rather than the understanding; by sincerely and earnestly searching out the light which had come into the world, by still going after it when perceived, by following its slightest intimation with faith, with resignation, and with constancy, though the path it disclosed led him from his friends and the home of his youth, across wide oceans and burning deserts, amidst contumely and contention, with a wasted frame and an overburdened spirit. He rose to the sublime in character, neither by the power of his intellect, nor by the compass of his learning, nor by the subtlety, the range, or the beauty of his conceptions, (for in all these he was surpassed by many,) but by the copiousness and the force of the living fountains by which his spiritual life was nourished. Estranged from a world once too fondly loved, his well-tutored heart learned to look back with a calm though affectionate melancholy on its most bitter privations. Insatiable in the thirst for freedom, holiness, and peace, he maintained an ardor of devotion which might pass for an erotic delirium, when contrasted with the Sadducean frigidity of other worshippers. Regarding all the members of the great human family as his kindred in sorrow and exile, his zeal for their welfare partook more of the fervor of domestic affection, than of the kind but gentle warmth of a diffusive philanthropy. Elevated

in his own esteem by the consciousness of an intimate union with the Eternal Source of all virtue, the meek missionary of the cross exhibited no obscure resemblance to the unobtrusive dignity, the unfaltering purpose, and indestructible composure of Him by whom the cross was borne. The ill-disciplined desires of youth, now confined within one deep channel, flowed quickly onward towards one great consummation; nor was there any faculty of his soul, or any treasure of his accumulated knowledge, for which appropriate exercise was not found on the high enterprise to which he was devoted.

And yet nature, the great leveller, still asserting her rights even against those whose triumph over her might seem the most perfect, would not seldom extort a burst of passionate grief from the bosom of the holy Henry Martyn, when memory recalled the image of her to whom, in earlier days, the homage of his heart had been rendered. The writer of his life, embarrassed with the task of reconciling such an episode to the gravity befitting a hero so majestic, and a biography so solemn, has concealed this passage of his story beneath a veil, at once transparent enough to excite, and impervious enough to baffle curiosity. A form may be dimly distinguished of such witchery as to have subdued at the first interview, if not at the first casual glance, a spirit soaring above all the other attractions of this sublunary sphere. We can faintly trace the pathway, not always solitary, of the pious damsel, as she crossed the bare heaths of Cornwall on some errand of mercy, and listened, not unmoved, to a tremulous voice, pointing to those heights of devotion from which the speaker had descended to this lower worship. Then the shifting scene presents the figure—alas! so common—of a mother, prudent and inexorable, as if she had been involved in no romance of her own some brief twenty years before; and then appears the form (deliciously out of place) of the apostolic Charles Simeon, assuming, but assuming in vain, the tender intervenient office. In sickness and in sorrow, in watchings and in fastings, in toils and perils, and amidst the decay of all other earthly hopes, this human love blends so touchingly with his divine enthusiasm, that even from the life of Henry Martyn there can scarcely be drawn a more valuable truth, than that, in minds pure as his, there may dwell together in most harmonious concord, affections which a coarse, low-toned, ascetic morality, would describe as distracting the heart between earth and heaven.

Yet it is a life pregnant with many other weighty truths. It was passed in an age when men whom genius itself could scarcely rescue from abhorrence, found in their constitutional sadness, real or fictitious, not merely an excuse for grovelling in the stye of Epicurus, but even an apology for deifying their sensuality, pride, malignity, and worldly-mindedness, by hymns due only to those sacred influences, by which our better nature is sustained, in the warfare with its antagonist corruptions. Not such the gloom which brooded over the heart of Henry Martyn. It solicited no sympathy, was never betrayed into sullenness, and sought no unhallowed consolation. It assumed the form of a depressing consciousness of ill desert, mixed with fervent compassion for a world which he at once longed to quit and panted to improve. It was the sadness of an exile gazing wistfully towards his distant home, even while soothing the grief of his brethren while in captivity. It was a sadness akin to that which stole over the heart of his Master, while, pausing on the slope of the hills which stand round about Jerusalem, he wept over her crowded marts and cloud-capped pinnacles, hastening to a desolation already visible to that prescient eye, though hidden by the glare and tumult of life from the obdurate multitude below. It was a sadness soon to give place to an abiding serenity in the presence of that compassionate Being who had condescended to shed many bitter tears, that he might wipe away every tear from the eyes of his faithful followers.

Tidings of the death of Henry Martyn reached England during the Parliamentary debates on the renewal of the East India Company's charter; and gave new impetus to the zeal with which the friends and patrons of his youth were then contending for the establishment of an Episcopal see at Calcutta, and for the removal of all restraints on the diffusion of Christianity within its limits. In the roll of names most distinguished in that conflict, scarcely one can be found which does not also grace the calendar of Clapham. It was a cause emphatically Claphamic. John Venn, to whom the whole sect looked up as their pastor and spiritual guide, was at that time on his deathbed. He had been the projector, and one of the original founders, of the society for sending missionaries of the Anglican communion to

Africa and the East—a body which, under the name of the 'Church Missionary Society,' now commands a wider field of action, and a more princely revenue, than any Protestant association of the same character. To him who prompted the deeper meditations, partook the counsels, and stimulated the efforts of such disciples, some memorial should have been raised by a Church which to him, more than to any of her sons, is indebted for her most effective instrument for propagating her tenets and enlarging her borders. But, linked though that name was to the kindest and the holiest thoughts of so many of the wise and good, it must be passed over in this place with this transient notice; lest the reverence due to it should be impaired, as it certainly could not be strengthened, by a tribute in which might not unjustly rest some grave suspicion of partiality.

The shepherd was taken from his flock immediately after the success of the Parliamentary contest, and while their exultations, and the forebodings of their opponents, predicted the glorious or the disastrous results of Episcopacy, and of missions in India. At this distance of time, we know that these prophecies, whether of good or of evil, were uninspired. Neither Hindoos nor Musselmen have revolted on the discovery that their European sovereigns have a belief and a worship of their own, which they seriously prefer to the faith of Brama or of Mahomet. But neither has Benares yet ceased to number her pilgrims by myriads; nor is the Rammadan violated from dawn to sunset. These results can hardly have surprised those who derived their anticipations of the future from a careful survey of the past.

The power before which the temples of pagan Rome fell down, (like the mighty agencies of the material creation,) is a silent, invisible influence, obedient to no laws which human wisdom can explore; though, at length, manifesting its reality in results which the dullest observation cannot overlook. It works by searching out affinities in the elements of man's moral and social nature; by separating such as are incongruous, and by combining the rest into organic forms, animated by a common life. It works by the repulsive force of mutual antipathies, and by the plastic force of self-denying love; and exhibits its presence in the Christian system, as in its noblest form, and most complete development. And though the prolific energies of this renovating power may often appear to slumber, and though, even when roused into activity, it operates but slowly and imperfectly, yet is it the one vital principle of this otherwise corrupt and corrupting world; and is not less the source of light and of order now, than when it brooded over the dark primitive chaos.

Thus earth's history is but as some incoherent rhapsody of wild joys and maddening sorrows, if not regarded as the progressive fulfilment of the Supreme Will, effected by the ministry, sometimes spontaneous, at other times reluctant, of other wills subordinate to the Supreme. And that passage of history which is to unfold the religious and intellectual regeneration of Hindostan, will, like the rest, delineate the strife, the reverses, and the long delay, which must precede and allay the final triumph. It will tell of men devoting themselves, in constancy and resignation, to labors of which they must never witness the recompense; and obeying every intimation of the good pleasure of God, even when appearing to have abandoned to their own weakness the champions of his truth. It will trace the path of the heralds of peace, illuminated amidst the deep surrounding darkness by the inward light of faith, and by the outward light which the inspired records throw on the state, the prospects, and the duties of man. And it will also tell of the restoration of those records to the supremacy, for which their Divine Author destined them, among his instruments for the renewal of the image impressed on his moral creation, at the first dawn of its existence.

To effect that restoration, became the chief design of the devout men whose wiser Anglo-Catholic sons are now calling their fathers fools. Of that folly the ecumenical seat was in the immediate vicinity of our suburban common, reflecting from her glassy pools the mansions by which she is begirt. From them came forth a majority of the first members of the governing body of the 'Bible Society,' its earliest ministers or secretaries, and, above all, the first and greatest of its Presidents—John Lord Teignmouth; to the commemoration of whose life are dedicated the volumes from which our devious course commenced, and to which it at length returns.

As Mr. Carlyle has it, he was a noticeable man. While Napoleon had been founding an Empire in Europe, he had been ruling an Empire in Asia. The greatest of com-

mercial corporations had made him their viceroy. The greatest of religious societies had made him their head. He was a man of letters too, and a man of hair-breadth escapes and strange adventures. He had been the friend of Sir William Jones, the associate of Warren Hastings, the adviser of Henry Dundas, and the choice of William Pitt, when he had a trust to confer, superior in splendor, perhaps in importance, to his own. So, at least, said the chronicles of those times, but his own appearance seemed to say the contrary. If the *fasces* had really once been borne before the quiet, everyday-looking gentleman who was to be seen walking with his children on Clapham Common, or holding petty sessions of the peace for the benefit of his neighbors there, then Clapham Common had totally misconceived what manner of men governors-general are. The idea of the common was as magnificent as that of a Lord Mayor in the mind of Martinus Scriblerus. But a glance at our Arungzebe, in the Clapham coach, was enough to dispel the illusion. How a man, who had sat on the Musnud of Calcutta, could now sit so patiently between Messrs. Smith and Brown of St Mildred's, Cornhill, and listen to them on the Paving Rate Question, with such genuine and good-humored interest, was a question which long exercised the faith and the tongues of the commoners, and which has ever since remained one of the dark problems of parochial history.

Lord Teignmouth was an estimable, accomplished, and religious man, on whom Providence bestowed extraordinary gifts of fortune, without any extraordinary gifts of nature. He was exalted to one of the highest places of the earth, but was not endowed with the genius or the magnanimity for which such places afford their meet exercise and full development. The roll of British viceroys in India includes other names than those of the immortals. Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley, transmitted Empire, but could not transmit imperial minds to Amherst, or Minto, or to Shore. He was not one of those who enlarge our conceptions of the powers occasionally confided to man. He rose to the summit of delegated dominion, without any sublime endurance or heroic daring. He wrote many speculations, political, moral, and religious; but without rendering more clear our knowledge of the actual condition of mankind, or our conjectures respecting what awaits them. He also wrote many verses; but can scarcely ever have awakened an echo in the hearts of others. The eminence of his position suggested comparisons which it would otherwise have been unmeaning to form. There is not room for many great men, in any age or in any dynasty; and he who, in the age of Napoleon and the dynasty of Clive, ruled with spotless virtue, and aimed only to consolidate the conquests of his predecessors, might justly deprecate the disparaging remark, that he was not cast in their gigantic mould. But the good Vespasian must always be prepared for invidious allusions to the mighty Julius.

The son of a supercargo, and the grandson of a captain in the marine of the East India Company, John Shore was destined from his youth to the service of the same employers. He was prepared for it at Harrow, where he recited Homer and Juvenal with Nathanael Halhead on the one hand, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan on the other; Samuel Parr being the common tutor of the three. On the same form were seen, nearly forty years later, three other boys since known to fame, as Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir George Sinclair. In the first of these triumvirates Halhead, in the second Sinclair, were pointed out by Harrovian divination as the men destined to illuminate and command the ages which had given them birth. The spirit of prophecy did not rest on the Hill of Harrow. Neither indeed was the United Company of Merchants, trading to the East Indies at the first of those eras, precisely a school of the prophets. The one qualification they required of the future ministers and judges of their Empire, was a sound acquaintance with book-keeping. Mr. Shore was accordingly removed from Harrow to a commercial school at Hackney. Among the students there, was one who, at the distance of half a century, he met again; the stately Marquis of Hastings, who then came to ask a lesson in the art of governing India, from the old school-fellow with whom he had once taken lessons in the art of double entry.

Enthusiasts are men of one idea. Heroes are men of one design. They who prosper in the world are usually men of one maxim. When Mr. Shore was toiling up the steep ascent trodden by writers, 'an old gentleman named Burgess' chanced to say to him, 'make yourself useful, and you will succeed.' Old Mr. Burgess never said a better

thing in his life. It became the text on which the young civilian preached many a discourse to others, and to himself. With his own hand he compiled several volumes of the records of the secret political department. In a single year, he decided six hundred causes at Moorshedabad. He acquired the Hindostanee, Arabic, and Persian tongues; and was summoned to employ that knowledge at what was then called the Provincial Council at Calcutta. He revised one of the philippics launched by Francis against Warren Hastings, and lent his pen to prepare a memorial against the supreme court and Sir Elijah Impey. So useful, indeed, did he make himself to the opponents of Hastings, that he was appointed by that great man (oriental and occidental politics having much in common) to a seat in his supreme council of four. But, whatever might be his change of party, Mr. Shore never changed his maxim. He presided at the board of revenue. He acted as revenue commissioner in Dacca and Behar. He drew up plans of judicial reform. Ever busy, and ever useful, he remained in India till Hastings himself quitted it, when hey returned in the same ship to England—the ever-triumphant Hastings to encounter Burke and the House of Commons; the ever-useful Mr. Shore to receive from the court of directors a seat in the supreme council of three, established under Mr. Pitt's India bill.

Again he ben this way to the East, and again enjoyed, under the rule of Lord Cornwallis, abundant opportunities of acting up to the precept of old Mr. Burgess. He sustained nearly all the drudgery which in every such combination falls to the lot of some single person, assuming, as his peculiar province, the settlement of the revenues of Bengal, Behar, and Oresa. The result of his labors was that momentous decision, remaining in force to this day, which has recognized the right of the Zemindars to the land, in the double character of renters and landlords—a measure against which there is such an array of authority and argument, as to compel a doubt whether, on this occasion at least, Mr. Shore did not render a service useful rather to the sovereigns of India than to their subjects.

To himself the result was most important. The time had come when Mr. Pitt hoped to witness the introduction into India of the pacific system which, at his instance, parliament had enjoined. He committed that task to Mr. Shore; wisely judging that the author of the territorial settlement possessed in an eminent degree the habits, the principles, and the temper, which qualify men for an unambitious and equitable course of policy. With that charge he sailed a third time for the East, in the character of Governor-General.

He had been eminently useful, and had succeeded eminently. But now the old maxim began to wear out. He who would climb an oak, must, as a great living writer has observed, change the nature of his efforts, and quicken his pace after he has once fairly set foot on the branches. Old Mr. Burgess had taught how the highest advancement might be obtained. He had not taught how it might be improved. Sir John Shore (such was now the title of the Governor-General) brought to that commanding station, knowledge, industry, courage, and disinterestedness; with a philanthropy as pure as ever warmed the bosom of any of the rulers of mankind. But he did not bring to it the wide survey, the prompt decision, and the invincible will, of the great statesmen who, before and after him, wielded that delegated sceptre. The sense of subordination, and the spirit of a subordinate, still clung to him. To be useful to the Board of Control, to be useful to the Court of Directors, to be useful to the Civil Service, to be useful to the Indian Army, limited his ambition as an administrator; and though the happiness of the nations of India was the object of his highest aspirations, his rule over them was barren, not only of any splendid enterprise, but even of any memorable plan for their benefit.

The four years of Sir John Shore's government was a period of peace, interrupted only by a single battle with the Rohilla chiefs. But it was a peace pregnant with wars, more costly and dangerous than any in which the British Empire in the East had been involved since the days of Clive and Laurence. The charges advanced against Sir John Shore by the more adventurous spirits who followed him, are all summed up in the one accusation—that his policy was temporizing and timid. He acquiesced as an inert spectator in the successful invasion of the dominions of the Nizam by the Mahrattas. He fostered the power and the audacity of that warlike nation. He unresistingly permitted the growth of a French subsidiary force, in the service of three of the most considerable native powers. He thwarted Lord Hobart's

efforts for extending the dominion or influence of Great Britain in Ceylon, in the Carnatic, and in Tanjore. He allowed the growth and the aggressions in Northern India of that power which, under Runjeet Sing, afterwards became so formidable. He looked on passively while Tippoo was preparing for the contest into which he plunged, or was driven, to his own ruin, and to our no light peril.

These, and such as these, are the charges. The answer is drawn from the pacific injunctions of Parliament, and the pacific orders of the Company; and from the great truth, that ambitious wars are the direst curse, and peace the most invaluable blessing to mankind. In the course of his correspondence, Lord Teignmouth takes frequent occasion to announce the new or philosophical maxim, which as Governor-General he had substituted for his old or utilitarian maxim as a writer. It was that incontrovertible verity, that 'honesty is the best policy.' Sound doctrine, doubtless; but whether it is the best policy to be honest now and then, may admit of more dispute. Millions of men never lived together under a rule more severely just in intention than was that of Sir John Shore. But the Rohillas distrusted his equity. The Mahrattas had no belief in his courage. The Nizam could not be convinced of his good faith. The oppressed Ryots were incredulous of his benevolence. Integrity, which, being only occasional and transient, passes for weakness and caprice, may work out evils even more intolerable than those of a consistent, resolute, and systematic injustice. Under their pacific Governor-General, the people of the East remembered the conquests of his predecessors, and were preparing to counteract, by secret or open hostilities, the further conquests of the proconsuls who were to succeed him. His individual conscience could justly applaud the retrospect of his Asiatic dominion; but the national conscience of which we have lately heard, had it any cause to exult in a pause of four years in an otherwise unbroken chain of successful aggressions on the princes and people of Hindostan?

When Napoleon wrote bulletins about the star of Austerlitz and the fulfilment of his destiny, we were all equally shocked at his principles and his style. Yet the apologies still ringing in our ears for the wars of Affghanistan, of Scinde, and of Gwalior, though made but yesterday by the highest authorities on either side of the House of Commons, were but a plagiarism from the Emperor of the French, in more correct, though less animated language. Nor could it be otherwise. Empire cannot be built up either in the west or in the east, in contempt of the laws of God, and then be maintained according to the Decalogue. When the vessel must either drive before the gale or founder, the helmsman no longer looks at the chart. When the pedestals of the throne are terror and admiration, he who would sit there securely must consult other rules than those of the Evangelists. Sir John Shore was the St. Louis of Governers-General. But if Clive had been likeminded, we should have had no India to govern. If Hastings had aspired to the title of 'The Just,' we should not have retained our dominion. If Wellesley had ruled in the spirit of his conscientious predecessor, we should infallibly have lost it. With profound respect for the contrary judgment of so good a man, we venture to doubt, whether the severe integrity which forbade him to bear the sceptre of the Moguls as others had borne it, should not have also forbidden his bearing it at all. Needlessly to assume incompatible duties, is permitted to no man. Cato would have ceased to be himself had he consented to act as a lieutenant of the Usurper. The British viceroy who shall at once be true to his employers, and strictly equit able to the princes of India and their subjects, need not despair of squaring the circle.

Returning a third time to his native land, Lord Teignmouth fell into the routine of common duties, and of common pleasures, with the ease of a man who had taken no delight in the pomp or in the exercise of power; but whose heart had been with his home and with his books, even while Nabobs and Rajahs were prostrating themselves before him. He became eminent at the Quarter Sessions, took down again the volumes in which Parr had lectured him, thinned out his shrubberies, visited at countryseats and watering-places, watched over his family and his poor neighbors, sent letters of good advice to his sons, (to the perusal of which the public are invited with perhaps more of filial than of fraternal piety;) and, in short, lived the life so pleasant in reality, so tedious in description, of a well-educated English gentleman, of moderate fortune, moderate desires, and refined tastes; with a fruitful vine on the walls of his house, and many olive branches round about his table.

If, as all Englishmen believe, this is the

happiest condition of human existence, it illustrates the remark, that happiness is a serious, not to say a heavy thing. The exhibition of it in these volumes is rather amiable than exhilarating. India-house traditions tell, that when a young aspirant for distinction there, requested one of the Chairs to inform him what was the proper style of writing political despatches, the Chair made answer, 'the style we prefer is the *humdrum*.' This preference for the humdrum, enjoined perhaps by the same high authority, clung to Lord Teignmouth even after his return to Europe. He wrote as if to baffle the critics, and lived as if to perplex the biographers. A foreigner amongst us might perhaps have sketched him as a speciman of a class peculiar to England. But the portrait is too familiar for exhibition to English eyes, though none is dearer to English hearts. Who that has contemplated and loved (as who has not?) the wise, cheerful, and affectionate head of some large household, filling up without hurry or lassitude the wide circle of domestic, neighborly, and magisterial duties, and aiming at nothing more—let him say whether the second Lord Teignmouth could have rendered animating in description the tranquil years which the first Lord Teignmouth probably found the most grateful of his life in reality.

They were gliding quietly away, cheered by such retrospects as few have enjoyed, and gilded by hopes which few could so reasonably indulge, when the Society, then for the first time formed, for the circulation of the Bible, placed him at their head; not as a mere titular chief, but as the President by whom all their deliberations were to be controlled, and as the dignitary by whom the collective body were to be represented. So high a trust could not have fallen into hands more curiously fitted for the discharge of it. There met and blended in him as much of the spirit of the world, and as much of the spirit of that sacred volume, as could combine harmoniously with each other. To the capacious views of a statesman, he united a submission the most childlike to the supreme authority of those sacred records. To the high bearing of one for whose smile rival princes had sued, he added that unostentatious simplicity which is equally beyond the reach of those who solicit, and of those who really despise, human admiration. Conversant with mankind under all political and social aspects, and in every gradation of rank, it was at once his habit and delight to withdraw from that indiscriminate intercourse into the interior circle, where holy thoughts might be best nourished; and into the solitude, where alone the modesty of his nature would permit the utterance of his devout affections. An Oriental scholar of no mean celebrity, and not without a cultivated taste for classical learning, he daily passed from such pursuits to the study of the Sacred Oracles—as one who, having sojourned in a strange land, returns to the familiar voices, the faithful counsels, and the well-proved loving-kindness of his father's house. To scatter through every tongue and kindred of the earth the inspired leaves by which his own mind was sustained and comforted, was a labor in which he found full scope and constant exercise for virtues, hardly to be hazarded in the government of India.

Of India, indeed, and of the fame of his Indian administration, he had become strangely regardless—witnessing silently, if not with indifference, the overthrow of his policy, and the denial of his claims to the respect and gratitude of mankind. Ordinary men, it is true, are but seldom agitated by the temperament by which men of genius expiate their formidable eminence; but Lord Teignmouth seems to have had more than his due share of constitutional phlegm. He governed an Empire without ambition, wrote poetry without inspiration, and gave himself up to labors of love and works of mercy without enthusiasm. He was in fact, rather a fatiguing man—of a narcotic influence in general society—with a pen which not rarely dropped truisms; sedate and satisfied under all the vicissitudes of life; the very antithesis and contradiction of the hero, whose too tardy advent Mr. Carlyle is continually invoking. Yet he was one of those whom we may be well content to honor, while we yet wait the promised deliverer. He was a witness to the truth, that talents such as multitudes possess, and opportunities such as multitudes enjoy, may, under the homely guidance of perseverance and good sense, command the loftiest ascent to which either ambition or philanthropy can aspire; if that steep path be trodden with a firm faith in the Divine wisdom, a devout belief in the Divine goodness, and a filial promptitude of conformity to the Divine will.

To Lord Teignmouth, and to the other founders of the Bible Society, an amount of gratitude is due, which might, perhaps, have been more freely rendered, if it had been a little less grandiloquently claimed

by the periodic eloquence of their followers. Her annual outbursts of self-applause are not quite justified by any success which this great Protestant *propaganda* has hitherto achieved over her antagonists. Rome still maintains and multiplies her hostile positions—heathen and Mahomedan temples are as numerous and as crowded as before—ignorance and sin continue to scatter the too fertile seeds of sorrow through a groaning world—and it is no longer doubtful that the aspect of human affairs may remain as dark as ever, though the earth be traversed by countless millions of copies of the Holy Text. The only wonder is, that such a doubt should ever have arisen—that reasonable people should have anticipated the renovation of man to the higher purposes of his being by any single agency—without an apparatus as complex as his own nature—or without influences as vivifying as those which gave him birth. To quicken the inert mass around us, and to render it prolific, it is necessary that the primeval or patriarchal institute of parental training should be combined with an assiduous education; with the various discipline of life; with the fellowship of domestic, civil, and ecclesiastical society; and, above all, with the re-creative power from on High devoutly implored and diligently cherished. The wicked habitations by which our globe is burdened, might, alas! be wicked still, though each of them were converted into a biblical library. And yet with the belief of the inspiration, whether plenary or partial, of the Scriptures, who can reconcile a disbelief of the momentous results with which the mere knowledge of them by mankind at large must be attended? Who will presume to estimate the workings of such an element of thought in such a world?—or to follow out the movements resulting from such a voice, when raised in every tongue and among all people, in opposition to the rude clamor from without, or the still harsher dissonance from within?—or who will take on him to measure the consequences of exhibiting amongst all the tribes of men one immutable standard of truth—one eternal rule of duty—one spotless model for imitation?

If this vast confederacy of the Protestant and Greek churches was regarded by the less initiated with some degree of superstitious awe, and extolled beyond the severe limits of truth, the founders of the society were too well instructed in spiritual dynamics, to be themselves in bondage to that vulgar error. The more eminent of the Clapham sectarians thought of it but as one wheel in that elaborate mechanism, by which they believed that the world would at length be moved. Bell and Lancaster were both their welcome guests—schools, prison discipline, savings' banks, tracts, village libraries, district visitings, and church buildings—each, for a time, rivalled their cosmopolitan projects. But of their subordinate schemes none were so dear to them as that of prepossessing, in favor of their opinions and of their measures, the young men who were then preparing for ordination at Cambridge. Hence they held in special honor Isaac Milner, whose biography lies before us, and Charles Simeon, whose life is shortly to be published—both unavoidably residing at the university as their appointed sphere of labor; but both men of Clapham as frequent visitors, as habitual associates, and as zealous allies.

The biography of Isaac Milner, as recorded in this dense volume, occupies a space nearly equal to that which the extant writers of antiquity have devoted to the celebration of all the worthies of Greece and Rome and Palestine put together. And yet of those who have still to reach the meridian of life, how few are aware, either that such a man was famous in the last generation, or what was the ground of his celebrity? Oh! ye candidates for fame, put not your faith in coteries. See here how lavishly applause may be bestowed in one age, and how profound the silence into which it may die away in the next. See how a man may have been extolled, not thirty poor years ago, as a philosopher, historian, divine, and academic, on whom 'young England' has not one passing remembrance to bestow. And although the present effort to revive and perpetuate his glory be made by a kinswoman, prepared for that undertaking by knowledge, by ability, and by zeal; yet how avoid the conviction that the monument itself, like the name to which it is erected, is already becoming a premature ruin, and preaching one more unheeded sermon on the text which proclaims the vanity of all things?

If the several tendencies of Isaac Milner to moral and intellectual greatness had been permitted to act freely, and if Fortune had not caressed and enervated him by her too benignant smiles, his name might have been now illustrious in the *Fasti Cantabrigienses*. But she bestowed on him the rewards of eminence, such as wealth, leisure, repu-

tation, and authority, without exacting the appointed price of toil and self-denial. Humble as was his hereditary station, he scarcely ever felt the invigorating influence of depending on his own exertions for subsistence, for comforts, or even for enjoyments. He soon obtained and soon resigned a fellowship at Queen's College, Cambridge, to become the president of that society; an office to which ere long were added the deanery of Carlisle, and the mathematical chair once occupied by Newton. Three such sinecures were a burden, beneath which the most buoyant spirit could scarcely have moved with freedom. A splendid patrimony in the three per cents, or the golden repose of Lords Arden or Ellenborough, might agree well enough with the pursuits of a scholar or a statesman. Not so the laborious idleness of a deanery and a mastership, with their ceaseless round of chapters, and elections, and founders' feasts, and enclosure questions; and questions about new racks for the stables, and new rollers for the garden; and squabbles with contumacious canons and much-digesting fellows. Newton himself could not, at the same time, have given laws to the butteries and explored the laws of the universe; and therefore it happened that Newton's successor was too busy for the duties of his lucrative professorship. Dalilah bound the strong man with cords supplied by Mammon for the purpose.

From such toils he might have broken away, if the wily courtezan had not thrown around him the more seductive bondage of social and colloquial popularity. The keen sarcasm, that 'science is his forte—omniscience his foible,' though of later date, could never have been aimed at any of the giants of Cambridge with more truth, or with greater effect, than at the former president of Queen's. He had looked into innumerable books, had dipped into most subjects, whether of vulgar or of learned inquiry, and talked with shrewdness, animation, and intrepidity, on them all. Whatever the company and whatever the theme, his sonorous voice predominated over all other voices, even as his lofty stature, vast girth, and superincumbent wig, defied all competition. He was equally at home on a steeple-chase, and on final perseverance; and explained with the same confidence the economy of an ant hill and the policy of the Nizam. During the last half of his life the Johnsoni-latria was at its height; and among the aspirants to the vacant conversational throne, none appeared to have a fairer title than himself. Parr, with his pipe and his pedantry, was offensive. Bishop Watson was pompous and tiresome. Lord Ellenborough, the first of that name, was but an eminent phrase-manufacturer. But Isaac Milner, however inferior to the sage of Bolt Court in genius, in wit, in practical wisdom, in philology, and in critical discernment, ranged over a wider field of knowledge; with a memory as ready and retentive, with higher animal spirits, a broader humor, a less artificial style, and an enjoyment so cordial and sociable of his own talk, as compelled every one else to enjoy it. If less contentious than his great prototype, he was not less authoritative. But his topics were more out of the reach of controversy, his temper more serene, and his audience far more subservient. In the whole of his career, he was probably never once surrounded by such a circle as that which at 'the Club' reduced the dominion of Johnson to the form of a limited monarchy. At Carlisle, the Dean was the life of an otherwise lifeless amalgam of country squires and well endowed prebendaries. At Cambridge, the Master was the soul of dinner and tea parties, otherwise inanimate. At London he was the centre of a circle, ever prompt (as are all London circles) to render homage to literary and intellectual rank; especially when it can condescend to be amusing and natural, and can afford to disclaim all pretensions to the elaborate refinements of metropolitan society. Thus the syren Fortune raised her most alluring strain—the flattery which rewards colloquial triumphs—that so she might induce the warrior to relax his grasp of the weapons by which she might have achieved an enduring reputation.

Lashing himself to the mast, he still might have pursued his voyage to permanent renown, if the Enchantress had not raised up in his course certain fog-banks, to seduce him into the belief that he had already reached the yet far distant haven. The moderators, arbiters of Cantabrigian honors, had not only assigned to him the dignity of senior wrangler, but with it the title of *Incomparabilis;* the comparison being made with his competitors of the year 1774. Among the 'Transactions of the Royal Society,' the curious may discover three or four contributions bearing the name of Isaac Milner, which, though little noticed at the time, and wholly forgotten now, were allowed to establish, in

favor of one who sat in Newton's seat, a station among men of science; which, in an age not propitious to such studies, few had the wish, and fewer still the power, to contest. No scientific work or discovery illustrates his name, except the discovery, much insisted on by his biographer, and much rejoiced in by himself, that the invisible girl of Liecester Square was not a Fairy enshrined in the brazen ball from which her speaking trumpets issued; but an old woman in the next room squeaking through hidden tubes, the orifices of which were brought into nice contact with corresponding apertures in the lips of those magical trumpets. On the opposite side of the same Square rose an observatory, where, a hundred years earlier, his great predecessor had investigated enigmas of greater significance. In literature, Dr. Milner was chiefly known as the Editor of the two last volumes of his brother's Church History, which apparently received great additions and improvements from his hands. They have been extolled as containing the most comprehensive and authentic account of the Reformation in Germany, and of the character of the great German Reformer;—a praise to which it is impossible to subscribe, for this, if for no other reason, that neither the Author nor the Editor had ever seen, or would have been able to read, one line of the many volumes written by Luther in his mother tongue, and even yet untranslated into any other. A biographical preface of a few pages, prefixed to a posthumous volume of the same brother's sermons, with two controversial pamphlets, complete the catalogue of the literary labors of more than half a century of learned and well-beneficed leisure. Of those pamphlets one was an assault on the ecclesiastical history of the late Dr. Haweis. The other made havoc of the person and writings of Herbert Marsh, the late Bishop of Peterborough. Marsh had denounced the sin and danger of giving people the Bible to read unyoked to the prayer-book; and Milner answered him by an examination, much more curious than civil, into the question—'Who, and what is Dr. Herbert Marsh?' The indignant liturgist replied by an equally courteous attempt to determine the who, and the what, touching Dr. Isaac Milner. With cassocks torn, and reputations not much exalted, the combatants retired from the field, and never again appeared among the aspirants to literary renown. Adulation whispered to them both that such glory was already theirs, and in her harlotry and her blandishments betrayed them into the belief of that too welcome assurance.

But Isaac Milner was no ordinary person. His body (the very image of the informing mind) was athletic and capacious, yet course and clumsy withal, and alive, far more than is usual with the giant brood, to every vicissitude of pleasure and of pain. His muscular and his nervous structure seemed to belong to two different men, or rather to be of different sexes. The sense of vast physical power was unattended by animal courage; and the consciousness of great intellectual strength animated him to no arduous undertakings. Robust as he was and omnivorous, he was haunted by imaginary maladies and ideal dangers; shuddering at the east wind, and flying to a hiding-place at the sound of thunder. In the pursuit of knowledge, he was as an elephant forcing his way through saplings, and bending them to his purpose with a proboscis alike firm and flexible; yet at the next moment obeying the feeblest hand, alarmed by the most transient blaze, and turned out of his way by the first mournful gong or joyous cymbal. He was a kind of Ajax-Andromache, combining such might with such sensibility as made him at once admirable, loveable, and inefficient. Call at the lodge at Queen's in the evening, and you heard him with stentorian lungs tumbling out masses of knowledge, illuminated by remarks so pungent, and embellished with stories, illustrations, gestures, and phrases, so broad and unceremonious, that you half expected the appearance of the Lady Margaret, to remind the master of the house that she had built that long gallery, and those oriel windows, for meditation and studious silence. Call again in the morning, and you found him broken-hearted over some of the sorrows to which flesh is heir, or agitated by some collegiate controversy, or debating with his apothecary how many scruples of senna should enter into his next draught, as though life and death were in the balances. Thus erratic in all his pursuits, and responsive to every outward impression, he failed in that stern perseverance, without which none may become the teachers, the rulers, or the benefactors of mankind, and with which perhaps but few can be much courted as companions, or much loved as friends.

But to be so loved and courted, should not be regarded as a mere selfish luxury. A wise and good man, and such was Isaac Milner, will regard popular acceptance an advantage convertible to many excellent uses; and so he considered it. His great talents were his social talents. In talk, ever ready, ever animated, and usually pregnant with profound meaning, he found the law and fulfilled the end of his sublunary existence. He talked with children (his chosen associates) inimitably. It was like a theological lecture from Bunyan, or a geographical discourse from De Foe. He talked with the great and the rich, as one who was their equal in wealth, and their superior in worship. He talked with pugilists, musicians, and graziers, at once to learn and to interpret the mysteries of their several crafts. He talked with physicians to convince them that their art was empirical. He talked with politicians to rouse them to the dangers of Catholic emancipation. He talked on paper to his correspondents pleasantly and affectionately, though, on the chapter of his own affections, too abundantly. He talked also to his chosen and intimate friends, but not in the same fitful strain. To them, from the abundance of the heart, he spoke on the theme which alone gave any unity of design to the otherwise incongruous habits of his life; and which alone harmonized the passages, droll and melancholy, pompous and affectionate, bustling and energetic, of which it was composed. It was that theme which engages the latest thoughts of all men—the retrospect and the prospect; the mystery within, and the dread presence without; the struggle, and the triumph, and the fearful vengeance; and whatever else involved in the relations which subsist between mortal man and the eternal Source of his existence. To search into those relations, and into the duties and hopes flowing from them, was the end which Isaac Milner still proposed to himself, under all his ever-varying moods. From his brother he had derived the theological tenets, for the dissemination of which the History of the Church had been written. Reposing in them with inflexible constancy, he drew from them hopes which, notwithstanding his constitutional infirmities, imparted dignity to his character and peace to his closing hours. He was the intellectual chief of his party, and the members of it resorted to him at Cambridge, there to dispel doubts, and thence to bring back responses, oracular, authoritative, and profound. Nor could they have made a better choice; for to his capacity, learning, and colloquial eloquence, he added a most absolute sincerity and good faith. He had an instinct which could detect at a glance, and a temper which loathed all manner of cant and false pretension; and he estimated at their real worth, the several kinds of religious theatricals, liveries, and free-masonries.

Kind-hearted, talkative, wise, old man! from the slumbers of many bygone years how easy is it to raise his image—joyful, as when he exulted over his exorcism of the clothes-tearing ghost of Sawston; or jocund, as when he chuckled over the remembrance of the hearty box he inflicted on the ears of Lord Archibald Hamilton, who, in all the pride of pugilism, had defied the assault of unscientific knuckles; or grandiloquent, as when he reviewed the glories of his first vice-chancellorship, in which he had expelled from the Senate Lucius Catalina Frend; or the triumphs of his second consulate, when, having thundered his philippics against Marcus Antonius Brown, he was hailed as *Pater Academiæ*. Well! he is gone, and Alma Mater has still her heads of houses, men of renown; but if once again the table could be spread in that hospitable old dining-room at Queen's, with the facetious Dean at the head of it, there is not among the incomparable wranglers, and conversing Encyclopædias of them all, any one who would be fit to sit over against him as Croupier.

As a member of the Confederation of the Common, the Dean of Carlisle administered the province assigned to him rather by the weight of his authority, than by any active exertions. Under the shelter of his name, his college flourished as the best cultured and most fruitful nursery of the evangelical neophytes of Cambridge.—From a theological school maintained at Elland, in Yorkshire, at the charge of the Clapham exchequer, an unbroken succession of students were annually received there; destined, at the close of their academical career, to ascend and animate the pulpits of the national church. But if to the President of Queen's belonged the dignity of *Præpositus* of the evangelical youth of the University, the far more arduous and responsible office of *Archididascu-lus* was occupied by a fellow of the adjacent royal college.

Long Chamber at Eton, has been the

dormitory of many memorable men, and King's has been to many a famous Etonian little better than a permanent dormitory. But about seventy years ago was elected, from the one to the other of those magnificent foundations, a youth, destined thenceforward to wage irreconcilable war with the slumbers and the slumberers of his age. Let none of those (and they are a great multitude) who have enshrined the memory of Charles Simeon in the inner sanctuary of their hearts, suppose that it is in a trifling or irreverent spirit that the veil is for a moment raised, which might otherwise conceal the infirmities of so good a man. He was indeed one of those on whom the impress of the divine image was distinct and vivid. But the reflecting glory of that image (such was his own teaching) is heightened, not tarnished, by a contrast with the poverty of the material on which it may be wrought, and of the ground from which it emerges.

They who recollect the late Mr. Terry, the friend of Walter Scott, may imagine the countenance and manner of Charles Simeon. To a casual acquaintance he must frequently have appeared like some truant from the green-room, studying in clerical costume for the part of Mercutio, and doing it scandalously ill. Such adventurous attitudes, such a ceaseless play of the facial muscles, so seeming a consciousness of the advantages of his figure, with so seeming an unconsciousness of the disadvantages of his carriage—a seat in the saddle so triumphant, badinage so ponderous, stories so exquisitely unbefitting him about the pedigree of his horses or the vintages of his cellar—the caricaturists must have been faithless to their calling, and the under-graduates false to their nature, if pencil, pen, and tongue, had not made him their prey. Candid friends were compelled (of course by the force of truth and conscience) to admit that he was not altogether clear of the sin of coxcombry; and the worshippers of Bacchus and of Venus gave thanks that they were jolly fellows, and not like this Pharisee.

To the reproach of affectation and conceit, his disciples made answer, that their master had shed his original manner as soon and completely as his original teeth; and that the new or artificial manner was not only more deeply rooted than the old, but was in fact as natural; being but the honest though awkward effort of the soul within, to give vent to the most genuine feelings for which it could find no other utterance. To the charge of hypocrisy, they replied, that it was related to truth in that sense only in which opposites and contradictions are related. They maintained that even the superficial weaknesses of their teacher ministered to his real designs; just as the very offal of the Holocaust feeds the sacred flame by which the offering is consumed. Here, they said, was a man beset by difficulties enough to have baffled the whole school of Athens, as brought together by the imagination of Raphael D'Urbino —by inveterate affectatious, by the want of learning, by the want of social talents, by the want of general ability of any kind, by the want of interest in the pursuits of his neighbors, by their want of sympathy in his pursuits, by the want of their good-will, nay, by the want of their decided and hearty animosity. Yet thus unprovided for the contest, he gained a victory which the sternest cynic in that glorious assemblage might have condescended to envy, and the most eloquent of the half-inspired sages there, to extol. Slowly, painfully, but with unfaltering hopes, he toiled through more than fifty successive years, in the same narrow chamber and among the same humble congregation—requited by no emolument, stimulated by no animating occurrences, aud unrewarded, until the near approach of old age, by the gratitude or the cordial respect of the society amidst which he lived. Love soaring to the Supreme with the lowliest self-abasement, and stooping to the most abject with the meekest self-forgetfulness, bore him onward, through fog or sunshine, through calm or tempest. His whole life was but one long labor of love—a labor often obscure, often misapplied, often unsuccessful, but never intermitted, and at last triumphant.

At the close of each academical year, a crowd of youths, just entering into the business of life, received from Charles Simeon his parting counsels and benediction.—They had been his pupils, his associates, and his grateful admirers. Without money and without price he had sedulously imparted to them a science, which to many a simple mind compensated for the want of any other philosophy; and which to the best and ripest scholars disclosed the fountains whence all the streams of truth are salient, and the boundless expanse of knowledge towards which they are all convergent. It was the science of which God himself is the author, and men sent of God

the interpreters, and revelation, conscience, and history, the records. It was that science which explains the internal connexion of this world's history; in which law and ethics and politics have their common basis; which alone imparts to poetry and art their loftier character; without which the knowledge of mind and of mental operations is an empty boast, and even the severer problems of the world's material economy are insoluble. It was that science for the diffusion of which the halls and colleges of that learned university had been almost exclusively founded—the only science which Cambridge neglected, and which Charles Simeon taught. And yet the teacher was neither philosopher, historian, poet, artist, lawyer, politician, nor physcologist. He was simply a devout and believing man, who, in the language of Bunyan, 'dwelt far from the damp shadows of Doubting Castle,' amidst the sunshine of those everlasting hills whence stout Mr. Greatheart and brave Mr. Hopeful, in days of yore, surveyed the boundless prospect, and inhaled the fresh breezes which welcomed them at the close of their pilgrimage. Thither their modern follower conducted his pilgrims by a way which Mr. Worldly-wisdom could never find, and which Mr. Self-confidence despised when it was pointed out to him.

In the Church of the Holy Trinity at Cambridge, every Sunday during more than half a century witnessed the gathering of a crowd which hung on the lips of the preacher; as men hearken to some unexpected intelligence of a deep but ever varying interest. Faces pale with study or furrowed by bodily labor, eyes failing with age or yet undimmed by sorrow, were bent towards him with a gaze, of which (with whatever other meaning it might be combined) fixed attention was the predominant character. Towards the close of that long period, the pulpit of St. Mary's was, occasionally, the centre of the same attraction, and with a still more impressive result. For there were critics in theology, and critics in style and manner, and critics in gastronomy, thronging and pressing on each other, as once on Mars' Hill, to hear what this babbler might say; listening with the same curiosity, and adjudicating on what they had heard, in very much the same spirit. Yet he to whom this homage was rendered, was a man of ungraceful address; with features which ceased to be grotesque only when they became impassioned; with a voice weak and unmusical, and to whom no muse was propitious. His habits, and his very theory of composition, were such as seemed to promise empty pews and listless auditors; for every discourse was originally constructed (to use his own phrase) as a "skeleton," with all the hard processes and the fine articulations as prominent as his logical anatomy could render them—the bony dialectic being then clothed with the fibrous and muscular rhetoric, in such manner as the meditations of the preceding or the impulses of the passing hour might suggest. Such was his faith in this new art of oratory, that, in a collection entitled "*Horæ Homileticæ*," he gave to the world many hundred of these preparations, to be afterwards arrayed by other preachers in such fleshy integuments as might best cover their ghastliness. Deplorable as the operation must have been in other hands than those of the inventor, he well knew how to make his dry bones live. They restrained the otherwise undisciplined ardor of his feelings, and corrected the tendency of that vital heat to disperse all solidity, and to dissolve all coherence, of thought. His argumentation might occasionally irritate the understanding, his illustrations wound the taste, and his discourses provoke the smiles of his audience. But when, as was his wont, he insisted on fundamental truths, or enforced the great duties of life, or detected the treacheries of the heart, or traced the march of retributive justice, or caught and echoed the compassionate accents in which the Father of mercies addresses his erring children, it was a voice which penetrated and subdued the very soul. It was an eloquence which silenced criticism. It was instinct with a contagious intensity of belief. It sounded as the language of one to whom the mysteries and the futurities of which he spoke had been disclosed in actual vision, and so disclosed as to have dissipated every frivolous thought, and calmed every turbid emotion.

If the Church of England were not in bondage with her children to certain Acts of Parliament, she would long ere now have had a religious order of the Simeonites; and would have turned out of her catalogue some of her saints of equivocal character, and some of doubtful existence, to make room for St. Charles of Cambridge. What have Dunstan, and George of Cappadocia, and Swithun the bishop, and Margaret the virgin, and Crispin the martyr, done for us,

that they should elbow out a man who, through a long life, supplied from the resources of his own mind, to the youth of one of our universities, the theological education not otherwise to be obtained there; and who, from the resources of his own hereditary fortune, supplied the means of purchasing, in the most populous cities of England, from forty to fifty advowsons, that so the ecclesiastical patronage of those vital organs of our commonwealth might be ever thenceforward exercised in favor of zealous, devout, and *evangelical* ministers?

In that last ugly epithet lies all the mischief. 'He is not a Jansenist, may it please your majesty, but merely an Atheist,' was once accepted as a sufficient excuse of a candidate for royal favor. He is not an evangelical clergyman, but merely a Parson Trulliber, was an equally successful apology with the dispensers of fame and promotion in the last age. Among them was the late Bishop Jebb, who, in his posthumous correspondence, indulges in sneers on the gospeller of Cambridge, as cold and as supercilious as if he had himself belonged to the Trulliber school of divinity; instead of being, as he was, an elegant inquirer into the curiosities of theological literature. So great a master of parallelisms and contrasts might have perceived how the splendor of his own mitre waned before that nobler episcopate to which Charles Simeon had been elevated, as in primitive times, by popular acclamation. His diocess embraced almost every city of his native land, and extended to many of the remote dependencies which then, as now, she held in subjection. In every ecclesiastical section of the Empire he could point out to teachers who revered him as the guide of their youth, and the counsellor of their later years. In his frequent visitations of the churches of which he was the patron or the founder, love and honor waited on him. His infirmities disappeared or were forgotten, in the majesty of a character animated from early youth to extreme old age by such pursuits as, we are taught to believe, are most in harmony with the Divine will, and most conducive to the happiness of mankind. He had passed his long life in the midst of censors, who wanted neither the disposition nor the power to inflict signal chastisement upon any offence which could be fastened on him; but he descended to the grave unassailed by any more formidable weapons than a thick and constant flight of harmless epigrams. He descended thither amidst the tears and the benedictions of the poor; and with such testimonies of esteem and attachment from the learned, as Cambridge had never before rendered even to the most illustrious of her sons; and there he was laid, in that sure and certain hope on which he enabled an almost countless multitude to repose, amidst the wreck of this world's promises, and in the grasp of their last and most dreaded enemy.

What is a party, political or religious, without a Review? A bell swinging without a clapper. What is any society of men, if not recruited from the rising generation? A hive of neutral bees. Reviewless, Clapham had scarcely been known beyond her own common. Youthless, her memory had never descended to the present age. At once wrapped into future times, and thoughtful of her own, she addressed the world on the first day of each successive month through the columns of the 'Christian Observer;' and employed the pen of him on whom her hopes most fondly rested, to confer splendor and celebrity on pages not otherwise very alluring. To Mr. Macaulay was assigned the arduous post of Editor. He and his chief contributors enjoyed the advantage, permitted, alas! to how few of their tribe, of living in the same village, and meeting daily in the same walks or at the same table, and lightening, by common counsel, the cares of that feudal sovereignty. The most assiduous in doing suit and service to the Suzerain, was Henry Thornton. But he whose homage was most highly valued, and whose fealty was attested by the richest offerings, was the young, the much loved and the much lamented John Bowdler.

He was the scion of a house singularly happy in the virtues and talents of its members; and was hailed by the unanimous acclamation of the whole of that circle of which Mr. Wilberforce was the centre, as a man of genius, piety, and learning, who, in the generation by which they were to be succeeded, would prosecute their own designs with powers far superior to theirs. A zeal too ardent to be entirely discreet, which gave to the world two posthumous volumes of his essays in verse and prose, has, unintentionally, refuted such traditions as had assigned to him a place among philosophers, or poets, or divines. And yet so rare were the component parts of his character, and so just their combination, that, but for his premature death, the bright auguries of his early days could hardly have

failed of their accomplishment. His course of life was, indeed, uneventful. A school education, followed by the usual training for the bar—a brilliant, though brief success, closed by an untimely death, complete a biography which has been that of multitudes. But the interior life of John Bowdler, if it could be faithfully written, would be a record which none could read without reverence, and few without self-reproach.

To those who lived in habitual intercourse with him, it was evident that there dwelt on his mind a sense of self-dedication to some high and remote object; and that the pursuits, which are as ultimate ends to other men, were but as subservient means to him. So intent was he on this design, as to appear incapable of fatigue, frail as were his bodily powers; and as to be unassailable by the spirit of levity, though fertile and copious in discourse almost to a fault. It is the testimony of one who for nearly twelve months divided with him the same narrow study, that during the whole of that period he was never heard to utter an idle word, nor seen to pass an idle minute. He stood aloof from all common familiarities, yielding his affection to a very few, and, to the rest, a courtesy somewhat reserved and stately. His friends were not seldom reminded how awful goodness is, as they watched his severe self-discipline, and listened, not without some wandering wishes for a lighter strain, to coloquies, didactic rather than conversational, in which he was ever soaring to heights and wrestling with problems inaccessible to themselves. But they felt and loved the moral sublimity of a devotion so pure and so devout to purposes the most exempt from selfishness. They were exulting in prospects which it appeared irrational to distrust, and were hailing him as the future architect of plans, to be executed or conceived only by minds like his, when from the darkness which shrouds the counsels of the Omniscient went forth a decree, designed, as it might seem, at once to rebuke the presumption of mortal man, and to give him a new assurance of his immortality. It rent asunder ties as many and as dear as ever bound to this earth a soul ripe for translation to a higher sphere of duty; and was obeyed with an acquiescence as meek and cheerful as ever acknowledged the real presence of fatherly love under the severer forms of parental discipline. His profound conviction of the magnitude of the trust, and the endowments confided to him, was really justified even when seemingly defeated by the event; for it showed that those powers had been destined for an early exercise in some field of service commensurate with the holy ardor by which he had been consumed. Of those who met around his grave, such as yet live are now in the wane of life; nor is it probable that, in their retrospect of many years, any one of them can recall a name more inseparably allied than that of John Bowdler to all that teaches the vanity of the hopes which terminate in this world, and the majesty of the hopes which extend beyond it.

And thus closes, though it be far from exhausted, our chronicle of the worthies of Clapham, of whom it may be said, as it was said of those of whom the world was not worthy, 'These all died in faith.' With but very few exceptions, they had all partaken largely of those sorrows which probe the inmost heart, and exercise its fortitude to the utmost. But sweet, and not less wise than sweet, is the song in which George Herbert teaches, that when the Creator had bestowed every other gift on his new creature man, he reserved Rest to himself, that so the wearied heart in search of that last highest blessing might cheerfully return to him who made it. They died in the faith that for their descendants, at no remote period, was reserved an epoch glorious, though probably awful, beyond all former example. It was a belief derived from the imitations, as they understood them, of the prophets of Israel; but it was also gathered from sources which to many will seem better entitled to such confidence.

Revolving the great dramatic action of which this earth has been the scene, they perceived that it was made up of a protracted conflict between light and darkness. They saw that, on the one side, science and religion—on the other, war and superstition—had been the great agents on this wide theatre. They traced a general movement of events towards the final triumph of good over evil; but observed that this tendency was the result of all-controlling Providence, which had almost invariably employed the bad passions of man as the reluctant instruments of the Divine mercy—sending forth a long succession of conquerors, barbarous or civilized, as missionaries of woe, to prepare the way for the heralds of peace. They saw, or thought they saw, this economy of things drawing to its close. Civilization and, in name at least, Christianity, had at length possessed the far greater and nobler

regions of the globe. Goths and Vandals were now the foremost among the nations. Even the Scythians had now become members of a vast and potent monarchy. The Arabs had again taken refuge in their deserts. If Genghis or Timour should reappear, their power would be broken against the British Empire of Hindostan. The mightiest of warriors had triumphed and had fallen; as if to prove how impregnable had become the barriers of the European world against such aggressions. On every side the same truth was proclaimed, that military subjugation was no longer to be the purifying chastisement of Christendom.

But the religion of Christ was conquering and to conquer. Courting and exulting in the light, it had made a straight alliance with philosophy—the only faith which could ever endure such an association. Amidst the imbecility and dotage of every other form of belief and worship, it alone flourished in perennial youth and indomitable vigor. If any thing in futurity could be certain, it was the ultimate and not very remote dominion, over the whole earth, of the faith professed by every nation which retained either wisdom to investigate, or energy to act, or wealth to negotiate, or power to interpose in the questions which most deeply affect the entire race of man. If any duty was most especially incumbent on those who exercised an influence in the national councils of England, it was that of contributing, as best they might, to speed onwards the approaching catastrophe of human affairs—the great consummation whence is to arise that new era with which creation travails and is in birth, which poets have sung and prophets foretold, and which shall justify to the world, and perhaps to other worlds, all that Christians believe of the sacrifice surpassing thought and language, made for the deliverance and the exaltation of mankind.

When such thoughts as these force themselves on the German mind, it forthwith soars towards the unapproachable, and indites the unutterable. When the practical Englishman is the subject of them, he betakes himself to form societies, to collect subscriptions, to circulate books, to send forth teachers, to build platforms, and to afflict his neighbors by an eloquence of which one is tempted to wish that it was really unutterable. Such was the effect of these bright anticipations on the Clapham mind—an effect perceptible in many much better things, but, among the rest, in much equivocal oratory, and in at least one great effort of architecture.

Midway between the Abbey of Westminster and the Church of the Knights Templars, twin columns, emulating those of Hercules, fling their long shadows across the strait through which the far-resounding Strand pours the full current of human existence into the deep recesses of Exeter Hall. Borne on that impetuous tide, the mediterranean waters lift up their voice in a ceaseless swell of exulting or pathetic declamation. The changeful strain rises with the civilization of Africa, or becomes plaintive over the wrongs of chimney-boys, or peals anathemas against the successors of Peter, or in rich diapason calls on the Protestant churches to awake and evangelize the world. No hard task to discover here the causes *corruptæ eloquentiæ!* If the shades of Lucian or of Butler hover near that elevated stage, how readily must they detect the anti-types of Peregrinus or of Ralpho! Criticise, for there is no lack of extravagance. Laugh, for there is no stint of affectation. Yet refuse not to believe, that, grotesque as her aspect may occasionally be, Exeter Hall has a history, a doctrine, and a prophecy, of no common significance.

Of that history, the preceding pages may afford some general intimation. The doctrine is that of an all-embracing, all-enduring charity—embracing every human interest, enduring much human infirmity.—The prophecy is a higher and more arduous theme.

It is a prophetical age. We have Nominalists who, from the monosyllable 'Church,' educe a long line of shadowy forms, hereafter to arise and reign on Episcopal or patriarchal thrones—and Realists, who foresee the moral regeneration of the land by means of union workhouses, of emigrant ships, or of mechanics' institutes—and Mediævals, who promise the return of Astræa in the persons of Bede and Bernard *redivivi*—and Mr. Carlyle, who offers most eloquent vows for the reappearance of the heroes who are to set all things right—and profound interpreters of the Apocalypse, who discover the woes impending over England in chastisement of the impiety which moved Lord Melbourne to introduce Mr. Owen to the Queen of England. In the midst of all these predictions, Exeter Hall also prophesies. As to the events which are coming upon us, she adopts the theory of her Clapham progenitor.

SAINT MARC GIRARDIN'S "LECTURES ON THE DRAMA."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Cours de Littérature Dramatique: ou, de l'Usage des Passions dans le Drame. (On the Employment of the Passions in the Drama.) Par M. Saint Marc Girardin. Paris. 1843.

M. SAINT MARC GIRARDIN is a philosophic statesman, a writer in the 'Journal des Débats,' and professor at the Faculté des Lettres.* The present work consists of the lectures delivered by him at the Collège de France, to crowded and enthusiastic audiences; and well did they merit their success. Mistake not, reader, M. Saint Marc Girardin for his namesake, M. Emile Girardin, who married Delphine Gay (la Muse de la Patrie), who shot Armand Carrel, who invented '*la presse à quarante sous*,' who, born poor, has made and dissipated some millions of francs; a man of boundless audacity and of great notoriety, a man not without talent, but a man of very different character and calibre from the professor of the Collège de France. M. Saint Marc Girardin is an honor to the journalism of France, an honor to the literature of France. Learned without pedantry, and acute without flippancy, he possesses all the qualities which make a writer estimable. He has keen insight, sound judgment, healthy morality, varied acquirements, and an elegant style. We have not read a work for some time which has given us such satisfaction as the 'Cours de Littérature Dramatique.' The subject is interesting, the execution brilliant. It is a work which awakens all kinds of pleasant recollections, and rouses attention to some of the most beautiful passages of ancient and modern art. It is a book eminently suggestive. It not only gives new views, but suggests others in abundance; and this, perhaps, is the most valuable quality a book can possess. In this and other respects it reminds us of the 'Laokoon' of Lessing.

We do not say it equals that incomparable work; but it resembles it in the leading characteristics. The 'Laokoon' is a model and a masterpiece of critical writing, which surpasses every thing in its kind; yet strange to say, it is comparatively unknown in England, and the translation, published some years ago, fell still-born from the press. We know of no other work in which such varied learning is so skilfully brought to illustrate such pregnant thoughts. It is as full of thought as an egg is full of meat; and this thought is profound, clear as crystal, and suggestive of whole trains of novel speculation. Then what a style! clear, sparkling, epigrammatic, and felicitous: unceasing in its vivacity, undimmed by a spot of affectation or obscurity. A style such as no other German ever wrote; and which, if Germans would but imitate, they would enhance a hundred-fold the value of their works. A style which renders a dull subject attractive; in this the reverse of German writing, which generally contrives to make an attractive subject dull. There are men who profess to think the question of style a trivial one; we confess, to us it is most important. Style is not, as generally asserted, the mere dress of the thought, the outward and insignificant material, which none but coxcombs would compare with the form it clothes. Style is not *dress*, but *form*. It is the shape assumed by the thought. It is the vase which contains the thought, and if made of earthenware, the light of the thought will fail to penetrate it; if made of alabaster it will shine softly; if made of crystal it will shine resplendently. Germans generally use the commonest earthenware; some few alabaster; Goethe and Lessing crystal.

The 'Cours de Littérature Dramatique' resembles the 'Laokoon' in the admirable co-ordination of its materials, in strength of argument and clearness of exposition, and in the acuteness and suggestiveness of the thoughts. It also owes something to the 'Laokoon:' but even in its obligations we see the workings of an independent mind. M. Saint Marc Girardin's object is to examine the manner in which the ancient poets, and those of the seventeenth century, expressed the natural passions of mankind, such as love, parental love, love of life, jealousy, honor, &c., and the manner in which they are expressed by the moderns. His book has a double aim; to point out the true, in a criticism of the ancients, and the false, in a criticism of the moderns. The rules of good taste and sound healthy feeling are exemplified in the one; the excesses of caprice and falsehood are signalized in the other. This work is an invaluable guide to the young poet; because it not only lays down general principles, it illustrates them fully; in this respect, a

* He has very recently been elected a member of the Academy.

striking contrast to the lectures of A W. Schlegel, which we recently examined. We will endeavor, in a brief notice, to convey some notion of its contents.

The first condition of dramatic poetry is that its passion be true. And at the theatre no passion is true but that which is general; that which all the world feels. The heart of the audience is to be moved only by that which is common to all men; psychological curiosities, idiosyncrasies, bizarreries, and exceptions, may interest, but they do not move. Here lies the difference between the ancient and modern drama, between Racine and Victor Hugo. The old poet selects for his subjects the most universal passions; and these passions, which are simple in their nature, he represents with simplicity. The modern poet, on the contrary, seeks exceptional and bizarre cases with as much diligence as the ancient poet avoided them Take the example of Love. When the drama has exhausted the emotions which the exhibition of the simple passion excites, it seeks emotion in the painting of singular and fantastic passions; this singularity rapidly leads to extravagance in the incidents, and melodrame triumphs; for what is melodrame but the substitution of physical for mental effects? 'Marion de Lorme' is an example of the over-refining tendency of modern poets. Victor Hugo has there painted the purity of love in the breast of a courtesan; the thing is possible, but not *vraisemblable;* it is an exception, a contrast, and therefore undramatic. Modern literature manifests a striking tendency towards the exceptional in character and passion; it loves to elevate the exception into the importance of the rule; it prefers idiosyncrasies to natural passions; it seizes on a detail, a feature, or a contrast, and out of this makes a character. But idiosyncrasies and exceptions have two great faults; monotony and exaggeration.

Exceptions and curiosities soon become monotonous. Bizarre people are only amusing for an hour; we afterwards become tired of seeing their ideas and sentiments revolving in the same eccentric circle. There is, in truth, something more tedious than being like all the world, and that is being always the same. Commonplace people are more tolerable than monotonous people. Remember also that bizarrerie is easily imitated. Consisting as it does of only one particular *trait*, a detail, not an *ensemble*, it is easily copied. Hence the multiplicity of Manfreds, Antonys, sentimental villains, and virtuous courtesans.

The second defect inherent in the choice of singularities and exceptions in matters of passion, is exaggeration. When a poet represents a simple natural passion, he has a rule and measure: he sees how passions act upon men, and what he sees he paints. But when he represents a character which is an exception to the ordinary rules of human feeling, where is his measure? In endeavoring to imagine what *would be* the thoughts and feelings of such a person, he leaves the general ground of experience to plunge into the regions of fancy: the result is the portrait of a madman. Let us also remember that when the passions are exaggerated they all resemble each other, and lose their distinctive characteristics. On entering a theatre at the close of a modern play, and on seeing the heroine a prey to a convulsive frenzy, on hearing her cries and sobs as she wrings her hands and drags herself along the ground, how are we to know whether it is grief, rage, love, or hate, which drives her to these excesses? Passions are only various and distinguishable from each other whilst they are moderate: they have then their natural language and gestures, and they interest by their diversity. When they become excessive they become uniform; and exaggeration, which is supposed to give relief and contrast to passion, only destroys it.

If to the foregoing we add, that the tendency of modern art is material, that it seeks to excite the senses more than the feelings, and excites even the feelings only through the senses, we shall have tolerably expressed the general ideas of M. Saint Marc Girardin on the subject. Let us follow him now into some details.

"Every feeling," he says, "has its history; and this history is interesting because it is the abridgment of the history of humanity. Although the feelings do not change, yet they suffer from the effect of religious and political revolutions. They retain their nature, but they change their expression; and it is in studying these changes of expression that literary criticism writes, without meaning it, the history of the world."

His lectures are contributions towards such a history. The love of life is the first passion of which he treats: it is also the most elementary of all. There have been times when fashion has pretended to disown this love of life; when stoicism, or epicureanism, has erected contempt of

death into a system: but this has always been an affectation. At all times, and with all men, love of life has been a real and intense passion. At all times, when men have given a natural expression to their feelings, they have expressed their love of life. Achilles, the ideal of Greek manliness, and who was always willing to sacrifice his life to something greater, yet when complimented by Ulysses, who meets him in Hades, on his now commanding the dead, and thereby being greater than when he ruled over the living, Achilles mournfully replies that he would rather be a day-laborer and a slave if alive, than a king amongst the dead.—(*Od.* xi., 487.)

μη δη μοι θανατον γε παραυδα φαιδιμ' Οδυσσευ.
βουλοιμην κ' επαρουρος εων θητευεμεν αλλω
ανδρι παρ' ακληρω, ω μη βιοτος πολυς ειη,
η πασιν νεκυεσσι καταφθιμενοισιν ανασσειν.

Compare also, 'hateful old age,' γηραϊ τε στυγερῳ, (*Il.* xix. 356), which energetically expresses his love of life. This would appear contemptible to Stoicism, but in their secret hearts all men sympathize with it. M. Girardin selects as illustrations of the love of life, the 'Ajax' and 'Antigone' of Sophocles, the 'Iphigenia' and 'Polyxena' of Euripides, the 'Polyxena' of Seneca, the 'Iphigénie' of Racine, and the 'Catarina' of Victor Hugo. Let us follow him in his course.

Antigone, Polyxena,† and Iphigenia, are three maidens sacrificed in the flower of their age. Neither of them affects a courage or contempt she does not feel; neither of them resigns willingly her youth and hopes; all three weep without shame: weep and yet resign themselves. We see here a triumph of art which excites pity without exhausting it; which mixes the plaint with the resignation, that they may excite pity and respect, and that these two feelings may temper each other in the spectator's breast. Antigone is a martyr, sacrificing herself to her religious sentiments; but she has not the resignation of a martyr. In bidding adieu to life she knows and feels what she is quitting:

Behold me, fellow-citizens;
I tread the last path—
I see the last beam of the sun—
I shall see it no more.
For the all-reposing Hades leads me
To the Acherontic shores.
No hymeneal rites may charm me,
No nuptial hymn be sung.*

* Antigone, ed. Böckh, v. 775.

And she compares herself to Niobe, whom,

Like encircling ivy
The eager-growing rock subdued—

a strong illustration of her horror of death. She subsequently reproaches the Thebans with indifference to her fate, and the gods with injustice. Iphigenia is less proud and less resolute, and her passionate entreaties for life are expressed without reserve. She, too, regrets the light of the day; she, too, dreads the shades; she, too, revolts instinctively against death: an unhappy life, she says, is preferable to a splendid death; κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖσσον, ἢ θανεῖν καλῶς.* And the audience sympathize with her. So would the reader, could he but read her touching speech; but the splendid original we dare not, and Potter's feeble translation we will not, quote.

Polyxena is more resigned, because she has less to regret. Homeless and fatherless, she can only live to be a slave; and she resigns herself to death, but without pomp, without stoical affectation. The Polyxena of Seneca, on the contrary, invites death with bravado, her magnanimity borders upon fury, and she terrifies Pyrrhus, who is to immolate her:—

Audax virago non tulit retro gradum:
Conversa ad ictum stat, truci vultu ferox.
Tam fortis animus omnium mentes ferit,
Novumque monstrum, est Pyrrhus ad cædem piger.‡

This is the poetry of stoicism, of disease, of ennui, and affectation. By the stoics, death was considered as nothing. ***Mors est non esse.*** It is not an evil, but the absence of all evil: ***mors adeò extra omne malum est, ut sit extra omnem malorum metum.*** There is nothing after death, for death itself is nothing.

Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.*

Such was the doctrine. What was the practice? At that period of languor and luxury, as M. Nisard well says,§ a period of monstrous effeminacies, of appetites to which the world could scarcely suffice, of perfumed baths, of easy and disorderly intrigues, there were daily men of all ranks, of all fortunes, of all ages, who released themselves from their evils by suicide. Marcellinus‖ is attacked with a painful

* Iphig. in Aul. v. 1252. Compare also 'Troades,' v. 629–30.
† Seneca, 'Troades,' 1151.
‡ 'Troades.'
§ 'Etudes sur les poetes Latines,' i. p. 95.
‖ Seneca, Epist. lxxvii.

but curable malady; he is young, rich, has slaves, friends, every thing to make life pleasant—no matter, he conceives the fancy of dying. He assembles his friends and consults them as if he were about to marry. After discussing with them the project of suicide, he puts it to the vote. Some advise him to do as he pleases, but a stoic present bids him die bravely. He followed the advice and killed himself. Suicide was a fashion. The great teacher of the doctrine ended his contemptible existence according to his precepts; but it was by the order of Nero; during his life he had shown no contempt of life's enjoyments. He had been Nero's pander, and he received a pander's wages. These were not trifles; besides his villas and superbly furnished palace, his hard cash alone amounted to 300,000 sestertia, or 2,421,800*l.* sterling of our money. (Tacit. xiii. 42.) After this, we may be permitted to doubt the *sincerity* of stoicism; nothing can stagger our conviction of its absurdity.

In the 'Iphigénie' of Racine we see neither the Greek ingenuousness, nor the Roman affectation. She is resigned, but without bravado; she regrets life, but without terror, without violence. There is something touching in her respectful submission:

Je saurai, s'il le faut, victime obéissante
Tendre au fer de Calchas une tête innocente,
Et, respectant le coup par vous-même ordonné,
Vous rendre tout le sang que vous m'avez donné:

touching, because this submission is full of mute prayers for life; touching, because the life she sacrifices is dear to her, although her father's will is dearer. Listen to these sweet verses, which have the pathos of those in Euripides, from which they are imitated, together with an impress peculiarly Racinean.

Si pourtant ce respect, si cette obéissance
Paraît digne à vos yeux d'une autre récompense;
Si d'une mère en pleurs vous plaignez les ennuis,
J'ose vous dire ici qu'en l'état où je suis,
Peut être assez d'honneurs environnaient ma vie
Pour ne pas souhaiter qu'elle me fût ravie,
Ni qu'en me l'arrachant un sévère destin
Si près de ma naissance en eut marqué la fin.
Fille d'Agamemnon, c'est moi qui la première,
Seigneur, vous appelai de ce doux nom de père;
C'est moi, si long temps le plaisir de vos yeux,
Vous ai fait de ce nom remercier les dieux.
Hélas! avec plaisir je me faisais conter
Tous les noms des pays que vous allez dompter;
Et déjà d'Ilion présageant la conquête,
D'un triomphe si beau je préparais la tête.

Pray, reader, notice the art of this passage; notice not merely the beauty of the verse, but the delicacy of the feeling; notice how fine the transition from obedience to the implied prayer. She offers herself as a victim, because it is her father's will. But *can* he will it? Can he slay the darling of his eyes, the child who first lisped the name of father, who listened to the warrior's exploits, and flattered him by asking him the names of the countries he was going to conquer? The conclusion of her speech is touched with the same delicate hand.

Ne craignez rien! mon cœur de votre honneur jaloux,
Ne fera point rougir un père tel que vous;
Et si je n'avais eu que ma vie à défendre,
J'aurai su renfermer un souvenir si tendre.
Mais à mon triste sort, vous le savez, seigneur,
Une mère, un amant attachaient leur bonheur
* * * * * *
Ma mère est devant vous, et vous voyez ses larmes.
Pardonnez aux efforts que je viens de tenter,
Pour prévenir les pleurs que je vais leur couter.

There is nothing in Euripides at all equal to this. Her prayer has treble force, because it does not seem to be a prayer. She does not lose an inch of her dignity, not a jot of her filial obedience, but she alludes to all that can make life dear, and gently places before her father's mind the extent of the sacrifice which he demands. 'Iphigénie,' says M. Girardin, 'immolates her grief to paternal authority; she is anxious not to offend by too loud a murmur. This is what Christianity has made of the human heart.' Observe that Polyxena, in Seneca, braves death, because she despises life; Iphigénie meets death calmly, because it is her father's will, and for that father she has infinite and reverential love. The Iphigénie of Racine resembles more the Antigone of Sophocles than the Iphigenia of Euripides: indeed Racine, throughout, has nearer affinities to Sophocles, being the consummate flower of French art, as Sophocles was of the Greek; and we shall find a nearer resemblance to the passions of the Iphigenia of Euripides in the 'Catarina' of Victor Hugo: nearer, we mean, in respect of its unhesitating expression of the love of life, unmingled with any noble sentiments.

Angelo, the tyrant of Padua, tells Catarina that she must die, and bids her choose between the dagger or poison. She exclaims, 'No: 'tis horrible! I will not! I cannot! - Think a little, while there is yet time. You are all-powerful, reflect. A

woman, a lonely woman, abandoned, without force and without defence, without parents, without friends! Assassinate her! Poison her in a miserable corner of her own house! O mother! mother! mother! . . . . Bid me not have courage! Am I forced to have courage, I? I am not ashamed of being a feeble woman whom you ought to pity! I weep because death terrifies me. It is not my fault.'

Let us not be understood as comparing this melodramatic rubbish with the poetry of Euripides; our comparison rests on the horror both women unhesitatingly manifest for death. M. Girardin remarks on Catarina's passion that it is "the cry of the body in the agony, not the cry of the soul. It is the flesh which revolts against death; but it is a purely instinctive and material revolt, in which the soul takes no part. I witness the sensations of one condemned to death: I see the flesh quiver, the visage turn pale, the limbs trembling; I witness an agony. But why is the material death alone represented? Why do you suppress the most noble, the most elevated emotions of the dying creature, those which address themselves to the real pity of men, the pity which is reconciled with admiration and respect, and not that which borders on disgust? I am pleased to see Iphigénie regretting 'the light of the sun so sweet to see;' I am pleased with her terrors at the 'subterranean shades;' I am touched by her regrets for life, but in her plaints there is something beside the physical fear of death; and when she resigns herself, what nobility! what dignity! How that resignation touches our hearts; so that our pity for her can be prolonged without becoming a sort of uneasy pain. There is a truth, certainly, in the shrieks of Catarina; but it is a truth which, so to speak, belongs to natural history. In the plaints of Iphigénie there is a truth more elevated and more human."

To return to Iphigénie, M. Girardin points out the difference of the ideas entertained by the Greek and French poet: a difference indicative of that between ancient and modern society. The modern Iphigénie, daughter of the king of kings, and destined for the wife of Achilles, thinks of the honors which surround her, and these form the principal objects of her regret. The antique Iphigenia only regrets the loss of the blessed sunshine. Only the daughter of Agamemnon can talk like the heroine of Racine · there is no dying girl who could not repeat the verses of the antique Iphigenia, for her regrets embrace those things which are universal benefits, the light, the beauty of the skies, the delight in nature. This is a characteristic of the love of life with the ancients. That which delights them is nature; that which delights the moderns is society. The Egmont of Goethe, when on the point of death, exclaims, 'No escape! Sweet life! beautiful and pleasant habit of existence and activity, must I part from thee!—part so abandoned! Not in the tumult of battle, amidst the clang of arms, dost thou bid me adieu!' Compare this with the soliloquy of Ajax (in Sophocles), who might also have regretted his arms, his combats, his renown; but who, like Antigone and Iphigenia, dwells only on the beams of the sun, the sacred land of his birth, the fountains and the rivers, the fields of Troy, and Athens his second country: and compare this also, as M. Girardin bids us, with the soliloquy of Hamlet, who speaks only of the whips and scorns of time. 'Thus differently,' exclaims our author, 'do men die in the north and in the south: in the north, bidding adieu to man and to society with satire or contempt; in the south, bidding adieu to nature in regrets full of love.' But in Shakspeare, as in Sophocles, the idea of death is one of terror; ergo, the love of life is strong. In Rome, not only the stoics, but the other poets, looked on death as a glorious exit.

The truth is, Rome was peopled with soldiers more than men; these soldiers had their contempt of death formed in perpetual campaigns. How little they regarded the life of others their whole history shows. The gladiatorial fights, brutal and relentless, must have hardened the minds of spectators; and there were no softening influences to counteract them. How different were the Greeks! They did not pretend to despise this beautiful life; they did not affect to be above humanity. Life was precious, and they treasured it; treasured it not with petty fear, but noble ingenuousness. They loved life, and they said so: when the time came to risk it for their honor, for their country, or for another, when something they loved better was to be gained by the sacrifice, they died unflinchingly.* The tears shed by Achilles and Ulysses did not unman them; they fought terribly, as they

* Compare the reply of Achilles to Xanthus, who foretells his death. 'Iliad.' xix. 420. Compare also Alcestis in Euripides.

had loved tenderly. Philoctetes in pain howls like a wild beast, because he is in agony and feels no shame in expressing it; but these shrieks have not softened his soul: he is still the same stern, implacable, terrible Philoctetes. The Romans, in their dread of becoming effeminate, became marble. They despised death, they despised pain. The gladiator was trained to be wounded, without a muscle indicating that the wound was painful; he was taught to look at impending death without a change of countenance. To be above pain was thought manly. They did not see that instead of being above humanity, in this they sunk miserably below it. You receive a blow, and you do not wince; so does a stone. You are face to face with death, and you have no regrets, you despise life; then are you unworthy of life. In Homer, not only the heroes, but the very gods express their pain, and the wounded Mars goes howling off the field. If it is a condition of our organization that we feel pain, it is only affectation to suppress the expression. Could silence stifle pain it were desirable; but to stifle the cry is not to stifle the feeling; and to have a feeling and pretend not to have it, is not being above, but below humanity. If you despise pain why not also pleasure? and if both, wherein are you superior to the vegetable? The same sensibility which causes pain, produces also pleasure; to be free from either is not to be human.

The passion of the love of life naturally leads us to the treatment of suicide in the ancient and modern drama; we will, therefore, accompany M. Saint Marc Girardin in his lectures on the subject. He justly remarks, that the idea of suicide is not an instinctive, but a reflective one; the proof is, that fashion generally regulates the form of self-destruction. In ancient times, men died as stoics or as epicureans. In our times, suicides are imitated from the heroes of novels and dramas. The victims are all enthusiastic, melancholy, full of disdain for society, full of anger against the laws: in a word, such as the theatre has made them; for in this respect the theatre does not borrow from society its suicidal ideas and passions, but society borrows them from the theatre.

Together with this species of suicide, wherein philosophy and passion unite, there is another species, which may be found in both ancient and modern society, and which is caused by the vehemence and madness of passion, without any mixture of philosophy. This second species is the one most treated by ancient poets. Phædra, Ajax, and Dido, do not argue respecting their right to dispose of their lives: they yield to the counsels of despair, without argument, without subtilizing, without plunging into profound reveries like Hamlet, without experiencing the diseased weariness of Werther, without cursing society like Chatterton. Their deaths are the explosions of despair, not the conclusions of a philosophic debate. They have been impatient at grief, and in a moment of anguish they *have cast away life.*

> Lucemque perosi
> Projicere animas.

But death has quickly cured them of that hate of life! How gladly would they reappear on earth, once more to enjoy the light of day, even at the expense of suffering those evils which they believed insupportable!

> Quam vellent æthere in alto
> Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
> Fata obstant.*

In the tragedies of Seneca no one kills himself without asserting a philosophical right; to die in a moment of despair would be unworthy and unwise; a man must know that he is at liberty to kill himself if he pleases. Œdipus discusses this point with his daughter. 'I have resigned the empire of Thebes, but not the empire of myself. I have power over my own life and death;

> . . . jus vitæ ac necis
> Meæ penes me est.

No one can interdict my death. Death is every where; God, in his wisdom, has willed it so. *Ubique mors est; optime hoc cavit Deus.*' In Sophocles, on the contrary, Œdipus, though he longs for death, dares not inflict it: he only prays Apollo to hasten the hour of his deliverance.

Seneca's plays are despicable rubbish, if viewed poetically; but there is one light in which they may advantageously be studied: and that is, in comparison with those of Sophocles, with reference to the different feelings and ideas entertained by the Greeks and Romans. Suicide, for example, is never treated in Sophocles as a question of philosophy; in Seneca, always. In the Greek dramatist it is the effect of violent passion: hence dramatic. Even the suicide of Ajax, the most premeditated of all those in the

* 'Æneid.' vi. 436.

Greek drama, has nothing sententious or declamatory. Ajax, in a fit of insanity, has slain the flock of sheep, believing them to be his enemies. He soon discovers his error, and is overwhelmed with shame. He cannot reappear before the Greeks, and so resolves on death. His resolution is calm, but sad. He regrets life, though determined on quitting it.

In the modern drama, suicide is also philosophical and passionate; but the philosophy differs from stoicism. It is directed against society; it is dreamy and melancholy, skeptical and revolutionary. In the monologues of Hamlet, Manfred, and Karl von Moor, we may see the northern tendency of probing the mysteries of existence, and the vague terrors of infinity. In Werther and Chatterton, passion predominates over reflection; but in both suicide is a miserable weakness. Chatterton, in the play of M. Alfred de Vigny, kills himself because a journalist pretends that he is not the author of his own poems, and because the lord mayor humiliates him by the offer of a menial situation. Remark, also, that this trivial motive in this contemptible character appears so important to M. de Vigny, that he has not only made a play of it, but a novel also.

As the love of life is a healthy feeling, so is suicide a symptom of disease. If there are frequent examples of suicide daily recurring, it is because our age is full of anarchy and disease. It resembles Rome under the emperors. It has the same widely-spread skepticism, the same egotism, the same ennui, the same social anarchy. In such times quacks flourish, and 'neglected geniuses' complain. Reverie has usurped the place of action. Pretension supplants the fixed and resolute ambition of great men. The age of great deeds gives place to the age of great pretensions: '*Ote-toi que je m'y pose*,' is the general cry. The curse of the young men of the day is ἀθυμια (*Unmuth*, as the Germans say), the want of vital energy, the want of faith in energy. They have talents enough, but their progress is rendered impossible by the vastness of their pretensions. This renders them uneasy and fretful: they fancy they belong to the great, because they have not the force of the vulgar. They have so profound a contempt for any thing 'mechanical,' for any thing like 'drudgery,' that they easily persuade themselves into regarding their idleness and weakness as signs of superiority. Undertaking subjects for which neither education nor experience has qualified them, they look on failure as a personal insult; and the greater the neglect of the world, the bitterer their sarcasms on its malevolent envy and bad taste, and the greater the conviction of their own genius. The less praise the world bestows, the more they give themselves; and thus make up for ingratitude by a liberality which begins where it ends—at home:

> Et de ses tristes vers, admirateur unique,
> Plaindre, en les relisant, l'ignorance publique.
> *Boileau.*

When, however, a *génie incompris*, exasperated by failure or desperate from poverty, sees that his calling in this world is not acknowledged, he commits suicide, as Chatterton did. Stobæus relates that a young man, forced to attend to agricultural employments, hanged himself, leaving a letter behind him, in which he said that agriculture was too monotonous; that it was necessary incessantly to sow and reap, and reap and sow, in one eternal circle, which made life insupportable. This idleness, affecting a disgust for labor, is a type of the suicides of the present day. Instead of there being any thing fine in this recklessness of life, it is to us unspeakably contemptible. Instead of its being made the subject of dramas and tragic tales, it should be held up to pitiless ridicule or stern contempt. It enervates by flattering the worst portions of our feeble nature. It dignifies weakness with the purple and fine linen of sentiment. 'For,' as M. Girardin well says, 'what is both curious and sad to notice is, that in proportion as suicides become more numerous, the causes become less serious. People do not kill themselves now for the sake of honor, as Pamela wished to do, nor for love, as Werther did; but from vanity, caprice, ennui, imitation. By dint of tending and cultivating the sensibility of our hearts, we have contracted a temperament like that of the sensitive plant: we shudder at the least touch, every movement is a shock, every scratch is a wound, every contradiction is a despair. The soul has become a Sybarite: it can no longer support the wrinkle of a rose-leaf.'

Connected with this subject is the remark of M. Girardin respecting the *goût de la mort*, which he finds characteristic of English literature. All that is profound and indefinite in the idea of death, all that it has of vague terrors, all the horrible—nay, disgusting associations which it ex-

cites, seem to have a peculiar fascination for our poets. Shakspeare forms an interesting study in this respect. Not only the melancholy Hamlet, but the young and passionate Julia, love to dwell on the idea of death. Juliet, about to drink the potion, does not dwell upon her love, upon her husband, or on the delight of once more being in his arms; she thinks only of the horrible tomb:

A vault, an ancient receptacle
Where for these many hundred years the *bones*
Of all my buried ancestors are *packed;*
Where bloody Tybalt yet but green in earth
Lies *festering* in his *shroud;* where as they say
At some hours in the night *spirits* resort.
Alack! alack! is it not like that I
So early waking—what with *loathsome smells,*
And *shrieks* like *mandrakes torn out of the earth.*
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught
And *madly play with my forefather's joints?*
And *pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?*
And in this rage, with some *great kinsman's bone,*
As with a club, *dash out my desperate brains?*

In the novel by Luigi da Porta, when Friar Lawrence proposes the drug to Juliet, he asks her if she will not be afraid of being placed in the same tomb with her cousin Tybalt; 'Oh, if it were necessary to pass through hell to recover my Romeo, I would not hesitate,' she replies. Here is the true Italian lover. This difference M. Girardin has stated with much ingenuity; but he has not understood the cause. He justly says that '*un fils du génie d'Homère ou de Sophocle, un amant Grec ou même Italien,*' would never think Juliet more lovely in death, as Romeo does. Sophocles makes Hæmon kill himself by the tomb of Antigone, as Romeo kills himself by the tomb of Juliet; but Sophocles does not exhibit to the eyes of the audience this scene of love and death; the lugubrious vaults are antagonistic to the Greek ideas of love; while, on the contrary, their very horror seems to redouble the ardor of Romeo, who passionately talks of taking up his abode with Juliet and *the worms.* The English Romeo delights in contemplating Juliet in her tomb, beautiful though lifeless. The Italian Romeo thinks only of Juliet as she *was,* thinks of her beautiful and living.

This difference is both curious and important, and M. Girardin deserves our thanks for having stated it; but, as we said, he does not appear to us to have quite comprehended the cause. He attributes it partly to Christianity, and partly to the influences of climate. That Christianity, in itself, has nothing to do with this matter, is obvious, from the fact that Italy and Spain are equally Christian countries, and they manifest no love of images of death and horror. He himself has said that in the south, life and beauty are sacred things, from which men carefully shield the idea of death as a sort of profanation; in the north men willingly call up this idea, as if by force of contrast, to better enjoy the charm of life and beauty. Most true; but why did this truth not lead him further? why did he not see that this influence of climate and of race affected the whole constitution of the mind, making the one nation objective and the other subjective? For a refutation of this notion of the influence of Christianity, and a statement of the mode in which climate and race affect the national spirit, we beg to refer to our article on A. W. Schlegel.* Had M. Girardin seen the extent of his own admission respecting climate, he would hardly have attributed to Shakspeare that *dégôut de la vie,* which he says makes suicide more frequent in England than elsewhere. It is not Shakspeare who has 'altered and perverted Christianity' in this respect; not Shakspeare, but Shakspeare's nation: had he not uttered the voice of his nation, he would not have filled the world with echoes of his name; but he was intensely national because supremely great; he was the greatest of Englishmen, and embalmed in immortal verse the spirit of his nation. Let us not forget this. There is a tendency, in these days, not only to the idolatry of Shakspeare, but to the refining away of all his characteristics. The cant of criticism, not satisfied with proclaiming him the greatest of men, endeavors, by pompous formulas and abstractions, to make him more than man; unsusceptible of human imperfections, not influenced, as other men were, by the accidents of his time. A stupid attempt. It is because Shakspeare was a man that we admire him; had he been exempt from human imperfections, from human influences, where would be the miracle of his all-surpassing power? The Germans have absurdly wanted to prove that Shakspeare was a cosmopolitan, not a national poet; that he belonged to the whole world, and not alone to England. They fancy that by doing away with his nationality, they make him greater. It is from no ridiculous nationality that we deny this, and claim Shakspeare as an English-

* No. LXIII. pp. 165-8.

[illegible]
[illegible] Shakspeare [illegible]
[illegible] admired [illegible]
not because he [illegible]
spirit. He is [illegible]
foreign divinity [illegible]
Pantheon; for Shakspeare
[illegible] nor French [illegible]
[illegible] greatness, [illegible]
[illegible]; in his very [illegible]
[illegible] his recklessness [illegible]
[illegible] careless profusion
[illegible] of dullness [illegible]
[illegible] not more intens[illegible]
[illegible] characteristic[illegible]
[illegible] the German. [illegible]
[illegible] flesh, [illegible]
[illegible] true, Italian[illegible]
[illegible] as unparalleled
[illegible] shall look for [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] for the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] old and [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]. English [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] character [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] of puritanism [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] Italian, and [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] birth: before the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] stamped on the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] never reads Shakspeare [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] spirit with [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] dim perceptions [illegible]
[illegible] touches of character.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from this [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] not after Christianity
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as his nation has [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] alteration, the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the national spirit
[illegible] [illegible] committed the error [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] the formation of [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] it is obvious first [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] attaken of the spirit
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] have listened
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but it [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] another error, [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and acceptance
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for love of
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Greek art, W[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] He that [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] be [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Greeks [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

idea, which lies at the bottom of the metamorphoses of Ovid. As soon as a passion exceeds the force of endurance, the ancient poet has recourse to a prodigy: preferring a miracle to exaggeration. He changes Biblis into a fountain, because he despairs of expressing the grief of a love at once incestuous and scorned.

"The art of the ancients, whether choosing with admirable tact the amount which precedes the excess of passion, or whether in passing beyond that and arriving at a prodigy which envelopes all in its shadow; this has greater effect on the imagination than modern art, which boldly endeavors to express passions in their excess. The pretension of modern art is to tell every thing: what then rests for the imagination to divine? Is it often well to trust to the spectator's completing the idea of the poet or sculptor?"

There is much ingenuity and some truth in this, but it rests, we believe, on a confusion of ideas. In the first place it is not true that the Greek poets refrained from expressing passions in their excess; it is not true that they avoided the introduction of moral and physical ugliness. Thersites, on the one hand, and Philoctetes or Œdipus on the other, may be instanced to the contrary. As to the expression of passion, we will set the dramatists aside, and only refer to Homer, and Homer's greatest character, Achilles, contenting ourselves with one example. When (Il. xviii. v. 22–35) the news arrived of the death of Patroclus, Achilles threw himself on the ground, heaped dust and ashes on his head, tore out his hair by handsful, howled horribly (*σμερδαλεον δ' ὠμωξεν*), and was so frantic, that Antilochus feared much lest he should commit suicide. If this is not passion in excess we know not where to find it. Facts, therefore, are against M. Girardin. But, as we said, his opinion rests on a confusion of ideas: unable to deny the physical ugliness of the disease of Philoctetes, he says, 'it would, however, be wrong to fancy that he chose the subject from that love of the deformed which has for some time been one of the manias of modern literature.' Granted: does it follow, however, that because Sophocles had not the modern '*goût du laid*,' therefore the Greeks refused to represent the deformed? Clearly not. The Greeks were too poetical to prefer the deformed; too great artists not to see its occasional value as a contrast.*

* The fact alone that both Æschylus and Euripides had treated the subject of Philoctetes before Sophocles, is sufficient proof of what is advanced in the text. See Dio. Chrys. 52.

Misled by this dogma of the adoration felt for beauty by the Greeks, M. Girardin is led into inconsistency in his critique on the Philoctetes. Physical suffering was there too plainly represented to admit of denial; how then to make it accord with the notion of universal beauty? Thus: 'The Greeks,' he says, 'did not fear expressing physical suffering; but they submitted it to the laws of the beautiful.' This is one of those metaphysical phrases in which Schlegel and his followers delight. What meaning can it have applied to the scene with Achilles above quoted? What are the '*lois du beau*' to begin with? and where are they visible in that scene? M. Girardin has a few words in which he endeavors to analyze the impression made by Philoctetes: 'the pity which his sufferings inspire is never pushed too far, because it is elevated and replaced in time by another pity, more gentle and more noble, the pity of the soul, inspired by his emotions of joy and gratitude, and even by his anger and hatred. With this art of tempering the passions one by the other, excess, and consequently the moral or physical contortion, become impossible.' This is weak and sophistical; and it applies to the grief and phrensy of Gudule (in the passage quoted from 'Nôtre Dame de Paris') quite as well as to Philoctetes, and not at all to the agony of Laokoon, when the serpents enfold him:

> Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno;
> Clamores simul horendos ad sidera tollit:
> Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
> Taurus.*

There is no glimpse here either of '*les lois du beau*,' nor of emotions which temper each other and prevent contortion: on the contrary, the pain is physical and the contortion violent. If the reader wishes to learn the reason why the ancients admitted deformity, contortions, and excess, in poetry and not in sculpture, let him consult the 'Laokoon' of Lessing: it is impossible to refuse assent to his reasoning.

The above errors are the only two of any consequence, which struck us in the whole of M. Girardin's work; the books are rare indeed of which we could say as much. Willingly would we accompany him in all

* 'Æneid,' ii. 221. Let us also remember the story current respecting the Furies of Æschylus having terrified women to death. The story is apochryphal; but that it was ever circulated is a proof that the Furies were terrible to look upon.

his well-selected illustrations of the passions as treated by ancient and modern dramatists, but we have no space to do so. On the appearance of his second volume, we may perhaps find opportunity for resuming the subject. Meanwhile we cannot do better than close this notice with his reflections on literature as the expression of society.

"Is the alteration in the expression, a sign of the alteration in the generous sentiments of the heart? Do the men of our day love life with a more cowardly and effeminate love than their ancestors did, because Catarina is less resigned to death than Iphigenia? Are paternal and maternal love less ardent and less noble, because Goriot and Lucrèce Borgia love their children differently from Don Diègue and Mérope? Are there no simple and truthful sorrows in the world, because novels are full of false despairs? In a word, is literature now the expression of society?

"Our age is certainly not the age of violent and disordered passions. Yet, to take our literature as a sign, never were great passions in such honor: our heroes all aim at wonderful energy; it is on that account they please us, for we adore ardent and passionate characters, we even deify vice if it has but a bold appearance. In our novels the lovers are enthusiastic and *exaltés:* the girls are dreamy and melancholy. Nevertheless, in the world, marriages are made more and more according to *convenance;* interest usurps the place of passion. Society indeed writes and talks in one manner and acts in another. The most certain way of misunderstanding it is to take it at its word.

"Shall we then say that society is a hypocrite? No: hypocrisy mimics virtue. Here, on the contrary, society seems to affect the vices which it has not. Its grimaces slander it; but it is absolved by its actions: for it acts better than it writes, better even than it thinks.

"This discrepancy between society in its writings and in its acts is a fruitful source of error: for society laughs at the dupes, who, in ordinary life, attempt to put in action that ardent and passionate morality which is good only for circulating libraries. It treats morality as the abbés of the eighteenth century treated religion, lived by it and laughed at it: as the audience at the theatre laughs at marriage, and marries. If, indeed, any one commits any breach of morality, society has no hesitation in submitting him to the penal code: it punishes him for having believed in the paradoxes which it encouraged; and what is remarkable, it often punishes more than it disapproves, especially if the culprit has sufficient impudence. Effrontery, in our eyes, borders upon greatness; so completely do we, in losing the taste for truth, lose also the sentiment of greatness! A criminal who knows how to produce an effect is no longer scarcely guilty; his crime disappears in the curiosity inspired by the man; and if we condemn him at the assizes, we talk of him so much in our drawing-rooms, that his celebrity almost supplies the place of innocence.

"Thus, so far from modern literature being an image of society, one would believe it wished to present the reverse, so much does society belie, by its manners and deeds, the morality of its literature. Shall we, therefore, say that literature borrows nothing from society? No; these unchecked passions, these hideous characters, these insolent crimes, which compose the staple of modern literature, have been taken from the *thoughts*, if not from the *actions* of our age; from our imaginations, if not from our characters.

"I thus arrive at the second point of view. There are two sort of sentiments in literature, and these correspond with two different phases of the literary history of nations. There are the sentiments which man finds in his heart, and which compose the staple of every society; there are also the sentiments which he finds only in his imagination, and which are but the altered reflection of the former. Literature begins with one and ends with the other.

"When literature arrives at this second stage, when imagination, which formerly contented itself with painting natural affections, endeavors to replace them by others, then books no longer represent society: they only represent the state of imagination. Imagination loves and seeks above all things that which does not exist. When civil war agitates society, the imagination willingly paints idyls and preaches peace and virtue. When, on the contrary, society is in repose, the imagination delights in crimes. Like the merchant in Horace, celebrating the security of the shore when the tempest lowers; but when in the harbor delighting in storms and roaring seas. Add to this the remembrances still so vivid amongst us of the revolution and its wars, the taste for adventures, the hope of renown and fortune, the contempt of living insignificantly, a contempt more bitter in the hearts of the children of those who have done great things. It is these restless desires and confused emotions which imagination collects and places in literature. Hence the energy of novels, and the terror of the *drames;* hence that literature which pleases society more, the less it resembles it.

"Another cause aids this separation of society and literature, and that is, the imitation of foreign literatures. When a literature has become decrepit, it begins to imitate, hoping thereby to be re-invigorated. But there are times when this imitation only serves to augment the separation between art and society. What, indeed, can become of the French mind, accustomed, ever since the sixteenth century, to a distinctness of ideas and expressions, which has made the national character,

when it is suddenly plunged into the bitter misanthropy of the English, or the dreamy mysticism of the Germans? It may indeed be a moment for a fashion to make itself dreamy and melancholy; but this will never be more than an affectation. It is in vain that it would fill the eyes with tears, the breast with sobs; it is in vain that it wears long hair and a pale face; all that is but for the theatre and a few boudoirs. But the French *esprit* pierces through all their grimaces of sadness: I feel that the weepers only repeat a lesson they have learned; there is in their very groans irony, which is far from being bitter.

"One more remark. The corruption of the intelligence has not always the bad effects which one might dread: thanks to the inconsequence of man, he acts better than he thinks or speaks. We must not, however, delude ourselves as to the immorality of literature. The bravado of vice is often innocent for the boaster, but pernicious to his neighbors. It hurts by example. By degrees the good sentiments become altered on continually hearing the bad ones lauded: and it is too great a temptation to human weakness to always afford it an excuse—what do I say! an *epigram* for every fault."

ENERGIATYPE, A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.—While pursuing some investigations, with a view to determine the influence of the solar rays upon precipitation, I have been led to the discovery of a new photographic agent which can be employed in the preparation of paper, with a facility which no other sensitive process possesses. Being desirous of affording all the information I possibly can to those who are anxious to avail themselves of the advantages offered by Photography, I solicit a little space in your columns for the purpose of publishing the particulars of this new process. All the photographic processes with which we are at present acquainted, sufficiently sensitive for the fixation of the images of the camera obscura, require the most careful and precise manipulation: consequently, those who are not accustomed to the modes of experimental pursuits, are frequently annoyed by failure. The following statement will at once show the exceeding simplicity of the new discovery.

Good writing-paper is first washed over with the following solution.

[illegible]	1
[illegible]	1
Water	8

When the paper is dry, it is washed over once with an ingenious solution, consisting of one grain of nitrate of silver to one ounce of distilled water. The paper is allowed to dry in the dark, and it is fit for use; it can be preserved in a portfolio, and at any time employed in the camera. This paper is a pure white, and it retains its color, which is a great advantage. At present, I find it necessary to expose this prepared paper in the camera obscura for periods varying with the quantity of sunshine, from two to eight minutes, although, from some results which I have obtained, I am satisfied that, by a nice adjustment of the proportions of the materials, a much shorter exposure will suffice. When the paper is removed from the camera, no trace of a picture is visible. We have then to mix together one drachm of a saturated solution of *sulphate of iron*, and two or three drachms of *mucilage of gum arabic*. A wide flat brush saturated with this solution is now swept over the face of the paper rapidly and evenly. In a few seconds the dormant images are seen to develope themselves, and with great rapidity a pleasing *negative* photographic picture is produced. The iron solution is to be washed off as soon as the best effect appears, this being done with a soft sponge and clean water. The drawing is then soaked for a short time in water, and may be permanently fixed, by being washed over with ammonia—or perhaps better, with a solution of the hyposulphite of soda, care being taken that the salt is afterwards well washed out of the paper. From the pictures thus produced, any number of others correct in position, and in light and shadow, may be produced, by using the same sensitized papers in the ordinary way; from five to ten minutes in sunshine producing the desired effect.

The advantages which this process possesses over every other, must be, I think, apparent. The papers are prepared in the most simple manner, and may be kept ready by the by until required for use: they require no preparation previously to their being placed in the camera, and they can be preserved until a convenient opportunity offers for bringing out the pictures, which is done in the most simple manner, with a material which can be any where procured.

Anxious to give the public the advantage of this process during the beautiful weather of the present season, I have not waited to perfect the manipulatory details which are necessary for the production of portraits. It is sufficient, however, to say, that experiment has satisfied me of its applicability for this purpose.

Prismatic examination has proved that the rays effecting this chemical change are those which I have shown here above to be perfectly independent of solar light or heat. I therefore propose to distinguish this process by a name which has a general rather than a particular application. Regarding all photographic phenomena as due to the principle Energia, I would nevertheless wish to distinguish this very interesting process as the Energiatype.

I enclose you a few specimens of the results already obtained. The exceeding sensibility of the Energiatype is best shown by an attempt to copy engravings or leaves by it. The three specimens I enclose were produced by an exposure of one minute and one second.

I am, &c.,

ROBERT HUNT.

Falmouth, May 27, 1841.

CONINGSBY; OR, THE NEW GENERATION.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Coningsby; or, the New Generation. By B. D'Israeli, M. P. 3 vols.

We were fairly startled amidst the monotonous routine of conventional Fiction, by the appearance of this remarkable work. It is admirable in many points of view—for the fulness of its lore—for its profound development of our social system—the richness of its illustrations, drawn from far-scattered lands and literatures—its beauty and high finish as a work of art. But it is in none of these aspects it will most surprise the reader. It is something more than a novel—wider in reach, more serious in aim, and, above all, subtler in spirit. It is the confession of Faith of Young England. The shape of this Confession harmonizes felicitously with the elements of which it is composed—a passionate romance reared on a philosophical basis.

The thought of putting the political creed of the Young Blood of England into the disguise of a story, which should at the same time lay bare the vices of the creed of the Old Blood, was a happy one. Abstract principles and formulæ of all kinds have had their day. People want to see theories put into action—dramatized—before they will listen to them. The same amount of intellect—and it is great—which has been bestowed on the volumes before us, would have been absolutely wasted on a grave declaration of opinions. But these volumes will be read every where, and the opinions they contain will be diffused through every point of the compass. Even where they fail to hit, or where they are indignantly rejected, they will still make a disturbance of certain fixed ideas. The slightest shock imparted to the old system is a clear gain to the new.

The actual plot of Coningsby, apart from the episodical incidents which cluster round its progress, is exceedingly simple. The interest springs rather from the truthfulness than the variety or novelty of the details—all of which lie within our daily experience. Coningsby is the grandson of Lord Monmouth, a nobleman of great wealth, voluptuous habits, and considerable political influence. Lord Monmouth—a genuine Tory of the *very* old school—lives constantly out of England, leaving his parliamentary and private affairs in the hands of his creature, Mr. Rigby, a crafty partisan, member for one of his own boroughs, a cleverish speaker, and a writer of "slashing articles" in the *Quarterly*. Next to Rigby in the confidence of this virtuous nobleman, is one Villebecque, a sort of Swiss valet, who renders himself so useful to his master, that he at last takes the foot of his table, when his lordship entertains French actresses and *bon vivants*. This group is perfect in its kind, and fits closely in every articulation to that gross and sensual *régime* which was broken up but a few years since, and which still quivers with life in its fragments.

Coningsby is an orphan, dependent on this heartless, sagacious grandfather. He is sent to Eton, and from Eton to Cambridge—Lord Monmouth keeping him in reserve for the moment when he may be useful to him in his political schemes. In the mean while the Reform Bill is passing, and the clouds are clearing off men's minds on a variety of subjects hitherto seen only through a mist; and young men at Eton and Cambridge, bred in the Conservative interest, are beginning to rub their eyes, and wonder what has become of the ancient immutability of Toryism. They see the Conservatives giving way before the pressure of a popular demand, and then, having conceded all that was demanded, or won, stamping bravely, and throwing themselves into an attitude, exclaiming, "We are Conservatives!" The young men at Eton, perplexed and disappointed, raise their eyes, and ask, "What is it you conserve?" This question—thus springing up amongst the youth of Eton, and expanding itself in maturer years into an elaborate catechism—is the key to the whole work. The disciples of Young England visibly, openly, manfully, separate themselves from the Conservative party, because it is a Profession without a Faith The impossibility of the Conservative party consists in the impossibility of answering this question—"What do you propose to conserve?" This question thus put to the country, will vibrate to its core. And the answer from hill and valley, from borough and city, from riding and shire, will be—Nothing! The distinct charge is, that the Conservative party have no principles.

These considerations sink deeply into the minds of Coningsby and a few more earnest spirits, Henry Sydney, the son of a duke, Oswald Millbank, the son of a Lancashire manufacturer, and others—all portraits, and representatives of classes. They

become satisfied of the importance of measuring carefully their first steps, and of keeping aloof from party for the present, resolving not to run the risk, ignominiously fatal in so many instances! of adopting hereditary opinions, until they shall have first sounded their depths.

The course of inquiry and independence thus marked out, carries us into an extensive field of observation. Coningsby's social education is admirably calculated to prepare him for the gradual formation of a political creed. He visits the great manufacturing districts, where the power and intelligence of the productive order are for the first time practically expounded to him. The next phase of his experience is at Beaumanoir, the princely mansion of the Sydneys. Here he sees the aristocracy in its most refined and captivating aspect—large intellect, dignified ambition, repose, charity, grace, beauty. But this is the favorable side of the picture; the magnificent castle of Lord Monmouth presents the reverse. Here is a prodigal expenditure upon troops of foreigners, diplomatists, princesses, dancers, and singers—confusion, riot, grandeur, pomp without order, luxury without taste, passion without love. The soul of Coningsby quickens through these experiences, and the plot of the new party which is to vindicate the destinies of England, to purge it of its sensualities, and achieve its freedom upon intelligible principles, ripens in his brain.

Paris is visited next, and a new world opens upon the dreamer—new manners, new notions of society,—he is nearer than ever to the solution of the great problem. But something is wanted to supply this restless spirit with a motive. There must be something to love—if all the political constitutions in the world were to crumble to their base. And Coningsby loves with all the fervor and poetry of his youth. The object of his devotion is Edith Millbank, the sister of his Eton friend, the daughter of Lord Monmouth's great political and personal enemy. Here is a dilemma for love to start upon his course with. But it is a fitting thing that love should have such dilemmas to work through; and especially in this case, where it helps the hero to test the sincerity of his principles by a grand martyrdom. Passing over the minor incidents which impede his progress—the supposed rivalry of Sidonia, the great financier of the age, a character drawn with extraordinary power—the prohibition of his suit by Edith's father, after she has "told her love"—we come to the event out of which his future and final destinies are to be evolved.

Mr. Millbank, the great Lancashire manufacturer, is member for Darlford, a little borough lying in the very lap of Lord Monmouth's property. At the last election he beat Rigby, Lord Monmouth's nominee. This was one of the causes of his lordship's hatred of him. A new election is now likely to take place. The whig ministry have resolved on a dissolution, although they command a majority—a shaking one to be sure—in the house. In the interval the Tories have worked at the "registration," and hug themselves in a sort of wild delirious hope that they may yet carry the day. Lord Monmouth sends for Coningsby, desires him to go down instantly to Darlford, that every thing is prepared for his reception, to spare no expense, that the finest jockeying will be necessary, and not to give a point. Never was conservative skill so skilfully displayed, as in these brief, rapid, but pregnant instructions.

All I want now is to see you in Parliament. A man should be in Parliament early. *There is a sort of stiffness about every man, no matter what may be his talents, who enters Parliament late in life;* and now, fortunately, the occasion offers. You will go down on Friday; feed the notabilities well; speak out; praise Peel; abuse O'Connell and the ladies of the bedchamber; anathematize all waverers; say a good deal about Ireland; stick to the Irish Registration Bill—that's a good card; and above all, my dear Harry, don't spare that fellow, Millbank.

The profound sagacity of these hints makes less impression upon Coningsby than their total freedom from all responsibility in the way of principle. Then—to oppose Milbank, the father of Edith! Young love, as well as Young England, revolts at so monstrous a proposition: he can neither oppose the father of her he loves, nor pledge himself to a party he despises. Coningsby declines to accede to his lordship's wishes, temperately and even argumentatively, but with firmness. From this moment his doom is sealed. But it is a salutary trial that sets the seal of purity on our faith, whatever it be!

The sequel may be briefly dismissed. After a time Lord Monmouth dies. Everybody expects that Coningsby will be his heir; but to every body's amazement large sums are left to Rigby and Villebecque,

and the residue of the immense fortune to an illegitimate daughter, who has hitherto passed as the child of Villebecque. Coningsby is pennyless, subsisting on the interest of a paltry ten thousand pounds. But his spirit is strong, and he resolves to go to the bar. He carries out this resolution valiantly; and while he is still plodding on at a special pleader's in the temple, he discovers one day that he has been put into nomination for Darlford by old Mr. Millbank, who is about to retire from the representation. The next morning he is whirled down, beats Rigby hollow, and is chaired through the borough to the delight of all parties. This is the *moral* of the book. At the opening, Rigby, the genius of electioneering politics, and of the old Tory rotten-borough hocus-pocus system, is in the ascendant, and Coningsby a boy, trembling under his keen eyes and vulgar effrontery. In the end, this boy, profiting by these despicable examples, and seeing how little reliance is to be placed upon the frauds of party, and how much upon truth, knowledge, and intelligence, rejects every attempt to corrupt him as he advances, dares to think and reason for himself, and finally defeats this very Rigby, the grisly champion of bigotry and intolerance, upon his own ground, and with his own *cheval de bataille*. It is the first manifestation of Young England—its first fair stand-up fight with Old Corruption—its first victory, the herald of endless triumphs over Falsehood and Hypocrisy.

The issue of the love story is not so satisfactory. Coningsby and Edith are married of course; but as Coningsby has no fortune, Millbank is obliged to provide him with one. The feeling is not agreeable; but fortunately the obligation does not last long. Lord Monmouth's daughter dies, and bequeaths to Coningsby the fortune she had so innocently intercepted; leaving the happy young couple standing on the threshold of that public life, through which, it is to be hoped, they will conduct themselves with purity and honor.

We suppose some objection will be taken to this work on account of its strong characterization of men and parties—Rigby, Monmouth, Lucian Gay, Henry Sidney, Buckhurst, Millbank, Sidonia, Tadpole, and Taper, the electioneering agents, ladies of *ton*, fashionable and political cliques, and those groups of unmistakable individuals who flutter with such airy reality round its brilliant pages. The introduction of the names of living statesmen, as influencing the political circumstances through which the fictitious characters move, will call forth discreet astonishment in some quarters. To people of a certain quality of imagination, a work of fiction must be a work of fiction—out and out. They will have it speak by the card, and cannot understand it otherwise. There were people who never could recognize Mr. Kemble out of black. But works of this *calibre* are not written to square with small canons, or to drop all at once into the open mouth of popular credulity. They step out of the traditional track, and set up their own standards. The objection we have anticipated seems to us to indicate the distinctive and most impressive merit of "Coningsby." It is emphatically a novel of our own times—of our own day—of the great political cycle, beginning with the Reform Bill, and ending, as far as we can see at present, with Young England. How many novels are there full of wit, and gayety, and knowledge of the world, and of our English society in particular, the scenes of which are laid under our eyes in Arlington-street and St. James's Square—yet which might be put back half a century, without the slightest risk of an anachronism of costume. Now there is no mistaking "Coningsby." The life of its century is breathed into it. You feel in its scenes the strong palpitation of movements which have not yet fulfilled their mission—the tone of the people is that of our actual experience—it is every where colored by existing influences, rife with matter pertinent to the time, and animated by a spirit of prophecy which takes its stand upon the present hour. To the future explorer of our institutions, who desires to investigate the real condition of the highest circles of society during the volcanic period comprehended within the compass of "Coningsby," we know no book—certainly no historical book—in which that strange history will be found depicted with such picturesque fidelity, vigor, and fearlessness.

It teems with characters, drawn by the hand of a great master: some of them palpable likenesses to living men, but all idealized into representative spirits of the time. Monmouth, profligate and mean, sumptuous in his pleasures, cowardly in his selfishness, heartless in his resentments; Rigby, cool, cringing, base, clever, and audacious; Sidonia, the marvel of all the courts of Europe, familiar with their languages,

histories, and wants, and embracing in the wide range of his intellectual acquisitions the policies, sciences, and philosophies of the ancient and the modern world; Millbank, judicious, earnest, blunt, and honest: Henry Sydney, the enthusiast who would regenerate the "peasantry," and restore England to her halcyon feudality;—these, and many more who stand out prominently, will be recognized at once by the reader, who will require no hint to guide him to what is meant by them. But nestling in obscure places and shadowy corners are touches of character no less valuable as illustrative memoranda of the age. We have noted numerous scraps of this kind. The sketch of Mr. Jawster Sharp, who, under the Reform Bill, represented one of the new boroughs, is the natural history of a genius spawned within the last fifteen years.

The borough was a manufacturing town, and returning only one member: it had hitherto sent up to Westminster a radical shopkeeper, one Mr. Jawster Sharp, who had taken what is called a "leading part" in the town on every "crisis" that had occurred since 1820: one of those zealous patriots who had set up penny subscriptions for gold cups to Lord Grey: ones for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill: and public dinners where the victual was devoured before grace was said: a worthy, who makes speeches, passes resolutions, votes addresses, goes up with deputations, has at all times the necessary quantity of confidence in the necessary individual: confidence in Lord Grey: confidence in Lord Durham: confidence in Lord Melbourne: and can also, if necessary, give three cheers for the king, or three groans for the queen.

But it is not merely in political sketches Mr. D'Israeli shows his strength. His portraits of mere drawing-room people, distinguished from each other by almost imperceptible lines, and expending all their facilities upon the finesse of fashionable intercourse, are equally shrewd and piquant. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Flouncey, "picked up" by Lord Monmouth during a Roman winter, and now on a visit at his castle, amongst a crowd of grand people who do not know them, are capital. We must afford the reader a few glimpses of the lady through sundry loops in the description.

Mrs. Guy Flouncey was very pretty, and dressed in a style of ultra fashion. However, she could sing, dance, act, ride, and talk, and all well: and was mistress of the art of fascination. * * * She came with a wardrobe which, in point of variety, fancy, and fashion, never was surpassed. Morning and evening, every day, a new dress equally striking; and a riding-habit that was the talk and wonder of the whole neighborhood. * * * At first the ladies never noticed her, or only stared at her over their shoulders; every where sounded, in suppressed whispers, the fatal question, "Who is she?" After dinner they always formed into polite groups, from which Mrs. Guy Flouncey was invariably excluded. * * * It was indeed rather difficult work the first few days for Mrs. Guy Flouncey, especially immediately after dinner. It is not soothing to one's self-love sitting alone, pretending to look at prints in a fine drawing-room full of fine people, who don't speak to you.

But Mrs. Guy was not to be put out. *She was sure of an ally the moment the gentlemen appeared.* She went on inventing a thousand things for the amusement of the guests.

In a country house the suggestive mind is inestimable. Some how or other, before a week was past, Mrs. Guy Flouncey seemed the soul of every thing, was always surrounded by a cluster of admirers, and with what are called "the best men," ever ready to fall at her feet. The fine ladies found it absolutely necessary to thaw: they began to ask her questions after dinner. Mrs. Guy Flouncey only wanted an opening. She was an adroit flatterer, with a temper imperturbable, and *gifted with a ceaseless energy of conferring slight obligations.* She lent them patterns for new fashions, in all which mysteries she was very versant: and what with some gentle glozing, and some gay gossip, sugar for their tongues and salt for their tails, she contrived pretty well to catch them all.

The more grave women are no less successfully delineated. Lady Wallinger is a bit of true nature: and the Colonnas are full of force and dark energy. Beauty and spirituality in Mr D'Israeli's hands become wonderfully luminous and intellectual. Edith is the beauty of one's dreams, with a woman's heart capable of great sacrifices and small resentments. The two French actresses at Richmond are like flashes of sunshine.

There are descriptive "bits," too, of great merit. Such for instance, as the interior at Beaumanoir.

There was not a country house in England that had so completely the air of habitual residence as Beaumanoir. It is a charming trait, and very rare. In many great mansions every thing is as stiff, formal, and solitude, as if your host were a Spanish grandee in the days of the Inquisition. No ease, no resources;

the passing life seems a solemn spectacle in which you play a part. How delightful was the morning-room at Beaumanoir, from which gentlemen were not excluded with that assumed suspicion that they can never enter it but for felonious purposes.

Such a profusion of flowers! such a multitude of books! such a various prodigality of writing materials! So many easy chairs too of so many shapes; each in itself a comfortable home; yet nothing crowded. Woman alone can organize a drawing-room; man succeeds sometimes in a library. And the ladies work! how graceful they look bending over their embroidery frames, consulting over the arrangement of a group or the color of a flower. The panniers and fanciful baskets overflowing with variegated worsted, are gay and full of pleasure to the eye, and give an air of elegant business that is vivifying. Even the sight of employment interests.

Then the morning costume of English women is itself a beautiful work of art. At this period of the day they can find no rivals in other climes. The brilliant complexions of the daughters of the north dazzle in daylight; the illumined saloon levels all distinctions. One should see them in their well-fashioned muslin dresses. What matrons and what maidens! full of graceful dignity, fresher than the morn! And the married beauty in her little lace cap. Ah! she is a coquette! A charming character at all times; in a country house an invaluable one.

The gathering of the boys at sunset in lounging groups in the Long Walk at Eton, canvassing the exploits and events of the morning:

The sports and matches of the day were over. Criticism had succeeded to action in sculling and in cricket. They talked over the exploits of the morning, canvassed the merits of the competitors, marked the fellow whose play or whose stroke was improving, glanced at another whose promise had not been fulfilled; discussed the pretensions and adjudged the palm. Thus public opinion is formed. Some too might be seen with their books and exercises, intent on the inevitable and impending task. Among these some unhappy wight in the remove wandering about with his hat in parochial fashion, seeking relief in the shape of a verse. A hard lot this. To know that you must be delivered of fourteen verses at least in the twenty-four hours, and to be conscious that you are pregnant with none. The lesser boys, urchins of tender years, clustered like flies round the baskets of certain venders of sugar delicacies that rested on the Long Walk wall. The pallid countenance, the lack-lustre eye, the hoarse voice clogged with accumulated phlegm, indicated too surely the unclaimable and hopeless votary of lollypop—the opium-eater of schoolboys.

The frequent use of the words "fellow,' "row," and the like, and the classical imprecation "by Jove!" scattered freely through the conversation of the students, has a vulgar and tantalizing air, and would greatly perplex any foreigner who might attempt a translation of the work. But the vulgarity of these phrases is not chargeable upon Mr. D'Israeli, but upon that careless and defective system of education which has prevailed in all our principal schools for the last fifty years. "By Jove!" is regarded by our youth, for the most part, as rather an elegant and clever affectation.

The picture of Manchester is vivid and powerful. What art was to the ancient world, says the author, science is to the modern. Manchester, rightly understood, is as great a human exploit as Athens. Coningsby explores its wonders with a sense of unspeakable awe.

He entered chambers vaster than are told of in Arabian fable, and peopled with habitants more wondrous than Afrite or Peri. For there he beheld, in long continued ranks, those mysterious forms full of existence without life, that perform with facility, and in an instant, what man can fulfil only with difficulty and in days. A machine is a slave that neither brings nor bears degradation: it is a being endowed with the greatest degree of energy, and acting under the greatest degree of excitement, yet free, at the same time, from all passion and emotion. It is, therefore, not only a slave, but a supernatural slave. And why should one say that the machine does not live? It breathes, for its breath forms the atmosphere of some towns. It moves with more regularity than man. And has it not a voice? Does not the spindle sing like a merry girl at her work, and the steam-engine roar in jolly chorus like a strong artisan handling his lusty tools, and gaining a fair day's wages for a fair day's work?

Nor should the weaving-room be forgotten, where a thousand or fifteen hundred girls may be observed working like Penelope in the day-time; some pretty, some pert, some graceful and jocund, some absorbed in their occupation; a little serious some, few sad. And the cotton you have observed in its rude state, that you may have seen the silent spinner change into thread, and the bustling weaver convert into cloth, you may now watch as in a moment it is tinted with beautiful colors, or printed with fanciful patterns. And yet the mystery of mysteries is to view machines making machines; a spectacle that fills the mind with curious, and even awful, speculation.

We constantly fall in with capital criticisms upon national character. Here is a passage upon the jealousy which besets us

at every turn, and for which the best prescription is—travel.

How very seldom do you encounter in the world a man of great abilities, acquirements, experience, who will unmask his mind, unbutton his brains, and pour forth in careless and picturesque phrase, all the results of his studies and observation; his knowledge of men, books, and nature. On the contrary, if a man has by any chance what he conceives an original idea, he hoards it as if it were old gold; and rather avoids the subject with which he is most conversant, from fear that you may appropriate his best thoughts. One of the principal causes of our renowned dulness in conversation is our extreme intellectual jealousy. It must be admitted that in this respect authors, but especially poets, bear the palm. They never think they are sufficiently appreciated, and live in tremor lest a brother should distinguish himself. Artists have the repute of being nearly as bad: and as for a small rising politician, a clever speech by a supposed rival, or suspected candidate for office, destroys his appetite and disturbs his slumbers.

One of the chief delights and benefits of travel is, that one is perpetually meeting men of great abilities, of original mind, and rare acquirements, who will converse without reserve. In these discourses, the intellect makes daring leaps and marvellous advances. The tone that colors our after life is often caught in these chance colloquies, and the bent given that shapes a career.

In every thing that touches upon the poetry, strength, capacity, ambition of youth, our author displays the serious expression of deep and solemn feeling—and out of this Youth—this season of passionate dreams and energetic resolves—is to rise up the regenerating principles of our whole system: its purity is to redeem, its vigor to restore us. Youth is the age of heroes as well as poets. The greatest captains of ancient and modern times, exclaims Sidonia, conquered Italy at five-and-twenty. Gaston de Foix, Gustavus Adolphus, Maurice of Saxony, Bolingbroke, Pitt, were all great when they were young, or died young in the flower of their greatness. But let us escape from these generalities to the development of the particular opinions of which this book is the exponent on behalf of Young England.

It is stated very clearly (iii. 93–9) that the principles of the Exclusive Constitution having been abandoned by the Acts of 1827–8–32, a party arose who demanded that political liberalism should be carried to its full extent, by getting rid of all the fragments that remained of the old constitution. This is the Destructive Party.

These are opposed by another party who, having given up Exclusion, embrace only as much liberalism as suits the moment, and who, without an embarrassing promulgation of principles, wish to keep things as they find them as long as they can; but as a party must have a semblance of principles, they take the names of the things they have destroyed—the crown, although it is stripped of its prerogatives—the constitution in church and state, although it is defunct—the independence of the upper house latterly dwindled into a court of review. This is the Conservative Party.

Into these two divisions, it is contended, the nation is divided. Young England repudiates both. Revolution, in any sense, forms no part of the contemplated policy of Young England. Changes are to be approached cautiously, and only with full and universal warning. "True wisdom," says Coningsby, "lies in the policy that would effect its ends *by the influence of opinion, and yet by the means of existing forms.*" (iii. 103.) The full recognition of the authority of public opinion, the abolition of class legislation, the restoration to the sovereign of the sovereign prerogatives, which, it is alleged, the parliament has gradually usurped, (iii. 101,) enlarged religious freedom, and a system of legislation adaptive and progressive, appear to be the fundamental principles of the new sect.

Some of them may require explanation, especially the doctrine of vesting in the sovereign the sole power of government. Coningsby does not consider parliamentary representation necessary to the security of the country. The country goes on when the parliament is not sitting; but it is always represented by the press. Opinion is now supreme, and opinion speaks in print. Parliamentary representation was a device of a rude age—the representation of the press is more complete. He does not contemplate the abolition of parliament, although he evidently regards it as by no means an impossible contingency, but contends that if we are forced into revolutions, we ought to consider the idea of "a free monarchy established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local government, ruling an educated people, represented by a free and intellectual press." (iii., 103.) This is the monarchy Young England proposes when all incumbrances in the way of class interests and factitious

ascendencies shall have been cleared away. Whether it be practicable is not so much the question, as whether we are not now on the direct road that leads to it—although we may never probably reach the end of the journey.

The most ominous suggestive features of this work are indicated by the introduction of Mr. Millbank, a manufacturer, Mr. Eustace Lyle, a Roman Catholic, and Sidonia, the great capitalist, a Jew. Here we have three formerly antagonist elements lying down gently and confidingly with Toryism—at least with that section which has separated itself of late from the old body. By the popular influence given to Mr. Millbank, we see the weight conceded by aristocracy itself to industry and capital. "I defy any peer to crush me," (ii. 41,) exclaims Mr. Millbank. The association of Mr. Lyle with the party of Young England, affords a significant hint of its tendency to Puseyism. "Lyle," says Henry Sydney, "is of an old Cavalier family, and will not ally himself with anti-monarchists, and democrats, and infidels, and sectarians; at the same time, why should he support a party who pretend to oppose these, but who never lose an opportunity of insulting his religion, and would deprive him, if possible, of the advantages of the very institutions which his family assisted in establishing?" (i. 292.) The argument is cogent and irresistible, and has a heart and brain in it full of promise.

The emancipation of the Jews may be gathered as another object, no less desired by Young England. The grounds on which these various extensions of public rights proceed, may be assumed to be no less those of abstract justice, than the wise policy of strengthening public opinion and public confidence. Sidonia states the case of the Jews with an eloquence worthy of the loftiness of the theme. The passage is so grand that we must make room for a part of it.

"I contend that if you permit men to accumulate property, and they use that permission to a great extent, power is inseparable from that property, and it is in the last degree impolitic to make it the interest of any powerful class to oppose the institutions under which they live. The Jews, for example, independent of the capital qualities for citizenship which they possess in their industry, temperance, and energy and vivacity of mind, are a race essentially monarchical, deeply religious, and, shrinking themselves from converts as from a calamity, are ever anxious to see the religious systems of the countries in which they live, flourish; yet since your society has become agitated in England, and powerful combinations menace your institutions, you find the once loyal Hebrew invariably arrayed in the same ranks as the leveller and the latitudinarian, and prepared to support the policy which may even endanger his life and property, rather than tamely continue under a system which seeks to degrade him. The Tories lose an important election at a critical moment; 'tis the Jews come forward to vote against them. The church is alarmed at the scheme of a latitudinarian university, and learns with relief, that funds are not forthcoming for its establishment; a Jew immediately advances and endows it. Yet the Jews are essentially Tories. Toryism is, indeed, but copied from the mighty prototype which has fashioned Europe. And every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous to the society which is hostile to them."

And then he runs on with kindling ardor to show that the race cannot be destroyed—a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, and Christian inquisitors. The mixed persecuting races disappear—the poor persecuted race survives. At this moment, he continues, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries of degradation, the Jewish mind—the living Hebrew intellect—exercises a vast influence over the affairs of Europe. The list of Jews wielding authority and influence is astounding. Russian diplomacy in Western Europe is carried on by Jews—the professorial chairs of Germany almost monopolized by Jews—the Russian minister of finance, the son of a Lithuanian Jew—the minister of Spain, a Jew of Arragon—Soult, the son of a French Jew—the Prussian minister, a Prussian Jew; and then there are all the musicians, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendlesohn—Pasta, Grisi! The case of the Jews was certainly never put in so captivating a shape before. The roll of Hebrew celebrities, past and present, is magnificent; and the only difficulty we have about the matter is that it includes some famous persons whose descent through "this dark blood" was never before suspected. In music the Hebrews are distinguished in every country in Europe, if not always as composers certainly in the executive department. Moscheles, Braham, and twenty others of equal reputation, might be added to Sidonia's catalogue. But music will not effect an entrance into the legislative chamber. The Orpheus who, in the present

idea, which lies at the bottom of the metamorphoses of Ovid. As soon as a passion exceeds the force of endurance, the ancient poet has recourse to a prodigy: preferring a miracle to exaggeration. He changes Biblis into a fountain, because he despairs of expressing the grief of a love at once incestuous and scorned.

"The art of the ancients, whether choosing with admirable tact the amount which precedes the excess of passion, or whether in passing beyond that and arriving at a prodigy which envelopes all in its shadow; this has greater effect on the imagination than modern art, which boldly endeavors to express passions in their excess. The pretension of modern art is to tell every thing: what then rests for the imagination to divine? Is it often well to trust to the spectator's completing the idea of the poet or sculptor?"

There is much ingenuity and some truth in this, but it rests, we believe, on a confusion of ideas. In the first place it is not true that the Greek poets refrained from expressing passions in their excess; it is not true that they avoided the introduction of moral and physical ugliness. Thersites, on the one hand, and Philoctetes or Œdipus on the other, may be instanced to the contrary. As to the expression of passion, we will set the dramatists aside, and only refer to Homer, and Homer's greatest character, Achilles, contenting ourselves with one example. When (Il. xviii. v. 22–35) the news arrived of the death of Patroclus, Achilles threw himself on the ground, heaped dust and ashes on his head, tore out his hair by handsful, howled horribly (*σμερδαλεον δ' ὠμοξεν*), and was so frantic, that Antilochus feared much lest he should commit suicide. If this is not passion in excess we know not where to find it. Facts, therefore, are against M. Girardin. But, as we said, his opinion rests on a confusion of ideas: unable to deny the physical ugliness of the disease of Philoctetes, he says, 'it would, however, be wrong to fancy that he chose the subject from that love of the deformed which has for some time been one of the manias of modern literature.' Granted: does it follow, however, that because Sophocles had not the modern '*goût du laid*,' therefore the Greeks refused to represent the deformed? Clearly not. The Greeks were too poetical to prefer the deformed; too great artists not to see its occasional value as a contrast.*

* The fact alone that both Æschylus and Euripides had treated the subject of Philoctetes before Sophocles, is sufficient proof of what is advanced in the text. See Dio. Chrys. 52.

Misled by this dogma of the adoration felt for beauty by the Greeks, M. Girardin is led into inconsistency in his critique on the Philoctetes. Physical suffering was there too plainly represented to admit of denial; how then to make it accord with the notion of universal beauty? Thus: 'The Greeks,' he says, 'did not fear expressing physical suffering; but they submitted it to the laws of the beautiful.' This is one of those metaphysical phrases in which Schlegel and his followers delight. What meaning can it have applied to the scene with Achilles above quoted? What are the '*lois du beau*' to begin with? and where are they visible in that scene? M. Girardin has a few words in which he endeavors to analyze the impression made by Philoctetes: 'the pity which his sufferings inspire is never pushed too far, because it is elevated and replaced in time by another pity, more gentle and more noble, the pity of the soul, inspired by his emotions of joy and gratitude, and even by his anger and hatred. With this art of tempering the passions one by the other, excess, and consequently the moral or physical contortion, become impossible.' This is weak and sophistical; and it applies to the grief and phrensy of Gudule (in the passage quoted from 'Nôtre Dame de Paris') quite as well as to Philoctetes, and not at all to the agony of Laokoon, when the serpents enfold him:

> Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno;
> Clamores simul horendos ad sidera tollit:
> Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
> Taurus.*

There is no glimpse here either of '*les lois du beau*,' nor of emotions which temper each other and prevent contortion: on the contrary, the pain is physical and the contortion violent. If the reader wishes to learn the reason why the ancients admitted deformity, contortions, and excess, in poetry and not in sculpture, let him consult the 'Laokoon' of Lessing: it is impossible to refuse assent to his reasoning.

The above errors are the only two of any consequence, which struck us in the whole of M. Girardin's work; the books are rare indeed of which we could say as much. Willingly would we accompany him in all

* 'Æneid,' ii. 221. Let us also remember the story current respecting the Furies of Æschylus having terrified women to death. The story is apochryphal; but that it was ever circulated is a proof that the Furies were terrible to look upon.

his well-selected illustrations of the passions as treated by ancient and modern dramatists, but we have no space to do so. On the appearance of his second volume, we may perhaps find opportunity for resuming the subject. Meanwhile we cannot do better than close this notice with his reflections on literature as the expression of society.

"Is the alteration in the expression, a sign of the alteration in the generous sentiments of the heart? Do the men of our day love life with a more cowardly and effeminate love than their ancestors did, because Catarina is less resigned to death than Iphigenia? Are paternal and maternal love less ardent and less noble, because Goriot and Lucrèce Borgia love their children differently from Don Diègue and Mérope? Are there no simple and truthful sorrows in the world, because novels are full of false despairs? In a word, is literature now the expression of society?

"Our age is certainly not the age of violent and disordered passions. Yet, to take our literature as a sign, never were great passions in such honor: our heroes all aim at wonderful energy; it is on that account they please us, for we adore ardent and passionate characters, we even deify vice if it has but a bold appearance. In our novels the lovers are enthusiastic and *exaltés:* the girls are dreamy and melancholy. Nevertheless, in the world, marriages are made more and more according to *convenance;* interest usurps the place of passion. Society indeed writes and talks in one manner and acts in another. The most certain way of misunderstanding it is to take it at its word.

"Shall we then say that society is a hypocrite? No: hypocrisy mimics virtue. Here, on the contrary, society seems to affect the vices which it has not. Its grimaces slander it; but it is absolved by its actions: for it acts better than it writes, better even than it thinks.

"This discrepancy between society in its writings and in its acts is a fruitful source of error: for society laughs at the dupes, who, in ordinary life, attempt to put in action that ardent and passionate morality which is good only for circulating libraries. It treats morality as the abbés of the eighteenth century treated religion, lived by it and laughed at it: as the audience at the theatre laughs at marriage, and marries. If, indeed, any one commits any breach of morality, society has no hesitation in submitting him to the penal code: it punishes him for having believed in the paradoxes which it encouraged; and what is remarkable, it often punishes more than it disapproves, especially if the culprit has sufficient impudence. Effrontery, in our eyes, borders upon greatness; so completely do we, in losing the taste for truth, lose also the sentiment of greatness! A criminal who knows how to produce an effect is no longer scarcely guilty; his crime disappears in the curiosity inspired by the man; and if we condemn him at the assizes, we talk of him so much in our drawing-rooms, that his celebrity almost supplies the place of innocence.

"Thus, so far from modern literature being an image of society, one would believe it wished to present the reverse, so much does society belie, by its manners and deeds, the morality of its literature. Shall we, therefore, say that literature borrows nothing from society? No; these unchecked passions, these hideous characters, these insolent crimes, which compose the staple of modern literature, have been taken from the *thoughts*, if not from the *actions* of our age; from our imaginations, if not from our characters.

"I thus arrive at the second point of view. There are two sort of sentiments in literature, and these correspond with two different phases of the literary history of nations. There are the sentiments which man finds in his heart, and which compose the staple of every society; there are also the sentiments which he finds only in his imagination, and which are but the altered reflection of the former. Literature begins with one and ends with the other.

"When literature arrives at this second stage, when imagination, which formerly contented itself with painting natural affections, endeavors to replace them by others, then books no longer represent society: they only represent the state of imagination. Imagination loves and seeks above all things that which does not exist. When civil war agitates society, the imagination willingly paints idyls and preaches peace and virtue. When, on the contrary, society is in repose, the imagination delights in crimes. Like the merchant in Horace, celebrating the security of the shore when the tempest lowers; but when in the harbor delighting in storms and roaring seas. Add to this the remembrances still so vivid amongst us of the revolution and its wars, the taste for adventures, the hope of renown and fortune, the contempt of living insignificantly, a contempt more bitter in the hearts of the children of those who have done great things. It is these restless desires and confused emotions which imagination collects and places in literature. Hence the energy of novels, and the terror of the *drames;* hence that literature which pleases society more, the less it resembles it.

"Another cause aids this separation of society and literature, and that is, the imitation of foreign literatures. When a literature has become decrepit, it begins to imitate, hoping thereby to be re-invigorated. But there are times when this imitation only serves to augment the separation between art and society. What, indeed, can become of the French mind, accustomed, ever since the sixteenth century, to a distinctness of ideas and expressions, which has made the national character,

when it is suddenly plunged into the bitter misanthropy of the English, or the dreamy mysticism of the Germans? It may indeed be a moment for a fashion to make itself dreamy and melancholy; but this will never be more than an affectation. It is in vain that it would fill the eyes with tears, the breast with sobs; it is in vain that it wears long hair and a pale face; all that is but for the theatre and a few boudoirs. But the French *esprit* pierces through all their grimaces of sadness: I feel that the weepers only repeat a lesson they have learned; there is in their very groans irony, which is far from being bitter.

"One more remark. The corruption of the intelligence has not always the bad effects which one might dread: thanks to the inconsequence of man, he acts better than he thinks or speaks. We must not, however, delude ourselves as to the immorality of literature. The bravado of vice is often innocent for the boaster, but pernicious to his neighbors. It hurts by example. By degrees the good sentiments become altered on continually hearing the bad ones lauded; and it is too great a temptation to human weakness to always afford it an excuse—what do I say! an *eulogium* for every fault."

ENERGIATYPE, A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.—While pursuing some investigations, with a view to determine the influence of the solar rays upon precipitation, I have been led to the discovery of a new photographic agent which can be employed in the preparation of paper, with a facility which no other sensitive process possesses. Being desirous of affording all the information I possibly can to those who are anxious to avail themselves of the advantages offered by Photography, I solicit a little space in your columns for the purpose of publishing the particulars of this new process. All the photographic processes with which we are at present acquainted, sufficiently sensitive for the fixation of the images of the camera obscura, require the most careful and precise manipulation; consequently, those who are not accustomed to the niceties of experimental pursuits, are frequently annoyed by failures. The following statement will at once show the exceeding simplicity of the new discovery.

Good letter-paper is first washed over with the following solution.

A saturated solution of succinic acid 2 drachms.	
Mucilage of gum arabic	1
Water	1½

When the paper is dry, it is washed over once with an argentine solution, consisting of one drachm of nitrate of silver to one ounce of distilled water. The paper is allowed to dry in the dark, and it is fit for use; it can be preserved in a portfolio, and at any time employed in the camera. This paper is a pure white, and it retains its color, which is a great advantage. At present, I find it necessary to expose this prepared paper in the camera obscura for periods varying with the quantity of sunshine, from two to eight minutes, although, from some results which I have obtained, I am satisfied that, by a nice adjustment of the proportions of the materials, a much shorter exposure will suffice. When the paper is removed from the camera, no trace of a picture is visible. We have then to mix together one drachm of a saturated solution of *sulphate of iron*, and two or three drachms of *mucilage of gum arabic*. A wide flat brush saturated with this solution is now swept over the face of the paper rapidly and evenly. In a few seconds the dormant images are seen to develope themselves, and with great rapidity a pleasing *negative* photographic picture is produced. The iron solution is to be washed off as soon as the best effect appears, this being done with a soft sponge and clean water. The drawing is then soaked for a short time in water, and may be permanently fixed, by being washed over with aminonia—or perhaps better, with a solution of the hyposulphite of soda, care being taken that the salt is afterwards well washed out of the paper. From the pictures thus produced, any number of others correct in position, and in light and shadow, may be produced, by using the same succinated papers in the ordinary way; from five to ten minutes in sunshine producing the desired effect.

The advantages which this process possesses over every other, must be, I think, apparent. The papers are prepared in the most simple manner, and may be kept ready by the tourist until required for use: they require no preparation previously to their being placed in the camera, and they can be preserved until a convenient opportunity offers for bringing out the picture, which is done in the most simple manner, with a material which can be any where procured.

Anxious to give the public the advantage of this process during the beautiful weather of the present season, I have not waited to perfect the manipulatory details which are necessary for the production of portraits. It is sufficient, however, to say, that experiment has satisfied me of its applicability for this purpose.

Prismatic examination has proved that the rays effecting this chemical change are those which I have elsewhere shown to be perfectly independent of solar light or heat. I therefore propose to distinguish this process by a name which has a general rather than a particular application. Regarding all photographic phenomena as due to the principal ENERGIA, I would nevertheless wish to distinguish this very interesting process as the ENERGIATYPE.

I enclose you a few specimens of the results already obtained. The exceeding sensibility of the Energiatype is best shown by an attempt to copy engravings or leaves by it. The three specimens I enclose were produced by an exposure of considerably less than one second.

I am, &c.,

ROBERT HUNT.

Falmouth, May 27, 1844.

CONINGSBY; OR, THE NEW GENERATION.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Coningsby; or, the New Generation. By B. D'Israeli, M. P. 3 vols.

We were fairly startled amidst the monotonous routine of conventional Fiction, by the appearance of this remarkable work. It is admirable in many points of view—for the fulness of its lore—for its profound development of our social system—the richness of its illustrations, drawn from far-scattered lands and literatures—its beauty and high finish as a work of art. But it is in none of these aspects it will most surprise the reader. It is something more than a novel—wider in reach, more serious in aim, and, above all, subtler in spirit. It is the confession of Faith of Young England. The shape of this Confession harmonizes felicitously with the elements of which it is composed—a passionate romance reared on a philosophical basis.

The thought of putting the political creed of the Young Blood of England into the disguise of a story, which should at the same time lay bare the vices of the creed of the Old Blood, was a happy one. Abstract principles and formulæ of all kinds have had their day. People want to see theories put into action—dramatized—before they will listen to them. The same amount of intellect—and it is great—which has been bestowed on the volumes before us, would have been absolutely wasted on a grave declaration of opinions. But these volumes will be read every where, and the opinions they contain will be diffused through every point of the compass. Even where they fail to hit, or where they are indignantly rejected, they will still make a disturbance of certain fixed ideas. The slightest shock imparted to the old system is a clear gain to the new.

The actual plot of Coningsby, apart from the episodical incidents which cluster round its progress, is exceedingly simple. The interest springs rather from the truthfulness than the variety or novelty of the details—all of which lie within our daily experience. Coningsby is the grandson of Lord Monmouth, a nobleman of great wealth, voluptuous habits, and considerable political influence. Lord Monmouth—a genuine Tory of the *very* old school—lives constantly out of England, leaving his parliamentary and private affairs in the hands of his creature, Mr. Rigby, a crafty partisan, member for one of his own boroughs, a cleverish speaker, and a writer of "slashing articles" in the *Quarterly*. Next to Rigby in the confidence of this virtuous nobleman, is one Villebecque, a sort of Swiss valet, who renders himself so useful to his master, that he at last takes the foot of his table, when his lordship entertains French actresses and *bon vivants*. This group is perfect in its kind, and fits closely in every articulation to that gross and sensual *régime* which was broken up but a few years since, and which still quivers with life in its fragments.

Coningsby is an orphan, dependent on this heartless, sagacious grandfather. He is sent to Eton, and from Eton to Cambridge—Lord Monmouth keeping him in reserve for the moment when he may be useful to him in his political schemes. In the mean while the Reform Bill is passing, and the clouds are clearing off men's minds on a variety of subjects hitherto seen only through a mist; and young men at Eton and Cambridge, bred in the Conservative interest, are beginning to rub their eyes, and wonder what has become of the ancient immutability of Toryism. They see the Conservatives giving way before the pressure of a popular demand, and then, having conceded all that was demanded, or won, stamping bravely, and throwing themselves into an attitude, exclaiming, "We are Conservatives!" The young men at Eton, perplexed and disappointed, raise their eyes, and ask, "What is it you conserve?" This question—thus springing up amongst the youth of Eton, and expanding itself in maturer years into an elaborate catechism—is the key to the whole work. The disciples of Young England visibly, openly, manfully, separate themselves from the Conservative party, because it is a Profession without a Faith The impossibility of the Conservative party consists in the impossibility of answering this question—"What do you propose to conserve?" This question thus put to the country, will vibrate to its core. And the answer from hill and valley, from borough and city, from riding and shire, will be—Nothing! The distinct charge is, that the Conservative party have no principles.

These considerations sink deeply into the minds of Coningsby and a few more earnest spirits, Henry Sydney, the son of a duke, Oswald Millbank, the son of a Lancashire manufacturer, and others—all portraits, and representatives of classes. They

become satisfied of the importance of measuring carefully their first steps, and of keeping aloof from party for the present, resolving not to run the risk, ignominiously fatal in so many instances! of adopting hereditary opinions, until they shall have first sounded their depths.

The course of inquiry and independence thus marked out, carries us into an extensive field of observation. Coningsby's social education is admirably calculated to prepare him for the gradual formation of a political creed. He visits the great manufacturing districts, where the power and intelligence of the productive order are for the first time practically expounded to him. The next phase of his experience is at Beaumanoir, the princely mansion of the Sydneys. Here he sees the aristocracy in its most refined and captivating aspect—large intellect, dignified ambition, repose, charity, grace, beauty. But this is the favorable side of the picture; the magnificent castle of Lord Monmouth presents the reverse. Here is a prodigal expenditure upon troops of foreigners, diplomatists, princesses, dancers, and singers—confusion, riot, grandeur, pomp without order, luxury without taste, passion without love. The soul of Coningsby quickens through these experiences, and the plot of the new party which is to vindicate the destinies of England, to purge it of its sensualities, and achieve its freedom upon intelligible principles, ripens in his brain.

Paris is visited next, and a new world opens upon the dreamer—new manners, new notions of society,—he is nearer than ever to the solution of the great problem. But something is wanted to supply this restless spirit with a motive. There must be something to love—if all the political constitutions in the world were to crumble to their base. And Coningsby loves with all the fervor and poetry of his youth. The object of his devotion is Edith Millbank, the sister of his Eton friend, the daughter of Lord Monmouth's great political and personal enemy. Here is a dilemma for love to start upon his course with. But it is a fitting thing that love should have such dilemmas to work through; and especially in this case, where it helps the hero to test the sincerity of his principles by a grand martyrdom. Passing over the minor incidents which impede his progress—the supposed rivalry of Sidonia, the great financier of the age, a character drawn with extraordinary power—the prohibition of his suit by Edith's father, after she has "told her love"—we come to the event out of which his future and final destinies are to be evolved.

Mr. Millbank, the great Lancashire manufacturer, is member for Darlford, a little borough lying in the very lap of Lord Monmouth's property. At the last election he beat Rigby, Lord Monmouth's nominee. This was one of the causes of his lordship's hatred of him. A new election is now likely to take place. The whig ministry have resolved on a dissolution, although they command a majority—a shaking one to be sure—in the house. In the interval the Tories have worked at the "registration," and hug themselves in a sort of wild delirious hope that they may yet carry the day. Lord Monmouth sends for Coningsby, desires him to go down instantly to Darlford, that every thing is prepared for his reception, to spare no expense, that the finest jockeying will be necessary, and not to give a point. Never was conservative skill so skilfully displayed, as in these brief, rapid, but pregnant instructions.

All I want now is to see you in Parliament. A man should be in Parliament early. *There is a sort of stiffness about every man, no matter what may be his talents, who enters Parliament late in life;* and now, fortunately, the occasion offers. You will go down on Friday; feed the notabilities well; speak out; praise Peel; abuse O'Connell and the ladies of the bedchamber; anathematize all waverers; say a good deal about Ireland; stick to the Irish Registration Bill—that's a good card; and above all, my dear Harry, don't spare that fellow, Millbank.

The profound sagacity of these hints makes less impression upon Coningsby than their total freedom from all responsibility in the way of principle. Then—to oppose Milbank, the father of Edith! Young love, as well as Young England, revolts at so monstrous a proposition: he can neither oppose the father of her he loves, nor pledge himself to a party he despises. Coningsby declines to accede to his lordship's wishes, temperately and even argumentatively, but with firmness. From this moment his doom is sealed. But it is a salutary trial that sets the seal of purity on our faith, whatever it be!

The sequel may be briefly dismissed. After a time Lord Monmouth dies. Every body expects that Coningsby will be his heir; but to every body's amazement large sums are left to Rigby and Villebecque,

and the residue of the immense fortune to an illegitimate daughter, who has hitherto passed as the child of Villebecque. Coningsby is pennyless, subsisting on the interest of a paltry ten thousand pounds. But his spirit is strong, and he resolves to go to the bar. He carries out this resolution valiantly; and while he is still plodding on at a special pleader's in the temple, he discovers one day that he has been put into nomination for Darlford by old Mr. Millbank, who is about to retire from the representation. The next morning he is whirled down, beats Rigby hollow, and is chaired through the borough to the delight of all parties. This is the *moral* of the book. At the opening, Rigby, the genius of electioneering politics, and of the old Tory rotten-borough hocus-pocus system, is in the ascendant, and Coningsby a boy, trembling under his keen eyes and vulgar effrontery. In the end, this boy, profiting by these despicable examples, and seeing how little reliance is to be placed upon the frauds of party, and how much upon truth, knowledge, and intelligence, rejects every attempt to corrupt him as he advances, dares to think and reason for himself, and finally defeats this very Rigby, the grisly champion of bigotry and intolerance, upon his own ground, and with his own *cheval de bataille*. It is the first manifestation of Young England—its first fair stand-up fight with Old Corruption—its first victory, the herald of endless triumphs over Falsehood and Hypocrisy.

The issue of the love story is not so satisfactory. Coningsby and Edith are married of course; but as Coningsby has no fortune, Millbank is obliged to provide him with one. The feeling is not agreeable; but fortunately the obligation does not last long. Lord Monmouth's daughter dies, and bequeaths to Coningsby the fortune she had so innocently intercepted; leaving the happy young couple standing on the threshold of that public life, through which, it is to be hoped, they will conduct themselves with purity and honor.

We suppose some objection will be taken to this work on account of its strong characterization of men and parties—Rigby, Monmouth, Lucian Gay, Henry Sidney, Buckhurst, Millbank, Sidonia, Tadpole, and Taper, the electioneering agents, ladies of *ton*, fashionable and political cliques, and those groups of unmistakable individuals who flutter with such airy reality round its brilliant pages. The introduction of the names of living statesmen, as influencing the political circumstances through which the fictitious characters move, will call forth discreet astonishment in some quarters. To people of a certain quality of imagination, a work of fiction must be a work of fiction—out and out. They will have it speak by the card, and cannot understand it otherwise. There were people who never could recognize Mr. Kemble out of black. But works of this *calibre* are not written to square with small canons, or to drop all at once into the open mouth of popular credulity. They step out of the traditional track, and set up their own standards. The objection we have anticipated seems to us to indicate the distinctive and most impressive merit of "Coningsby." It is emphatically a novel of our own times—of our own day—of the great political cycle, beginning with the Reform Bill, and ending, as far as we can see at present, with Young England. How many novels are there full of wit, and gayety, and knowledge of the world, and of our English society in particular, the scenes of which are laid under our eyes in Arlington-street and St. James's Square—yet which might be put back half a century, without the slightest risk of an anachronism of costume. Now there is no mistaking "Coningsby." The life of its century is breathed into it. You feel in its scenes the strong palpitation of movements which have not yet fulfilled their mission—the tone of the people is that of our actual experience—it is every where colored by existing influences, rife with matter pertinent to the time, and animated by a spirit of prophecy which takes its stand upon the present hour. To the future explorer of our institutions, who desires to investigate the real condition of the highest circles of society during the volcanic period comprehended within the compass of "Coningsby," we know no book—certainly no historical book—in which that strange history will be found depicted with such picturesque fidelity, vigor, and fearlessness.

It teems with characters, drawn by the hand of a great master: some of them palpable likenesses to living men, but all idealized into representative spirits of the time. Monmouth, profligate and mean, sumptuous in his pleasures, cowardly in his selfishness, heartless in his resentments; Rigby, cool, cringing, base, clever, and audacious; Sidonia, the marvel of all the courts of Europe, familiar with their languages,

histories, and wants, and embracing in the wide range of his intellectual acquisitions the policies, sciences, and philosophies of the ancient and the modern world; Millbank, judicious, earnest, blunt, and honest; Henry Sydney, the enthusiast who would regenerate the "peasantry," and restore England to her halcyon feudality;—these, and many more who stand out prominently, will be recognized at once by the reader, who will require no hint to guide him to what is meant by them. But nestling in obscure places and shadowy corners are touches of character no less valuable as illustrative memoranda of the age. We have noted numerous scraps of this kind. The sketch of Mr. Jawster Sharp, who, under the Reform Bill, represented one of the new boroughs, is the natural history of a genius spawned within the last fifteen years.

The borough was a manufacturing town, and returning only one member; it had hitherto sent up to Westminster a radical shopkeeper, one Mr. Jawster Sharp, who had taken what is called a "leading part" in the town on every "crisis" that had occurred since 1830; one of those zealous patriots who had set up penny subscriptions for gold cups to Lord Gray; cries for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill; and public dinners where the victual was devoured before grace was said; a worthy, who makes speeches, passes resolutions, votes addresses, goes up with deputations, has at all times the necessary quantity of confidence in the necessary individual; confidence in Lord Gray; confidence in Lord Durham; confidence in Lord Melbourne; and can also, if necessary, give three cheers for the king, or three groans for the queen.

But it is not merely in political sketches Mr. D'Israeli shows his strength. His portraits of mere drawing-room people, distinguished from each other by almost imperceptible tints, and expending all their faculties upon the *finesse* of fashionable intercourse, are equally shrewd and piquant. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Flouncey, "picked up" by Lord Monmouth during a Roman winter, and now on a visit at his castle, amongst a crowd of grand people who do not know them, are capital. We must afford the reader a few glimpses of the lady through sundry loops in the description.

Mrs. Guy Flouncey was very pretty, and dressed in a style of ultra fashion. However, she could sing, dance, act, ride, and talk, and all well: and was mistress of the art of flirtation * * * She came with a wardrobe which, in point of variety, fancy, and fashion, never was surpassed. Morning and evening, every day, a new dress equally striking; and a riding-habit that was the talk and wonder of the whole neighborhood. * * * At first the ladies never noticed her, or only stared at her over their shoulders; every where sounded, in suppressed whispers, the fatal question, "Who is she?" After dinner they always formed into polite groups, from which Mrs. Guy Flouncey was invariably excluded. * * It was indeed rather difficult work the first few days for Mrs. Guy Flouncey, especially immediately after dinner. It is not soothing to one's self-love sitting alone, pretending to look at prints in a fine drawing-room full of fine people, who don't speak to you.

But Mrs. Guy was not to be put out. *She was sure of an ally the moment the gentlemen appeared.* She went on inventing a thousand things for the amusement of the guests.

In a country house the suggestive mind is inestimable. Some how or other, before a week was past, Mrs. Guy Flouncey seemed the soul of every thing, was always surrounded by a cluster of admirers, and with what are called "the best men," ever ready to fall at her feet. The fine ladies found it absolutely necessary to thaw; they began to ask her questions after dinner. Mrs. Guy Flouncey only wanted an opening. She was an adroit flatterer, with a temper imperturbable, and *gifted with a ceaseless energy of conferring slight obligations.* She lent them patterns for new fashions, in all which mysteries she was very versant; and what with some gentle glozing, and some gay gossip, sugar for their tongues and salt for their tails, she contrived pretty well to catch them all.

The more grave women are no less successfully delineated. Lady Wallinger is a bit of true nature; and the Colonnas are full of force and dark energy. Beauty and spirituality in Mr. D'Israeli's hands become wonderfully luminous and intellectual. Edith is the beauty of one's dreams, with a womanly heart capable of great sacrifices and small resentments. The two French actresses at Richmond are like flashes of sunshine.

There are descriptive "bits," too, of great merit. Such for instance, as the interior at Beaumanoir.

There was not a country house in England that had so completely the air of habitual residence as Beaumanoir. It is a charming trait, and very rare. In many great mansions every thing is as stiff, formal, and tedious, as if your host were a Spanish grandee in the days of the Inquisition. No ease, no resources;

the passing life seems a solemn spectacle in which you play a part. How delightful was the morning-room at Beaumanoir, from which gentlemen were not excluded with that assumed suspicion that they can never enter it but for felonious purposes.

Such a profusion of flowers! such a multitude of books! such a various prodigality of writing materials! So many easy chairs too of so many shapes; each in itself a comfortable home; yet nothing crowded. Woman alone can organize a drawing-room; man succeeds sometimes in a library. And the ladies work! how graceful they look bending over their embroidery frames, consulting over the arrangement of a group or the color of a flower. The panniers and fanciful baskets overflowing with variegated worsted, are gay and full of pleasure to the eye, and give an air of elegant business that is vivifying. Even the sight of employment interests.

Then the morning costume of English women is itself a beautiful work of art. At this period of the day they can find no rivals in other climes. The brilliant complexions of the daughters of the north dazzle in daylight; the illumined saloon levels all distinctions. One should see them in their well-fashioned muslin dresses. What matrons and what maidens! full of graceful dignity, fresher than the morn! And the married beauty in her little lace cap. Ah! she is a coquette! A charming character at all times; in a country house an invaluable one.

The gathering of the boys at sunset in lounging groups in the Long Walk at Eton, canvassing the exploits and events of the morning:

The sports and matches of the day were over. Criticism had succeeded to action in sculling and in cricket. They talked over the exploits of the morning, canvassed the merits of the competitors, marked the fellow whose play or whose stroke was improving, glanced at another whose promise had not been fulfilled; discussed the pretensions and adjudged the palm. Thus public opinion is formed. Some too might be seen with their books and exercises, intent on the inevitable and impending task. Among these some unhappy wight in the remove wandering about with his hat in parochial fashion, seeking relief in the shape of a verse. A hard lot this. To know that you must be delivered of fourteen verses at least in the twenty-four hours, and to be conscious that you are pregnant with none. The lesser boys, urchins of tender years, clustered like flies round the baskets of certain venders of sugar delicacies that rested on the Long Walk wall. The pallid countenance, the lack-lustre eye, the hoarse voice clogged with accumulated phlegm, indicated too surely the unclaimable and hopeless votary of lollypop—the opium-eater of schoolboys.

The frequent use of the words "fellow," "row," and the like, and the classical imprecation "by Jove!" scattered freely through the conversation of the students, has a vulgar and tantalizing air, and would greatly perplex any foreigner who might attempt a translation of the work. But the vulgarity of these phrases is not chargeable upon Mr. D'Israeli, but upon that careless and defective system of education which has prevailed in all our principal schools for the last fifty years. "By Jove!" is regarded by our youth, for the most part, as rather an elegant and clever affectation.

The picture of Manchester is vivid and powerful. What art was to the ancient world, says the author, science is to the modern. Manchester, rightly understood, is as great a human exploit as Athens. Coningsby explores its wonders with a sense of unspeakable awe.

He entered chambers vaster than are told of in Arabian fable, and peopled with habitants more wondrous than Afrite or Peri. For there he beheld, in long continued ranks, those mysterious forms full of existence without life, that perform with facility, and in an instant, what man can fulfil only with difficulty and in days. A machine is a slave that neither brings nor bears degradation: it is a being endowed with the greatest degree of energy, and acting under the greatest degree of excitement, yet free, at the same time, from all passion and emotion. It is, therefore, not only a slave, but a supernatural slave. And why should one say that the machine does not live? It breathes, for its breath forms the atmosphere of some towns. It moves with more regularity than man. And has it not a voice? Does not the spindle sing like a merry girl at her work, and the steam-engine roar in jolly chorus like a strong artisan handling his lusty tools, and gaining a fair day's wages for a fair day's work?

Nor should the weaving-room be forgotten, where a thousand or fifteen hundred girls may be observed working like Penelope in the day-time; some pretty, some pert, some graceful and jocund, some absorbed in their occupation; a little serious some, few sad. And the cotton you have observed in its rude state, that you may have seen the silent spinner change into thread, and the bustling weaver convert into cloth, you may now watch as in a moment it is tinted with beautiful colors, or printed with fanciful patterns. And yet the mystery of mysteries is to view machines making machines; a spectacle that fills the mind with curious, and even awful, speculation.

We constantly fall in with capital criticisms upon national character. Here is a passage upon the jealousy which besets us

at every turn, and for which the best prescription is—travel.

How very seldom do you encounter in the world a man of great abilities, acquirements, experience, who will unmask his mind, unbutton his brains, and pour forth in careless and picturesque phrase, all the results of his studies and observation; his knowledge of men, books, and nature. On the contrary, if a man has by any chance what he conceives an original idea, he hoards it as if it were old gold; and rather avoids the subject with which he is most conversant, from fear that you may appropriate his best thoughts. One of the principal causes of our renowned dulness in conversation is our extreme intellectual jealousy. It must be admitted that in this respect authors, but especially poets, bear the palm. They never think they are sufficiently appreciated, and live in tremor lest a brother should distinguish himself. Artists have the repute of being nearly as bad: and as for a small rising politician, a clever speech by a supposed rival, or suspected candidate for office, destroys his appetite and disturbs his slumbers.

One of the chief delights and benefits of travel is, that one is perpetually meeting men of great abilities, of original mind, and rare acquirements, who will converse without reserve. In these discourses, the intellect makes daring leaps and marvellous advances. The tone that colors our after life is often caught in these chance colloquies, and the bent given that shapes a career.

In every thing that touches upon the poetry, strength, capacity, ambition of youth, our author displays the serious expression of deep and solemn feeling—and out of this Youth—this season of passionate dreams and energetic resolves—is to rise up the regenerating principles of our whole system: its purity is to redeem, its vigor to restore us. Youth is the age of heroes as well as poets. The greatest captains of ancient and modern times, exclaims Sidonia, conquered Italy at five-and-twenty. Gaston de Foix, Gustavus Adolphus, Maurice of Saxony, Bolingbroke, Pitt, were all great when they were young, or died young in the flower of their greatness. But let us escape from these generalities to the development of the particular opinions of which this book is the exponent on behalf of Young England.

It is stated very clearly (iii. 93–9) that the principles of the Exclusive Constitution having been abandoned by the Acts of 1827–8–32, a party arose who demanded that political liberalism should be carried to its full extent, by getting rid of all the fragments that remained of the old constitution. This is the Destructive Party.

These are opposed by another party who, having given up Exclusion, embrace only as much liberalism as suits the moment, and who, without an embarrassing promulgation of principles, wish to keep things as they find them as long as they can; but as a party must have a semblance of principles, they take the names of the things they have destroyed—the crown, although it is stripped of its prerogatives—the constitution in church and state, although it is defunct—the independence of the upper house latterly dwindled into a court of review. This is the Conservative Party.

Into these two divisions, it is contended, the nation is divided. Young England repudiates both. Revolution, in any sense, forms no part of the contemplated policy of Young England. Changes are to be approached cautiously, and only with full and universal warning. "True wisdom," says Coningsby, "lies in the policy that would effect its ends *by the influence of opinion, and yet by the means of existing forms.*" (iii. 103.) The full recognition of the authority of public opinion, the abolition of class legislation, the restoration to the sovereign of the sovereign prerogatives, which, it is alleged, the parliament has gradually usurped, (iii. 101,) enlarged religious freedom, and a system of legislation adaptive and progressive, appear to be the fundamental principles of the new sect.

Some of them may require explanation, especially the doctrine of vesting in the sovereign the sole power of government. Coningsby does not consider parliamentary representation necessary to the security of the country. The country goes on when the parliament is not sitting; but it is always represented by the press. Opinion is now supreme, and opinion speaks in print. Parliamentary representation was a device of a rude age—the representation of the press is more complete. He does not contemplate the abolition of parliament, although he evidently regards it as by no means an impossible contingency, but contends that if we are forced into revolutions, we ought to consider the idea of "a free monarchy established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local government, ruling an educated people, represented by a free and intellectual press." (iii., 103.) This is the monarchy Young England proposes when all incumbrances in the way of class interests and factitious

ascendencies shall have been cleared away. Whether it be practicable is not so much the question, as whether we are not now on the direct road that leads to it—although we may never probably reach the end of the journey.

The most ominous suggestive features of this work are indicated by the introduction of Mr. Millbank, a manufacturer, Mr. Eustace Lyle, a Roman Catholic, and Sidonia, the great capitalist, a Jew. Here we have three formerly antagonist elements lying down gently and confidingly with Toryism—at least with that section which has separated itself of late from the old body. By the popular influence given to Mr. Millbank, we see the weight conceded by aristocracy itself to industry and capital. "I defy any peer to crush me," (ii. 41,) exclaims Mr. Millbank. The association of Mr. Lyle with the party of Young England, affords a significant hint of its tendency to Puseyism. "Lyle," says Henry Sydney, "is of an old Cavalier family, and will not ally himself with anti-monarchists, and democrats, and infidels, and sectarians; at the same time, why should he support a party who pretend to oppose these, but who never lose an opportunity of insulting his religion, and would deprive him, if possible, of the advantages of the very institutions which his family assisted in establishing?" (i. 292.) The argument is cogent and irresistible, and has a heart and brain in it full of promise.

The emancipation of the Jews may be gathered as another object, no less desired by Young England. The grounds on which these various extensions of public rights proceed, may be assumed to be no less those of abstract justice, than the wise policy of strengthening public opinion and public confidence. Sidonia states the case of the Jews with an eloquence worthy of the loftiness of the theme. The passage is so grand that we must make room for a part of it.

"I contend that if you permit men to accumulate property, and they use that permission to a great extent, power is inseparable from that property, and it is in the last degree impolitic to make it the interest of any powerful class to oppose the institutions under which they live. The Jews, for example, independent of the capital qualities for citizenship which they possess in their industry, temperance, and energy and vivacity of mind, are a race essentially monarchical, deeply religious, and, shrinking themselves from converts as from a calamity, are ever anxious to see the religious systems of the countries in which they live, flourish; yet since your society has become agitated in England, and powerful combinations menace your institutions, you find the once loyal Hebrew invariably arrayed in the same ranks as the leveller and the latitudinarian, and prepared to support the policy which may even endanger his life and property, rather than tamely continue under a system which seeks to degrade him. The Tories lose an important election at a critical moment; 'tis the Jews come forward to vote against them. The church is alarmed at the scheme of a latitudinarian university, and learns with relief, that funds are not forthcoming for its establishment; a Jew immediately advances and endows it. Yet the Jews are essentially Tories. Toryism is, indeed, but copied from the mighty prototype which has fashioned Europe. And every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous to the society which is hostile to them."

And then he runs on with kindling ardor to show that the race cannot be destroyed—a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, and Christian inquisitors. The mixed persecuting races disappear—the poor persecuted race survives. At this moment, he continues, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries of degradation, the Jewish mind—the living Hebrew intellect—exercises a vast influence over the affairs of Europe. The list of Jews wielding authority and influence is astounding. Russian diplomacy in Western Europe is carried on by Jews—the professorial chairs of Germany almost monopolized by Jews—the Russian minister of finance, the son of a Lithuanian Jew—the minister of Spain, a Jew of Arragon—Soult, the son of a French Jew—the Prussian minister, a Prussian Jew; and then there are all the musicians, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendlesohn—Pasta, Grisi! The case of the Jews was certainly never put in so captivating a shape before. The roll of Hebrew celebrities, past and present, is magnificent; and the only difficulty we have about the matter is that it includes some famous persons whose descent through "'this dark blood" was never before suspected. In music the Hebrews are distinguished in every country in Europe, if not always as composers certainly in the executive department. Moscheles, Braham, and twenty others of equal reputation, might be added to Sidonia's catalogue. But music will not effect an entrance into the legislative chamber. The Orpheus who, in the present

complexion of things, should attempt so perilous an experiment, would be much more likely to attract the notice of the sergeant-at-arms than the eye of the speaker.

Young England's project, however, for the emancipation of the Jews does not contemplate, openly at least, an assault of this kind upon the constitution of Parliament. It is not stated by what process the Jews are to be admitted to a full participation in all political and social rights, but we infer that it is to be accomplished, together with a variety of other changes by the abolition of parliament itself. We regret, for two reasons, this mode of placing so grave a question—first, because we think the time is very distant when the people of England shall be induced to part with the representative principle; and second, because we should rather see this question of emancipation argued upon its own intrinsic and independent merits, and carried ultimately by their force alone, than thus deferred to a remote and exceedingly doubtful contingency, when it is not to be carried by any effort of justice, or even magnanimity; but to pass into use simply because there will be nothing to oppose its progress.

There must be differences of opinion about the politics of this work; and it is well there should, if there be any practical virtue in the ancient saying, that the waters are kept pure by agitation. But there can be no differences of opinion about its literary merits. It is, in our estimation, the greatest work Mr. D'Israeli has produced; comprehending a wider expanse of subjects than any of his former publications; of greater weight in its manner of treating the multifarious topics it embraces; and wholly free from that peculiar pageantry of style which, in his earlier productions, offended the judgment of his critics. The theories of Young England may never be accomplished; but this book, in which they are for the first time expounded, will be read with interest and curiosity when they shall have faded into a tradition.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAPE TOWN, [From *Sam Sly's African Journal.*]—The first impression that struck us most *on landing* was the *firm footing*, after so long a voyage. The next was the glare and heat of the sun, *and in November.* Then the number of black faces and hands, and shoeless feet, or "Images of God cut in ebony," that bespoke an African soil, when in England we had only been accustomed to see a straggler now and then, out of his element at the road-side, sunning himself as well as he could, near a wall, or begging, or in the hall of some retired Bengal Indian, behind a carriage, or flourishing the drumsticks over the big drum in St. James's Park. The old jetty had an interesting appearance, what with the number of wooden houses or "*lockers*," the busy hum and bustle of arrivals and departures, of boats, wagons, and coolies, the Castle and its mud walls, and the moat around, and the little white tower on the ramparts. The houses (whilst threading the street for a domicile) had to us a curious effect; they seemed so short and dwarfish to those we had been accustomed to, and looked, with their flat roofs, as though the tops had been blown off. It was singular to observe such a liberal display of whitewash and green paint—to see so many small panes and quaint devices over windows and doors, and so many lamps or lanterns, but neither burning oil, candle, or gas. It seemed odd to find so many "*stoeps*," or raised promenades to every house, and no pavement for the many, and so few shop windows. We were much amused at the incessant and universal crowing of cocks, in every direction, and at the uncommon quantity of curs, blinking in the sun, of every description—not two alike—and none of a decided character, but all mixed and all mongrel—too idle and cowardly to fly at you, and too suspicious to wag their tails and make your acquaintance. It was strange to see so many heads in red kerchiefs and conical-shaped straw hats like funnels, or inverted whipping-tops—to see such a number of Malay boys like little old men cut short, in the full complement of habiliments with their grandfathers. To see twenty oxen in one rudely-constructed wagon, with little or nothing in it, and a mere gipsy's tent at the end, or like an elephant linked to a mouse. It was charming to find so many shady oaks along the streets. It was quite delightful to breathe so pure an atmosphere, to see hedges of roses and myrtles, and the same of aloes, an inch of which is an exhibition in a flowerpot, in our grandmother's conservatories in England, and preserved to see if "it *does* blow once in a hundred years," and to find *real* oranges growing on the trees without the aid of glass. It was strange to find uncovered ditches running up the principal streets, to hear no bells or music, and to mark the apathy and indifference of every one, in so bright a region. It was queer to perceive so many women and girls, squatting on their haunches at doorways, with nothing to do, and labor so much in request. It was laughable to see gentlemen and giants on horseback in green veils, and others on foot all in white in November, like a miller powdered with his own flour. It was rare to find a lady walking, or hear a bird whistle or scent a sweet flower, or meet with a drop of cream, or taste a good cheese, or a good loaf and not gritty, or a leg of mutton with too much gravy, or a glass of good "*home brewed*," or find too many windows cleaned, or a bow window, or a finger post, or the sign of the "*Spread Eagle*," the "*Bricklayers' Arms.*" It was charming to see picturesque spots by moonlight, and sit on the jetty before "gun-fire," and mark the bold outlines of that "*Table*," known and read of all men. In truth, these "*first impressions*" are not easily forgotten, and it is worth a long journey to be made sensible of them, and to luxuriate in the sweetness and purity of the atmosphere.—*Athenæum.*

ON MANNERS, FASHIONS, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

BY CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH.

THE SLIDING SCALE OF MANNERS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

It is really curious to observe how long we continue to see customs and usages practised in every society, as a regular matter of course indeed, before we think of giving them just and appropriate names, capable of fully characterizing their merits to the world. This is doubly curious at a period when so many great national measures have been carried, not by the force of argument, but merely by the force of names, and without any effort having been made, or attempted to be made, for the purpose of calmly ascertaining how far the liberal, philanthropic, or reforming title, corresponded with the legislative enactment it was put forward to secure. We have no doubt that many very fashionable members of the fashionable world have long regulated their manners according to the wealth, rank, and station of the persons with whom they chanced to be thrown together; but we have never seen the practice, however open and avowed in these times, reduced to rules and estimated accordingly. We have all occasionally seen well-dressed persons behaving with what seemed perfect courtesy towards a peer, and with the most perfect and polite impertinence to some plain nobody; but though the mischievous laughed, and the good sighed, none ascribed such conduct to the admirable *Sliding Scale of Manners*, now so generally introduced, and so well adapted to the character of modern and fashionable society.

I cannot, I think, do better than illustrate this point by an extract from a lately published novel, *The Fortunes of the Falconars*, by Mrs. Gordon, a very charming work, which I recommend every person to read, as I feel confident that none will rise from its perusal without having been deeply interested, and it may be, also, greatly improved.

Eleanor Falconar, the heroine, who is poor, as heroines should be, is on a visit at the house of some wealthy relations of the name of Livingston. All are persons of good family and standing.

"The conversation at table chiefly consisted of short sentences enunciated by Mr. Livingston and his son, touching the all-important topics of wines and cookery. Of the female part of the company, Lady Susan from time to time responded in a low voice to questions or remarks addressed to her by the heads of the house, and looked as if the remainder of the party were entirely beneath her notice; the aunts praised and were delighted with every thing; Mrs. Livingston was condescendingly agreeable, and Eleanor sat nearly silent, experiencing, in full perfection, the comfortable sensation of being nobody.

"Dinner over, the same scene continued to be enacted in the drawing-room, varied only by the arrival of tea and coffee, and of the gentlemen. The ladies collected around a table placed near the fire, and each produced her work. Mrs. Livingston was renowned for her skill in those elegant and useless efforts of female ingenuity, which delude those who exercise their hands upon them into a notion that they are spending their time to advantage; and Lady Susan was an adept in the same species of craft: most part of the conversation, therefore, turned upon this, to the aunts, deeply interesting topic. Mr. Livingston, meanwhile, paced the spacious apartment with long strides, and occasionally sat down for a few minutes to a newspaper, and his son took up a new number of the *Sporting Magazine*, and extended himself upon a sofa.

"Thus intellectually passed some part of the endless evening. Then there was a humble request preferred to Lady Susan for some music. This was negatived by her ladyship, 'She really could not possibly sing to-night.' Then perhaps she would favor them with an air on the harp? 'No;' her ladyship positively could not play to-night; she was fatigued, and her music had not been brought down stairs; they must be so good as to excuse her.

"'Does Eleanor play?' asked Mrs. Livingston of her sister.

"'A little, I believe,' was the reply.

"'I am sure Eleanor is no musician,' observed aunt Annie, looking up from her knitting.

"'Will you give us a little music, my dear?' at last inquired Mrs. Livingston of her niece herself.

"'I am no musician, aunt Livingston,' said Eleanor, smiling; 'but I shall be very happy to play a little if you wish it.'

"'Do so, my dear; music is a necessary of life with us almost, we are so much accustomed to it.'

"Eleanor willingly exchanged her position at the work-table for the pianoforte, which was a very fine instrument. It had long been a received opinion amongst her aunts that she could hardly play at all, founded upon their having heard from her mother during her childhood, that she showed no particular talent for music; and this opinion, like most others, once formed and matured in the minds of the Misses Falconar, was henceforward ineradicable. Yet, notwithstanding this, Eleanor's finger

on the pianoforte, though not brilliant, was very sweet and graceful, and her taste faultless. Her performance over, she was rewarded as she resumed her seat at the table, by a 'thank you, my dear, very pretty,'—uttered in a condescending tone by her aunt and a murmur of approbation from Mr. Livingston, who never uttered a louder demonstration of pleasure after the musical displays of any but his own daughters.

"'How exquisitely Gertrude plays,' exclaimed aunt Elizabeth, addressing her sister; 'and Amabel too. I don't know which of their instrumental music is the most delightful.'

"'I think,' said Mrs. Livingston, 'that of the two, Gertrude's is perhaps the most brilliant execution. Amabel certainly has the finest voice.'

"'Yes, *they* are really to be called musicians,' pronounced aunt Annie with emphasis.

"'So they have a good right to be, Miss Annie,' said Mr. Livingston; 'they have had the first masters. I was always resolved they should have every advantage that money could procure; and I own, I think they do no discredit to the sums spent on their education.'

"'No, that they do not, indeed,' exclaimed aunt Elizabeth. 'There are few girls so universally admired.'

"'It is a pity,' said Mrs. Livingston, 'that you have not heard Lady Susan's fine voice to-night; but I hope you may ere long have that enjoyment. Your duets with Amabel are charming, Lady Susan.'

"'Amabel's voice and mine suit remarkably well,' replied her ladyship in a languid tone.

"'I wish you would go and sing something, Susan,' said her lord and master, breaking silence for the first time since tea.

"'I can't sing to-night, George, my voice is quite gone.'

"'Come,' interposed Mr. Livingston, 'I won't have Lady Susan teased any more about singing. Surely it is time the tray were brought up,' &c. &c.

"'If we go on as we have begun to-night, Ferneylee will prove but a dull residence,' thought Eleanor, as she seated herself by the fire in a small but comfortable chamber allotted to her, &c. &c.

"She thus, during the first ten days of her stay, enjoyed ample opportunity of observing, for the sake of future comparisons, the difference made, in a large country house, between Nobody and Somebody, as visitors beneath its roof."

Now here we have various gradations of the *Sliding Scale* admirably displayed, as well in the conduct of the party generally, as in their conduct to the wealthy and high-born Lady Susan, on the one side, and to our poor heroine, Eleanor, on the other. Nor is the picture exaggerated; we could draw fifty of the kind, and so could any fair and manly observer, who has mixed in what is termed fashionable society. Still more in the would-be fashionable society; for, though we often meet with affectation and pretension even in the ranks of the peerage, it must be admitted that, generally speaking, the best and highest breeding is to be found in the highest circles, where its absence, indeed, would be least excusable; the border-clans, uncertain of their exact position, anxious to be included among the *somebodies*, invariably contain the greatest number of insufferables; that is, as far as society is concerned, for you often meet in these circles individuals of high merit, and who have risen by talent and honorable exertion; but their striving, or that of the younger branches of their families rather, for fashionable distinction on one side, and the haughty efforts too often made on the other, by second-rate fashionables, to keep them out, tend greatly to introduce a very indifferent tone of manners.

Now in all the intercourse between these different parties, from highest to lowest, the *Sliding Scale*, as detrimental to good manners as to good feeling, is invariably resorted to; and after all from mere ignorance. It is no doubt painful to speak thus of my fashionable public, which contains in its ranks so many really charming persons, and, what is more to the purpose, so many pretty girls; but truth must be told at times, and I repeat that the *Sliding Scale* of manners, now so generally in vogue, is only the result of deplorable and downright ignorance; nor is it an ignorance of which any will boast, when once fairly exposed, as exquisites formerly boasted of being unable to write their own names. The ladies and gentlemen of the *Sliding Scale* are courteous to persons of high rank and station, as indeed they ought to be; they show that they can behave well, and yet they cool down in manner towards others of inferior station, exactly in proportion to the grades the *Nobodies* may chance to hold on the scale, and descend from polite courtesy to polite rudeness—the most impertinent of all kinds of rudeness.

It is, indeed, highly diverting, at times, to behold the active working of the *Scale*, and its rapid sliding from one degree—from one extreme even—to another. We recommend the curious in such matters to take a favorable position in the drawing-room, and observe the arrivals and the receptions guests experience at any fashionable party; it will well reward the trouble. Notice

the lady of the house in particular; for, though gentlemen are in fact greater *sliders* than ladies, the latter do things more gracefully, and with a prettier air. You will there see the delight, however subdued, that is evinced in receiving the high in rank, station, or fashionable reputation; the easy and friendly manner that falls to the lot of those next on the scale; then there is the pretty *empressé* courtesy of pleasure, the profound courtesy of hate, the graceful courtesy of indifference, the sliding courtesy to the right or left, according to position—which says, "Pass on." There we see both hands extended to receive "dear Lady A.," one hand held out to greet Mrs. Nabob B., and three fingers given, with a familiar nod, to Miss Nobody C. Nor is this all, for we have the sweet little head leant over to the left when a younger brother is advancing from the right; and a word or nod to Sir John, cast over the right arm, while acknowledging parson Lackliving's formal bow on the left. There are a thousand pretty little tricks and manœuvres besides, all equally graceful and expressive, though impossible to be rendered by description. A good observer will easily distinguish the groups who are invited to give *éclat* to the party, those who are only invited "because they must be invited," those again who are to be delighted and astonished at every thing, and the odd rank and file called in to fill places and no more.

Nor are the guests behind the hosts in tactics; far from it, for many would have you think that they only come to confer an obligation, some even to confer an honor. The vapid exclusive affects to lounge in merely to kill time, and, looking round on the crowded rooms, seems to ask, "Is there any one here?" while many, on the other hand, show at once that they come to act the part of regular sycophants. In general, the young girls are the happiest on such occasions; and, though you see some who have no idea beyond being admired, they still bring the greatest portion of hilarity and cheerfulness with them into company, and cast, indeed, when not spoilt by fortune-hunting mothers, or the heartless and artificial tone of modern manners, the principal charm over the so-called brilliant and fashionable society of the day.

Nor is there any concealment affected in this transit from one degree of the scale to another. The *sliders*, indeed, if they gild over actual coarseness, deem it right to show that it is only condescension on their part, nothing more, and never intended it to pass for genuine coin, which is always reserved for very different parties.

Now all this, when not simple and silly affectation, is the result of mere ignorance —to give it the gentlest name possible; for persons behaving in this manner wish, in fact, to be thought something *distingué*, elevated in sentiments, feelings, intellect, or mental refinement, the very reverse of what their manners, which, if not founded in ignorance, must be looked upon as ignoble and low-minded, prove them to be. And for the best and cleverest of all reasons, that every person of true worth, endowed with generous sentiments, with the kind, noble, and lofty feelings men are proud to possess and ashamed to want, delights in being courteous and polite, and never resorts to an opposite line of conduct, unless where cases of open and avowed personal hostility place all social intercourse entirely out of the question. If this last proposition is just, and it will hardly, we think, be disputed, the *sliders* have only the choice between the ignorance of which we have in our gentleness accused them, and that rottenness of heart, from which, where there is knowledge, rudeness and bad manners can alone arise. Q. E. D.

Nor must it be supposed that a mere absence of coarse language and rude manners is sufficient to constitute the degree of courtesy due to society, and to the individuals of whom it is so composed. Very far from it indeed, for, with ordinary good feeling, courtesy of manner is so easy, so absolutely natural, that a mere absence of discourtesy can save none from deserved reproach. And as it is as easy to answer an inquiry respecting the hour of the day, in a polite, as in a rude or indifferent manner, the first only must be expected from persons making any pretensions to good breeding; for, though a *Nobody* should chance to be the questioner, there is not, as so many persons seem to think, the least derogation from dignity, in replying courteously even to Monsieur Personne.

Many will, I fear, conclude, from these premises, that rudeness and want of courtesy are necessarily, when evinced by educated persons, proofs of envy, bad temper, or selfishness, of that rottenness of heart of which we have spoken. But this, I think, would be a harsh conclusion, for it is very evident that a great deal of it results mere-

ly from silly affectation and ignorance. My opinion is, indeed, that society should tolerate neither the one nor the other, and never permit the use of the *Sliding Scale* of manners under any circumstances. But what can be done, when so many worthy persons will not perceive its existence, and always declare the condescension of great people to be the very pink and perfection of elegant and refined courtesy, talking incessantly of the kind and considerate attention shown by "dear Lady A." to all her guests, and of the "frank and delightful hospitality of Sir John B.'s splendid mansion;" and that too, at the very time when every one knows that Lady A. and Sir John B. practise the *Sliding Scale* to an extent that none of their own footmen can equal.

Now the worts feature of the whole case is, that these very persons who affect such perfect blindness to the vulgar condescension of which we have spoken are, in fact, as clear-sighted as others; for nothing is so easily seen through as this slightly gilded impertinence, only they would rather be thought blind than be taken for sycophants, and rather submit to insult, than forego the society whence they derive what they would call fashionable distinction.

Let me here relate a trifling anecdote, which, though not exactly to the point before us, touches pretty considerably on the general subject.

Our regiment happening, some years ago, to be quartered near a fashionable watering-place, it was usual for officers when off duty to ride over and pass a day or two with the gay world there assembled, whenever we heard that the party was rich in beauty or in agreeable society.

While idling in the drawing-room after dinner one evening, we were told that a new guest had arrived; our informant adding that he was "a very good-looking fellow." The last portion of the information did not please some of the would-be dandies of the party who were paying particular attention to the ladies present, several of whom were, indeed, extremely pretty. They declared, therefore, that they had seen the man, and that it was only "the handsome tailor," as a snip from the neighboring town was, from his good looks, very deservedly called, and who would not of course think of joining the party at the hotel. The thing, having been said in apparent seriousness, there being besides no perceptible wit or humor in saying it as a jest, was readily believed, so that when a young gentleman answering the description entered the room and placed himself at one end of the tea-tables, lady after lady, and dandy after dandy, rose from their seats and joined other parties. The stranger looked a little surprised to find himself thus left alone, but took no notice of the rudeness, and proceeded very calmly to help himself to the best things present. The fine ladies and gentlemen of the party did not take things so quietly, and though a single look might have satisfied any one that he was a gentleman, they despatched a secret messenger to the landlord calling for the immediate expulsion of the supposed tailor. Mine host was of course forced to obey, and sent his waiter to inform the obnoxious guest that Mr. Thomson wished to speak with him.

"Who is Mr. Thomson?" inquired the stranger with perfect composure.

"The master of the house, sir," replied John.

"Oh! tell Mr. Thomson to walk in, and that I shall be happy to see him."

Out went John, evidently a little disconcerted, to do his bidding, warning his master at the same time that the young gentleman looked "more like a lord than a tailor."

Mr. Thomson, however, thought differently; the parties who had desired the tailor's expulsion kept horses and carriages, and could not be mistaken; besides, the stranger had come on the top of the coach, and had not even a servant with him; there could be no mistake in the case. Entering the room, therefore, he told the stranger in a half-whispering tone, but with perfect politeness, that the drawing room was exclusively appropriated to the use of the "company," and that he had another apartment ready for his reception in which tea was already served, and to which, making a move to the door, he begged leave to show the way.

"Thank you—thank you!" replied the stranger with continued calmness, "I am extremely well here; plenty of room has, you see, been made for me."

An ill-suppressed titter, in which the stranger seemed greatly inclined to join, ran round the room; and mine host, who had prepared no further speech, could only remonstrate with "hems," broken phrases, and awkward bows; the stranger keeping his seat and sipping his tea with the most imperturbable gravity. The culprit having at last finished his repast, and seeing Mr. Thomson still, as it seemed, waiting for

him, looked up and asked the meaning of all this anxiety to get rid of him. Mine host, thus driven to the wall, was obliged to confess that the drawing-room was not intended for *gentlemen* of his profession.

"My profession!" said the stranger; "and pray what is that?"

Mr. Thomson was evidently confused and desirous of evading an answer, but the new guest would not let him off.

"Speak out, man," he said, "your house is your castle, let us hear what my profession is; if it is a good one, I promise not to disown it."

"Why, a tailor to be sure, since you will have it," replied mine host, thus forced upon his mettle; while a roar of laughter, in which the young gentleman joined right heartily, burst from the whole party. The supposed tailor, having regained his gravity, pointed with a nod to his hat, in the manner of a person accustomed to be waited upon, and having received it from mine host, who handed it in proper courtesy, said, with perfect good humor,—

"Well, Mr. Thomson, let us now look at this room of yours. I like the situation of your house, and if you can find good stabling for my horses, and quarters for my servants, who are not so easily pleased as I am, I shall probably remain a few days with you. I suppose you will want my name for your book; there's my card,"—Lord A. B. "And let me give you a piece of advice at the same time: whenever you see a tailor, travelling with a batch of horses and servants, shut your eyes to the goose, man—shut them close—otherwise the world will say that you are the greater goose of the two."

A burst of laughter followed this sally. The gentlemen, who from mere envious motives, from not wishing to have a good-looking young man added to the circle, had represented our new guest as a tailor, vanished without being even missed; while his lordship became the very soul of the party, though they hardly deserved so much courtesy at his hands, for a very little observation would have shown them that he was evidently a gentleman of the first water. A very little reflection ought also to have made them sensible of the impropriety of behaving with, what was in reality, extreme rudeness—and would probably have been considered as such by a man of inferior cast—to a person of whom they knew absolutely nothing, and before they could even take the trouble to inquire how far they had any cause of complaint against him. The *Sliding Scale*, however, accounts for all; for it shows us crowds of persons who can never be too little before the great, and others again, who can never be too great—or in too great a hurry to be so—before those whom they think little.

And yet what a delightful change would come over the world—how cheerful, buoyant, and exhilarating, would be the sunshine in which we should constantly move, if ladies and gentlemen would only feel convinced that their friends and neighbors see as clearly as they do themselves, and that society at large are never long imposed upon by acting of any kind. Affectation and pretension, the bland but heartless smile of malignant envy, the mighty frown of would-be greatness, whether of wealth, power, or intellect, the humility of pride or of meanness, are all seen through with equal facility.

"Pour paraître honnête homme, en un mot, il faut l'être,
Et jamais quoiqu'il fasse, un mortel ici bas
Ne peut aux yeux du monde, être ce qu'il n'est pas,"

says Boileau, and very truly; for men are physiognomists, *bongré*, *malgré*, even while they deny the accuracy of the science, which is only an imperfect one because it confines itself to the lineaments of the face, whereas character is displayed in every attitude and gesture, in the voice, tone, and manner of every word uttered, as well as in every step, bow, look, or move, of the best-drilled follower of fashion. Children are physiognomists, dogs are admirable physiognomists; but ladies and gentlemen are not, because they dare not always avow the moving springs of their actions and manners. Few would wish to confess that their hearts are fairly open to scrutiny, though, in most cases, we should probably discover, after all, more of weakness than of wickedness muffled up in their folds.

It is affecting to think, indeed, that at a time when steam-boats and spinning-machines have made such rapid progress, the far more important art of polishing manners—or its result, the art of pleasing—should still be so far behind; for though the world is some 6000 years old, there are, as we see, many points, essentially affecting the ordinary intercourse of society, of which my fashionable public are still in utter darkness. I might say in deplorable darkness, for, among the classes to whom these papers are more particularly addressed, a

great deal of the so-called happiness of life depends, after all, on the mere *manner* in which the most ordinary acts of every-day intercourse are gone through; if the parties we meet and transact business with, whether for pleasure and amusement, or in the pursuits of ambition or profit, are agreeable or disagreeable in their manners, are proficient in, or ignorant of, the art of pleasing.

Though I have seen an Arowak Indian, adorned with blue paint and parrot's feathers, striving hard to act the agreeable towards the copper-colored belle of the tribe, and know that there is a system of etiquette observed at the court of Ashantee as well as at the court of St. James's, it *may* yet be true that the so-called useful arts precede the agreeable ones. Certain it is that the latter only extend their influence as knowledge advances, as society becomes more polished and refined, and as our sentiments and perceptions of what is due to conduct, character, acquirements, sentiments of honor, learning, and intellect,—to the nobler and better qualities of our nature—become more generally and universally admitted. In educated society we are each and all forced to claim a certain portion of these qualities—they constitute our ticket of admission; and, claiming from our neighbors the respect due to us on these grounds, we are certainly bound to give them the same amount of credit, and treat them accordingly.

But have we fulfilled our duty in this respect? and are refined manners—or, to simplify the term—is a due attention to the art of pleasing properly enforced by society? We suspect not: the very existence, indeed, of the *Sliding Scale of Manners* shows how far we are yet behind, though the importance of the subject has been long perceived, as is amply proved by the books and codes of instruction to which it has given rise.

In 1637 Baltasar Graciano, of Catalayud, in Arragon, already published an advice to courtiers, entitled, *el Oraculo Manuel, y arte de prudencia.* In Paris, Bellegarde, Vaumoriere, and others, followed in the same line, till, in the next century, England eclipsed all foreign nations by the glory which Chesterfield acquired as master of ceremonies to the very graces themselves.

Whether the study of the graces, as recommended by the accomplished peer, required gifts of a higher order, more refinement and mental cultivation, or, above all, greater sacrifices of individual sufficiency and pretension, than suits the fashionable public of the nineteenth century, need not be argued here; as it is enough for our purpose to know—what is, indeed, sufficiently apparent—that the art of pleasing has been completely superseded by the science of etiquette. This science, the wide-spread study of which, particularly in our own country, so strongly marks the real spirit of the age, could hardly fail to obtain numerous followers the moment it obtained influence; for it is easily acquired, suits the meanest capacity, and enables the most perfect mediocrity to act—what it fancies—a part, by merely following prescribed mechanical rules natural to all persons of good breeding, but absolutely worthless by themselves, as they only form the frame, and the ungilt frame, indeed, of the portraiture which the Art of Pleasing can alone fill up and render valuable. And yet it is within this worthless framework, fortified by these silver-*spoon* rules, that so many person think themselves entitled to sport their *Sliding Scale* manners; a scale that certainly tends to lower the general tone of social intercourse, and though it rarely imposes, even upon the foolish, furnishes invariable amusement to the mischievous. It is really afflicting to think how some of the grandest *Sliders* in the land are occasionally laughed at by wicked wags, that were thought to have been almost annihilated by the superlative bearing of the very objects of their merriment. "It is too bad."

Now do not misunderstand what I have here said about etiquette, which is very well in its way, and perhaps indispensable. In this country it is, at all events, very useful; for we have so many able, excellent, and deserving persons, constantly rising from the humbler ranks to wealth and station, by pursuits that precluded them mixing early in polished society, and becoming acquainted with the manners of fashionable life, that it is of advantage to have some fixed rules laid down for their guidance; rules that shall prevent them from crossing their legs Yankee fashion, over a dinner table, or picking their teeth with a fork *à la Française.* But this is to give no sanction to persons of any class, whether *nouveaux riches* or aristocrats of the oldest standing, to assume the slightest particle of merit for a knowledge of and adherence to mere rules and forms, more easily learned than the duties of the footman who waits upon them at dinner.

"But a truce to these cynical remarks," I think I hear the reader say; "teach us the Art of Pleasing, and you will find plenty of willing disciples; for we are all anxious to please in society, and be well thought of in the world, but do not always know how to set about it. Let fops of all classes, the rude, the vapid, the affected, say what they will, they act the part most congenial to their capacity, and give themselves airs because they can do no better; they would gladly be distinguished for skill in the art of pleasing, be men of gallantry, of elegant and refined manners, if they could, and only pretend to undervalue and disdain that excellence which they cannot attain. No, no; only show us the way to please, and we shall gladly follow."

There may be some truth in this; but it is not easy to reduce the Art of Pleasing to rules and regulations. All that can be done is to call upon society to maintain their own dignity, to prevent them from affecting blindness, from shutting their eyes to the evils of the *Sliding Scale*, and from receiving counterfeit coin instead of real good breeding and manners. What single pen could polish down the vulgar barbarian, the bully of society? who can amend the pompous blockhead, the man of envious and envenomed vanity? what cure, short of the actual *knout*, can improve the jealous, vapid, affected, and pretending? what is to be done with the numerous class who purposely study the art of displeasing? some from the impulse of bad hearts and coarse minds; others from the silly vanity which makes them anxious to act the *magnifico* in so exalted a style as not to admit of their appearing polite or attentive to ordinary mortals; others, again, because they fear to fail in doing the agreeable, but are sure to succeed in acting the ruffian. No single effort can, I repeat, remedy these evils; all we can do is to hold up the mirror of truth, and shame society into the performance of its duty.

It was at a party only last winter, that Mr. Coarsegrain bandied words with Miss Smirkwell, who, forgetting that she was engaged to dance with him, had provided herself with another partner; and he was yet, notwithstanding such conduct, invited to almost every succeeding ball of the season. Ladies never jilt me about mere dances; the cruel dears reserve these tricks for matters that more nearly affect the heart; but had a lady cut me about a dance, I should only have expressed my regret at her having forgot me so soon—should have assured her that a thousand years could not obliterate her image from the tablets of my memory. In such a case, the other *cavaliero*, unless a regular vulgarian, would instantly have withdrawn his claim, and declared that it was happiness enough for him to have been, even for a moment, thought worthy of dancing with Miss Smirkwell; who, as far as he was concerned, was to consider herself perfectly disengaged, and at full liberty to dance with any one deserving the honor. Such conduct would have led at once to smiles, bows, and pretty speeches, instead of frowns and harsh words, which should be considered as altogether excluded from ladies' society.

"But you forget," I think I hear Mrs. Huntwell say, "that Mr. Coarsegrain's estate is worth five thousand a-year."

True, true; and this may account for the subsequent invitations, but cannot justify them.

At the same time I would recommend ladies never to make such double engagements; there can be no great difficulty in recollecting who is to be the partner for the third quadrille or second waltz; or if you have a bad memory, take a little ivory tablet with you, and register the gentlemen according to a German fashion, which I always thought a little affected. Inattention to this trifling matter—sometimes, I fear the result of a little vanity—occasions ill blood and bad feeling, and should be most carefully avoided. On the Continent, especially in France, it is a law *de rigueur* that no lady, after making such a mistake, dances again during the evening; and though I deem it ludicrous in the extreme to see a grim and moustachioed dandy keeping fierce watch to prevent a pretty girl from joining a quadrille, I still think it right to have some rein kept over ladies' caprices.

To return, however, to the direct thread of my subject.

Though the Art of Pleasing cannot be taught by mere rules, we may yet lay down some general principles for the guidance of those who are willing to profit by them. The simple Christian maxim, indeed, which tells us to do by others as we would be done by ourselves, contains the very essence of all that can be said on the subject. But do we follow the maxim in our intercourse with the world? No, truly. Forgetting that it is far more meritorious to be beloved than admired, we go into society

to astonish the natives, to excite wonder, but rarely, indeed, with the least intention of evincing a particle of admiration for any one else, the stoicism of the *nil admirari* school being looked upon as the very perfection of high breeding. And from whom does the reader suppose this boasted tone of fashion has been derived? From the high, accomplished, and cultivated of the earth? No, faith! from the very opposite class; from the dull, the ignorant, and the savage. We who write have seen this species of fashionable stoicism displayed in the highest perfection sby Arowak Indians, who deem it beneath their dignity to evince surprise or admiration on any occasion, as they wish it to be believed that they are perfectly familiar with all that is most excellent and exalted in the world. By the united testimony of all African travellers, every petty Negro despot excels in the same style of fashionable deportment, and retains as much apparent composure at the sight of a scarlet-bay's cloak and bottle of rum, that make his very heart throb again, as he would on beholding a bowl of palm wine, or ordinary piece of Negro-worked cloth. The merit of the *nil admirari* system is not, therefore, of a very high order or brilliant origin.

For my own part, I confess that I have no patience with my fashionable public on this point. A captain of the Royal Horse Grenadiers has certainly as much right to be fastidious as any one can have, and yet I never go into society, never move about the world with parties of pleasure, as parties are sometimes miscalled, without seeing a vast deal that is to be admired. Where is the ball-room in Britain, in which you will not find many, very many pretty, often charming, women, with evidence of every thing that is kind, generous, affectionate,—with intelligence and feeling beaming from animated eyes and expressive features,—women, with the young of whom, whether plain or pretty, you almost fancy yourself in love at first sight, while you feel that with the old you could instantly harmonize in thoughts, sentiments, and opinion? How delightful, indeed, is the society and conversation of an old lady, who retains the kindly feeling of youth, the frank generosity of heart, open to the impressions of all that is great, good, and beautiful; who joins to the result of education a knowledge of society, and the quick and just perception for which the sex are distinguished; who can appreciate and join in the praise of merit, grieve for the faults and errors of the fallible, smile and laugh—and that right heartily, too—at the follies of the vain, the ignorant, and pretending! There is, in fact, no conversation equal to that of a cheerful old lady. Nor are gentlemen of talents, acquirements, and finished manners, ever wanting in English society; you know them at once by their countenances, by the truly British countenance, the noblest the world has yet to show. They may chance to be neither peers nor *millionaires*, though the peerage is rich in such men, but folly only can act the port of the haughty exquisite in their presence.

You cannot enter a gentleman's library, however ill arranged, that is not full of books which have been, and are to be, the admiration of ages. You cannot pass through the gallery where his fathers frown, in "rude and antique portraiture around," without being struck by the noble lineaments that so often break through the bad painting and atrocious costumes that disfigure our old family portraits. Nay, you cannot walk in the worst laid-out flower-garden, the most contracted lawn, or dingy shrubbery, without finding constant objects of admiration; for there is not a leaf that grows, a flower that blooms, there is not a sprig of heath that bends beneath the gales of the north, that is not absolutely beautiful, that does not bear the impress of a mighty master-hand, which leaves all attempts of worldly imitation at a distance, measured only by immensity. No—no, trust none of this *nil admirari* stoicism, for none but

> "The fool and dandy,
> Those sons of buttermilk and sugar candy,"

can pass, if only through the world of fashion, and declare that all is barren. Do not suppose from this that I wish you to deal in constant exclamations, and seem in ecstasy with every thing you see or hear. Very far from it: exclamations and ecstasies are foolish; but I must insist on all ladies and gentlemen meeting a willingness to please them, with a cheerful readiness to be pleased, and shall always declare the stateliness which affects to be above deriving pleasure from the sayings, doings, and showings of the company with which it associates, to be the height of bad manners.

The most certain mode of pleasing is, no doubt, to make others pleased with themselves; but as this principle can only be successfully acted upon in *tête-à-tête* con-

versations, or in small parties, we must rather depend for success on general behavior, manner, and deportment: on our knowledge of life, character, and of the particular company in which we may happen to be thrown at the moment; for, though there can be no rising above the level of gentlemanlike society, the tone may, and often does, vary, according to times, parties, and circumstances. In society it is best, therefore, always to preserve a calm, tranquil, but, at the same time, cheerful deportment, evincing a constant readiness to be pleased and amused, and as free from coldness, stiffness, and hauteur, as from the eternal smile, smirk, and fidgety efforts to please, often observable in well-meaning persons unused to society, as well as among foreigners. Vapid stiffness and hauteur are offensive, insulting indeed, and contrary to good manners; while smirking and fidgety attention is embarrassing to those who are its objects. To please, there must evidently be an easy amenity of deportment, completely at variance with the *sliding scale* rules, and as distant from abrupt forwardness as from cringing servility. A gentleman will always show that deference to age, rank, and station, which is their due: but, though I confess myself a great stickler for the attention due to rank, I do not see that a well-bred man will speak in a different manner and tone of voice when giving an ordinary answer, or making an ordinary remark, to a peer, from what he would if giving an order to a porter. As said, I confess myself a stickler for the deference due to rank, always supposing that it is properly supported by conduct, manners, and acquirements, which can alone give it grace, for rank without them is rather a disgrace.

There is one thing which, philosopher as I am, very much puzzles me, it is this:—How happens it that courtesy and politeness, commodities so cheap that the mere wish to possess them already confers them, commodities which can never be detrimental, but are often highly beneficial to the owner, should, with all these advantages, be still so comparatively scarce in the world? I have often tried to solve the problem, but the only satisfactory conclusion I can arrive at is to suppose that rudeness results from some actual and afflicting disease of the head or heart. The consequence is, that I never see a man enter a railroad-car, mail-coach, or take his seat at a steam-boat dinner-table, in the care-me-not-style, that seems to say, "I have paid for my place, am determined to make the most of it, and value not the ease and comfort of my neighbors one single straw," without feeling a sort of compassion for his sufferings. I fancy such conduct can only result from a cramped heart, in which disease has destroyed the fibres of all the best and noblest feelings, and reduced the patient to a mere mass of bloated selfishness; or else that it is occasioned by some faulty conformation of the brain, that prevents the mind from being fairly seated on its throne of state, casts it all away, and deprives it of room for that elastic, free, and buoyant action, which clear and well-regulated intellects must necessarily enjoy. Who but a real sufferer would lounge, boots and all, on a club-sofa, totally regardless of the comforts of others, or lean, loutishly, and with outspread elbows, over the library table, concealing, in the study of his newspaper, half the latest periodicals from general view?

"And e'en his slightest actions mark the fool,"

says Persius, and I believe Pope also: and it is in a thousand ungraceful trifles of this kind, in the want of that general amenity of manner which distinguishes all persons of good breeding, that folly and the selfishness of the diseased heart are so conspicuously displayed to the eye of the observer.

Though ladies are always more graceful than men, I must here warn them against the modern style of waltzing, which is the reverse of graceful, being little more than a mere romping twirl, intended only, as far as I can perceive, to make the parties giddy. The old waltz, sometimes called the Spanish waltz, was a very graceful dance; but its character is changed, and there is nothing either graceful or pleasing in seeing gentlemen pulling and hauling their partners on,—seeing the pretty pairs spinning round and round, jostling against each other—to say nothing of an occasional tumble—till the few who can keep time and step feel their heads going, and till the ladies are forced to lean, panting, and with flushed cheeks and heaving breasts, against the very walls of the room for support. Gallopades and polkas are worse still, for few, very few gentlemen can dance them, and with any but an actual opera-dancer this exhibition is ungraceful in the extreme. The gallop and polka step, in which gentlemen, with legs wide astride, push their fair partners along, is absolutely disgusting;

and I will hold no lady-mother guiltless who, after this public warning, shall allow her daughter to join such a brutal display. In an ordinary way, young ladies may always depend on obtaining easy forgiveness for a few trifling follies when committed in a cheerful and good-humored mood; but let them beware of any thing that is coarsely ungraceful. No pretty girl, no young lady, indeed, whether pretty or not, should ever, if she values true and gallant admiration, allow herself to be associated with the recollection of any thing that is markedly ungraceful, however harmless in itself, and should never, therefore, dance modern waltzes, polkas, or gallopades.

Since I have fallen into the didactic vein, I may as well repeat here some injunctions formerly given in regard to conversation, and which cannot, indeed, be too strongly enforced. I must, therefore, beg my fashionable public not only to understand, as all will pretend to do, but constantly to bear in mind, that all conversation is strictly confidential. There is no such thing as justifying an objectional speech, or remark, by saying that you heard it mentioned publicly at Lord A's table or Lady B's party. There is no such thing as *public* conversation, properly so called; there are public speeches made in parliament, on the hustings, at public meetings, and on other public occasions, when public reporters generally attend, and which you may repeat and comment on as much as you like: but the conversation of society, whether held in *tête-à-tête* meetings or crowded ball-rooms, is, in principle, sacred and confidential, and can never be repeated without a breach of good faith and good feeling. How would a gentleman like to know that a remark made at his table had been repeated, to the detriment of private character or injury of private feeling? Or, what should we think of any one who, receiving a visitor in his library, would make mischief of the conversation that might there pass in private? Now please to understand me. I purposely say that the conversation of society is confidential in principle, because it is not to authorize you or any one to repeat a single word capable of causing pain, still less of proving injurious to others; but it does not, in practice, prevent any one from repeating good sayings, good anecdotes, any thing that may be pleasing, instructive, and amusing, provided it is untinged by slander, and free from the seeds of mischief. For my own part, I never hear any thing said in praise of a pretty girl, without repeating it with all the additions and embellishments in my power, and you have full liberty to do the like.

I shall not repeat here what I formerly said in praise of conversation, though the subject reminds me of a trifling adventure which lately befell the distinguished member of a university, who maintained that he had principally acquired his knowledge by conversation, and always declared that there was no person from whom some information might not be gained. My own opinion would, rather, perhaps, be in favor of female conversation, as I am inclined to believe ladies the best instructors; I can safely say, at least, "I learned the little that I know from them;" this, however, has nothing to do with the adventure of the learned professor, to which we must return. Our friend finding himself one day *tête-à-tête* in a mail-coach with a sober, sedate, and respectable-looking man, determined at once to make the most of him, and to learn as much from his fellow-traveller, as the latter might be able to teach.

They were no sooner fairly started, therefore, than the professor commenced with the usual introductory subject of the weather. Receiving only polite monosyllabical replies, he went over all the other topics most generally resorted to on such occasions,—the appearance of the country, the crops, prospect of the harvest; but all with no better result, the sedate-looking man only assenting to whatever the man of learning advanced. Not to be driven from his favorite theory, the professor went at last more directly to work, saying, "Pray, sir, is there any subject on which you would be willing to converse?"

"Try me on leather, and I am your man," was the reply of the *vis-à-vis*, a stout, honest currier, as chance would have it.

It is very unfortunate that there are so many ladies and gentlemen who take infinitely more pleasure in hearing their friends and neighbors run down, slandered, and abused,—only in a trifling way, of course, than in hearing them praised and admired. The consequence is, that society is infested with a class of persons who make the gathering, forging, and improving of slanders their actual business, their very *carte d'entrée* into company. It is true that no one now ventures upon slanders or tales of scandal in large parties, or within hearing of many; for, in the mass,

society are ashamed of the practice and dare not sanction it; but in private the vipers are listened to, though heartily despised even by their most willing auditors. Yet is the habit of thus imbibing poison by the ear highly injurious to the heart, and ultimately to the mind also, for good feelings are essentially the source whence our best and brightest ideas are derived; and oft-repeated slanders will not only obtain some belief in the end, but the habit of listening leads to a species of cynical misanthropy, which makes us look rather on the dark than on the bright side of human nature; makes us act a poor, timid, and distrustful part through life, depressing even the best elements of happiness mixed up in our composition. Nor must we suppose that the regular inventor and retailer of long tales of slander is the only offender. Far from it; there is the more cunning and equally base dealer in innuendoes, who throws out his hints before the envious and malignant, trusting that the poison may be passed on from slave to slave, till, gathering in its progress, it attains at last the full-grown strength of infamy worthy of the dishonorable source whence it arose. I am told that backbiters often find their way into the presence of great men, and it may be so, but I am very certain that high-minded men look upon them with the scorn they deserve. The subject should, perhaps, deserve a whole chapter; but, for the present, I must conclude; and, to cut the matter short, cannot do better than absolve the public, fashionable and unfashionable, from giving the slightest credit to tale-bearers and slander-mongers of whatever class or kind they may be; and this for the best of all possible reasons, that the false of heart will be false of tongue whenever it suits their purpose.

* * * *

"Ha! captain, captain! you a painter of manners, and already slumbering in your arm-chair two hours after midnight, at the very time when you ought to be on the alert,—at the very time, indeed, when, veiled by darkness, so many mortals fancy they can safely throw off the cloak, beneath which they strive to hide the workings of the heart from the full blaze of day. When so many light and lively hearts are thrown off their balance by waltzing, when champagne makes even drawling dandies speak frankly out like mortal men, and then 'tremble at the sound themselves have made.' And you a painter of manners asleep at such a time—he, he, he!"

"Oh! Asmodeus, is it you? Sit down and take a glass, and don't fash me about manners; they are now estimated by a sliding-scale, calculated by the rule of three, and not worth painting."

"A cynical mood is the very mood for the scene about to be acted; quick, therefore, your cap and your capote, the night is cold, and we have a long flight before us. Ere that clock strikes two, and it wants but a few minutes, a brilliant illustration of the consistency of fashionable doctrines will be furnished you. Time flies fast, and he must not outstrip us."

"Well, then, if it must be so, here goes!"

"Away, away! hold on by my crutch; 'tis safer than some of those that form the very pillars of nations."

"Ha! the sea air; its freshness is reviving to the heart of an Englishman, which swells with delight as he thinks of the glorious and boundless domain subject to his country's flag; as it reminds him of the gallant days when the bounding waves of ocean carried on their breasts the mighty armaments that freed the world from bondage, and filled earth's farthest bound with the fame of their exploits. But times are sadly changed now. Poh! what a fishy smell; Boulogne, to a certainty!"

"The smell of the continent, as you termed it yourself, Captain Sabertash."

"*La belle France, then.* Well, the French have no idea of irony, and

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

La Seine, the old Tuileries; the column of Austerlitz, that Cockneys think the finest thing in the world; the *Chausse d' Antin*, and, since we are arrived, unroof—unroof quickly! but sparingly, if you please; for, at this hour, we might see more than discreet eyes would wish to gaze upon."

"I like to hear you who have been quartered at Paris talk of '*this hour.*' At what hour would it be different either here or in London? But I have been often enough in France to recollect the good French maxim, *Egard aux convenances*—fear nothing, therefore, and look."

"An elegant *salon*, truly; a gentleman's library, also fitted up in good style; they manage these things very well in Paris, but they are still very far behind us in taste. A fine painting that, a pretty girl it represents; and who is the young man reclining

on the sofa, with the unfinished letter before him? A handsome fellow, certainly; well dressed, too, if a Frenchman ever can be so; but look at those vile polished-leather boots, the white satin stock, the broach and cross chains, the one supporting the watch, the other the eye-glass. Could any but a Cockney or a Continentalist ever sport such an attire? Is it not strange, after all, that a Frenchman, however handsome and accomplished he may be, never can attain to what we call the look of a gentleman? The manner and appearance of our friend come very near it; but he has at present a strange, wild, and unsettled air, wanting as much the power of stern and deep resolve as the wildness of despair; his bright but tearless eyes seem glazed at intervals, and passing streaks of livid hue distort his fine features. What can this mean? methinks the sight of the lovely picture to which his looks so often turn, should calm the tumult of his breast. Well, the letter is finished, evidently addressed to the original of the picture, à Mademoiselle Henriette d' Ardagnac, a noble name. A love-affair; a miniature of the same lady worn round the neck and now pressed madly to the lips! faith, she is well worth it! I have often kissed miniatures and locks of hair myself; but always with delight and glee, and never with the maddening anguish depicted in the convulsed features of this gentleman. What is it, Asmodeus? I have surely seen all the passions that ever shake the human breast in full activity, but here none can be distinctly traced; and this frightful exhibition seems produced rather by a fierce contest between mixed particles of all the good and evil powers, than by the passing sway any dark or hostile influence may have gained over a true and noble heart.

"Oh! I think I begin to guess; that neat little mahogany case; those well-finished barking-irons, pretty articles for French workmanship, seem to solve the mystery, but should not account for a shaken frame and convulsed features. An invitation to a ball before breakfast may not be the most agreeable thing in the world; but must be taken quietly, like other necessary evils. A rival, no doubt, wishing to carry off *la belle* Henriette, who is well worth it, and well worth fighting for too. Loading the pistols already? This is quite contrary to rule; they should be loaded on the ground by the seconds. And what means all this gesticulation, and raising of the arm? Ah! kissing the miniature again, and bathing it in tears. Well, well, these things look a little foolish, perhaps, to the unimpassionate observer; but they have their merit. They give proof of ardent affection; they calm and even fortify the heart; for a man really and truly in love would fight your lord superior, Asmodeus,

'And all the band
He brings to aid his guilty hand.'

But what is this I see? Unhappy maniac, he levels the weapon at his own head! Powers of mercy! help, stop, while an instant remains, the suicide hand raised to murder body and soul! Alas! 'tis too late! Yon fiery flash and fierce report tell that the deed is done—the crime committed! Oh, sight of guilt and horror! The noble features, convulsed and blackened, are scattered around, and the couch is already steeped with blood! And, hark! the rush of attendants, roused by the report of the deadly weapon; the wail of women, the frantic scream of maternal despair! But all efforts are vain. On earth there is no hope, though in heaven mercy may yet avert the

'Canon fixed against self-slaughter.'

Away from the scene of horror that a fiend only could have exposed to view, and which nothing will ever obliterate from the eyes by which it was so unwillingly beheld.

"Asmodeus explain the tragedy we have just witnessed. Let us hope that there are circumstances to palliate, if possible, a deed so frightful, a crime so heinous. I have seen many a gallant man fall by hostile arms in fair and honest fight; but such sights, however appalling, are still redeemed by the pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war; for

'Noble is the death from noble foe
In the fair field received, when the broad star
Is high in heaven; yet more, when slow
The golden west receives his sinking car;
For then those mild, majestic beams bestow
Their softest radiance on the bed of war;
And soldiers close their eyelids on the scene,
E'en like the sun, sad, solemn, and serene.'

But to witness, what is a thousand times worse than an actual execution, a man falling by his own hand, becoming his own executioner, and rushing wildly before the tribunal of eternal judgment while breaking God's high commands, is a soul-har-

rowing sight that ought to shake any nerves deriving life and impulse from a merely mortal heart. Unveil the cause of this frightful drama."

"It is soon done. Françoise de Bertancourt, whose death you have just witnessed, was a gentleman of ancient and noble family; young, wealthy, and accomplished; beloved by his kindred, cherished by friends, and courted by all. He was endowed with nearly every advantage that men most covet in the outset of life. Mixing with the most brilliant society of Paris, he saw, and, like the rest of the world, admired the beautiful Henriette d'Ardagnac, the original of the portrait that so forcibly struck you. He sought her love, and did not sue in vain. His elegant person, manners, and accomplishments, gained her affections; while his wealth, merit, and station in society, readily secured the father's consent. This, however, was coupled with one condition, which, though it became the source of future misfortune, was deemed of little import at the time, and did not for an instant cloud the happiness with which the lovers looked forward to their approaching union, the day of which was already fixed. But Fortune had decided otherwise. The Marquis d'Ardagnac had, when a boy, seen his father die after long days of agonized and hopeless suffering, in consequence of a wound received in a duel; and this heavy calamity, with the grief of his almost broken-hearted mother, instilled in his youthful mind the most deadly aversion to duellists. The feeling strengthened with his strength, and grew with him to manhood; and he formed an early resolution of never entering into bonds of friendship or connexion with any person who should have fought a duel; and, anxious as he was for the alliance with Bertancourt, he only consented to receive him as his daughter's suitor, on the pledge solemnly given, that he would never send or accept a challenge.

"Bertancourt, of a happy and cheerful disposition, hating and envying no man, having no wish to injure or offend any one, believing himself without enemies—for envy lies mute while its objects are in prosperity—readily gave a promise which he thought there could be little difficulty in keeping.

"Time flies fast; and, borne along on Hope and Love's expectant wings, it flew faster still with the happy and betrothed pair. A few days more, and they were to be united for ever; when Henriette, in passing from her private box at the Opera, and leaning on her lover's arm, was rudely jostled, and without apology, by a man dressed in the height of fashion, and decorated with an order that proved him to hold some rank in society. Bertancourt instantly resented the insult; words ran high, and canes were threatened; when the pressure of the crowd separated the disputants.

"The busy part of the following day had hardly commenced, when Bertancourt was already waited upon by a gentleman, who announced himself as Capitaine de la Ferailleur, the friend of Colonel Fortépée, and sent to demand immediate satisfaction *les armes à la main*, for the insult offered to the latter at the theatre. Bertancourt expressed his regret at being unable to comply with the colonel's demand; not only because he was himself the insulted party, but was, besides, under a pledge never to send or accept a challenge,—never, in fact, to fight a duel. Captain de la Ferailleur, assuming the air of considerate courtesy usually displayed on such occasions, declared that it was not for him to give any opinion on M. de Bertancourt's resolution; he had only a painful duty to perform; but, having the highest possible respect for Monsieur de Bertancourt, and confiding in the generous and acknowledged gallantry of Colonel Fortépée, he would give him twenty-four hours to consider the matter: if, at the expiration of that time, a meeting was not appointed, he should then be under the afflicting necessity of proclaiming to the world—what he could not yet believe himself—that a gentleman ranking deservedly so high in general estimation as Monsieur de Bertancourt had declined to give honorable satisfaction to a cavalier always distinguished for his polite readiness to meet any adversary entitled to the honor of arms.

"Having delivered this speech in better terms than I can repeat it, he took his departure; leaving Bertancourt to make some rather unpleasant reflections. But tied by a pledge, confident also in the clear and rational goodness of his cause, above all, fortified in his determination by the approbation of his intended father-in-law, who bestowed the highest praise on his conduct, he resolved to trust to the justice and common sense of the world, and to persevere in the line he had adopted.

"The result followed quickly; and nev-

er was the triumph of envy, malignity, worthlessness, and a base subjection to the prejudices of the world, more distinctly shown than in the speedy victory they achieved over truth, justice, and common sense. The twenty-four hours had scarcely elapsed, without bringing the acceptance of the challenge, when Bertancourt was already proclaimed a poltroon in all the brilliant circles of Paris. The astonishment was universal, the good and the worthy grieved, many refused to believe that so accomplished a cavalier could want the paltry degree of courage required for fighting a duel; but the refusal of the challenge could not be denied, and society acted its worthy part accordingly. Bertancourt's friends forsook him, his acquaintances avoided him; envy and malice, that his prosperity and the favor of the world had repressed, burst forth with all the glee of triumphant infamy; cowardice grew bold where it fancied that vulgarity could be displayed with impunity, and from every quarter the very finger of scorn was pointed at the man who had been the favorite of the most brilliant circles. His betrothed and her father left town, and report said that Henriette had even accepted an apology from Colonel Fortépée in such very courteous terms, as to make the latter hope for more than mere forgiveness. The catastrophe could not be long delayed; and when we saw Bertancourt, he had just returned from a brilliant party, to which he had been invited before the dispute at the theatre, and at which the very master of the house had turned his back on the once-honored guest. The ladies he addressed answered briefly, curtseyed lowly, and sought the conversation of other persons; some of the gentlemen he spoke to replied with 'ohs,' 'ahs,' slight smiles and nods, some with only grave and surprised looks, while others bowed themselves away without further notice. One envious scoundrel, who had courted Bertancourt in prosperity, borrowed money from him, and tried to rise into notice by being looked upon as one of his intimate associates, but hated him with all the mean and rancorous malignity so natural to the vain, pretending, and incapable, offered, with feigned sympathy, to lead him from the room, whispering in his ear, though loud enough to be heard by the nearest parties, 'that all his friends regretted to see him there.'

"A look of scorn was Bertancourt's only reply; but he felt himself fallen, indeed, when even the worthless could treat him thus. Personally the bravest of the brave, and who in a fair field would have dared hosts of foes, he wanted the moral courage to defy the code of honor he had at the instigation of others attempted to oppose. He could not, in fact, resist the world's scorn, which he had drawn down upon himself. He knew it to be unjust, felt fully conscious of his own nerve and power of daring in arms, saw clearly that envy was the mainspring that influenced the majority of those who took an active part against him, but felt equally conscious of his own inability to live as a dishonored man in the eyes of the world. Instigated by this feeling, goaded on by the unworthy treatment he had experienced from those who had formerly courted his society, he rushed home and committed the dreadful deed you witnessed."

"In fact, then, another victim to the false code of honor. The practice of duelling was surely derived from, and can only be upheld by, your lord superior, Asmodeus, by Satan himself."

"He! he! he! excuse my laughing, Captain Sabertash, but I think I have heard you speak less generally and evince more discrimination. Duelling originated, as you know, with those chivalrous institutions to which you have just ascribed a great part of modern civilization, was upheld by the church, churchmen even entering the lists by proxy; and the practice may have been beneficial in a dark age by preventing the commission of greater crimes; for a tilting-match between the barons was, after all, less destructive than an inroad of lawless marauders that carried fire and sword into cots and hamlets, and laid waste entire baronies. Nor does it follow that my lord superior, who knows more than you suspect, is an indiscriminate upholder of the practice as now existing. Indeed, I have heard him express great contempt for it, and declare that the recruits he obtained, whether directly or indirectly, through the medium of *duels*, were not only too few to deserve notice, but generally of the most wretched description, vulgar bullies or *fade* pretenders, hardly worth picking up. 'Your extreme sticklers for punctilio,' said my respected master on one occasion, 'are generally men who have little else to stickle for.' I have not, as you know, the honor to be a member of the great Satanic council, or I should be better employed than in making the fashionable world pass through

a magic lantern for your amusement; but I can safely assert that my swarthy sovereign would be as happy to see duelling put down by legislative interference, if that were possible, as he would grieve to see society rise above the practice. Were duelling crushed to-morrow by act of parliament, should we not see the vile passions that *discretion* keeps, at least, within some bounds, displayed in full luxuriant malignity? Should we not see envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, undermining character and the best relations of private life? We know how quickly calumny circulates and slander augments; how willingly ladies and gentlemen listen to what is termed a *little harmless* scandal; and how many persons actually make their way in society by merely retailing the tittle-tattle of malignity, always embellished for the gratification of some mean passion or for the amusement of the worthy listeners; and, knowing this, my master would willingly leave beauty, merit, innocence, the worth and conduct which excite the respect and admiration of the good, the great, and the just, exposed without protection to the assaults of vulgarity, or the machinations of envious malice. The more these passions extend, the more they are encouraged and cultivated, the more his empire extends, for they constitute its very foundation, so that he is not likely to vote for the continuance of a practice that imposes, at least, some trifling check on their growth."

"But you forget, Asmodeus, that we have courts of law, and many have courts of honor also."

"He! he! he! excuse me for laughing, but you are pleased to be merry. What satisfaction would it be to a father, brother, or husband, to receive from a jury some three-and-sixpenny damages as compensation for an insult injurious to character, offered to a lady by a sneer, smile, wink, nod, or innuendo, that, though perfectly plain in society, could hardly be established by proof before a legal tribunal? Or who, having received the lie direct, or had a glass of wine thrown into his face, would appeal to a court of honor for satisfaction? It is true such extreme cases do not often happen; the regular duellist is now an unknown character, civilization is extending, and the pistol, though a feeble weapon enough, continues to exercise some influence; much, as I have said, to my master's regret, who thinks he could do much better without it. But let arms be laid aside, and who will answer for the conduct of the worthless men who now act, at least, with *discretion;* what will keep the master passion of envy within bounds? Should society, however, continue to improve, and rise above the practice of duelling, the case will be greatly altered; such an abolition of the practice would ill suit my master's views, for it would prove his empire to be on the decline, and his vocation drawing to an end. But to effect this result, society must change its character and conduct; must resent as an insult to itself what is now sought to be resented by the pistol; must punish every display of vulgarity, rudeness, malignity or envy, by instantly excluding the offender from all respectable intercourse with the world; must brand the mendacious libeller, the man who may only be worth caning, though not worth going to cane, the envenomed backbiter, the false boaster and detractor of female character, with indelible marks of deserved infamy. When this reform shall be effected, then duelling will cease of itself, and then will my great master have ample cause to mourn, for it will almost toll the knell of his power. But, looking at fashionable society as the essence, or elegant extract, whence the conduct of the general mass may be best estimated, we deem ourselves in no immediate danger. How, indeed, could we? Take only the manner in which a so-called affair of honor is treated and spoken of after a meeting has taken place. If one of the parties have fallen, judges and juries are in the greatest possible haste to acquit the survivor; and this is, perhaps, the only rational part of the whole proceeding, as in the case of a fair duel, they could not, without palpable injustice, do otherwise; but how does society proceed? Do they ever inquire into the real cause of a duel, and treat the actual offender, whether the result be fatal or not, as he deserves? No such thing. A meeting once over, both parties are declared to have acted like men of honor, are every where received as good fellows, shaken heartily by the hand, and a veil is, by general accord, thrown over the original cause of quarrel; that is, vulgarity, rudeness, insolence, or falsehood, are again received into universal favor, merely because a low and envious ruffian, perhaps, has fired at and endangered the life of a gentleman whom he had previously insulted. If any one be blamed, it is in general the challenger, though he is mostly the injured and

insulted party. I say generally, for it has happened that envy, usually the moving spring in all such cases, has prompted worthless persons to follow up insult by an immediate cartel; and a cane has been inflicted on those who deserved, in reality, no other notice, but from whom a subsequent challenge could not well be refused. You have an Anti-duelling Society, composed of brave, honorable, and upright men, for I have seen the list; but why attempt to strike at effects instead of causes, why not form a society for the suppression of the base feelings that lead to duelling instead of forming it against the paltry practice itself? Let society form a league in favor of high worth, character, and feeling, let talents and acquirements be appreciated, a high standard of manners be substituted for the modern *Sliding Scale of Manners*, and you will never again hear of another duel between gentlemen."

"A plague on this bell, it almost pulls me out of my chair!" [Enter John.]

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes. What is all this racket in the house?"

"I have heard none, sir; only the printer's devil was here an hour ago asking for more MS., but seeing you reclining in your chair, and fancying you might be asleep, I did not like to disturb you, and desired him to return in the morning."

"Good, good; all right. You may go to bed." [Exit John.] "By Jove! Calderon may have been nearer the truth than he suspected when he wrote his wild tale of *Life a Dream*."

MONUMENT TO SIR DAVID WILKIE.—The monument to Sir David Wilkie is now erected in the church of Cults. It is truly an exquisite work of art, designed and executed by a man whose strength of mind, brilliant imagination, correct taste, accurate principles and graceful position, are all fully brought out in the admirable and striking likeness of Sir David. The drapery, too, is in excellent harmony with the other parts of the monument. The inscription is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of Sir David Wilkie, R. A., Principal Painter in Ordinary in England, and Limner for Scotland, to King George IV., King William IV., and Queen Victoria. Born at Cults, 18th November, 1785. Died 1st of June, 1841; buried at sea, off Cape Trafalgar. As the painter of domestic scenes, his works were the ornament alike of the palace and the cottage. Through life he was guided and animated by those sacred principles to which he had often listened, when a boy, in this place, from a father's lips. In order to acquire the accurate means of illustrating by his art the history of our Saviour, he departed for the Holy Land, and died on the homeward voyage. This tablet is erected by his affectionate sister, in 1844." Sir David Wilkie is placed on the east, and the monument to his father and mother, by Chantrey, on the west of the pulpit—each of them within a few inches of it.—*Court Journal.*

CONVENT ON MOUNT CARMEL.—A Carmelite Monk, from Mount Carmel, has put the whole charitable world of Paris into a state of commotion, and has excited the sympathy of all classes and all creeds. Upon this celebrated mount a convent has been erected *à l'instar* of that of St. Bernard, for the establishment of a body of friars, and for the accommodation of travellers visiting that part of the world, there being no inn in that remote neighborhood. The funds for the construction of this convent were collected by a monk of the name of John Baptiste, who left the mount eleven times, barefooted and on foot, travelled over a great part of Asia, Africa, and Europe, addressing himself to charitable persons of all denominations, and returned eleven times loaded with his gatherings. More than seventy thousand pounds were collected in this manner, with which the convent was erected, the first stone of it being laid in 1828. But a wall was wanting to enclose the monastery and the grounds that surrounded it, to protect it from the attacks of the Arabian robbers and wild beasts who were constantly molesting the poor defenceless monks. Too old to recommence his travels, the staff of John Baptiste was taken up by a brother of the order, Charles, who, by the order of the general, was sent to Paris, where he arrived a few months back, to raise a subscription for the erection of a wall, and the purchase of some property round the monastery, which had been taken from them by the Turks. This mission is likely to be accomplished to the full content of the monks; for already a considerable subscription is raised, by means of a lottery, the objects of which have been given by all the artists and literary characters in Paris. A chamber in the Luxembourg has been put at the disposal of the committee for the exposition of these objects, which are daily visited by the public.—*Court Journal.*

VOICE LOZENGE.—If we are to believe what we are told by those who should be well informed upon the subject, one Dr. Stolberg, of Frankfort fame, has bequeathed the secret of his voice lozenge—with presents of which he was wont to secure the friendship of the first vocal artists of his day—to a gentleman of large wealth in this country, who has determined to cause the advantages contained in the recipe to be made as extensively beneficial as it is possible to render it. For such purpose he has already distributed an immense quantity of boxes, at a price just sufficient to cover their cost, and the result has been a sale altogether unprecedented in the history of specifics.—*Evening Paper.*

BARRY CORNWALL'S SONGS.

From the Athenæum.

English Songs and other Small Poems. By Barry Cornwall. A new edition. Moxon.

THIS edition has been revised, enriched, and essentially enlarged. The character of the volume is less exclusively musical than formerly. It now contains strains of too stirring and serious an import to be sung, however fit for declamation. The chanted rhyme, the popular ballad, will bear a heavier weight of meaning—should wear a different aspect, both as to form and language—from the verse which the musician is to clothe: unless the latter is to be so oppressed by the poet, as to leave no free play for the exercise of his art—less definite, but not less sweet, and little less significant. But what need, for the twentieth time, to harangue on the niceties of song writing? Let the reader open the volume, illustrate, compare, and sing (if he can). The additions are chiefly in the form of "small poems" and dramatic fragments. It is with the former we shall chiefly busy ourselves and tempt our friends. The book, by its size and quality, is the very thing for a solitary traveller on a summer ramble, who will find that Nature and Verse receive the last and most exquisite relish from being read in company.

The first three poems, 'A Song for the New Year,' 'London,' and 'The Old Arm Chair,' have already appeared, we are proud to say, in this journal. By way of first blossom in our new garland, we will take some verses addressed

To a Friend in Autumn.

Friend! the year is overgrown:
Summer like a bird hath flown,
Leaving nothing (fruits nor flowers)
Save remembrance of sweet hours;
And a fierce and froward season,
Blowing loud for some rough reason,
Rusheth from a land unknown.

Where is laughing May, who leapt
From the ground when April wept?
Where is rose-encumbered June?
July, with her lazy noon?
August, with her crown of corn?
And the fresh September morn?
Will they come back to us,—soon?—soon?

Never! Time is overgrown!
All that e'er was good is flown!
All things that were good and gay
(Dance, songs, smiles,) have flown away;
And we now must sing together
Strains more sad than autumn weather;
And dance upon a stormy ground,
Whilst the wild winds pipe around
A dark and unforgotten measure,
Graver than the ghost of pleasure;
Till at last, at winter's call,
We die, and are forgot by all!

The following specimens do not need a setting of either introduction or comment:—

Stanzas.

That was not a barren time,
When the New World calmly lay,
Bare unto the frosty rime,
Open to the burning day.

Though her young limbs were not clad
With the colors of the spring,
Yet she was all inward glad,
Knowing all she bore within,
Undeveloped, blossoming.

There was Beauty, such as feeds
Poets in their secret hours;
Music mute; and all the seeds
And the signs of all the flowers.

There was wealth, beyond the gold
Hid in oriental caves;
There was—all we now behold
'Tween our cradles and our graves.

Judge not, then, the Poet's dreams
Barren all, and void of good:
There are in them azure gleams,
Wisdom not all understood.

Fables, with a heart of truth;
Mysteries, that unfold in light;
Morals, beautiful for youth;
Starry lessons for the night.

Unto Man, in peace and strife,
True and false, and weak and strong,—
Unto *all*, in death and life,
Speaks the poet in his song.

To the South Wind.

O sweet South Wind!
Long hast thou lingered 'midst those islands fair,
Which lie, enchanted, on the Indian deep,
Like sea-maids all asleep,
Charmed by the cloudless sun and azure air!
O sweetest Southern Wind!
Pause here awhile, and gently now unbind
Thy dark rose-crowned hair!

Wilt thou not unloose now,
In this, the bluest of all hours,
Thy passion-colored flowers?—
Rest; and let fall the fragrance from thy brow,
On Beauty's parted lips and closed eyes,
And on her cheeks, which crimson-liked the skies;
And slumber on her bosom, white as snow,
Whilst Starry Midnight flies!
We, whom the northern blast
Blows on, from night till morn, from morn to eve,
Hearing thee, sometimes grieve
That our poor summer's day not long may last:
And yet, perhaps, 'twere well
We should not ever dwell
With thee, sweet spirit of the sunny South;
But touch thy odorous mouth
Once, and be gone unto our blasts again,
And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow;
And arm us (by enduring) for that pain
Which the bad world sends forth, and all its woe!

The last is a song without music, set, by the sweetness of cadence and syllable, so exquisitely, that the most delicate hand could not add a tone or a chord without injuring its effect. The next lyric, which we shall give, is of a different humor,—wild, fearless, and energetic:—

The Rising of the North.

Hark,—to the sound!
Without a trump, without a drum,
The wild-eyed, hungry Millions come,
Along the echoing ground.

From cellar and cave, from street and lane,
Each from his separate place of pain,
In a blackening stream,
Come sick, and lame, and old, and poor,
And all who can no more endure;
Like a demon's dream!

Starved children with their pauper sire,
And laborers with their fronts of fire,
In angry hum,
And felons, hunted to their den,
And all who shame the name of men,
By millions come.

The good, the bad, come hand in hand,
Linked by that law which none withstand;
And at their head
Flaps no proud banner, flaunting high,
But a shout—sent upwards to the sky,
Of "*Bread!—Bread!*"

That word their ensign,—that the cause
Which bids them burst the social laws,
In wrath, in pain:
That the sole boon for lives of toil,
Demand they from their natural soil:—
Oh, not in vain!

One single year, and some who now
Come forth, with oaths and haggard brow,
Read prayer and psalm,
In quiet homes: their sole desire,
Rude comforts near their cottage fire,
And Sabbath calm.

But Hunger is an evil foe:
It striketh Truth and Virtue low,
And Pride elate:
Wild Hunger, stripped of hope and fear!
It doth not weigh; it will not hear;
It cannot wait.

For mark, what comes:—To-night the poor
(All mad) will burst the rich man's door,
And wine will run
In floods, and rafters blazing bright
Will paint the sky with crimson light,
Fierce as the sun;

And plate carved round with quaint device
And cups all gold will melt, like ice
In Indian heat!
And queenly silks, from foreign lands,
Will bear the stamps of bloody hands,
And trampling feet:

And *Murder*—from his hideous den
Will come abroad and talk to men;
Till creatures born
For good, (whose hearts kind Pity nursed,)
Will act the direst crimes they cursed
But yester-morn.

So, Wealth by Want will be o'erthrown,
And Want be strong and guilty grown,
Swollen out by blood.
Sweet Peace! who sitt'st aloft, sedate,
Who bind'st the little to the great,
Canst *Thou* not charm the serpent Hate?
And quell this feud?

Between the pomp of Crœsus' state,
And Irus, starved by sullen Fate,—
'Tween 'thee' and 'me,'—
'Tween deadly Frost and scorching Sun,—
The Thirty tyrants and the One,—
Some space must be.

Must the world quail to absolute kings,
Or tyrant mobs, those meaner things,
All nursed in gore,—
Turk's bowstring,—Tartar's vile Ukase,—
Grim Marat's bloody band, who pace
From shore to shore?

Oh, God!—Since our bad world began,
Thus hath it been,—from man to man
War, to the knife!
For bread—for gold—for words—for air!
Save us, O God! and hear my prayer!
Save, save from shame,—from crime,—
despair,
Man's puny life!

There is no returning, after an outburst like this, to the love-ditties of Armida's Garden: nay, or even to the pleasant and careless communings with Nature in her hidden nooks, which our poet sings as musically as the—

Winged wind
When 't bends the flowers.

SHAKSPEARE'S JUG.—This relic of the immortal bard has found its way to Gloucester, having been purchased at Mrs. Turberville's sale by Mrs. Fletcher, the wife of Mr. Fletcher, gunsmith, who purchased it for nineteen guineas and the duty. The jug is of cream-colored earthenware, about nine inches in height. It is divided longitudinally into eight compartments, and horizontally subdivided, and within these the principal deities of the Grecian Mythology are represented in rather bold relief. It was demised, with other effects of Shakspeare, to his sister Joan, who married William Hart, of Stratford-upon-Avon. The Harts subsequently settled in Tewkesbury, and the jug was preserved by them through several generations, with religious care; but a few years ago it passed out of their hands. Mrs Fletcher is a direct descendant of the Harts, and by her spirited competition she has again brought the interesting relic into the possession of her family, which had for so many years preserved it.—*Times.*

ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND NEURHYPNOTISM.

From Fraser's Magazine.

NOTE PRELIMINARY TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

DEAR MR. YORKE,—May I crave a short space in the pages of Regina for a few remarks upon a topic which is making a prodigious fuss in the scientific world just now? Believe me, I have no design upon you; indeed, I could not presume to attempt to father my conceptions upon so prudent and circumspect an authority. All my modesty will permit me to ask is, that you be pleased to give currency to, without making yourself answerable for, my opinions. Yours, &c.

R. S. S.

[We accede cheerfully to the request of a clever, though it may be a crotchety, contributor. But we hold ourselves as free as any of our readers to judge of his reasoning.—O. Y.]

1. *Isis Revelata: An Inquiry into the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Animal Magnetism.* By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., Advocate, F. R. S. E. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart; and Baldwin and Cradock, London, 1844.
2. *Neurhypnology; or, the Rationale of Nervous Sleep, considered in relation with Animal Magnetism. Illustrated with numerous Cases of its successful Application in the Relief and Cure of Diseases.* By James Braid, M. R. C. S. E., C. M. W. S. &c. London: John Churchill; Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh, 1843. 8vo. pp. 266.

IN an age in which science is taking such prodigious strides, and so industriously enlarging her borders, it is scarcely wonderful that the doctrine of therapeutic magnetism should be roused once more from its slumbers, and encouraged to prefer a claim to some share of the public attention and respect. Within the last three years, wide-mouthed Credulity has felt no lack of the marvellous wherewith to regale itself; since from Lord Shrewsbury down to Mr. Spencer Hall,—from the "Adolorata of Capricano" and the "Estatica of Caldaro," to the lady who can tell you what Mrs. Jenkins or Mrs. Anybody else is doing at a given time any number of miles off, and the wonderful boy who can read letters in the post-office,—we have had an abundance of marvels of the first water, sparkling and gushing with almost uninterrupted succession from the press. Witness the stack of books, and pamphlets, and periodicals, piled up before us this moment, as if men meant to rival Truth and Heaven by the magnitude of their labors. Magnetism and clairvoyance are the great wonders of the hour,—as indeed they were (being *revived* wonders even then) half a century ago,—and these departments of physiology and psychology, after having been treated with contempt, ridicule, and contumely,—kicked, as it were, from Dan to Beersheba, spit upon and treated despitefully, at length numbers amongst the most faithful of their adherents men of science, *obstetric* physicians, surgeons, and even divines! The genius of modern discovery would almost lead us to believe that the inscription which the Egyptians engraved on the pedestals of the statues of their great goddess was an abominable cheat; that instead of making her all candor and frankness, they represented her as a prude with frowns and forbidding looks, reminding one, as Sheridan somewhere says, of a board, with notice of spring-guns set in a highway, or steel-traps on a common, because they insinuate that there is something worth stealing where there is not the least cause to suspect it. We must prepare ourselves, it seems, to see the "veil of Isis," hitherto held to be sacred, impenetrable, and for ever to be closed over and clasped tightly around the greatest of ancient mysteries, now lifted by the silvery fingers of the goddess herself, her tongue wagging lightsome and glibly as that of Lord Brougham or any village wench, unkennelling the greatest of nature's pent-up secrets, and from being the most trustworthy and confidential of her privy councillors becoming all at once a Mrs. Candid and a blab! Well may Mr. Colquhoun christen his book *Isis Revelata*. The goddess has flung her prestige behind her; her poll-shaven priests, if any of the race still minister amongst the pyramids, may now discharge their barbers, let their hair grow as it listeth, and import a hairdresser from Bond Street; they may pay court to the ladies without running the risk of an *auto da fè*, and add a hosier and boot-maker to their list of tradespeople. The murder is out! a modern Œdipus has unriddled this second sphynx of the land of puzzles—magnetism has triumphed!

But we have hinted that the influence of magnetism upon the animal functions is not now broached for the first time. Possibly we might be able to trace it down to the remotest ages,* and there is little doubt

* Solon has the following curious allusion:—

Πολλάκι δ' ἐξ ὀλίγης ὀδύνης μέγα γίγνεται ἄλγος
Κούκ ἂν τίς λύσαιτ' ἤπια φάρμακα δοῦς

that many phenomena of ancient times were produced by some such agency, though, as will be seen hereafter, we ascribe to very different causes most, if not all, of the effects which are attributed to Magnetism. So far back as the seventeenth century the loadstone was used by many practitioners as a curative means; indeed, most of those who adopt the doctrines of Paracelsus had great faith in its (supposed) curative powers, and some of them wrote works upon the subject.* Of these, by far the most famous was Van Helmont, a native of Brussels, born in 1577, died in 1644, who, educated as a physician, devoted himself to chemical researches. He wrote a treatise on the magnetic cure of wounds, in reply to one on the same subject, the title of which we give in the foot-note, by Goclenius, a physical philosopher in high repute, and another by one Father Robert, a Jesuit, who, like some people in our own times, branded magnetism as a "Satanic agency." In reply to this Van Helmont wrote, "Magnetismus, quia passim viget, præter nomen, nil novi continet; nec paradoxus *nisi iis qui cuncta derident, et in Satanæ dominium ablegant quæcunque non intelligant.*" His

> Τὸν δὲ κακαῖς νοήτοισι κυκώμενον ἀργὶ λέαις τε
> Ἀψάμενος χειροῖν, αἶψα τίθης' ὑγιή
> *Apud Stobæum.*

This is a favorite quotation of Mr. Colquhoun's, and he points out the following happy rendering of it from Stanley's *History of Philosophy*, (1666,)—

> "The smallest hurts sometimes increase and rage,
> More than all art of physic can assuage;
> Sometimes the fury of the worst disease
> The hand, by gentle stroking, will appease.'

A singular expression is also pointed out as occurring in the *Amphitryo* of Plautus, "*Quid, si ego illum* tractim tangam, *ut dormiat*," which, although used figuratively for, "What if I knock him on the head?" may be literally rendered, "What if I continually manipulate him till he sleep?"

* Amongst others we may name Kircher, *Magnes, sive de Arte Magnetica*, Colon. 1664 et Rom. 1654; *Magneticum Naturæ Regnum*, &c., Amsterdam, 1667; Van Helmont, *Opera Omnia*, (including his *De Magnetica Vulnerum Curatione*,) Frankfort, 1682; J. G. Burgraave, *Balneum Dianæ Magneticum*, 1600; Gul. Maxwell, *Medicinæ Maneticæ, libri tres, in quibus tam theoria quam praxis continetur*, Frankfort, 1679; R. Goclenii, *Tract. de Magnet. Vuln. Curat.* Frankfort, 1613; S. Wirdig, *Nova Medicina Spirituum*, Hamb. 1673, (from which we may conveniently give a short quotation in this place, "Totus mundus constat et positus est in magnetismo; omnes sublunarium vicissitudines fiunt per magnetismum; vita conservatur magnetismo; interitus omnium rerum fiunt per magnetismum.—P. 178.

definition of magnetism is, "Sic vocitamus eam occultam coaptationem qua absens in absens per influxum agit, *sive trahendo vel impellendo fiat; i. e.* an occult influence by attraction or impulsion, which is a fundamental principle of Mesmer's theory. The vehicle and essence of this influence he calls *magnale magnum*, an impalpable and imponderable fluid pervading all nature. In the human frame, he believes the *blood* to be the seat of this influence which may be controlled by the will of another, provided the operator be more powerfully charged with this magical influence, this imponderable fluid, than the subject operated upon. It is well that he makes a proviso to the omnipotence of the operator, otherwise he would be calling upon us to believe that an operator more strongly imbued with the magic fluid than his neighbor might *will* the stoppage of the circulation of his blood, and so put an end to that neighbor's existence! But he puts a bar to this violent postulate by telling us that this magnetic or magical (whichever he chooses to call it) power lies dormant in man until it is called into action; and that if either the magical power in the subject to be operated upon be stronger than the operator, or the *will* of the subject be *opposed* to the operation, it is in vain to attempt to produce any cosmic or magnetic results. His words are, "Diximus omnem fortassis magicum vim dormire et excitatione opus habere; quod perpetuo verum est, *si objectum in quod agendum est non sit proxime dispositum*, si ejus interna fantasia non prorsus annuat agentis impressioni, vel etiam si *robore* patiens sit *par* vel *superior* agenti." This admission is most important, as showing that whatever the volition of the operator may be, it is powerless and ineffectual without the volition of the subject operated upon. It is a maxim of antiquity that the poppy has no influence where an anxious mind is at work (*Οὐχὶ ἅπας μαρμαίρων μήκωνα δρέπει*), and it is equally true that no magnetism or magic known to humanity can work in opposition to the *will* of man. We shall refer to this more at length hereafter, when we come to test the pretensions of animal magnetism. We may observe, however, that in another treatise (*Actio Regiminis*) Van Helmont admits even more pointedly that the assent of the subject operated upon is an indispensable condition precedent to the success of the experiment. Thus the inconsistency is complete. In one place we have him insisting upon the omnipotence

of the occult magnetic influence in man; in another he clogs his principle with a proviso which destroys it whenever that proviso is called into action. We fancy we shall be able to make it tolerably clear, shortly, that ALL the power rests with the (human) subject operated upon, and that whether the *operator* will or no, the *subject* can induce coma and its several sequences whenever he chooses. This *en parenthèse.* Another of Van Helmont's "great mysteries" is, that there is in man a peculiar power which enables him by the mere force of his will and imagination, to act at a distance, and so instil a virtue and exercise an influence upon a very remote object. This he admits is beyond his comprehension, and yet he somewhere tells us that in consequence of having tasted, in the course of his experiments in 1633, the root of the aconite, *he saw his own soul* seated, not in his head, but *in the region of his stomach!* He describes it as a spiritual *substance* (*ponderable*, of course!) of a *crystalline appearance*, luminous, and having the *figure of a man!*

"My intuitions," quoth he, "immediately became much stronger and of greater compass, and this mental clearness was combined with a feeling of extraordinary pleasure. I slept not, I dreamed not, my health was perfect. *I felt, perceived, and thought no longer with the head, but in the region of the stomach* (!), as if knowledge had now taken her seat in that part!"

This is, indeed, marvellous, and can only be accounted for on the presumption that the empty belly had risen in envious rebellion against the overstocked head, and (the latter having become delirious) had at length succeeded in dividing the empire of knowledge with it! If Goldsmith had only known of this, he never would have set a whole village wondering where their pastor stowed away all his knowledge, much less would he have ventured to say—

> "And *still* the wonder grew,
> How one small head could carry all he knew."

The only way in which we can account for Van Helmont's miraculous visions is, that he lived for thirty years in his laboratory, which, like the cobbler's stall, served him "for parlor, and bedroom, and kitchen, and all." One favored with such waking visions ought at least to have learned *how* a man's "will" acted upon "very remote objects;" indeed it would not have surprised us to hear that he had procured an interview with Iris the sister of the Oceanides, and learned from her not only how she fills the clouds with water, but whereabouts in the human body the mystic thread which connects it with the soul is to be found, what kind of scissors she uses to cut it, and of what material the thread itself is composed! None of these things would have been at all inconsistent with some things that have been forced into light at the point of his pen; and he would not have lacked implicit believers, even if we pass from his own times to the days of Burgomaster Dr. Von Meyer (who believes that dogs have *blue souls as well as men!*) and the believers in magnetic *clairvoyance.*

Extravagant, however, as all these things must unquestionably appear to men of common sense, they are not to be "pished" or "pooh-poohed" down, or despatched at once with the imputation of "flam" upon their heads. To show their tenacity of life, we need only turn to the mesmerists of the present day, whose stock in trade they really are; for without meaning any disrespect to our contemporaries, we must say that, in theory, they have got no farther than Van Helmont. Even Mr. Colquhoun, learned, able, penetrating, and eloquent as he is, clings to the extravagancies of the Belgian chemist (indeed *we* chiefly borrow our illustrations from his book), and excuses his inability to explain them by pleading the general ignorance of the age in which we live. Speaking of the mystical union of the soul and the body he says—

"To this may be added our ignorance of the causes of gravitation, of the common magnetism, of electricity, &c. The day, perhaps, is not far distant, when the remarkable anticipations of Kant will be realized, and when it will be generally recognized and admitted, that all of these phenomena are the product of one single and simple principle, differently modified."

We are very much of Kant's opinion ourselves. We have long had our own notions touching mineral magnetism. We think it not impossible that we may live to see all the accepted notions concerning it exploded. The science of electro-magnetism has opened a new phase in chemical science, and electricity may yet explain both magnetism and gravitation. The law of polarity has already entered into astronomical calculations, and we think it will yet be found that electricity is the main element in polarity; but even if we had room,

it would, perhaps, be premature to explain our notions on this point just at present.

There is a passage in Dr. Passavant's work* which just occurs to us, and which we must quote:—

"To the theory of a polar attraction and repulsion between the planets, certain anomalies in the proportion of their distances from one another lend probability; some planets standing nearer or further asunder than they should, according to the law Wurm has laid down for their relative distances. According to this law the distance of the earth from the sun should be 210 semi-diameters of the latter, instead of which it is 216. The distance of Mars from the sun should be 336 semi-diameters, but it is no more than 329. Thus the earth is six semi-diameters of the sun farther from, and the planet Mars seven nearer to, that body than the law of gravitation would assign to these orbs as their respective places. This is hardly to be conceived as possible, but on the hypothesis of *qualitative* attraction, an assignable ground of which we have in electricity and magnetism."

We are sorely tempted to apply our electrical notions to this passage, but that is not the purpose for which we quoted it. We use it as an appropriate pioneer to what follows from Mr. Colquhoun's book. At p. 223 he says,—

"There exists a reciprocal influence between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and animated beings. The medium of this influence is a very subtile fluid pervading the whole universe (*electricity?*) which, from its nature, is capable of receiving, propagating, and communicating every impulse of motion. This reciprocal action is subject to certain mechanical laws, which have not yet been discovered. From this action there result alternative effects, which may be considered as a sort of *flux* and *reflux*. This flux and reflux may be more or less general, more or less particular, more or less compounded, according to the nature of the causes which determine them. It is by this operation (the most universal of those which nature exhibits to us), that the relations of activity are maintained between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and its constituent parts. The properties of matter and of organized bodies depend upon this operation. The animal body experiences the alternative effects of this agent, which, by insinuating itself into the substance of the nerves, affects them immediately. The human body exhibits properties analogous to those of the magnet, such as *polarity* and *inclination*. The property of the animal body, which renders it susceptible of this influence, occasioned its denomination of animal magnetism. The action and the virtue of animal magnetism are capable of being communicated to other animated and inanimate bodies. The one and the other, however, are susceptible of them in different degrees. This action and this virtue can be increased and propagated by these bodies. We observe from experience the flowing of a certain subtile matter, which penetrates all bodies, without perceptibly losing any of its activity; and it operates at a considerable distance, without the aid of any intermediate object. Like light it is reflected by mirrors; and it is invigorated, diffused, and communicated by sound. This virtue is capable of being accumulated, concentrated, and transported. There are animated bodies, although very rare, which possess a property so opposite to magnetism, that their mere presence prevents all its effects in other bodies. This opposite power also penetrates all bodies, and is also capable of being concentrated and diffused; it is, therefore, not merely a negative, but a really positive power. The mineral magnet, whether natural or artificial, is likewise equally susceptible with other bodies of animal magnetism, and even of the opposite virtue, without suffering in either case any alteration of its agency in respect to iron, which proves that the principle of animal magnetism is essentially different from that of mineral. This system will furnish new illustrations of the nature of fire and of light; as also of the theory of attraction, of flux and reflux, of the magnet and of electricity. It will inform us, that the magnet and artificial electricity only have, with respect to diseases, properties in common with several other agents which nature presents to us; and that if the former have produced some salutary effects, these effects are to be ascribed to animal magnetism. By means of animal magnetism nervous diseases may be cured immediately, and other complaints mediately," &c.

It is only as a curative agency that we can regard animal magnetism or mesmerism with any kind of favor; the next thing that reconciles us to it, is the eloquent advocacy of such men as Mr. Colquhoun and Dr. Elliotson. With regard to the chemical theory here laid down, we shall only say that it is a curious subject for speculation, and therefore, unobjectionable. The influence which the moon has upon the flux and reflux of the sea may be properly enough accounted for. It is no part of our present purpose to go into that matter; but when we find analogies drawn from it (we don't say by Mr. Colquhoun) to favor the belief in a story told of Mesmer on the occasion of an operation with the lancet, when it is said the blood oozed from the incision or retreated, flowed or ebbed, according as the operator approached and touched or receded from the patient, public credulity is

* Inquiries respecting Vital Magnetism and Clairvoyance, 1837.

brought flat on its face again before the exploded superstitions of our ancestors of the middle ages; that the wounds of a murdered person would bleed if the body were approached by the murderer. With reference to the *living* person, the probability is, that if he were touched by any indifferent bystander whilst in the magnetic coma, the same results would follow; for a touch would, in a particular condition, be sufficient to arouse his energies in some degree, which would have an immediate effect upon the whole nervous system. [We shall show this more particularly anon, when we come to treat of "double consciousness."] With reference to the *dead* subject, the presence of a number of persons in a room would inevitably have the effect of raising the temperature, which, acting upon the accumulated gases in the body, might cause a slight effusion of the little remaining liquid blood or pus. But this latter superstition has long been swept away with the ordeal itself. We have nothing to urge in favor of the curative efficacy of the magnet, or artificial electricity; but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Colquhoun goes too far when he says, that if they "have produced some salutary effects, these effects are to be ascribed to *animal magnetism!*" Now we don't mean to deny that salutary effects have been, and often are, produced by animal magnetism; but we contend that precisely the same effects, frequently with less risk, are constantly produced by other means,—nay, by patients themselves, who first induce sleep by keeping their eyes and attention *fixed* upon any inanimate object—say the ceiling of a room; then causing their mind and body to act and react upon each other in an unusual degree. Some object considerably above the level of the eye, so as to cause the head to be thrown back a little, is the best for the purpose. This, with the fixed gaze, produces a slight strain upon the eyes; hence, besides the exhaustion of the visual organ and slight vertigo which are the immediate and necessary results of this process, a habit of intense abstraction, or concentration of attention is induced; during which there is a suppressed state of the respiration, preventing the proper and efficient purification of the blood, and interrupting the free and regular circulation through the brain (as in common and easy respiration); the imperfectly decarbonized blood acts on the brain as a narcotic, and presently the influence is extended through the whole nervous system. And in this way precisely the same results are produced as manifest themselves under the magnetic process. We do not mean to say that it is safe for a patient to try these experiments unless some person be at hand to disengage him, by wafting or percussion of the hands; we only explain the process, in order to show, that neither the passes nor the volition of an operator are required to induce the condition which will be recognized at once as Mr. Braid's method of producing nervous sleep.

We shall pass over the many curious instances of clairvoyance cited by Mr. Colquhoun, because any discussion or criticism of them would involve a much greater space than is left at our disposal. Suffice it to say, that in many cases sufficient light is not thrown upon the subject, whilst in others much that appears marvellous may be very easily accounted for by other than magnetic means.

We have already protested against the injustice of voting animal magnetism a delusion and a humbug. We are thoroughly convinced that it is neither the one nor the other. We only think that it has been carried out of its depth, and that high, almost superhuman, attributes have been assigned to it to which it has no pretensions whatever; and we have not omitted to have a smart cut or two at the *extravagancies* to which injudicious friends have committed it. That man has an inherent power of acting upon man in a way not hitherto generally known and practised there can be no doubt whatever; that is, by inducing him to comply with the preliminary methods just noted; and there can be as little doubt that, when properly and legitimately applied, this power may be exerted to the very best advantage. We, therefore, resume the consideration of the subject at the point where Mesmer himself took it up.

Frederick Anthony Mesmer was born in Switzerland on the 23d of May, 1734. He studied physic in Vienna, and eventually took his doctor's degree. Naturally fond of the marvellous, his attention was drawn to the magnet by the Jesuit Maximilian Hell, professor of astronomy at Vienna. In consequence of the instructions received from this worthy, Mesmer began to use them successfully in the treatment of disease, continuing the practice, until, happening to quarrel with the Jesuit, he became anxious to relieve himself of the obligation which he owed him, by finding some substitute for the magnets. He therefore

tried the effects of operating in the same manner with his hands *alone*, as he had been accustomed to do with the magnets, and he found that the results were precisely the same. From this he naturally inferred that the magnets were not the efficient cause, but had acted only as the medium of transmitting an influence from his body to the patient's. To a mind constituted like Mesmer's it would be an easy and natural inference that there was a principle in animated nature capable of transference from one being to another, and which could be brought into activity and influence by certain processes. Since the active principle of mineral magnetism was designated a *fluid*, he called this *new* agency a magnetic fluid, and its effects he designated animal magnetism. Shortly after his arrival in Paris in 1778, his experiments began to excite so much attention, that a commission of the French Academy was appointed to investigate and report upon the subject. Mesmer undertook to prove to this commission that he could produce certain phenomena, and demonstrate that a *magnetic fluid* was the *cause* of these phenomena; that by the exercise of his *will* and manœuvres, the magnetic fluid could be excited into activity and even operate at a distance, and that it could be transferred to inanimate objects, and made to operate on patients at second-hand, through proximity or contact with these magnetized substances. One of his most notable experiments was his mesmerizing trees in Dr. Franklin's garden, and allowing his subjects to be taken blindfold into the garden with the object of proving that the magnetic influence would display itself when the subjects went under the *magnetized trees, and then only*. The result proved directly the reverse. The subjects became affected, *not* under the *mesmerized*, but under the *non*-mesmerized trees! Other experiments made within doors equally proved the fallacy of Mesmer's *theory*, since the subjects became affected when no passes were being made, provided they had been led to believe that they were being operated upon—at a distance; whilst on the contrary, they were not at all affected, how vigorously soever the passes were made, if the subjects had *not* been led to believe that such proceedings were going forward. The commission, of course reported* unfavorably of the pretensions of Mesmer, *quoad* his demonstrating the existence of a magnetic fluid. They bore testimony, however, to the reality of the phenomena, but attributed them entirely to the influence of the imagination. Here is an extract translated from this report:—

"That which we have learned, or at least that which has been proved to us in a clear and satisfactory manner by our inquiry into the phenomena of mesmerism, is, that man can act upon man at all times, and almost at will, by striking his imagination; that signs and gestures the most simple, may produce the most powerful effects; that the action of man upon the imagination may be reduced to an art, and conducted after a certain method when exercised upon patients who have faith in the proceedings."

There is manifestly no attempt here to deny the phenomena; on the contrary, the commission actually confirms their reality; and yet this is the celebrated decision continually referred to ever since, as a complete death-blow to mesmerism and its pretensions. In the sequel we shall show, that the commissioners were quite justified in alleging that what *they witnessed* was entirely the result of imagination; but they were in no respect warranted by the premises in drawing the *latter* part of their conclusion, namely, that the *primary* induction of the condition had *also* been entirely the result of imagination. Although this decision had the effect of throwing mesmerism into the shade, it was still prosecuted on the Continent by many eminent medical and scientific men with zeal and success. In 1817, the practice of the art was ordained to be confined to the medical profession in the Prussian dominions; and in 1818, the Academy of Sciences at Berlin offered a prize of 3400 francs for the best treatise on mesmerism. In Denmark, and even in Russia, about the same period, the subject was brought under investigation; and in the latter country, a committee, appointed by the emperor, declared it to be a most important agent. In consequence of the progress of matters in these various quarters, in 1826 a second commission of inquiry was appointed by the Royal Academy of Medicine of Paris. This commission prosecuted the inquiry for five years, and drew up a report with great care, which was read to the academy in 1831. After referring to the various physiological phenomena particularly specified, and to cures effected under their own immediate obser-

* Rapport des Commissaires de la Société Royale de Médecine, nommés par le Roi, pour faire l'examen du Magnétisme Animal. Paris, 1784.

vation, they made the following important remarks:—

"Your committee have communicated in the report facts of sufficient importance to entitle them to think that the academy ought to encourage the investigations into the subject of animal magnetism as a curious branch of psychology and natural history."

Now, when it is borne in mind that this report was subscribed by nine eminent members of the academy (one of whom submitted personally to be operated upon), who prosecuted the investigation for five years, there is very little room left for skepticism as to the reality of either the psychological or physiological phenomena. *How* they were produced, or by what precise laws they are governed, is another question. In 1828 and 9 M. Chenevix attempted, but with little success, to bring the subject under the notice of the British public. In 1833, Mr. Colquhoun published the report of the second French commission; and in 1836 the first edition (the edition before us is the second very greatly enlarged) of his very valuable and interesting work *Isis Revelata*. In 1837 Baron Dupotet came over to this country, but his labors and his efforts were alike disregarded until Dr. Elliotson took him by the hand; and the results of the doctor's experiments created a strong sensation. But, as was the case with Mesmer, his *theoretical* notions not standing the practical test to which he had offered to subject them, the current of public opinion was turned against him, and he was speedily swamped. He not only believed in a special influence emanating from the operator, but he fell back upon the old notions about mineral magnetism, and alleged that certain metals possessed this special influence, whilst others had no such power. *Ex. gr.*, he maintained that nickel was a powerful magnetizer, whilst lead possessed no such property; and he offered to allow Mr. Wakley, of the *Lancet*, an opportunity of testing this. The results were these: Mr. Wakley made the subject believe that he was operating with *mesmerized* metal, *whilst he was using the other*, and the subject became mesmerized! on the other hand, he operated with the mesmerizing metal, whilst the subject was made to believe that he was using the *non*-mesmerized metal, and no effects ensued. His other experiments were conducted in the same manner, and with similar results,—*the effect on the subjects always answering to the impressions previously made on their minds!* Now these were well-contrived and well-conducted experiments for determining whether these metals were possessed of the positive and negative qualities assigned to them; and Dr. Elliotson held in his hands the most irrefragable proofs of the fallacy of his *theory*. But then Mr. Wakley, in *his* turn, rushed into the extreme of error. He published to the world, and persisted and gloried in the assertion, that the patients were impostors, and, *par consequence*, that all mesmeric phenomena were an unmitigated and daring cheat. Now, Mr. Braid's investigations tend to clear up these difficulties at once. They prove to us, that those who have had the impressibility stamped upon them either by the mesmeric process or by the induction of nervous sleep, became liable to be affected entirely through the imagination and habit, since they have invariably given way to the influence, or have not been affected at all, exactly as they *expected* it or did *not* expect it.

We now come to the period (1841) at which M. Lafontaine commenced operations in this country. Although the phenomena exhibited at his *conversazioni* were of a very ordinary and commonplace description, seldom showing more than the usual characteristics of magnetic coma, accompanied by the puncturing, pinching, squeezing, aural, and olfactory tests of insensibility, and so forth; they served to awaken curiosity, and to set investigation a-foot. Amongst others, Mr. Braid, a learned and eminent surgeon, of Manchester, to whose valuable and interesting book we have already referred, turned his attention to the subject, and the result of his investigations is a new branch of science, which has already worked wonders as a curative agency, and which promises to be of the utmost service in that character. He calls his method NEURHYPNOTISM (which, for the benefit of the ladies, we may as well explain, is derived from two Greek words, *νεῦρον* (nerve), and *ὕπνος* (sleep),—nervous sleep). Mr. Braid was at first a skeptic; but, after having attended two or three of M. Lafontaine's *conversazioni*, he witnessed an effect, apparently a *bona fide* phenomenon, which, upon consideration, he believed to be, not the effect of any magnetic influence passing from the body of the operator to the patient, but of the continued fixed stare exhausting the irritability of the optic and motor nerves of the eye, an effect which he believed

would result quite as readily by causing the patient to maintain a steady, fixed stare at any inanimate object. In order to put this to the proof, he induced a young friend to sit down on a low seat, and maintain a steady, fixed gaze at an object placed considerably above his head,—but we will quote Mr. Braid's own words:—

"In three minutes his eyelids closed, a gush of tears ran down his cheeks, his head drooped, his face was slightly convulsed, he gave a groan, and instantly fell into profound sleep, the respiration becoming slow, deep, and sibilant, the right hand and arm being agitated by slight convulsive movements. At the end of four minutes I considered it necessary for his safety to put an end to the experiment. This experiment not only proved what I expected, but also, by calling my attention to the spasmodic state of the muscles of the face and arm, the peculiar state of the respiration, and the condition of the mind, as evinced on rousing the patient, tended to prove to my mind I had got the key to the solution of mesmerism. The agitation and alarm of this gentleman, on being roused, very much astonished Mrs. Braid. She expressed herself very much surprised at his being so much alarmed about nothing, as she had watched the whole time, and never saw me near him, or touching him in any way whatever. I proposed that she should be the next subject operated on, to which she readily consented, assuring all present that she would not be so easily alarmed as the gentleman referred to. I requested her to sit down, and gaze on the ornament of a china sugar basin, placed at the same angle to the eyes as the bottle in the former experiment. In two minutes the expression of the face was very much changed: at the end of two minutes and a half the eyelids closed convulsively; the mouth was distorted; she gave a deep sigh, the bosom heaved, she fell back, and was evidently passing into an hysteric paroxysm, to prevent which I instantly roused her. On counting the pulse I found it had mounted up to 180 strokes a minute.

"In order to prove my position still more clearly, I called up one of my men-servants, who knew nothing of mesmerism, and gave him such directions as were calculated to impress his mind with the idea that his fixed attention was merely for the purpose of watching a chemical experiment in the preparation of some medicine, and being familiar with such he could feel no alarm. In two minutes and a half his eyelids closed slowly with a vibrating motion, his chin fell on his breast, he gave a deep sigh, and was instantly in a profound sleep, breathing loudly. All the persons present burst into a fit of laughter, but still he was not interrupted by us. In about one minute after his profound sleep I roused him, and pretended to chide him for being so careless; said he ought to be ashamed of himself for not being able to attend to my instructions for three minutes without falling asleep, and ordered him down stairs. In a short time I recalled this young man, and desired him to sit down once more, but to be careful not to go to sleep again, as on the former occasion. He sat down with this intention, but at the expiration of two minutes and a half his eyelids closed, and exactly the same phenomena as in the former experiment ensued.

"I again tried the experiment, by causing Mr. —— to gaze on a different object from that used on the *first* experiments; but still, as I anticipated, the phenomena were the same. I also tried him *à la Fontaine*, with the thumbs and eyes, and likewise by gazing on my eyes without contact, and still the effects were the same, as I fully expected.

"I now stated that I considered the experiments fully proved my theory; and expressed my entire conviction *that the phenomena of mesmerism were to be accounted for on the principle of a derangement of the state of the cerebro-spinal centres, and of the circulatory, and respiratory, and muscular systems, induced, as I have explained, by a fixed stare, absolute repose of body, fixed attention, and suppressed respiration, concomitant with that fixity of attention;* that the whole depended on the physical and psychical condition of the patient, arising from the causes referred to, and not at all on the volition, or passes of the operator, throwing out a magnetic fluid, or exciting into activity some mystical universal fluid or medium. I further added, that having thus produced the *primary* phenomena, I had no doubt but the others would follow as a matter of course, time being allowed for their gradual and successive development."

These then were the means used by Mr. Braid to induce somnolency. There can be no doubt that he succeeded, and there can be as little doubt, for we have been eye-witnesses of his experiments ourselves, that, by his method, all the phenomena which exhibit themselves in the mesmeric treatment are brought out, except the phenomenon of clairvoyance, a *bona fide* instance of which, that could not be accounted for in a dozen different ways, we have never witnessed. It is quite evident, we take it, in the cases above quoted, that in none of them could there exist any thing beyond what arose from the minds and bodies of the patients acting on themselves in conjunction with the inanimate objects at which they gazed. It is true that faith in a particular agency may powerfully aid, although it is by no means absolutely necessary to the success of, the experiment. When, however, as we have already hinted, the impressibility has been stamped upon patients, either by the mesmeric or neurhypnotic method, if you can only induce

them to believe that certain effects will follow certain acts, and *vice versâ*, those effects will generally take place. Both Mr. Braid and the mesmerists seem to agree as to the *fact*, that sleep induced by artificial contrivances differs in many respects from natural sleep, that there are different degrees or stages of this sleep, and that the phenomena vary according to the different stages or degrees, and the modes of management; there being at one stage an exaltation, at another a depression of the natural functions, both mental and physical. Mr. Braid confesses that he has never been able to produce the transcendental phenomena of clairvoyance by his method, but by direct mental suggestion he has been able to produce what he calls "double consciousness," of which more anon. Mr. Braid, too, like Mesmer and Dr. Elliotson, appears to have had his rubs and checks; and, probably, the world is indebted to the *brusquerie* and eccentricity of the British Association* for his valuable treatise. It would appear that, when that august body of peripatetics visited Manchester in 1842, Mr. Braid proposed to read a paper to them on his new discovery, and, with that view, sent them the MS., which was returned to him from the Medical Section by the hands of a common porter in an *unsealed* envelope, accompanied by a note in pencil on the back of it, to the effect that it was rejected as unsuitable. Mr. Braid, however, was not to be turned from his purpose so easily. He engaged one of the largest rooms in the town, and gave a conversazione to the other sections, which was crowded; and, instead of getting the thanks and applause of one section only, the highest encomiums, and a vote of thanks to boot, were bestowed upon him by the members of the other sections reinforced by the public. This is a diversion, but it embodies an episode too interesting to be overlooked, and we write *currente calamo*. We were going on to contrast the principles of mesmerism and neurhypnotism. The mesmerists, as we have already intimated, believe in a special agency, a magnetic fluid, or some unknown and mysterious principle, or virtue, as the medium of mental and physical action, which can be brought into activity by personal contact, looking into the eyes of the patients, pointing the fingers at them, or by performing various manœuvres called passes, either in the presence of the patient, or at any distance, and without his knowledge, will, or consent; or by the simple volition of the operator, even at a distance, and without the patient being aware or imagining that he was willing such effects. And, again, they allege that the power may be imparted by them to inanimate substances, which will manifest the same phenomena in any patient who lays hold of, or touches, or tastes such mesmerized substances. Hence they manifestly believe the influence of mesmerism to be an *objective* influence *from without*: so that the operator can throw either man or brute animal, will-ye-nil-ye, into the condition, and that neither distance, nor intervening bars or bolts, can resist the influence of the mesmerizer's volition and passes. For the purpose of proving what we have already asserted, namely, that these views singularly coincide with the notions of Van Helmont, we will give a translated passage from his work on the magnetic cure of wounds:—

"In man," says he, "there sits enthroned a noble energy, whereby he is endowed with a capacity to act *extra se*, without and beyond the narrow territories of himself, only *per natum* by his single beck, by the natural magic of his fancy, and to transmit a subtile and invisible *virtue*, a certain influence that doth afterwards subsist and persevere *per se*, and operate upon an object removed at very great distance; by the discovery of which sole mystery all that we have hitherto treated concerning the *ideal entity*, conveyed in the arms of a spiritual emanator, and sallying abroad to execute the mandates of the *will*, concerning the *magnetism* of all creatures, proceeding as well from human *fancy* as from the native and peculiar *fancy* of every thing, and, also, concerning the *magical superiority* of man over all sublunary bodies."

This sonorous bombast runs on into an illustration of his moon-struck philosophy, borrowed from the simple fact of the loadstone converting steel into a magnetic needle. All this, however, is agreeable to the belief of zealous thorough-going mesmerists. The hypnotists, on the contrary, believe neurhypnotism to be *subjective*, or

* *Apropos* of this British Association for the *advancement* of science; What part is it playing under this new blaze of scientific light? Does it range itself amongst the mesmeric or the anti-mesmeric chorus? Or is it squeezing itself up, and hiding its "outward limbs and flourishes" in a corner of the theatre, hesitating whether it shall step into the ring *before* the last round is fought, or wait until the contest is decided, and then head up the victors to receive the applause of the spectators? Oh! fie! gentlemen, fie! Is this sort of behavior worthy of the *Scientific Lion* of Britain?

personal, and incapable of being induced without the knowledge and concurrence, or belief, of the patient, or by physical impressions received through the organs of special sense.* We have already set forth their views, but, for the purposes of contrast, it may be convenient to repeat them here. *They* consider that the induction of the sleep is entirely "the result of the mind and body of the patient acting and reacting on each other in *an unusual manner;* and the most ready and certain method of inducing this is by arresting the attention through visual sensation, by causing the patient to maintain a fixed gaze at an object, placed so much above the head as will produce a slight strain on the eyes. It seems that, besides the exhaustion of the visual organ and slight vertigo, which are the immediate and necessary results of this process, there is also induced a habit of intense abstraction, or concentration of attention, during which there is a suppressed state of the respiration, which prevents the proper and efficient purification of the blood, and that, besides the interruption to the free and regular circulation through the brain, as in common and easy respiration, the imperfectly decarbonized blood acts on the brain as a narcotic, and thus hastens the results of hypnotism." In proof of this, Mr. Braid remarks that it is always more difficult to hypnotize patients who *breathe quickly*, and, therefore, he has requested them to suppress their respiration.

Again, with reference to *objective* influences. The experiments of Mesmer before the French commission, Mr. Wakley's experiments with Dr. Elliotson's patients, various experiments made by the Rev. Le Roy Sunderland, of New York (who, by the way, first decried Mr. Braid's theory, and afterwards adopted it), besides fifty others which we could mention, all tend to prove that the influence of mesmerized substances depends, not on any real or supposed power of the substances themselves, but on the belief or imagination of the patient: the same may also be said with respect to passes at a distance, the effects corresponding exactly with the previous expectation of the patients. With reference to this agency, Le Roy Sunderland says, "That it is not a fluid eliminated from the operator or a machine, as has been supposed, any one may demonstrate in five minutes." He further states that he has operated upon hundreds of patients, and in every imaginable manner, "and he finds that he can produce precisely the same results without any magnet, or electricity, or battery, or metals, or minerals, or passes, or *will* at all;" and he goes on to prove that mere willing without the knowledge of the patient has no influence. "We have caused subjects," says he, "to fall asleep again and again, *whilst we were willing them to keep awake all the while.* Take any subject who is highly susceptible, and cause him to apprehend you are willing him to go to sleep, and during the sitting you will him *not* to go to sleep, and you will find that he will fall into the somnopathetic state in despite of your will, just as certainly as he *apprehends* what the result should be." Dr. Elliotson also bears testimony to the same effect, touching the mere influence of the will. We will give an extract or two from the pages of the *Zoist*. At page 242 the doctor says,—

"My will has hitherto been powerless in all mesmeric experiments. I have never yet accomplished *any thing* in mesmerism by it alone. However long and strongly I have willed, I have hitherto done nothing without the eye, manipulation, contact, or approximation, with respect to the patient, &c. Nay, I have never satisfied myself that I have increased the power of other proceedings by the most intense will, or impaired the result from not willing at all. * * * * * *

"I have willed the excitement of distinct cerebral organs, but always in vain. I have looked intently at the situation of distinct cerebral organs, and willed powerfully, but always in vain."

Then, again, at page 312:—

"I have three patients whom I was originally some weeks in sending to sleep, though I gave them each half-an-hour daily of manipulations and gazing, but who now go to sleep on my merely raising my hand, or looking at them, when they are prepared to expect sleep. I told each of them that if she sat still I would mesmerize her in the next room through the door. I retired, shut the door behind me, did nothing, but walked on into a further room, turned back, and found her asleep; so with the other two in succession. While I did this I thought as little of them as possible, and bu-

* Mr. Braid, at a recent conversazione, attributed the phenomena to exalted function of natural organs enabling patients to perceive faint impressions through the ordinary *media*, whilst the mesmerists alleged that they resulted from some particular and impalpable medium through which the unexpressed thoughts, knowledge, and desires were imparted from the mesmerizer to the mesmerizee, as by a species of inspiration or sympathetic reflection.

sied myself with any thing to disturb my attention.

Another writer in the same publication, a Mr. Atkinson, says, at page 248,—

"He fully answered the objections which had been urged against the conclusions which he had drawn from what he had observed, showing distinctly that there was neither mental sympathy nor suggestion in any of the cases to which he referred, that thought-reading, like clairvoyance, was an exception, and not the rule, for that he had found it impossi- to influence his patients by his thoughts, or to lead them by suggestions."

We could easily multiply examples on this branch of the subject, favorable to the views of the hypnotists, from Mr. Spencer Hall, Dr. Collyer, and even Mr. Colquhoun himself, but we conceive that it is quite unnecessary.

Adopting the generally admitted principle that it is inconsistent with sound philosophy to seek for greater causes than are adequate to account for certain effects, let us at once rid the question touching the *agency* by which the phenomena are produced, of the various fallacies with which it has been unnecessarily encumbered; and we bring it, with the least effort imaginable, within a very narrow compass. It is abundantly clear that the processes resorted to by the mesmerists for producing the sleep, in *addition* to the supposed magnetic fluids, include *all* the conditions which the hypnotists have proved to be necessary to the same end. We have sufficient evidence that the phenomena of hypnotism are entirely *subjective*, and we have witnessed from it the excitation both of mental and physical functions to an extraordinary degree. It follows, therefore, as a necessary consequence, that unless the mesmerists can *by mesmerism* produce *all* the phenomena of hypnotism, *and something more*, their magnetic fluid, or special influence, is a mere gratuitous assumption, a surplusage, as the lawyers say, which ought to be discarded. Now there are phenomena which they allege they can produce which we have already acknowledged cannot be produced by hypnotism, namely, the marvels of clairvoyance, and the influencing of the minds and bodies of patients by direct mental suggestion without the ordinary media of communication through the physical organs of sense. If they can establish that superior power on incontestable evidence, then, and then only, will they prove the existence of some special influence. All the phenomena of hypnotism, startling though many of them may appear to the uninitiated, are quite reconcilable with well-known and established physiological and psychological principles; they are level with our comprehension, and can be all satisfactorily accounted for, and, therefore, we are inclined to look upon them with favor; but the higher phenomena of clairvoyance, and direct mental suggestion and intuition, far transcend the laws of all known philosophy, and make us look upon the mesmerizers with mistrust, —mistrust, we mean, when they attempt thus to get beyond the bounds of human apprehension.

It is not at all necessary to upset animal magnetism in order to establish neurhypnotism, since the fact that certain phenomena can be induced by different methods strengthens us with additional proofs of their reality; and so far mesmerism and neurhypnotism are useful allies in establishing the important position, that by artificial contrivance the nervous system may be thrown into a new condition, which experience shows may be rendered eminently useful in the cure of disease. We have studied the subject of clairvoyance*

* As bearing somewhat upon this subject of clairvoyance, we will here give an extract from an article by Mr. Braid, which appeared in the *Medical Times* of the 13th of January last. He says,—

"One of the most interesting and important phenomena connected with hypnotism is that extraordinary activity of the imagination, whereby ideas excited in the mind, whether from recalled past impressions, or by oral suggestion or otherwise, are instantly invested with all the attributes of reality. From this cause patients make very striking remarks, not from any desire to deceive others, but because they are self-deceived; the extreme vividness of their ideas leading them, at the moment, to believe as real what are only the figments of fancy. Thus, name any person, place, or thing, and instantly they will imagine they *see* or *hear* them, and will, probably, enter into elaborate descriptions regarding them. I have thus astonished many persons by descriptions which patients have given of various circumstances and places, but, in the end, I have convinced them that it was only shrewd guessing, or imaginary descriptions. I have never yet seen any decided case of clairvoyance, every attempt of the sort resulting in the conviction that what first *appeared* to be so, was nothing but guessing, an act of memory, describing the figments of fancy as real, or from extreme exaltation of some of the senses enabling the patients to discover by smell, touch, or hearing, heat and cold, what we naturally judge of by sight. Thus, a patient securely blindfolded,

with some attention, and, without meaning to impugn the veracity and honesty of purpose of the narrators, we must be allowed to say that, to our humble apprehension, the evidence adduced is by no means equal to substantiate the marvels recorded, and the powers claimed by the mesmerists. There ought to be far stronger evidence, and a more extensive series of cases (and these subjected to a more searching scrutiny than has been hitherto applied to them), before they are received as facts; for to us it appears far more probable that the narrators have been deceived than that Providence would delegate to His creatures such dangerous prerogatives and powers. But we have other and less ethereal weapons wherewith to attack these mighty phenomena. If we consider the number of years the subject has been prosecuted, and how many intelligent persons have been engaged in the inquiry, we cannot but be struck with the small amount of cases hitherto recorded. Comparatively few experimentalists have met with them. Dr. Elliotson has, we believe, never met with a single case, nor has Dr. Braid, and we, who have been on the look-out for them for the last three years, have looked in vain, although we have *mesmerized* patients for the express purpose. Although a large sum of money was offered in France many years ago, not as a *bet*, where failure would have been a pecuniary loss to the adventurer, but as a *reward*, to any one who would produce a patient capable of reading without the eyesight, and with the precautions stipulated to guard against deception, the reward (although equal in amount to about 500*l.* of our money) has never been competed for to this day. This certainly does not imply much faith in the reality of the phenomenon. Added to these facts, there is the acknowledged fickleness and uncertainty of even the most *clairvoyant* patients, for in general they are oftener wrong than right; whereas, did their answers to questions proceed from *true* and *bonâ fide* perceptions, they ought *always* to be right; nor should we overlook the fact that most of their answers are in very vague terms. In every case of supposed clairvoyance which Mr. Braid has had an opportunity of investigating closely, he has been enabled to convince the parties that they had been deceived, and that the whole was explicable on principles which we shall endeavor to explain presently, and the ignorance of which, we believe, has been a pregnant source of error in these inquiries.

Until cases are investigated with due attention to these sources of fallacy no implicit reliance ought to be given to the details recorded. General Duff Green, of Philadelphia, for example (the gentleman who vainly endeavored to convince the reverend joker of St. Paul's that the "drab-colored men of Pennsylvania" were not such "drabs" in their notions about the generally acknowledged obligations to *pay*), believed *his* daughter was highly *clairvoyante*, and she was esteemed so by her mesmerizer. "But I soon convinced him," says Mr. Braid, "that they had been mistaken." Now much of what *appears* to be clairvoyance may be explained in this way. There is an extraordinary revivification of memory at a certain stage of mesmeric and hypnotic sleep which enables patients to remember things long forgotten in the waking condition; vivid imagination, docility and sympathy, and tendency to imitation, are also remarkable characteristics of this state. On the other hand, a patient may be in such a state of magnetism or hypnotism that he will hear and answer, but be quite unable to give a correct answer on any subject with which he is perfectly familiar, that is, provided his attention be excited only through the ear; but the moment you touch any part of his body, without varying the pitch of your voice, he will answer correctly.*

if asked to find out any one he knows in a room full of company, will readily do so by *smell*. He will tell you he *sees* the person, but the moment the nose is held he no longer *sees* him, and will turn the head as if looking for the party; but the moment the nose is unstopped he thinks he again *sees* him. In like manner, a glove, or pocket-handkerchief, being delivered to a patient, without any possibility of knowing to whom it belonged, if asked to deliver it to the proper owner, he will readily find the party by *smell*. I have thus seen a patient restore four white cambric handkerchiefs to their proper owners, although huddled together and put into the patient's hands at once, whilst securely blindfolded. There was positive proof that this was done by smell, as it was always determined by smelling to the persons and handkerchiefs before delivering them to the respective parties.

* Mr. Braid demonstrated this very conclusively in the course of a recent conversazione at the Manchester Royal Institution, a published report of which we have now before us, and upon which we have drawn for several valuable suggestions. Mr. Braid has a forcible remark or two on this branch of the subject which we think it expedient to quote. He says, "A patient may

The mesmerists will say that this looks very like a special influence conveying the will of the operator to the mind of the patient, but that it is not so is very easy of proof, for if the patient be requested to touch any part of his own body with his own finger, or if any inanimate substance be brought into the room by any person totally ignorant of what is going on, and dropped gently so as to come in contact with the patient, the result will be precisely the same as if he were touched by the operator or any of the bystanders.* Moreover,

appear unconscious to loud talking, but shall instantly reply to the faintest whisper uttered with the lips near to the pit of the stomach, the hand, or other part of the body; not that these points had become *direct organs of hearing*, but because the breath acts on the skin, and rouses and concentrates the attention to the sound, which was not heard, or not attended to before, *merely because of the diffusiveness of the mind*, giving no specific or *personal* interest to the patient in what had been said and heard. He considered this explained much of the supposed mysterious influence of the *rapport* of the mesmerists.

The following remarks on the effects of the current of air are also curious and interesting:—"At one stage of hypnotism there is a great exaltation of the functions of all the organs of sense, sight excepted, and at another all these may be reduced to a state of *extreme torpor* to the *highest state of excitation*. Thus the arm may be extended, and in process of time the muscular activity shall have reduced the limb to that state of rigidity called the cataleptic state; so that it is not only held up as it were involuntarily, but will offer prodigious resistance before it can be depressed; nay, may actually be so unyielding that it could not be flexed without the application of such force as might endanger the integrity of the tissues. The arm shall also be insensible to pricking or pinching; but the moment a waft of wind is directed against it, the rigidity ceases, down drops the arm, and the skin is instantly highly sensitive to the slightest infliction. This extraordinary influence of a current of air puzzled and perplexed me exceedingly. I solicited information on the point from all quarters, but no one hazarded an explanation of the cause of the phenomenon. However, I have very lately arrived at what I believe to be the true *rationale* of the matter, which is this. I have already explained that it is the peculiar feature of hypnotism for the *whole* energy of the *visnervosa* to be concentrated on the function in action; so that exciting another function is equivalent to suspending the one previously in action. Now, by elevating the arm, the *attention* is directed and concentrated on *muscular effort*, the tone of the muscles increases till a state of cataleptiform rigidity is induced, the pressure of the rigid muscles on the arteries and nerves interrupts the free circulation in the member; but while the sensation to pricking and pinching diminishes, that of heat and cold, if it does not increase, at least diminishes less rapidly. Again: by pressure applied to the arm or hand you offer resistance to the rigid muscles of the arm and shoulder, *and thus you stimulate them to still greater activity;* but a waft of wind acts on the sense of heat and cold, which is a function of the skin; and, as only one function is energetically active at the same time during hypnotism, directing the attention to the *skin* is equivalent to *suspending that of muscular action*, and, consequently, *down drops the arm from its own gravity*. This is quite analogous to what happens when a person drops any thing from his hand *by being suddenly startled*. The same explanation accounts for the effects of a waft of wind against any of the dormant organs of sense, the attention being thereby directed to the function of the organ acted upon. It is never to be overlooked that, at this stage of the sleep, the acts are voluntary acts, although unremembered by the subjects when awake, and that they are regulated in their actions by the ordinary laws of sensation and association of ideas, as in the waking condition, with this difference, that the quickness of their perceptions, and tendency to concentrate their attention entirely to individual acts, instead of the more diffusive testimony of the waking condition, gives an energy and promptness to their actions almost equal to the force of instinct which we observe in the lower animals. When, however, the patient has been allowed to lapse into the deep stage when the sense of heat and cold, as well as sensibility to pricking and pinching, is gone, these transitions are effected with much more difficulty. The patient then requires continued wafting for a considerable time, more particularly over the face. The rigidity only yields gradually. Without especial attention being given to the *opposite* conditions and phenomena at the different stages of hypnotism, it is impossible for any one to test the subject correctly, or to comprehend what he really witnesses.

* Mr. Colquhoun enters into an elaborate and ingenious disquisition on the philosophy of dreams, evidently with a view to establish an analogy between them and *clairvoyance*, though he does not fail to mark the distinction between natural and magnetic sleep. There can be no doubt that many dreams spring out of impressions that have been left on the mind by meditations or occurrences which have taken place during our waking hours, and that, although those meditations return when we awaken, we have no recollection whatever of their having formed the basis of a dream; so, on the other hand, we sometimes dream of matters which we have no recollection of when we are awake, but dream of over again when we go to sleep. But surely in neither of these cases will Mr. Colquhoun attempt to decide or even to surmise whether the "union and harmony between the soul and the body, although not actually dissolved, is partially interrupted by sleep;" or whether "the latter is no longer capable of co-operating effectually with the former." Our own notions about dreams are that they either emanate from the retention in the mind of something that has occurred in the waking state, or that they are produced by external influences operating upon some part of the physical organization. The *rapidity* with which a long and intricate series of events is dreamed through is most miraculous. We remember a story of a passenger who was asleep in his berth when the vessel

the question may relate to something (such, for example, as at what time the patient did a particular act) of which all present were ignorant, and in solving which they could render no mental assistance. The only solution, then, is that the tactual impression rouses the patient a little and brings him nearer the waking condition, or that it mechanically arrests or concentrates the attention in one direction. There is assuredly nothing singular in this tactual prompting of a sluggard or jaded imagination. There are examples without end perpetually occurring around us, and which we ourselves, we have no doubt, are constantly contributing to, of the influence of contact, or muscular action aiding memory and concentrating attention during the waking state by the pressure of the finger or hand against some part of the body, generally the forehead or chin, sitting in a particular posture, laying hold of a button, twisting a thread, twirling a pen, and so forth, all of which are familiar, every-day illustrations of the kind of influence which may be brought to bear upon patients in the soundest state. And thus we establish the important practical fact, that any idea excited in the mind may be fixed and almost indefinitely or instantaneously recalled by establishing contact with any part of the body.

We have spoken of "double consciousness." By this term the neurhypnotists mean it to be understood that a patient may be taught any thing during the nervous sleep if impressed upon the mind at the proper stage, and that he will be able to repeat his task with verbal accuracy whenever he be thrown into that state again, but shall have no consciousness or knowledge whatever of the act performed when in the ordinary waking condition. This interesting and important fact is proved by many cases mentioned by Mr. Braid, almost every attempt to produce the phenomenon having proved successful. One or two instances may be mentioned by way of illustration. "A letter was written in the operating room and read to a patient of the name of Jones two or three times whilst he was in the sleeping condition; by this time he was enabled to repeat it verbatim without prompting of any kind; the letter was then deposited in a drawer before he was roused. The following day whilst asleep he was asked to repeat the letter which was read to him the day previous, which he did with verbal accuracy. When roused he was totally unconscious of having repeated any thing. Two weeks afterwards he was put to sleep again and requested to *write* a copy of the letter, and he did write it correctly with the exception only of two unimportant words. Another patient, an Oxford student, in the presence of his brother, repeated accurately, whilst in the sleeping condition, a verse of the New Testament in English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek, besides a few lines from a poem; and when roused he had no recollection of any thing beyond a confused idea of having repeated some poetry, but upon being put

was nearing the port to which he was bound. A single gun was fired from the battery, and before the sound had died away he was awake. The shot, however, had suggested a battle-scene to his mind, and in the short period (not more than a few seconds) between the report and his awakening, he had dreamed through a most elaborate naval engagement, in which several ships had been dismantled, taken, or sunk, and he awoke amidst the shouts of the victors,—probably the voices of the people on deck above him, which struck upon his ear just as he was emerging from the last stage of waking. This, however, by the way. We will concede thus much to Mr. Colquhoun, that there *is* an analogy between dreams and clairvoyance, when in either case, or in both cases, the mind reverts to some thought or to some act upon which it has previously dwelt, or where the mind is affected by something which has acted externally on the physical organization; but in neither case is it possible for the mind to be exact as to time, place, association, and circumstance, touching matters which have not *previously* occurred, or which one had *no reason to* expect *would* occur. Another observation or two, which though, perhaps, not quite strictly applicable to the subject of the note, we will add here. In the waking condition the attention is diffused or dissipated by impressions on the various senses, the recollection of past impressions and ideas created by the activity of the imagination, or drawn in by the perceptive powers; in fact, we stand, as it were, in a circle of ever-varying external agencies. In nervous sleep conception is hard at work; there seems to be an intense concentration of the attention to the subject with which the mind is engaged, whether it happen to be of a mental or physical nature, and hence the vigor and perfection of the function or manifestation. The state of the circulation and condition of the blood also play an important part in the induction of a higher state of excitability of the whole nervous system. The mesmerizers tell us with an air of triumph that Baron Cuvier has successfully tried the magnetic operation upon young children and upon brute animals, where the will and imagination of the subjects could effect nothing. Our answer to this is, that monotony and the fixing of the attention will effect every thing where the *reason* does not interfere. You may solve the difficulty by merely stepping into your poultry-yard. It is well known that, if you cause a fowl to look at a chalk line, he will soon become entranced. Whence the magnetism here?

to sleep again he repeated every thing as before. Now this is not only an interesting but a valuable phenomenon, since it is a provision under Providence against the villany which might be perpetrated by causing persons to sign deeds, &c., during this peculiar sleep, in the hope that in the waking condition they would be ignorant of the circumstances under which the signature was procured; simply by being hypnotized they would at once be able to expose the fraud which had been practised upon them." This phenomenon, too, be it remarked, is precisely in accordance with what has been recorded of natural somnambulists.

With respect to the comparative quickness with which effects are produced by the mesmeric and hypnotic methods, we rather think that the verdict must be in favor of the latter. We have more frequently seen M. Lafontaine fail than succeed with new subjects, whereas at Mr. Braid's conversazione in London, at which many professional men were present, in March 1842, we saw him hypnotize a deaf and dumb man aged thirty-two, an adult who had entered the room only a few minutes before the operator proposed to try him, and who could consequently know nothing of the proceedings; and, as the last experiment of the evening, eighteen sat down at once, most of them entire strangers to the operator, and sixteen of them were speedily in the hypnotic condition, Mr. Mayo himself testing the reality of the phenomenon. Besides this greater expedition and certainty in producing the desired effect, neurhypnotism has this additional advantage over mesmerism—an advantage, we take it, which will scarcely fail to recommend itself to the public—and, be it remarked, we take the mesmerists upon their own showing: they allege that any disease with which the operator may be afflicted is liable to be transferred to their patients, and therefore hold out a general caution to the former not to operate unless they be in the enjoyment of health and strength. It is not for us to determine what grounds there may be for this injunction; we are bound, we suppose, in common courtesy, to take it upon trust. But for hypnotism, we may say, that no such risk attends it; at any rate, its professors don't hint any thing of this kind. Then the mesmerized patients are liable to the perils and distresses of what is called "cross magnetism," which is being magnetized by other persons than the original operator, the consequence being that patients are sometimes so firmly *locked* in magnetic sleep that they cannot be released for hours; or, as experience would prove, even for days! It is true that similar cases have occurred when patients have *not* been "cross magnetized," and consequently it is not impossible that these long-enduring trances are *not* the effect of "cross magnetism" at all; but it is certain that the mesmerists have occasionally very great difficulty in releasing their patients, which, as far as we can learn, has never yet occurred to the hypnotists.

But let the gentle reader steel his nerves and prepare for a startler! What would be his emotions if we were gravely to assure him that the mesmerists claim a power over their patients equivalent (within worldly limits) to that which his Satanic majesty is said to have gained over Goethe's hero? And yet it is even so! The mesmerists allege that, having operated upon a patient (the number of times is not specified!) they thereby *acquire henceforward a perpetual power over him—that from that time forth for evermore he is subject to be governed by the mesmerizer's will instead of his own;* in a word, that, by submitting to be mesmerized, *he voluntarily surrenders his liberty, and becomes the slave of his mesmerizer for life!* Now only follow out this extravagant conceit to its effects. If the mesmerizer be a burglar or highwayman, or a murderer (and why shouldn't he?), the patient becomes any of the three, or all three, as the case may happen, *by sympathy*, for what is to prevent his becoming *particeps criminis?* what is to prevent his aiding and abetting? and at the close of the drama what is to prevent his sharing the same cart at Tyburn? Beyond this we will not attempt to follow him, even in imagination, for the contemplation becomes too hot even for the heated conception of the mesmerist! As for the hypnotists, we are not aware that they yet claim any such curious attributes; at any rate, Mr. Braid does not hint any thing of the kind. Now, if we are not much mistaken, these outrageous extravagancies will eventually ruin mesmerism and blot it out of the list of accepted sciences. None will regret this more than ourselves, for we see in the science much that is valuable, much that may be turned to profitable account as a new and independent therapeutic remedy; indeed much has already been accomplished in this respect, and incalculably more *will*

be accomplished if its professors do not crush the rising agency under a weight of folly and extravagance, alike a mockery of the understanding and a violence to the feelings of humanity.

With regard to neurhypnotism, though it does not stretch so far into the marvellous as mesmerism, nor produce any of the higher manifestations of coma, it produces sufficient for all safe and useful purposes. It is an efficient curative agency in a certain class of diseases, and it is a perfectly harmless one if properly conducted, but it should be only resorted to as a remedy under the direction of a professional man. It is too powerful an agency to be trifled with by ignorant people for mere idle curiosity, since it can be made to excite or depress the force and frequency of the circulation, or the state of sensation; or excite or depress the function of any organ of sense to an extent and with a celerity almost incredible. There have been a sufficient number of interesting cases lately recorded in the *Medical Times* and the *Zoist*, besides other periodicals, to convince any unprejudiced mind of the importance of both the mesmeric and the hypnotic methods of cure—cases where every resource of the healing art had been tried in vain by eminent medical men, and yet where the improvement under these new methods, and especially under neurhypnotism, was so marked as to leave no doubt that the operation and cure stood in the relation of cause and effect. In proof of what we have advanced we might quote a numerous list of cases successfully treated by Dr. Elliotson in the mesmeric method. We do not happen, however, to have the periodical in which they appeared at hand. Mr. Braid's book literally abounds in interesting cases of a most varied character, but we prefer selecting one of a more recent date which we find reported in the *Medical Times* of the 13th of January:—

"On the 28th of March, 1843, I was requested by a philanthropic gentleman to extend my charitable sympathy to a poor woman of the name of Barber, and by the power of hypnotism to relieve her of a severe rheumetic affection from which she had been suffering for several months. She was forty-four years of age, and a most pitiable object, suffering severely from pulmonary affection as well as rheumatism. With the latter she became afflicted about the beginning of winter; about the end of December 1842 had been entirely confined to bed for five weeks, after which she was able to get up, but the flexors of the legs and toes were so contracted that she could not extend them, and it was with great pain, as well as with difficulty, that she moved about her apartment. Her hands and veins were also much affected, so that she was very helpless. Her pain was not only severe, but unremitting either by day or night. After being hypnotized the first time, during which I endeavored to regulate the irregular condition of the muscles, she was enabled to straighten her legs and toes, and move her wrist and fingers, could walk with great freedom, and expressed herself almost entirely free from pain either of legs or arms before I left the house. After *five* operations, as is well known to many, she was so well as to be able either to walk or run across her room, and even to step on a chair with either foot first, without assistance. I operated on her thirteen times altogether, and she has remained free from rheumatism up to this date, 18th December, 1843."

This must suffice. We have now worked our way to the end of our subject, at any rate, to the limits to which we deem it expedient to carry it for the present. Mr. Colquhoun, if we may judge from the tenor of his book, is much more of an enthusiast than Mr. Braid, who handles his subject with the delicacy and caution that would probably characterize him with a scalpel in his hand. They are both extremely interesting books, and will well repay perusal; especially that of Mr Colquhoun, who lets loose a flood of learning and research, interspersed with anecdote such as we do not very often encounter. If we mistake not, he is a kind of hero amongst mesmerists, having been one of the earliest revivers of it in this country, and we must do him the justice to say that from the first he has fought his way through the besetting prejudice and hostility (perhaps not always disinterested) of the age with a spirit and determination worthy of his race.

KING CHARLES'S BIBLE.—At Broomfield, near Chelmsford, is a Bible which belonged to King Charles the First, the date A.D. 1529, Norton and Bill, printers. It is a folio, bound in purple velvet; the arms of England richly embroidered on both covers; and on a fly leaf is written, "This Bible was King Charles the First's, afterwards it was my grandfather's, Patrick Youngs, Esq., who was library-keeper to his Majesty, now given to the church at Broomfield by me, Sarah Atwood, August 4th, 1723." The Bible is *perfect*, but there is no signature to sheet I, the pages run from 84 to 87, there being no 85 and 86. I do not find the book mentioned in Morant's History of Essex or any modern publication, and I think it is a relic little known.—*Athenæum.*

EXHIBITION OF THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.

From the Charivari.

Mr. Frisby, our friend and correspondent, late Anglo-Chinese pundit of Canton, has favored us with a most particular and lucid account of an exhibition now opened at Pekin; a show which has attracted all the mandarins and gentry, their wives and families, of the "flowery kingdom." Little think the sagacious English public who visit Mr. Dunn's Exhibition, Hyde Park Corner, to marvel at the pigtails and little feet of the Chinese, that a Dunn from Pekin—Li Li by name—has sojourned many years in England, for the express purpose of showing to his countrymen the faces and fashions of the barbarian English. But so it is. At this moment there is in Flying Dragon Street, Pekin, an exhibition, open called "*The Barbarian English in China.*" There we all are, from high to low; numbered in cases as at Hyde Park Corner, and a catalogue of our good and bad qualities illuminates the darkened mind of the curious.

Our dear friend the aforesaid pundit has translated this catalogue for *Punch*; and has, moreover, regardless of expense on our part, caused drawings to be made of our countrymen as they are presented by Li Li to the dwellers of the Celestial Kingdom. The prominent parts of this catalogue we lay before the reader; they will be found to beautifully harmonize with the skill which has displayed us in cases; wherein, sooth to say, we do appear with a certain Chinese air, which proves the national prejudices of the artist. Whether he has improved our looks or otherwise for the Chinese public, we leave to the opinion of the judicious and reflecting beholder. Our simple duty is now to lay before the reader the Chinese catalogue, translated and enriched with notes, by our indefatigable and profound correspondent. The exhibition is dedicated to the "Son of Heaven," very vulgarly known as the Emperor. The dedication, however, we omit; as it tells us no more than that Li Li is, in his own opinion, a reptile, a dog, a wretch, a nincompoop, a jackass, when addressing the said "Son of Heaven;" that his "bowels turn to water" with dread, and his pigtail grows erect with amazement. It will be conceded that, allowing a little for oriental painting, the dedication in no way differs from many other such commodities of home manufacture. Leaving the preface, we begin with the

INTRODUCTION.

When your slave remembers that through the creamy compassion of the Son of Heaven, the Father of the Universe, and the Dragon of the World, the barbarian English were not, in the late war, seized, destroyed, and sawn asunder; that their devil-ships were spared, their guns respected, their soldiers mercifully permitted to retain their swords, and their sailors allowed to return to their barbarian wives and little ones,—when your slave remembers all this, his heart is turned to honey by the contemplation of your natural sweetness, whilst, in admiration thereof, his soul drops upon its knees, and, prostrate, worships.

And when your slave further remembers, that in some leisure hour you may—with a benevolence that is as broad as the earth, and as high as heaven,—vouchsafe to reign over and to comfort the aforesaid barbarians, your slave tremblingly takes hope that the samples of the people he has gathered together, with the subjoined faithful account of their manners and their doings, may find favor in the sight of Him, who when he sneezes, arouses earthquakes; and when he winks, eclipses the moon.

Case I.—*An English Peer.* He wears a garter about his leg; an honorable mark of petticoat government bestowed by the barbarian queen. The garter is sometimes given for various reasons, and sometimes for none at all. It answers to the peacock's feather in the "flowery kingdom," and endows with wisdom and benevolence the fortunate possessor. The peer is represented at a most interesting moment. He has won half a million of money upon a horse, the British nobility being much addicted to what is called the turf, which in England often exhibits a singular greenness. The nobleman, however, displays a confidence always characteristic of the highly born. By winning so much money, he has broken the laws of the country, by which more than his winnings may be taken from him; but it will be seen that he has pens, ink and paper before him, and is at the moment he is taken, making a new law for himself, by which he may, without any penalty whatever, protect his cash. It is the privilege of the nobility to have their laws, like their coats, made expressly to their own measure.

Case II.—*Shakspeare.* This is the national poet, which the barbarians would, in their dreadful ignorance, compare to Confutzee. It is melancholy to perceive the devotion paid by all ranks of people to this man. He was originally a carcass butcher, and was obliged to fly from his native town because he used to slip out at nights, kill his neighbors' deer, and then sell the venison to the poor for mutton. (All this I have gathered from the last two or three authentic lives lately written.) He went to London, and made a wretched livelihood by selling beans and wisps of hay to the horses of the gentlemen who came to the play-houses. Thinking that he could not sink any lower, he took to writing plays, out of which—it is awful to relate—he made a fortune. (It is, however, but justice to the barbarians to state that they give no such wanton encouragement to playwriters at present.) Shakspeare, or Shackspeer, or Shikspur—for there have been mortal battles waged, and much blood shed, about the proper spelling of his name—is now the idol of

the nation. The house he was born in has been bought by the government, and is surrounded by a silver rail. Whenever his plays are played, the queen invariably goes in state to the theatre, and makes it pain of death to any of the nobility to stop away. All his relations are dead, or it is to be feared—such is the devotion of the court to Shakspeare—that they would be turned into lords, and have fortunes settled upon them, like retired ministers and chancellors. A man named Char Les Knite, for only publishing his works, received from the queen her portrait set in precious diamonds and was made Baron of Stratford-on-Avon. In a word, from the queen to the peasant, all the people worship Shakspeare. The first thing seen on approaching Dover is a statue of the poet, forty feet high, perched upon the Cliff. It is lamentable to record these things; but to fully show the moral darkness of the barbarians, it is necessary.

CASE III.—*An Actor.* In England, play-actors are very different to the players of the "flowery country." They all of them keep their carriages. When they do not, they, like Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, job a Brougham. An actor sometimes spends twelve thousand a year; or if he does n't exactly spend it, he takes credit for the same. Actresses, too, like watches, to act well, must act upon diamonds: these are sometimes borrowed at the rate of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The present specimen of the actor is also a sample of the first fashions. He is allowed great privileges beyond those of any vulgar tradesman. When he can't pay his debts he is allowed to make a joke, which is taken by the judge (commissioner he is called) as a very handsome dividend to be shared among the creditors. Three jokes and a fair intention at a fourth are generally received from the actor as satisfaction in full to any amount of thousands.

CASE IV.—*A Sempstress.* The women who live by needle and thread amount to many thousands; and are easily known by the freshness of their complexions and the cheerfulness of their manners. Indeed, nothing shows the humanity of the barbarians in a more favorable light than the great attention which is paid by the rich and high to the comforts of their milliners, dress-makers, and sempstresses. Women of noblest title constantly refuse an invitation to parties rather than press too hardly upon the time of those who have to make their dresses. Indeed, there is what is called a visiting committee of ladies, who take upon themselves the duty of calling, not only on the employers of the needle-women to inquire into the comforts of the workers, but of visiting the humble homes of the women themselves, to see that they want nothing that may administer to their health and reasonable recreation. Hence there is a saying in England, that "the life of a sempstress is as the life of a bee; she does nothing but sing and make honey."

CASE V.—*The Literary Lord.* Perhaps, nothing shows a greater laxity of the English police than the fact that a literary lord is seldom taken up for robbery. The specimen here given is from the life. The fact is, the English love the name of a lord, and so the booksellers pay handsomely for a title wherewith to gull the poor barbarians. The novel of a literary lord is generally made after the following fashion: he obtains the works of half-a-dozen of the lower and laboring classes, and, like a Hottentot, dresses himself in their entrails. He has been known to rob a Lion, gut a Tylney Hall, and knock down an old unoffending Antiquary, and only that he might enrich a miserable Tuft-Hunter. He is here depicted with a portrait of the original scissors with which he stops books upon the highway, and makes them deliver.

CASE VI.—*A Member of the House of Commons.* This is a beautiful specimen of a member of Parliament for a place called Lin Con. He calls himself a true son of Bull, and when his voice is heard, there is no doubting the relationship. He is at home, surrounded by pictures of the painted Britons, and is drawing out a bill by which Englishmen may be carried back to their pictorial condition. A cup of tea is beside him, which he drinks cold; his wholesome aversion to steam not permitting a kettle to boil under his roof. Members of Parliament—especially the members for Lin Con—are always chosen for the clearness of their heads. If a rushlight, held close to one side of the skull, will, in a dark room, enable the electors to read the written professions of the candidate, held close to the other side, he is immediately elected. In the present specimen, there was nothing to intercept the rays of light which shone through the head like the flame of a taper through a water-bottle.

CASE VII.—*Literary Gentleman in Summer Costume.* The literary men receive the highest honors. From their body are chosen ambassadors to foreign states, plenipotentiaries extraordinary, governors of islands, and other officers of great authority. All the barbarians, from high to low, pay them the greatest homage. The queen herself is so fond of the literary character, that she never sits down to dinner unless surrounded by at least a dozen of poets, novelists, dramatists, and others. In the palace they receive almost royal consideration. Nobody can calculate the sum of money every year expended by the queen in presents of jewels, books, &c., to the authors of England. And it is the same with the painters and sculptors. It need scarcely be added that all these people are immensely rich.

CASE VIII.—*A Law Lord.* This nobleman was a chancellor, which means an officer who sells the chances of E Qui Ty, an article of excessive luxury, very rarely to be indulged in by the lower classes. Indeed E Qui Ty may be likened to our delicious swallows' nests;*

* Li Li here alludes to the nests of the *hirundo esculenta*, which nests are made into delicious soup

it is equally dear, and to be obtained only at the greatest peril of the adventurer. The law lord is called, particularly by himself, the Mi Tee Broom, and is accounted the best juggler in the kingdom. He can turn himself inside out, like an old glove, and is often employed by the House of Lords to tumble and throw somersets to keep the noblemen wide awake. He can write a book with his toes, and even after dinner can spell every speech he has made backwards. With all this, he is singularly independent, and "cannot fawn or glose" upon anybody higher than a duke and a field marshal. He is a man of universal doings. There is, perhaps, no man in England who can better balance a straw upon his nose, or blow a new statute out of soap and water. When he would make a law to make a new place, he does it as carefully as a bird builds its nest; and for the like reason, it being for his own especial comfort and advantage.

Case IX.—*A Shopkeeper.* The shopkeepers—especially those who deal in silks, hosiery, and linens—are a race of extraordinary people. Many of them write up over their shop-doors, "From Flint's;" but this is only a pleasant contradiction to show the extreme softness of their hearts, and the benevolence of their natures. They are all of them oracles of truth; and when you see it written up in their windows that they are "selling off at a great sacrifice," you may be sure that the shopkeeper, touched by the misery of his fellow-creatures, has resolved to almost give his goods away, that he may retire to "Bricks Town," or "Eye Gate," or some other suburb famous for hermits. Their shops, like those of the flowery country, are written over with moral sentences, such as "No abatement allowed," "For ready money only," and other choice maxims dear to the barbarian philosophers. The condition of the shopmen is also of the happiest kind; more than sufficient time being allowed them for the cultivation of their souls and the benefit of their health. Most of the masters keep libraries, and even billiard tables, for the improvement and recreation of their young men. And whereas, in the "flowery country," we say as "happy as a bird," the English exclaim, "as happy as a linendraper's shopman."

Case X.—*A Lady of Fashion.* This is the wife of a nobleman, in full dress. It will be seen that the barbarian English have no notion whatever of "the golden lilies"* which adorn the "flowery country." The poor women of England are, almost from their cradles, made the victims of a horrible custom. It is supposed that thousands and thousands die yearly from a disease called Tite Lace In. The female child is taken at a very early age, and has its stomach compressed by a machine called Sta Iz, which is ribbed with steel and whalebone, (whence the South Sea fishery for whales,) and is corded tightly up the back. The Sta Iz is never, up to the time of womanhood, taken off; as is plain from the specimen here presented. The barbarians have a laughble notion of the use of this custom: they think that, by making the waist no thicker than the arm, it gives beauty to the female—a melancholy bigotry. They also believe that it keeps the blood in the face, and thereby improves the complexion. The women have also another strange custom. They wear, what, in their secret language, is called a Buss El. We have inquired of many of them the meaning of the word, but have always received a pouting, resentful evasion. We have, however, searched the dictionaries, and found a word somewhat like it—the word *bustle*, which means swagger, importance, fuss—and in one dictionary it has no other interpretation than cheat.

Case XI.—*A Bishop and a Beggar.* The English bishop—unlike the priests of the "flowery country"—is a man chosen from the priesthood for the strength of his mind, and the excelling beauty of his life. Nothing is more common than to find the humble curate of to-day the bishop of to-morrow. Officers, appointed by the government, travel in secret through every part of the kingdom, to discover hidden virtue in the church; and when they find it, it is straightway exalted. To every bishop a large salary is paid, which it is his religion to lay out to the last penny among the poor and suffering. Remark the extreme simplicity of his dwelling-place. He has just returned from visiting a hospital, and his hat, cloak, and staff, are laid only a little way from him. Wherefore? Alas! although it is a cold wet night, he must out again to comfort a dying widow. He has a hundred orphans at school at his own charge, and often bestows dowries upon poor maidens. He has by right, a seat in the House of Lords, where he may be seen engaged in silent prayer that the law-makers may do the thing that is holy. When he speaks, it is to condemn war and injustice, and to turn the hearts of his hearers to peace and brotherly love. The English have a proverb which says "The words of a bishop are honey; they feed the poor." They have this other beautiful saying—"The bishop carries the poor man's purse;" and this is the only beggar that, during the long sojourn of the writer in England, was ever seen by him. Therefore, he can give no description of the class from a solitary individual. In fact, after a minute inquiry, it was discovered that the above was not a beggar from necessity; but was really a nobleman begging for a wager. Thus, in England, there are *no* beggars!

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by the Chinese. The nests are chiefly obtained in the caves of Java. They are generally taken by torch light from recesses of the rock, where "the slightest slip would plunge the nest-seeker" into the boiling surf below.

* The "golden lilies" are, poetically, the little distorted feet of the Chinese women.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Monumens des Arts du Dessin chez les Peuples tant Anciens que Modernes. Recueilles par* Vivant Denon, *pour servir à l'histoire des Arts ; décrits et expliqués par* Amaury Duval. Paris, 1829. Folio. 4 vols.
2. *Illuminated Ornaments, drawn from Ancient Manuscripts.* By Henry Shaw; *with Descriptions* by Sir Frederick Madden. London, 1833. Quarto.
3. *Catalogue of the Arundel Manuscripts in the British Museum,* (with plates engraved and colored by Henry Shaw.) London, 1834. Folio.
4. *Carteggio inedito d'Artisti dei Secoli XIV., XV., XVI., Publicato ed illustrato con documenti pure inediti dal* D. Gio. Gaye. Firenze, 1839. 8vo. 3 vols.
5. *The Pictorial Bible; being the Old and New Testaments . . . . Illustrated with many hundred Woodcuts.* London, 1839. Quarto. 4 vols.
6. *Paléographie Universelle: Collection de fac-similes d'Ecritures de tous les peuples et de tous les temps, tirés des plus authentiques documents de l'art graphique, chartes, et manuscrits . . . . . publiée d'après les modèles écrits, dessinés et peints sur les lieux mêmes, par* M. Silvestre, *et accompagnés d'explications historiques et descriptives par* MM. Champollion-Figeac et Aimé Champollion fils. Paris, 1840–1842. Folio. 4 vols.
7. *The Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels.* Edinburgh and London, 1842–1844. Royal 8vo. Nos. 1–56.
8. *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages from the Seventh to the Seventeenth Centuries.* By Henry Shaw, F. S. A. London, 1842–3. Imperial 8vo. Parts 1–16.
9. *The Keepsake.* 1843. 8vo.
10. *The Illustrated London News.* Folio. 1843.
11. *The Pictorial Times.* Folio. 1843.
12. *London:* by Charles Knight. 6 vols. Royal 8vo. London, 1843.

AMONGST the characteristics of the literature of the present age there is one which, if neither the most striking from its novelty nor the most important in its tendency, is certainly the most familiar to us all, and silently exercises no little influence upon society; we allude to the rage for ornamented, or as they are now termed, 'Illustrated' or 'Pictorial' editions of books. Be the books what they may, sacred or profane, old or new; good, bad, or indifferent —destined to remain as monuments to their authors, more durable than brass, or to pass away and be forgotten like the last year's Annuals—still all must be adorned with whatever the arts of engraving and fine printing can supply, to form what our Gallic neighbors call 'Editions de luxe'—or else, for the most part, be condemned to small type, and, perhaps double columns, as 'Editions for the people.' Nearly forty years since, when 'Illustrated' books were of comparatively rare occurrence, Professor Christian* querulously remarked, 'we do not grow wiser than our forefathers; the fury for prints proves the frivolty of the times, and our books, I fear, will shrink from a comparison with those of the age of Queen Anne, which were not adorned with such superfluous and meretricious decorations.' How would the professor lament over the 'Illustrations' of the present day!

The skill of the engraver has indeed been singularly assisted by modern discoveries in science and in art: the Formschneiders and the Intagliatori of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries would start with surprise at the stereotyped woodcuts and electrotyped engravings of the present day. Maso Finiguerra and Albert Durer, Melchior, Pfintzing and Raimondi (Marc Antonio) would, perhaps, be less astonished at the steam-engine and its wonders, than at the reproduction *ad infinitum* of their most labored and most finished efforts; their own handiwork remaining the while unsoiled by ink, uninjured by the press, and serving only to produce metallic copies for the printers' use.

Five lustres since, and a few hundreds only of impressions could be taken from a copper-plate engraving without its delicacy being materially injured; a 'retouching'—almost amounting to a re-engraving—was necessary to produce some few copies of inferior beauty and debased value. Now the 'Art Union' can supply its twelve thousand subscribers with impressions from an engraving, of which the last shall be scarcely, if at all, inferior to the first, and could do the same were its numbers tenfold what they are. Five lustres since, and

* 'Vindication of the Right of the Universities of Great Britain to a copy of every New Publication.'

a few small wood-cuts, mostly of very questionable design and execution—the works of Bewick and two or three others being the alone exceptions—were with difficulty 'inked' with 'balls' and 'worked' by hand: the price of any book being materially enhanced by the pains and labor necessarily incurred in the printing of its woodcut 'embellishments'—for such was then the term. In Johnson's '*Typographia*,' published in 1824, is a detailed account of the difficulties experienced in finding either a printing-press of sufficient power, or proper ink, or the requisite skill to print a few copies of 'the very elaborate and most extraordinary engraving on wood, executed by Mr. William Harvey, of the Assassination of L. S. Dentatus, from a celebrated painting by Mr. B. R. Haydon.' This engraving was composed of eleven pieces of wood, 'through which passed four strong iron bolts with nuts at each end,' and measured fifteen inches by eleven and a half inches. We may now smile at this difficulty, but the worthy typographer might then boast of his success in achieving such a task with the means at his command. A few months ago the 'Illustrated London News' circulated to its twenty or thirty or forty thousand subscribers a well-executed and well-printed view of London, measuring four feet by two feet, having a superfices about six and a half times that of the Haydonian Dentatus; and, more lately, the 'Pictorial Times' put forth a wood-cut of Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' of the same size with Burnet's line-engraving!

To produce great numbers of large engravings in cameo, whether in wood or metal, steam-power is of course employed; for smaller editions of works of less magnitude the Stanhope or Columbian (Clymer's) presses worked by hand are still used, and although 'balls' also are even now employed by some printers for 'fine work' and for delicate engravings of small size, yet the greater beauty of impression of the numerous 'illustrated' books of the present day, as compared with those printed at the beginning of the present century, is mainly due to the almost universal substitution of Mr. Cowper's inking rollers for the 'balls' which, until the year 1816, had remained unimproved from the time of Fust and Schoeffer; from the middle of the fifteenth century to the time of Bulmer and Bensley. This simple but most important invention was, we believe, patented, but the patent was as generally and as unblushingly infringed as in the case of the kaleidoscope invented about the same time by Sir David Brewster—'Sic vos non vobis.' It is a very singular but well attested fact that, incalculable as have been the effects produced by the invention of printing (for who can estimate them?) no improvement was made in the mechanical means employed by the early printers, neither by the Manuzj or Giuntas, nor the Estiennes, Plantins, or Elzebirs, until the late Earl Stanhope invented the press which bears his name, and Mr. Cowper the rollers which do not bear his. Can we wonder that the Mazarine Bible, the first complete book printed (certainly before 1455), has not been excelled, if even it has been equalled, in all that constitutes beauty in a printer's eyes, by any printed production of a later date? But to return to our subject.

Five lustres since, and, with the exception of Bewick's works, scarcely twenty books of modern date could be named having woodcut embellishments with any pretensions to merit. Amongst the few were a small Shakspeare in seven volumes, with designs by Thurston; an edition of Fairfax's translation of Tasso; and especially Rogers's Pleasures of Memory, with designs of exquisite beauty by Stothard.* The number of works with cuts steadily increased; but without doubt the greatest impulse was given by the publication of the 'Penny Magazine' of the Society for the Diffusion of *Useful* Knowledge—followed, '*haud passibus æquis*,' it must be confessed, by the 'Saturday Magazine' of the Society for Promoting *Christian* Knowledge. The first still continues, we believe, in its original course; the second has been long since cast off by the Society which originated it, although it still bears a stamp resembling, in outward appearance, that Society's distinctive mark. There is no doubt that these two publications, each with many woodcuts weekly, have been the pioneers in the present march of woodcut illustration.

The improvements in the art of woodcutting, or of embellishment in relief, have been followed by their natural consequence—a great increase in the demand, greater means of supply, a lower price for 'the article,' and a corresponding increase in the 'factories,' some masters employing from

* Mr. Rogers, as it might be expected, has preserved some of these in the recent more elaborately ornamented editions of his Poems. We, however, prefer the wood to the copper.

twenty to thirty, or even more hands. If the present taste continues to exist, and shall spread, as is not by any means improbable, we may well anticipate that mechanical means will be found necessary, and something like a Brunel's block-machinery in miniature be adapted to the xylographic process, to aid the engraver in his suburban garret, as the larger machinery does the rigger in Portsmouth-yard.

A natural effect of all this is, that those means, which at first were called in to aid, now bid fair to supersede much of descriptive writing: certainly they render the text of many books subsidiary to their so-called illustrations. In this partial return to baby literature—to a second childhood of learning—the eye is often appealed to instead of the understanding, not so much on the ground that

'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator,'

nor from an acute and accurate perception of beauty of design, as from a low utilitarian wish to give and receive the greatest possible amount of knowledge at the least possible expense of time, trouble, money, and, we may add, of intellect. Verily it is a superficial knowledge which now pervades the country from Berwick to the Land's-End—from Maidenkirk to John O'Groats—wherever the English language is known, and where it is not known: we have seen the 'Penny Magazine' in Polish.

One publisher has put forth a 'Pictorial Bible,' a 'Pictorial Shakspeare,' and a 'Pictorial' History of England. The Napoleon Museum is advertised as an 'Illustrated' History of Europe. The boards in the streets are placarded with puffs of some refuse of American literature (?) called Peter Parley's 'Illustrated' Histories, written, we suppose, by 'drab-colored' Philadelphians, and savoring of democracy and repudiation of honest debts. We have a Weekly 'Illustrated News,' and a 'Pictorial Times;' besides scores and scores of baser newspapers 'illustrated' but unstamped. In all these cases it will be seen that the adjective is more prominent than the substantive. We do not know that it would be fair to say the same of 'Punch.' Mr. Punch has pens of no common mark at his orders, as well as pencils—very clever writers (we are sorry to see not so good-humored as they were at the start); yet George Cruikshank and his fellows are real artists, and to their grotesque fertility this most diverting paper owes at all events half of its attraction.

Five lustres since, and 'Illustration' had a quite different meaning from that which now obtains. A book was then called 'Illustrated' which was crammed, like a candidate for honors, with all that related to all that the book contained. To this end, every portrait, in every state,—etching, proof 'before letters,' finished proof, and reverses,—of every person, every view of every place, was if possible procured; and where engravings did not exist, drawings were made, until the artist's skill and the collector's purse were alike exhausted. The germ of this system of illustration existed as early as the time of Charles I. The pious but ascetic Nicholas Ferrar had bought, says Dr. Peckard,* during his travels on the Continent,

'A very great number of prints engraved by the best masters of that time, all relative to historical passages of the Old and New Testaments: indeed he let nothing of this sort that was valuable escape him.'

These prints Ferrar employed in ornamenting various compilations from the Scriptures; amongst others,

'He composed a full harmony, or concordance, of the four Evangelists, adorned with many beautiful pictures, which required more than a year for the composition, and was divided into 150 heads or chapters.'

The history of this 'illustrated' book, the first we believe of its kind, is curious:

'In May, 1633, his Majesty set out upon his journey to Scotland, and in his progress he stepped a little out of his road to view Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, which by the common people was called *the Protestant Nunnery*. The family having notice, met his Majesty at the extremity of the parish, at a place called from this event the King's Close, and in the form of their solemn processions, conducted him to their church, which he viewed with great pleasure. He inquired into, and was informed of the particulars of their public and domestic economy; but it does not appear that at this time he made any considerable stay. The following summer his Majesty and the Queen passed two nights at Apthorpe in Northamptonshire, the seat of Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. From thence he sent one of his gentlemen to *intreat* (his Majesty's own word) a sight of *The Concordance*,

* In Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, ed. 1839, vol. iv. p. 189.

which, he had heard, was sometime since done at Gidding, with assurance that in a few days, when he had perused it, he would send it back again. Mr. N. Ferrar was then in London, and the family made some little demur, not thinking it worthy to be put into his Majesty's hands, but at length they delivered it to the messenger. But it was not returned in a few days, or weeks: some months were elapsed when the gentleman brought it back from the king, who was then at London. He said he had many things to deliver to the family from his master:—first, to yield the king's hearty thanks to them all for the sight of the book, which passed the report he had heard of it; then to signify his approbation of it in all respects; next, to excuse him in two points, the first for not returning it so soon as he had promised, the other, for that he had in many places of the margin written notes in it with his own hand; and "(which I know will please you), said the gentleman, you will find an instance of my master's humility in one of the margins. The place I mean is where he had written something with his own hand, and then put it out again, acknowledging that he was mistaken in that particular." Certainly this was an act of great humility in the king, and worthy to be noted; and the book itself is much graced by it. The gentleman further told them that the king took such delight in it, that he passed some part of every day in perusing it. And lastly, he said, "to show you how true this is, and that what I have declared is no court compliment, I am expressly commanded by my master earnestly to request of you, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, and of the young ladies, that you would make him one of these books for his own use; and if you will please to undertake it, his Majesty says you will do him a most acceptable service."

'Mr. Ferrar and the young ladies returned their most humble duty, and immediately set about what the king desired. In about a year's time it was finished, and it was sent to London to be presented to his Majesty by Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Cosins, one of the king's chaplains. This book was bound entirely by Mary Collet (one of Mr. Ferrar's nieces), all wrought in gold, in a new and most elegant fashion. The king, after long and serious looking it over, said, "This is indeed a most valuable work, and in many respects worthy to be presented to the greatest prince upon earth, for the matter it contains is the richest of all treasures. The laborious composure of it into this excellent form of an harmony, the judicious contrivance of the method, the curious workmanship in so neatly cutting out and disposing the text, the nice laying of these costly pictures, and the exquisite art expressed in the binding, are, I really think, not to be equalled. I must acknowledge myself to be greatly indebted to the family for this jewel, and whatever is in my power, I shall at any time be ready to do for any of them."'

King Charles's statues, pictures, jewels, and curiosities were sold and dispersed by the regicide powers: from this fate, happily, the royal collection of manuscripts and books was preserved; neither was it, like the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, doled out, piecemeal, to Hugh Peters and his brother fanatics. This good service was mainly owing to Bulstrode Whitelocke.* When the British Museum was founded, King George II. presented to it the whole of the royal library; and Ferrar's Concordance, with another similarly illustrated compilation by him, is there preserved in safety. The Reverend Thomas Bowdler of Sydenham, the representative of the last baronet of the Cotton family, the founders of the Cottonian Library, possesses another of the Ferrar volumes. Of those which were presented by Ferrar to George Herbert and Dr. Jackson no record remains.

The system of which we now speak was not fully developed until the publication of Granger's 'Biographical History of England.' Something may be said in favor of those who, with gentle dullness and patient industry, haunted the printsellers' shops to collect all the engraved portraits which Granger had enumerated. There is a charm in the human face divine, although it must needs be powerful to call forth—as it does—twenty, or thirty, or fifty guineas from a collector's pocket for a coarsely executed cut of some Meg Merrilies, some Tom of Bedlam, or some condemned criminal, of which the only value is being 'mentioned by Granger.' However, the dross is always the dearest portion of a collector's treasure, be it in books or prints. Strutt's 'Dictionary of Engravers,' to be completely 'illustrated' in a collector's eyes, should contain every work of every engraver mentioned in it (Hollar alone would cost £10,000, could a set of his works be procured): yet this has been attempted, and so has Rees' 'Cyclopædia!' The copy of Pennant's 'History of London' which was bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Crowle cost that gentleman £7000; and the 'Illustrated' Clarendon and Burnet, formed by the late Mr. Sutherland, of Gower-street, and continued by his widow,

* 'Jan. 18, 1647. The manuscripts and books in Whitehall, because of soldiers being there, were ordered to be removed to St. James's house, and placed there, which I furthered in order to the preservation of those rare monuments of learning and antiquity which were in that library.'—*Memorials*, p. 288, ed. 1732.

who has munificently presented it to the Bodleian Library, cost upwards of £12,000. This, perhaps the richest 'pictorial' history which exists, or is likely to exist, deserves more than a passing notice. It contains nearly nineteen thousand prints and drawings: there are seven hundred and thirty-one portraits of Charles I., five hundred and eighteen of Charles II., three hundred and fifty-two of Cromwell, two hundred and seventy-three of James II., and four hundred and twenty of William III. The collection fills sixty-seven large volumes. Forty years were spent in this pursuit. The Catalogue of the 'Illustrations,' of which a few copies only were printed for distribution as presents by Mrs. Sutherland, fills two large quarto volumes. In mere numbers, however, Mr. Sutherland was surpassed by the foreign ecclesiastic who is said to have amassed twelve thousand 'portraits' of the Virgin Mary! We know of copies of Byron's works, and Scott's works, each 'illustrated' with many thousands of prints and drawings, and each increasing almost daily.

The venerable bibliopole and bibliographer, M. Brunet, says, in his '*Manuel du Libraire*,' art. Strutt, of a copy of the Dictionary formerly belonging to Messrs. Longman, and valued by them at £2000:—

'Cette manie de faire des livres précieux me rappelle la réponse que me fit un capitaliste à qui je montrais un volume d'une valeur considérable. "Tenez!" me dit-il froidement, en me présentant un portefeuille rempli de billets de banque, "voilà un volume encore plus précieux que le vôtre." Ce mot me paraît sans réplique, et je ne crois pas qu'il y ait dans les trois royaumes de la Grande Bretagne un curieux qui pût montrer une *illustrated copie* plus précieuse qu'un pareil portefeuille. Au surplus, ne disputons pas des goûts, mais croyons que celui de l'amateur de billets de banque serait celui de bien des gens.'

This system of 'illustration' has, however, had its day; it required time, money, and, moreover, knowledge and taste. Illustrations are now wanted ready-made for the million.

Five lustres since, and manuscripts were things which were rarely seen, and still more rarely understood. The opportunities for seeing them were indeed but few: the British Museum was in comparative infancy; its reading-room frequented by tens, not as now by hundreds of daily students. The libraries of Oxford and Cambridge offered little facility of access to their treasures, and scarcely any means existed of making generally known the various splendid manuscripts to be found in other libraries, public and private. Catalogues of collections of manuscripts were compiled with a view to the subject-matter of each volume, rather than to the accidental qualities of calligraphy and illumination: even when the characters of a manuscript were criticised it was chiefly with the intent to judge thereby of its age and the country where it was written; but little criticism respecting the illumination of manuscripts is to be found in those most conversant with them, in Mabillon, Maffei, Baring, Kopp, Walther, Trombelli, and the Benedictine authors of the 'Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique.' This last work, to great learning and very little judgment, adds so much quackery that, upon adding together the various classes into which the authors divide the modes of writing found in Latin MSS. alone, we find that they enumerate classes, divisions, sub-divisions, genera, and species, containing one hundred and eighty-nine species of majuscule writing, one hundred and seven species of uncial writing, ninety-three species of demi-uncial writing, and two hundred and thirteen species of writing in minuscules; to say nothing of the different species into which they divide cursive or running hand. It may well be a question how many schools of illumination they would distinguish.

Sometimes, it is true, the words 'cum picturis' were added to the description of a volume, but to those who had not actually handled manuscripts the words conveyed little meaning, and the few engravings from such 'picturæ' which here and there occurred in catalogues, or elsewhere, excited no wish in the mind of the reader to see the originals. The engravings to be met with in the bulky tomes of Montfaucon, Ducange, Papebroch, Kollar, and others, were not generally known, nor were those which were published by the Society of Antiquaries, of the Cottonian Manuscript of Genesis, extensively circulated. The illuminated service books of the Roman Catholic Church, which, of whatever nature, breviary or plenarium, antiphonar or gradual, hours or psalter, processional or benedictional, were, and still too often are, confounded under the generic term of 'missal,' afforded, by their more frequent occurrence, the chief means of information.

The first who in this country used, to any extent, illuminations as a source whence to

'illustrate' the manners and customs, the dresses and sports of former ages, was the laborious Joseph Strutt, whose engravings, though always coarse, and often inaccurate, have supplied the small learning of many a self-styled antiquary. A few years afterwards the late Thomas Johnes of Hafod put forth his translations of Froissart's and Monstrelet's 'Chronicles,' with engravings in outline from some finely illuminated MSS. of those authors. Mr. Johnes's books form an epoch in the history of illustration, as they first made apparent to the general reader the beauty to be discerned in manuscripts.* In 1814 Mr. Utterson published an edition of the romance of 'Arthur of Little Britain,' with outline engravings, in the style of those to Johnes's translations. This was another step, for although Strutt had slightly tinted or daubed some of his plates, Mr. Utterson had some of the large paper copies of his book well colored, so as to imitate the originals. This, however, raised a quarto volume, with only twenty-five small plates, to the price of fifteen guineas! The great price of colored plates prevented the increase of publications of this kind, and but little was done until the year 1833, when Mr. Shaw published his 'Illuminated Ornaments.' To this work unquestionably the public taste is much indebted; it first united good judgment in the choice of subjects, minute accuracy of detail, beauty of execution, and comparative cheapness of price. Each plate was accompanied with a description by Sir Frederic Madden, who added a preface, which, though very short, is almost the only history of 'illuminations,' to use what is now become a technical term for small paintings in gold and colors. Mr. Shaw had scarcely begun this work when his services were called for by the trustees of the British Museum to 'illustrate' the catalogue of the Arundel collection of MSS., and their liberality enabled Mr. Shaw to produce some plates which are as yet unrivalled, save by the work undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bastard, under the auspices of the French Government. The taste was now well excited in England, where public patronage is ever found the best.

By the aid of the French Government MM. Silvestre, Champollion-Figéac and Aimé Champollion, *fils*, have completed a large work, the largest as yet on such subjects, which we have named at the head of this article: it contains about 300 plates, mostly colored, comprising specimens of writing as well as of drawings or illuminations. As might be expected in a work so large, the execution is unequal, and many of the subjects are unworthy of the preference given to them over others. It is a vast storehouse, and although, from its price, it is to the general reader as inaccessible as manuscripts themselves, yet we must call it an expensive, not a dear book. In Messrs. Bossange's catalogue it is marked at the price of £80. In point of artistic feeling, and also of accuracy, it is inferior to Mr. Shaw's work.

The colored plates of illuminated MSS., which are found in the large work of Sommerard, *De l'Art au Moyen Age*, are little better than caricatures.

The first number of a humble imitation of M. Silvestre's book, from which indeed some of its specimens are taken, is now on our table: the chief merit is its cheapness—five plates, printed in gold (Dutch gold) and colors, by Mr. Owen Jones, for eight shillings! Were they better drawn, little more could be desired. A Mr. J. O. Westwood, who compiles the descriptions, writes himself 'F. L. S.,' and indeed he 'speaks in Karl Linnæus's vein:' thus, when describing a 'Codex purpureo-argenteus,' of remote antiquity, he says:—

'I have introduced the last two lines of the 5th, and the first line of the 7th verses, to show that not only the words are broken in two at the end of the lines, without any connecting marks, but that the paragraphs were also undivided into verses. They are, however, separated by *alineæ*, here appearing simply in the first letter being written rather beyond the perpendicular edge of the other lines, but scarcely larger than the other letters. The rounded *E*, the acutely-angled first stroke of the *A*, the elongated *Y* and *P* with the extremity obliquely truncated, the rounded part of the latter scarcely reaching below half the width of the lines, the acute-angled *M* with three of its strokes thickened, and the *A* with the basal stroke elongated beyond the triangle, and knobbed at each end, are peculiarities evidencing the most remote antiquity, in all of which respects it will bear comparison with the most famous codices'!!

* Some MSS. of Froissart are very beautiful. There have been published very lately some colored facsimiles, by Mr. Humphreys, from a remarkably fine illuminated copy of Froissart (now in the British Museum), which, from the arms in it (gu. a chevron or between three escallops arg. a bordure of the second, quartering arg. on a chief gu. three eaglets displayed or), may perhaps have belonged to the historian De Comines.

He appears to confound 'verses' with τίτλοι and κεφάλαια; could he possibly have expected to find 'verses in a MS. believed to be of the fifth century?

His first specimen is taken from a copy of the Gospels, in Latin, which there is little doubt was sent over to Æthelstan by his brother-in-law the Emperor Otho, between the years 936 and 940, and which was given by Æthelstan to the metropolitan church of Canterbury,* as appears from a coeval inscription in the volume. Mr. Westwood says:—

'The first page of the volume contains a large illuminated frontispiece: in the centre of which is a youthful king, crowned and kneeling in a church, with two courtiers behind him, and in front a figure of Christ, naked, and wounded on the side. The former has been supposed to represent King Richard II.; but it appears to me to be unquestionably intended for the youthful Henry VI., being in fact precisely similar to the miniatures of that king, contained in his psalter in the same library (Cotton. Domitian xvii.). In the upper part of the illumination is an aged crowned king, kneeling in the open country, with the devil at his back. There are also eight coats of arms in various parts of the page, and on a blue slab are inscribed the following lines:—

Saxonidum dux atque decus, primumque monarcham,
Inclitus, Ælfridum qui numeravit avum,
Imperii primas quoties meditantur habenas,
Me voluit sacrum regibus esse librum.

This illumination is evidently of the early part of the fifteenth century, and the verses above quoted record the tradition that Athelstan (the grandson of Alfred), by whom the English monarchy was consolidated, and raised to so much importance in the eyes of Europe, had devoted this volume to the service of the coronation of the Anglo-Saxon kings.'

This leaf, of which the writer of the above comprehends neither the meaning nor the importance, was inserted by Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., and widow of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; therefore its date is after 1477. The arms of Burgundy impaling England are at the foot of the page, with the letters C and M, and their motto 'Bien en advienne,' the whole surrounded with daisies (Marguérites). The figure of the king, therefore, is *not* 'unquestionably intended' for Henry VI. of Lancaster, the mortal enemy of Margaret of York. The other seven coats of arms are those attributed to, or borne by, the several dynasties of England prior to Margaret's time: being respectively (we spare our readers the heraldic jargon) those of Athelstan—*Edward the Confessor* for the Saxon kings—*Denmark* for Canute—*Normandy* for William I., and II., and Henry I.—*England* for Henry II., Richard I., John, Henry III., Edward I. and II.—*Ancient France* (first assumed by Edward III.)—and *Ancient France and England* quarterly for Edward III. and Richard II.

The fact that the sister of one of our kings should, at such an early period, thus have perpetuated the history of the volume takes away all reasonable ground for doubt. Sir Henry Ellis has printed a letter* from Sir S. D'Ewes to Sir Martin Stuteville, which shows that this MS. was used at the coronation of Charles I. At that time it belonged to Sir Robert Cotton, who was personally in attendance with it upon the sovereign. Not the least remarkable circumstance attending its history is, that, having been given by Æthelstan to Christ Church, Canterbury, the property of it should now, after the lapse of 900 years, be partly vested in the archbishop of that see, as principal trustee of the British Museum. But this interesting volume, the only undoubted relic of the ancient regalia of England, has drawn us from our subject.

Of a very different nature from the books which we have just mentioned is that which, under the auspices, and chiefly at the expense of the French Government, is undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bastard, brother of the late Comte de Bastard, a President of the Cour de Cassation, and Vice-President of the Chambre des Pairs de France. We ourselves have seen this splendid work,—the 'Peintures et Ornemens des Manuscrits,'—but it is probable that many of our readers will never have the like advantage, for we believe that there are not two copies in England of this costly book. *Costly* we may, indeed, well call it, for the seventeen livraisons of the first of the three sections into which the 'Partie Française' alone is divided, are published at the price of 1800 francs, or

* The words are 'Dorobernensis cathedre primatui, &c.,' which, by several writers who have mentioned this volume, are supposed to signify the church of Dover, instead of Canterbury. Their mistake has evidently been caused by school reminiscences of the Eton Latin Grammar, wherein the same error occurs, in the example to the second rule of the Second Concord in Syntaxis—'Audito, *it being heard*, regem, *that the king*, proficisci, *was set out*, Doroberniam, *for Dover*.' We commend this to Dr. Hawtrey's notice.

* Original Letters, first series, vol. i. p. 214.

seventy-two sterling pounds, each—so that this first portion, only forming, at the most, three volumes 'grand in folio Jésus' (who but Frenchmen would ever so profane the name?) will cost 30,600 francs, or 1226*l.* sterling (we have Count Bastard's handwriting now before us), being at the rate of 10*l.* and upwards for each colored plate! The 'Partie Française' is to consist of three sections, which, if of equal size, will amount to 3678*l.*! The conditions of subscription mention that 'à partir du 1er Juillet, 1840, il paraîtra, chaque année, de quatre à six livraisons, qui seront payées, argent comptant, à Paris, au domicile de l'éditeur, rue Saint Dominique, No. 93, Faubourg St. Germain. . . . . Comme garantie du travail, les planches portent tous ces mots, *Le Comte Auguste de Bastard direxit*, et un timbre sec aux armes de l'éditeur.' We fear that neither our announcement, nor the Count's guarantee, will procure him many subscribers. Of the great accuracy as well as unrivalled splendor of this book there can be no doubt; nor would we insinuate any thing tending to depreciate its high merits as a work of art, or 'illustrated book,' but we openly express our opinion that the vast cost is not compensated by the result obtained. MSS. themselves would be as accessible as this book, which would represent only a small portion of a few. If Count Auguste de Bastard's work should comprise only two other parts of equal extent with the French, the cost of a single copy will be upwards of *eleven thousand pounds!* a sum which, if well managed, would produce an entire edition of a work of high character and great beauty. The 'Antiquities of Mexico,' a magnificent work put forth at the sole expense of a young Irish nobleman, the late Viscount Kingsborough, cost his lordship, we believe, about 30,000*l.*; but for this sum a whole edition of a book in seven volumes in large folio, with very numerous colored plates, was obtained,* and, in relation to its bulk and necessary price, copies were extensively circulated. However, be the cost of the Count's work what it may, the French Government cannot be taxed with want of liberality, for it has subscribed for sixty copies (including that of the editor, and the four required by the 'Copyright Act of France), out of the one hundred copies printed. This subscription, for the first section of the first part alone, amounts to 73,560*l.*, or, for the 'Partie Française,' to 220,680*l.*, and, should the whole be completed, on the least proposed scale, to 668,040*l.*, or, in francs, to 16,032,960! Of this enormous sum, we believe that the French Chambers have already paid no little portion. At this rate 'Illustrated Books' become of great national importance, and the length of our notice of the Count's work is amply justified.

To enter fully into the history and mystery of illuminated MSS., from which the books we have just mentioned draw their materials, would lead us too far from our subject, and would not be of much interest to those, by far the greater part of our readers, who never have had, perhaps never will have, an opportunity of examining such works of bygone times, and will know of them only by the books just mentioned and their more humble copyists. One thing we must premise, however, that whatever may be the age of the MS.—of the seventh or of the fifteenth century; whatever its school, whether of Byzantine or Flemish, Italian or Anglo-Saxon art; whatever its subject, whether the holy Scriptures or a romance, a chronicle or a book of devotions; in short, whatever its matter, whether prose or poetry—the illuminations may be generally taken to represent the arts, manners, customs, and especially the dresses of the age and country in which the MS. itself was written and 'illuminated.' Thus we may trace many of the customs and dresses of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in a psalter which belonged to Canute, and many early English sports and pastimes in another psalter of the thirteenth century (which at a later period belonged to Queen Mary), and which also affords a very curious specimen of the bizarrerie of the early artists. At the foot of the pages of this MS., amongst the numerous grotesques with which they are ornamented, is a complete series of illustrations to—what do our readers suppose?—the romance of Reynard the Fox! and figures of the same kind with those to be found in the *misericordes* or *misereres* of our cathedral stalls. The late amiable and lamented Gage Rokewood has given, in the *Vetusta Monumenta* of the Society of Antiquaries, a number of early carriages and dresses from the Lutterel Psalter. Mr. Shaw has given figures

* Of this splendid book two copies were printed on vellum, which, when illuminated and bound, were estimated to cost 2000*l.* each. Lord Kingsborough presented one to the British Museum, the second to the Bodleian Library.

of 'Spanish warriors' of the twelfth century, which are copied from the 'illustrations' to a Commentary on the Apocalypse,* written at Burgos in 1109, and which strongly resemble some of the figures on the Bayeux Tapestry; yet the first are intended for the 'horsemen' seen by the holy apostle in his prophetical vision, the second for the Norman cavalry at the battle of Hastings. The MSS. of Quintus Curtius, Valerius Flaccus, Statius, and others, give us representations of the warriors and arms of the times of our Edwards and Henrys, of Froissart and Commines; we have now before our eyes an illumination representing part of

'The tale of Troy divine,'

in which cannon are planted against the walls of Ilion, and soldiers, armed cap-à-pie in such armor as Dr. Meyrick would assign to the year 1450, are scaling walls which, though pierced for cross-bows, are but about half their own height, whilst cavalry are advancing to gates which, though machicollated and portecoulissed, do not reach to them iddle of the warrior's lances. Even the Hebrew MSS. are not exempt from this unfailing characteristic. We have seen a MS. of the fifteenth century of the Haggada, that Rabbinical office for the first two evenings at the Passover, in which is embodied the legend of '*this is the stick which beat the dog, which bit the cat, which ate the kid, which my father bought for two-pence,*' accompanied with figures in Spanish dresses of the artist's time;—and a roll of the book of Esther, of the seventeenth century, in which Haman and Mordecai are depicted as Dutch Jews in trunk hose, and king Ahasuerus as a burgo-master with his gold chain. Sundry critics have expatiated with lofty contempt on the violation of all rules of propriety and keeping by these early illuminators. There is no defending them against the charge—*but* it so happens that it does not apply to them alone, for most of the great painters are equally obnoxious to it. We need only walk through the Louvre or our own National Gallery to observe every kind of extravagance; nor, to apply another test, does the most outrageous performance of any illuminator surpass the practical absurdity of Garrick playing Julius Cæsar or Macbeth in an English general's uniform of his own time, or (what many of our own readers have witnessed) the performance of Terence's comedies by the young gentlemen of Westminster School attired as modern dandies and powdered lacqueys. These and such like absurdities we do not now commit; but St. Paul's Cathedral is still deformed by Dr. Johnson—in a Roman toga! and Westminster Abbey by Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, as a Roman warrior, with an inscription as offensive to Christianity and right feeling as the monument itself is to good taste. The one rule to which, with all their faults, the illuminators of ancient times adhered is now of great use to us their descendants, who want to know their modes of life in all their tenses; their arms, costumes, architecture, and furniture, are thus become familiar to us. The costumes of the middle ages are now well understood; and Mr. Albert Way, we doubt not, could satisfactorily inform us of the fashions of any particular period, a knowledge which often serves to fix the epoch of a work of art. At Her Majesty's fancy ball last year, a royal duchess appeared as Anne of Bretagne, in costume historically correct; the Duchess of A. as a lady of the highest rank of the fourteenth century, faithfully copied from an illumination of—the Queen of Sheba!—from a magnificent Bible history of the time; whilst the Marchioness of E. was in the costume of the latter part of the fifteenth century, copied, aptly enough, from one of the Virtues, as blazoned in gold tissue and ermine, among the illuminations to Henry VII.'s copy of the Poems of Charles of Orléans (father of Louis XII.), who was taken prisoner at Agincourt.

To give a full account of the rise and progress of illuminated or 'illustrated' MSS. would oblige us greatly to exceed the limits of a review, but we cannot altogether pass over the subject. Its history has yet to be written, and great difficulties will attend the composition, as regards the productions of the earlier centuries of the Christian era.

* It is difficult to say with truth of any volume that it is unique; we, however, believe this to be so, except a rival to its strange mixture of styles of art exist in the dark unfathomed caves of Spanish libraries. It was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum from the Comte de Survilliers (Joseph Buonaparte), for whom, whilst in Spain, it was not improbably abstracted from the Escurial or from the Archiepiscopal Library of Toledo. There is none like it in any collection which we have seen, nor was there before in the British Museum, neither is there, we have good reason to think, in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. Only one other copy of the text of the work is known, viz. in the Royal Library Tynn

The extraordinarily early dates assigned by some writers to the celebrated MSS. of Virgil and Terence, in the Vatican, are altogether conjectural, and destitute of any foundation in sound criticism. The first has been referred to the same century in which Virgil lived, the other to the time of Constantine! If these dates be true, ought we any longer to doubt that St. Mark's Library possesses, as it once boasted of doing, the autograph of that evangelist, or that the Alexandrian MS. was written by Thecla in the time of St. Paul? The late amiable and accomplished but credulous Mr. Ottley has published, in the Archæologia of the Society of Antiquaries, an elaborate dissertation to *prove* that a MS. in the British Museum, containing an 'illustrated' copy of Cicero's version of Aratus, is of the like early date. We have known Mr. Ottley discover vestiges of early Roman art in the illuminations of a work written by Convenevole da Prato, the tutor of Petrarch, and addressed to Louis of Anjou, King of Naples! That the MSS. which we have named, and many others which we could name, are of great antiquity is true; but we unhesitatingly assert that it is impossible, without better criteria than we now possess, to assign them, as is so confidently done by sciolists, to any particular century.

In our own country the arts of illumination flourished at a very remote period of time: perhaps no nobler monument of its kind is possessed by any nation than the 'Book of St. Cuthbert,' or 'Durham Book,' now in the British Museum. It is a copy of the Gospels in Latin, written, at the end of the seventh century, by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died A. D. 721, and illuminated by Æthelwald, the succeeding bishop. It was then clothed in a binding of gold, inlaid with precious stones, by Bilfrith, a monk of the same establishment: and a Dano-Saxon version was interlined by a priest named Aldred. The old chronicler, Turgot, or Simon of Durham, gravely narrates how, by the merits of St. Cuthbert, and of those who, in his honor, had written and adorned the book, it was miraculously preserved when the Danes ravaged Lindisfarne. Simon says, 'Erat enim aurificii arte præcipuus.' Its golden and gemmed binding is gone, but its intrinsic beauty is preserved, as may be seen by Mr. Shaw's facsimile.

MSS. of this remote date are rare: still rarer are those which at all approach in beauty to the Durham Book. In the time of Charlemagne greater progress was made, and the art of writing in gold became more practised. The Codex Aureus, for which Lord Treasurer Harley gave 500*l.*, is of this time, and so is the volume well known as the 'Hours' of Charlemagne. The Bible which is said to have been written by Alcuin for Charlemagne, and which was purchased for the National Library at the cost of 750*l.*, is more probably of the time of Charles the Bald; for whom another splendid Bible, now in the Bibliothèque du Roi, is believed to have been written, of which a portion is in the Harleian Library. In this rapid sketch we cannot particularize many things; we shall name only a few of sacred subjects. We have already mentioned the Gospels belonging to Æthelstan, and we notice of the same century the Menologium in the Vatican, with illuminations which have been engraved under the auspices of Cardinal Albani, and the Benedictional belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which was written for S. Æthelwold Bishop of Winchester, and which is fully described by the late Mr. Gage Rokewood in the Archæologia. These are worthy of comparison. The Psalter of St. Louis is in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, and the very splendid Bible of the Anti-Pope Clement VII. (Robert of Geneva) is in the Bibliothèque du Roi. The identical copy of Guiar des Moulix's version of Pierre le Mangeur's Biblical History, which was found in the tent of John king of France at the battle of Poictiers, is in the British Museum, and also the copy which belonged to his son the Duke of Berry. The 'Hours' of this Duke of Berry are in the Bibliothèque du Roi. Sir John Tobin, of Liverpool, possesses the famous 'Bedford Missal,' for which he gave 1100*l.* It was written for the Regent Duke of Bedford brother of Henry V. The same gentleman also purchased for 500 guineas, at Mr. Hurd's sale in 1832, the Breviary which was presented to Isabella of Castille by Fernando de Rojas.* The beautiful Psalter of Henry VI.

* Amongst its many ornaments this MS. contains the arms of the Roxas or Rojas family (*or five etoiles of eight rays, saltire wise, azure*), with the inscription (we give it in full) 'Dominæ Elizabethæ Hispaniarum et Siciliæ reginæ christianissimæ potentissimæ semper augustæ, supremæ Dominæ suæ clementissimæ Franciscus de Roias, ejusdem majestatis humillimus servus ac creatura, optime de se meritæ hoc breviarium ex obsequio obtulit.' Dr. Dibdin, who describes this volume (Bibl. Decameron, i. pp. clxiii.-clxvii.), mistakes the arms of Rojas for those of France!—'wherein

is in the British Museum; and that which belonged to his father-in-law, René of Anjou, and is said, but on what appear to us insufficient grounds, to have been illuminated by René himself, is in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal at Paris. The 'Hours' which belonged to René, and afterwards to Henry VII., are in this country. One of the finest volumes of this kind, the 'Hours' of Anne of Bretagne, is in the Bibliothèque du Roi; its exquisite illuminations are most faithlessly and coarsely copied in Sommerard's work. Another, certainly by the same hand, and which now is in Mr. Holford's library, formerly belonged to Christofero Madruzzi, Cardinal Bishop of Trent, who is believed to have originated the memorable council held there. The Duke of Devonshire possesses the Missal of Henry VII. The Psalter of Henry VIII. is in the British Museum. The 'Hours' of Charles V. are at Vienna. We might extend this list fifty-fold. We cannot, however, pass over the Sherborne Breviary, in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland at Sion House; the Missal (now in the British Museum) of the Croy family, that family so familiarized to us by Walter Scott's Isabella—a volume richly adorned with miniatures and with a profusion of blazonry quite sufficient to have gratified the vanity of Countess Hameline;—nor two beautiful Missals of Italian art belonging to the Queen, which are valuable not only for their intrinsic merits, but also as tokens of gratitude from the last of the Stuarts—the Cardinal of York—to King George IV.

The names of those who executed the beautiful works which we have mentioned, and others of like nature, have in very few instances been handed down to us. We have already mentioned Bishop Æthelwald. Oderisi d'Agobbio, and Franco of Bologna, are immortalized by Dante;* of Silvestro degli Angeli little more than his name is known. Francesco Veronese and Girolamo dei Libri are known only by the beautiful missal which they adorned for one of the cardinals of the Della Rovere family; and we have not many particulars of the life of Don Giulio Clovio, who, although one of the latest, is yet confessedly the chief amongst all of his art. One testimony to his celebrity is the ready attribution by sciolists of any manuscript, having any pretensions to beauty, to his hand. A small volume, which the Strawberry Hill catalogue said was his work, produced under the auctioneer's hammer about 400*l.* His undoubted works are few. A commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, which he adorned for Cardinal Grimani, is in the Museum of Sir John Soane. Mr. Grenville possesses the victories of Charles V., painted by Clovio for Philip II.; and a missal by his hand belongs to Mr. Townley of Townley, the head of the ancient Roman Catholic family of that name. It is not known where the volume which he painted for the King of Portugal, and which is elaborately described in William Bonde's work, exists at this time, if indeed it be existing. The splendid but unfinished genealogy of the Kings of Portugal, lately added by the trustees of the British Museum to the National Collection, has been by some persons attributed to him, but there is more reason to believe the paintings to have been done, at least in part, by Simon of Bruges for the Infant Don Fernando. Our readers may judge of the value of such productions by the fact that this genealogy, consisting of eleven leaves, is thought to have been cheaply purchased for the sum of 600*l.* Mr. Grenville's Giulio Clovio cost him we believe 500 guineas.

We have scarcely space to mention another class of manuscripts; the Venetian Ducali, or codes of instructions given by the senate or pregadj in the name of the Doge to those nobles who were deputed to preside over the various possessions of the seignory. These volumes were generally adorned in a manner according with the rank of the doge and the patrician governor. Three of these ducali were brought

we observe the arms of France quartered on a blue ground'—and reads, or rather prints the latter part of the inscription thus;—'*H. . . marin . . . ex obsequio obtulit.*' Dr. Dibdin fairly gave up the interpretation. Not so the compiler of Mr. Hurd's Catalogue, who thinks 'it may safely be affirmed they conveyed a compliment to Isabella's patronage of Columbus's expedition. King Ferdinand having refused any assistance, Isabella generously supplied the greater part of the outfit. The mutilated words *H. . . . marin . . .*, furnish the key. The hiatus may probably be filled up nearly thus:—'*H [is] [Trans] marin. [ex] [F.],*' that is, *Hispaniæ Transmarinæ expeditionis Fautrici ex obsequio obtulit!!*' This equals Jonathan Oldbuck's A. D. L. L. *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens.*

* 'O, diss' io lui, non sei tu Oderisi,
L'onor d'Agobbio, e l'onor di quell' arte
Che alluminare è chiamata in Parisi?
Frate, diss' egli, più ridon le carte
Che penelleggia Franco Bolognese:
L'onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte.'
Purg. xi. 79

from Italy by Mr. Edwards; and attributed by him to Titian, Tintoretto, and Battista Gelotti respectively. They formed part of his library sold in London in 1815. We know not who now possesses them. When we consider the numerous volumes of this kind which, during a long series of years, were adorned for the numerous governors of the numerous dependencies of the Venetian republic, their great rarity is only to be accounted for by the system of secrecy observed by that government. It is probable that these volumes were restored by the various podestàs and capitani at their return from their offices to the archives of the seignory, and there destroyed. It is certain that they were not sold, like our own Exchequer documents, to a fishmonger by the ton weight. On this supposition only can we account for the fact that not more than fifty, between the years 1360 and 1700, so far as we can learn, are known to exist—yet the state archives have been brought to the light of day, the great families have been ruined, and their libraries dispersed. Count Daru mentions only fifteen. The British Museum possesses twenty-eight, the Bibliothèque du Roi (according to Daru and Professor Marsand) thirteen, Sir Thomas Phillipps six, Mr. Grenville one. We know of one only at Cambridge, and we do not think that the Bodleian possesses more than two or three.

Before noticing the more modern illustrations, we must not omit to mention one mode (and that but little known to us moderns) of conveying information by pictorial representations on walls. We cannot undertake to particularize all these modes, but they well deserve a more enlarged space than we can afford to give here. We will allude to one subject only, that of geography; to the painted maps described by Eumenius,* the Peutinger Tables (which we know only by a comparatively modern copy), the maps in the king's chamber at Westminster, the Hereford map, and the paintings to illustrate the voyages of the fratelli Zeni in the Sala dello Scudo at Venice. This taste, perhaps the necessity for its indulgence, has gone by; we do not expect to see Parry's voyages or Burnes's travels depicted in Her Majestys robing room, in the new Houses of Parliament.

It is quite foreign to our purpose to enter at length into the origin and history of engraving, or to discuss the priority of this or that woodcut, or the relative authority or credulity of Papillon, Heinecken, or Ottley. With regard to the woodcuts 'illustrative' of the History of Alexander, and said by Papillon to have been executed in the year 1286 by a twin brother and sister of the name of Cunio, we cannot but agree (in spite of all that has been urged by Ottley and Zani) with Heinecken and those who believe the whole to be a fable. Were it not for the fact that Papillon had been insane, we should not hesitate to call it an impudent forgery. It is certain, however, that engravings of some sort, or illustrations, were not merely coeval with printing, but even preceded it:—the block books, as they are termed, being amongst the first. The 'Biblia Pauperum,' whose every leaf is now worth a bank note, was the Pictorial Bible of the middle of the fifteenth century; and the 'Speculum Sacerdotum,' which purported to be a help to 'pauperes prædicatores,' may be considered typical of 'Simeon's Skeletons of Sermons,' intended for the same *useful* purpose. The history of the art of cutting in wood and copper has its interest—but that interest is not general.

It is equally foreign to our purpose, and far beyond the limits of a review, to enumerate the individual books which have been put forth with illustrations during the four centuries wherein the arts of printing and engraving have flourished conjointly. Neither are the various epochs of improvement, if indeed improvement there be to any great extent, so marked as to enable us to point out to our readers those signs or instances by which they may be judged of. Our chief boast may be the great facility with which tens of thousands of copies are produced in cases where a few hundreds only in the earlier times were either made or needed. We have said that no modern printer has excelled the Mazarine Bible. Has any woodcutter excelled Albert Durer? Have any 'Illustrations' to Dante yet appeared which, save Flaxman's outlines, excel those by Botticelli or Baldini

* Videat prætorea in illis porticibus juventus et quotidie spectet omnes terras, et cuncta maria, et quicquid invictissimi principes urbium, gentium, nationum aut pietate restituunt, aut virtute conficiunt, aut terrore devinciunt. Siquidem illic, ut ipse vidisti, credo, instruendæ pueritiæ caussâ, quo manifestius oculis discerentur quæ difficilius percipiuntur auditu, omnium cum nominibus suis locorum situs, spatia, intervalla descripta sunt, quicquid ubique fluminum oritur, et conditur, quacumque se littorum sinus flectunt, qua vel ambitu cingit orbem vel impetu irrumpit oceanus.'—*Eumenii Æduensis Oratio pro instaurandis scholis Mænianis*, cap. xx. ed. Arntzenii, tom. i. p. 225.

in the Florence Dante of 1481? Yet this is the second book published with engravings. Can a higher tribute have been paid to the illustrations of a book than that, from their great beauty, they should for a long time and by many writers have been attributed to Raffaelle, and that this opinion can be refuted only by the fact of Raffaelle's youth at the time when the book was published? What modern designer, what modern engraver but would feel flattered were such work his own? Yet this book—the *Hypnerotomachia of Poliphilo*, by Francesco Colonna—was published in 1499, when Raffaelle was but sixteen years of age.* If profusion be a test of modern excellence, what work can be said to excel the 'Perils and adventures of the famous hero and knight Tewrdanncths,' printed in Nuremberg in 1517?† In modern 'illustrated books' we have often recognized designs and engravings as having come under our observation before; having appeared on the table as 'pièces de résistance,' we have met with them hashed up in an annual or in some *rifacciamento*, peppered highly to excite the languid appetite of the cloyed literary public. Even here, even in the abuse of art, our forefathers excelled us. We copy even their faults. Jonathan Oldbuck says,

'I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer Wolfrand Oldenbuck,* who, in the month of December, 1493, under the patronage, as the "Colophon" tells us, of Sebastian Scheyter, and Sebastian Hammermaister, accomplished the printing of the "Great Chronicle" of Nuremberg—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great *restorer of learning* is more creditable to me as a man of letters than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fisted, old Gothic barons since the days of Crentheminachcryme—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name.'

We doubt if the laird of Monkbarns would have made this boast, had our learned friend Mr. Maitland's 'Papers on Sacred Art'† appeared. He would have been startled at hearing that the 'great restorer of learning,' from whom he claimed to descend, had caused one and the same woodcut head to represent in succession Hosea—Sadoch—Scipio Africanus the younger—Antonio de Butrio, a Bolognese jurisconsult of the fifteenth century—and Nicolò Perotti, the conclavist of Cardinal Bessarion, who by his simplicity lost his master the popedom, himself a cardinal's hat. He would find one set of features—literally speaking, one *block-head*—used for Zephaniah, Æsop, Philo Judæus, Aulus Gellius, Priscian, and John Wicliff—another for Hector, Homer, Mordecai, Terence, Johannes Scotus, Francesco Filelfo, and sundry others—a third for Eli the priest, Virgil the poet, Arius the arch-heretic, &c. But books with far higher pretensions than the 'Nuremberg Chronicle' were *illustrated* with equal fidelity. In 'Fox's Martyrs,' a book having the odor of sanctity, one woodcut represents eighteen persons burned by sixes at Brentford, Canterbury, and Colchester respectively, and serves also to depict seven who suffered at Smithfield. The *portrait* of Bishop Farrer answers as well for sundry persons of inferior note. The question whether the martyrologist's text partake or not of this system of repetition, whether the same dialogue, *mutatis mutandis*, occurs more than once or twice, forms no part of our present inquiry.

* From this we must except maps and charts, which down to a surprisingly late period remained of very rude and inaccurate design and execution. Compare any isolario of the Mediterranean formed in the eighteenth century with that fine specimen of marine surveying, the map of the North Sea, published by the Admiralty, under the care of Capt. Beaufort, from the surveys of the lamented Capt. Hewitt, finished after his death by Capt. Washington.

† This work is an allegorical poem on the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian I. (*Tewrdanncths*, or 'Noble Thoughts') with the Princess Maria of Burgundy (*Ereareich*, or 'Rich in Honor'): it is dedicated to Charles V., by Melchior Pfintzing, chaplain to the emperor, who declares that he witnessed all the marvellous deeds narrated, and who is generally believed to be the author, though some writers have ascribed it to the emperor himself. The volume is a most splendid specimen of the art of printing, 'par rapport aux caractères extraordinaires avec lesquels le texte y est imprimé; caractères ornés de traits hardis entrelacés les uns dans les autres, et qui figurent d'une manière merveilleuse une belle écriture allemande.' It was long a matter of question whether the work were printed from metal types or from wooden blocks, but from accurate collations it is now proved that types were used. The woodcuts are of extraordinary beauty, and were executed by Hans Schaeufflein, whose initials (with his *rebus*, a baker's peel, *Schaufflein*) are on several of the engravings. Some of them have been attributed to Hans Burgkmair, the pupil and friend of Albert Durer. Of this magnificent book the Earl of Ashburnham, the Earl Spencer, and the Right Hon. T. Grenville, and some others, possess copies printed on vellum.

* *Antony Koberger* was the real Simon Pure.

† We sincerely hope that these papers, like those on 'The Dark Ages,' will appear in a separate form.

We know of more modern instances of this conventional portraiture; for example, see Houbraken's heads. The same freak, or rather imposition, has been practised in stone: thus a statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, trampling on a Turk, was called a statue of Charles II., having under his feet the usurper Cromwell, and was erected to that monarch's honor by Alderman Sir Robert Vyner, Bart. This citizen-like illustration stood on the site of the present Mansion-house. The late Mr. George Chalmers was of opinion that as features, the length or shape of the nose or chin or mouth, and the color of the hair or eyes, were matters capable of being described, so they were capable of being depicted, and he exemplified his belief by composing, synthetically, a *portrait* of Mary Queen of Scots!—We will not anxiously look out for very modern instances of somewhat similar deceptions; we speak with a tone of caution to those whom it may concern. It is not likely that now, as in the days of the 'Nuremberg Chronicle,' the same engraving will serve to represent Anglia, Troy, Toulouse, Pisa, and Ravenna; but we have *réchauffés—usque ad nauseam.*

For a long time the ornaments or illustrations of printed books were chiefly (we are far from thinking* or saying entirely) confined to representations of actual or material things, such as persons or places existing or purporting to exist. The more imaginative portions of illustrations may, we think, be considered to arise from a taste which once obtained throughout Europe—that of EMBLEMS, as they were not always correctly termed. Few comparatively of our readers may know that these books are to be reckoned by hundreds, many of them adorned with engravings which, both as regards design and execution, would in the artistic slang of the present day be called 'Gems of Art.' What a sensation would now be made were a work advertised 'with illustrations designed by Il Parmigiano, and engraved by Giulio Bonasone'—even though the book bore the somewhat vague title of 'Symbolicæ Quæstiones de Universo Genere!'* From the nature of these books, their amusing tendency, and consequent frequent destruction by use, often, we have no doubt, by the hands of children, many of them are now very scarce. They form a curious chapter in the history of literature; and we are surprised that they are not a more frequent object of collection by bibliographers and biblio-maniacs. They have their use too in personal history. Most individuals of note, by rank or merit, had their emblem or device, or *imprese*, which served them often in lieu of a name, still oftener in lieu of arms, when, in the case of ignoble birth, arms could not, as now, be 'found to any name,' by any seal-engraver. In England we had several writers of verses to emblems. Whitneys, and Withers and others are not very generally known; but who does not remember 'Quarles's Emblems,' with all the quips and quiddities—and withal the absurdities—contained therein? Quarles owed a vast deal to the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, one of the most popular books of its class. Other subjects than religion had their emblems. Otho Vænius pui forth *Emblemata Horatiana*, where Horace's text is spiritualized to absurdity, and *parva sapientia* is figured as a baby Minerva, armed *cap-a-pie*, and bearing an ægis and spear! The most complete collection which we ever saw of these books of emblems was that formed by the late Duke of Marlborough, while Marquess of Blandford, and living at Whitenights. That collection is now dispersed. We hope some day to give our readers a separate article on 'Emblems.'

In the earlier half of the last century* some few editions of a few books, as Milton, Shakespeare, the 'Spectator,' &c., were published, having each a few plates from designs by such artists as Hayman and Wale, and others unknown to fame, and deserving none. They have this merit in common with the old illuminators, that they represent faithfully the costumes and manners of the times. Once, we believe, and once only, Hogarth designed a merely ornamental or imaginative subject for a volume. His plates to 'Kirby's Perspective' are real illustrations. In the last century, too, existed a taste of which we know few modern instances, that of books printed entirely from intaglio or from engraved plates. Such were a 'Horace,' by Pyne, and a 'Virgil,' by Justice, now only

* See Roscoe's account of Achilleo Bocchi, in his Leo X., cap. xvii.

* We do not mean to be understood as implying that no books had plates before this time. But we are not making a catalogue. One of the most beautiful books we ever saw was a copy of the first edition of Jeremy Taylor's 'Life of Christ,' with 'brilliant impressions in the first state' of the plates engraved by Faithborne.

met with in the collections of the curious: the former was not devoid of merit in its illustrations. A Prayer Book was also engraved by Sturt, having no other merit than that, if it be any, which arises from the difficulty of execution. Sturt was a *painful* artist. There is in his book a portrait of George I., composed of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, and sundry Psalms. He has also reproduced the old but always ludicrous error of the 'beam' in the eye, represented as a log of wood, at the least six feet long! In the last century, too, some books were published, which may bear comparison with any of the present day. We may instance the 'Voyages Pittoresques,' particularly that of Naples and Sicily by Saint Non, a book well and splendidly illustrated, but sadly disfigured by *immondices*,* most needlessly as well as offensively introduced. In the case of our own country we may instance 'Cook's Voyages,' and the truly magnificent plates with which, by the wise liberality of the Government, they were enriched.

In the latter part of the last century a great change—a marked improvement over the Haymans and Wales, *et id genus omne*—took place. There flourished at the same time Bartolozzi and Cipriani, and—a host in himself—the late Charles Stothard, R.A., a truly English artist—one to whom little justice is done in this respect. Even his industry was remarkable, and could we enumerate the plates engraved from his designs, the numbers would, we think, astonish our readers. Many of his designs, engraved by the elder Heath for Harrison's 'Novelist's Magazine,' are of great beauty, though but little known. This magazine is a work of twenty-three closely-printed octavo volumes! We cannot pretend to recount or even to know the existence of all the books which now swarmed with illustrations. Shakespeare and the 'British Classics' (here understood to mean writings originally ephemeral), and the 'British Poets' and the 'British Theatre,' were all published in an 'illustrated' form by Bell, and Cooke, and others, we believe, of whom we never heard nor care to hear. The editions, however, published by Sharpe of the 'Classics' and 'Poets,' are far beyond the others in taste and beauty—nay, we think them not equalled by any which have since appeared. The beauty of these books rendered it not beneath the dignity of any artist to engage in similar objects, and there are few who have not fleshed their pencils in 'illustrations.' The greatest, and also the most industrious, of living geniuses in art, Turner, has, we believe, allotted a space of every day for many years past to the execution of small drawings for the 'illustration' of books. He is said to receive 25 guineas for the smallest; but the booksellers often get more than that price for the drawing from a collector, after their own purpose has been served.

At last arose the rage for Annuals, and for a time Art lay prostrate at the feet of Nonsense. We cannot think of criticising the Annuals—happily they are nearly extinct. ONE MILLION STERLING has, at the least estimate, been wasted on their production. Oh, that our readers could see—as we have seen—all the Annuals which, from the rise to the decline and fall of the imbecile mania, have appeared—in one small space of, perhaps, 8 feet by 6 feet—and moralize as we have done upon the public taste! That taste has of late been venting itself in part in Art-unions, not the most objectionable of safety-valves; but this, it seems, is now closed by the fiscal hand of government. We wait to see the next direction of the pictorial energy.

'Illustration,' as now used by booksellers, and printsellers, is incapable of being defined. Every engraving, every woodcut, every ornamented letter, however meaningless, however absurd, is an illustration; and provided such things are rather numerous in proportion to the extent of the work, it is forthwith dubbed 'an illustrated edition,' and the public are good-natured enough to buy it. Now a history may be well called illustrated when, as in the case of accurate views or authentic portraits, the pictured representation conveys to the mind a more clear and accurate knowledge than any verbal description could by any possibility communicate—when a single glance of the eye will at once impress on the mind that accurate idea of form which it is impossible for a blind person to obtain. A book of natural history is defective in one of its main objects when it wants such illustrations. It appears from Pliny (xxv.

* We must caution all parents against buying, without previous examination, any of the French 'illustrated' editions, even of their standard authors. The artists appear to wander willingly from their subjects in order to seek for dirt. Even their more scientific books are not free from this plague-spot.

2 4,) that Greek botanical works usually had the plants copied on the margin; and we have no doubt his own book had similar 'illustration' when first published.* Were the rule always followed, how much of technical phraseology, compounded of a vile jargon, partly Greek, partly Latin, partly of some modern language with Latin inflections (in fact *macaronic*), partly derived from names of nobodies or noodles, would be spared, and how much more accurate would be our knowledge. We should be curious to see the best representation made by the most learned naturalist from the most labored technical description of an object which he had never seen. A classic or ancient author of any kind may be illustrated by coins or figures of any antiquities, as nearly as possible contemporary with the writer. What imaginary figures by Prado or Villalpandus would impress us so strongly as the representations, no doubt drawn from the actual objects, on the triumphal arch of Titus, of the sacred utensils of the Temple at Jerusalem?

We altogether except against the mixture of the real with the imaginary, and calling the latter as well as the first, 'illustrations of the Bible.' Why place in the same category the figures on the Arch of Titus, the views of places mentioned in Scripture, the Jewish coins—and (as in the 'Pictorial Bible') the Death of Sisera after N. Poussin, who with truly French taste has represented the Canaanite Captain as a Roman Centurion—the 'repentance of Israel,' after Canova; or] 'Prudence,' after Sir Joshua Reynolds? All Gravelot's, and Cochin's, and Boudard's Iconologies might, with equal right, have been introduced. In Westall's Illustrations to the Bible, figures may be seen, the exact counterparts of those in his Illustrations of the 'Lady of the Lake.' Macklin's edition of the Bible, on which vast sums were spent, is one mass of pictorial absurdity, unmingled with any redeeming quality of truth or probability, and where the labor of the most skilful engravers has been wasted on designs unworthy of their talents. The 'Family Bible' of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has 'Illustrations,' which are of as little use as those in Macklin's edition, and which excel them only in being copied from better pictures—chiefly by the ancient masters as they are called. We rather doubt their tendency to promote Christian knowledge. It is often very difficult to ascertain with truth the scope of a picture: thus in the National Gallery is a picture by Claude le Lorrain, described as 'Sinon brought before Priam;' but how it could be supposed to 'illustrate' the lines—

'Ecce, manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum
Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant,'

we know not. The 'pastores' are helmed warriors! the 'juvenis' between them is offering water! It has been claimed, and justly, as illustrative rather of David, at the cave of Adullam, with the three mighty men who 'brought him water out of the well of Bethlehem.' We are not about to discuss the propriety or impropriety of painting subjects from Scripture, nor generally the errors—the flagrant errors—committed by painters of such subjects—nor the merits of such paintings, old or new, by living artists or by the great masters. We speak only as to the impropriety of their introduction as 'illustrations,' which, if the term mean any thing as generally used, implies something which tends to explain or throw light upon the text. So with any history: what light is thrown upon Hume's text by the magnificent nonsenses in Bowyer's edition? a book as superb and as useless, and as devoid of real beauty as Macklin's Bible. It outrages all probability, and sets at defiance all consistency in manners and costume. The 'Pictorial History of England' has at least this merit—we say this, because we never have read, probably never shall read, the work*—that it gives very numerous, and, so far as we can judge, accurate representations of persons, and things, and that a great proportion of the cuts are real illustrations of the text. In biography how much is the interest we feel enhanced by portraits and representations of places; but even here, where the opportunities for committing absurdities appear to be so few, what instances of every kind do we not meet with? We have now on our table Clarke and M'Arthur's 'Life of Lord Nelson,' a book published with every advantage of patronage, royal and official.

* See the English version of that very valuable mannal of lore, and at the same time most entertaining tale, the 'Gallus' of Professor Becker (Lond. 1844), p. 244.

* We *have* read the same publisher's 'London'—and in it there is a great deal of interesting reading, as well as a world of apposite wood cuts. It is a capital 'parlor-window book.'

We pass over the questionable taste shown in many of the plates, and we will give the words of the authors themselves —*Arcades ambo*—in explanation of the *allegory* which faces the title-page of the first volume. The design—alas! for the Royal Academy —is by one of their Presidents—Benjamin West—we hope the 'description' was not also contributed by him—

'The leading point in the picture represents Victory presenting the dead body of Nelson to Britannia after the battle of Trafalgar, which is received from the arms of Neptune, with the trident of his dominions and Nelson's triumphant flag. Britannia sits in shaded gloom, as expressive of that deep regret which overwhelmed the United Kingdom at the loss of so distinguished a character. In the other parts of the picture are seen the concomitant events of his life. The Lion, under Britannia's shield, is represented fiercely grasping the tablets with beaks of ships, on which are inscribed his memorable battles; and the sons and daughters of the Union are preparing the mournful sable to his memory. At a distance on the left is represented the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." The winged boys round his body are emblematic that the influence of Nelson's genius still exists; other figurative and subordinate parts are introduced to give harmony and effect to the whole composition.'

Southey truly says, 'the daisies and dandelions of eloquence are strewed here with profusion;' we wish that we had room for the whole of his comment.*

For books of Travels of course the proper mode of illustration is obvious. We do not wish for fanciful embellishments—let us have as nearly as may be the real reflection of what the traveller sees. It would be endless to enumerate the excellent performances of our own time in this way. The designs of Mr. Brockedon for Italy and the Alps—those of the late Lord Monson for the south of France—and those of Mr. Roberts for Egypt and the Holy Land, occur to us as among the most satisfactory; but in these cases the letter-press is trifling in relation to the prints. What a pity that the beautiful drawings executed by, or at all events under the inspection of Bruce during his travels, and now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Cumming Bruce, should never have been engraved! They represent many splendid architectural remains which since that day have entirely disappeared.

In illustrating poetry or works of fiction, the artist may be as imaginative and his fancy as unbridled as the poet's own: he has only to avoid the commission of solecisms or palable incongruities. Above all things it is necessary that he should clearly understand his author. Were we ill-natured, we could point out many ludicrous instances arising from misapprehension of the meaning of a passage; one shall suffice by way of caution. We have before us Gray's Elegy, and the first line of the epitaph at the end,

'Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,'

is *illustrated* by the figure of a gentleman in full dress black lying—Lord Herbert of Cherbury fashion—(or, as Partridge would say, ... 'patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,') and literally 'resting his head' upon a sod of turf for a pillow!

Sundry new books of this class are very beautiful, abounding with engravings on copper and steel and wood, and in some instances printed in colors. Mr. Owen Jones's exquisite Arabesques from the Alhambra formed appropriate ornaments for a book of Spanish Ballads; but we have since seen the same sort of *illustrations* embroidering pages for which cartouches from the tombs of Memphis would have been quite as suitable. We daily witness abominations of this sort, and we would earnestly press upon artists the necessity of preserving congruity, of using a fit thing at a fit time for a fit object, and not to consider that the merely positive beauty of any thing renders its introduction always desirable. Its relative beauty must also be considered. We would have them avoid such errors as architects,

* Nelson has been singularly unfortunate in his illustrators: the monument to his memory in Guildhall has been aptly described as 'a woman crying over a bad shilling;' that in St. Paul's is somewhat better, but—that in Trafalgar Square! We suppose that it is intended at some future time to perform, but we know not by what means, upon the dwarfish column the same operation as on the *Penelope* frigate—to cut it in half and to insert 30 feet of additional length in order that its proportions may be just. Even the armorial bearings granted to his family in illustration of his services might be supposed to have been designed by West and blazoned by Clark and M'Arthur. Read—and honor duly the Heralds' College of 1805!—

'Or, a cross patonce sable surmounted by a bend gules, thereon another bend engrailed or charged with three hand grenades sable, fired proper; over all a fess wavy azure, inscribed with the word "Trafalgar" in letters of gold; a chief (of augmentation) wavy argent, thereon waves of the sea, from which issuant in the centre a palm-tree between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper!!'

for instance, have committed in putting, as in Regent-street, the choragic monument of Lysicrates as the steeple of a church, or in St. Pancras, the Erectheium as a vestry-room, or in the 'City' the Temple of Ceres at Tivoli to round the corner of the Bank. The works of Moore have received, as they deserve, great variety of illustration, chiefly, and as necessarily arising from the nature of his writings, imaginative. The scenes as well as the persons and machinery of 'Lalla Rookh' and the 'Loves of the Angels' are imaginary, and the artist may indulge his fancy to the utmost in the creation of ideal beauty without fear of transgression, save in departing from the words that burn in Moore. Rogers, gifted with exquisite taste in art as in poetry, has had the singular felicity of will and power to choose the illustrations to his own poems. They are too well known and valued to want commendation from us. Byron and Scott are alike in this, that they give ample scope both for real and ideal illustration, and the opportunity has not been lost. We do not speak of all the portraits of all the Ianthes and all the Die Vernons, beautiful as many of the personifications of Byron and Scott's heorines are, any more than we do of all the Hamlets and Ophelias, all the Tom Joneses and Sophias. But is it possible to read Byron without wishing to see the scenes he describes? and if that wish be strong in our minds with regard to Byron, whose interests lie abroad—in fact are foreign—how far stronger is it in the case of Scott, whose thoughts, and words, and scenes come home to ourselves—to England—to Scotland; and in Scott it is not poetry only but prose also which enchants; we wish to see before us not only where

> ——'huge Ben Venue
> Down to the lake his masses threw;'

not only where

> 'The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
> Floats double—swan and shadow'—

but also Bothwell Brig, where stern Balfour of Burley fought, Lochleven where Mary was confined, and Preston Pans where Colonel Gardner was killed. It is this minute illustration, this transporting of ourselves to the actual locality of the scene that interests us, which makes us value as we do the Abbotsford edition of Scott. It is no fancy when we say that we understand him better in this edition, as the cuts—in general—we regret to say not uniformly—do really illustrate the text. How is it that a representation of the locality of the scenes of Shakespeare* does not in general so much interest us? Is it because, when reading 'Romeo and Juliet,' we are satisfied (let some biographers dream and say as they please) that Verona was as little known to him as 'Sarra in the londe of Tartarie' was to Chaucer? It has been attempted to fix the scene of the 'Tempest' at Lampedusa. Would it help us in any way to obtain a more accurate perception of the poet's meaning, or quicken our own imagination, if we gazed on the best pictorial illustration of the island? Does Savorgnano's account of Cyprus in 1569-71, the time when Othello is feigned to have been there, help us in any degree to understand Shakespeare, or does it in any way interest us? We feel differently respecting Herne's oak, and the Cliff at Dover.

Even new novels now-a-days come out with their 'illustrations'—and the prints are in some cases much more meritorious than the text. We do not allude, of course, to Mr. Dickens (though some of his works have been very lucky in the adjuncts)—nor to those lively Irish drolleries (cleverly illustrated as they are) of 'Charley O'Malley,' 'Tom Burke of Ours,' &c. &c.

Five lustres since and a book, Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' was advertised as possessing (apparently its greatest merit then) '*the* stone plate,' a solitary specimen of lithography. Need we say to what an extent lithography is carried now? To what perfection it is brought is evident by a comparison of the *etchings* of Otto Speckler's designs to the German edition of 'Puss in Boots,' and the lithographed drawings in the English edition. We have now before us perhaps the only specimen of *photography*, strictly speaking, which exists; a *bank note* engraved by the action of light upon metal, and printed in our presence by the common process. Five lustres more, and in what terms may this specimen be mentioned? It opens a strange vision! Colored and decorative printing, which we remember as existing only in the comparatively rude specimens

* We are glad to see that the affectation of writing 'Shakspere' is subsiding almost as rapidly as it arose groundlessly. 'Shakspeare' was bad enough. Mr. Charles Knight must forgive us—we think as highly as ever of much that he has done for our great poet; and wish him all success in the very useful 'Concordance,' of which two numbers have reached us. It seems done on a most judicious plan, and with exemplary care.

given in Savage's work, is now brought to great excellence and is common. We have seen some specimens of a proposed work by Mr. Humphreys, on illuminated manuscripts, which have surprised us by the accuracy of their execution and the effect obtained by merely mechanical means.

ILLUSTRATION is now about to be practised on a gigantic, at least upon a national, scale. We are to have a *pictorial history* of England on the walls of the houses of parliament. In the name of all the unities we hope and trust that no gross anachronisms, no real absurdities, may be perpetrated in fresco by any youth of twenty-two, or of the maturer age of forty-two, or of the too ripe age of sixty-two. Let us at the least avoid the errors of the French Versailles.* Let us not represent the 'naked Picts' in 'painted vests.' In the very proper, most proper, wish to obtain excellence in art, let us not shock common sense. Wet know that we are not likely again to be presented with ceilings and walls

'Where sprawl the gods of Verrio and Laguerre;'

but we are naturally fearful that excellence of design or richness and depth of color may be allowed to cover defects. We have, however, great confidence in some of the commission.

Some fifty, or sixty, or seventy years since an offer was made by the members of the Royal Academy (we are not sure whether in their corporate capacity or as individuals) to paint or illustrate the inside of St. Paul's Cathedral.† The offer was declined, but we know not with certainty upon what grounds. In the fifteenth century Jean Gerson, the chancellor of Paris, had good reason to object to the introduction of ridiculous pictures into churches; but still they existed in numbers, and of such a nature as, perhaps, to warrant the Genevese reformers in going to extremes, in wishing the destruction of the good or harmless—in fact of all—in order to ensure the destruction of the positively bad. The Council of Trent made one good regulation on the subject—the bishops were charged with the responsibility—'Tanta circa hæc diligentia et cura ab episcopis adhibeatur ut nihil inordinatum, aut præpostere et tumultuarie acommodatum, nihil profanum, nihilque inhonestum appareat; cum domum Dei deceat sanctitudo. Hæc ut fidelius observentur, statuit sancta Synodus nemini licere ullo in loco vel ecclesiâ, etiam quo modo libet exemptâ, ullam insolitam ponere vel ponendam curare imaginem, nisi ab Episcopo approbata fuerit.'* We wish that this rule had been so far carried into effect, even in the English Church, that no statue nor monument, even although ordered and approved and paid for by parliament, should have been introduced, as from the nature of some we presume they must have been, into St. Paul's Cathedral, without the sanction of the bishop. We cannot avoid the expression of our wish that they might be transferred as so many 'Illustrations' to the new houses of parliament, unquestionably the fitter receptacle for monuments to the praise and glory of man, for such undoubtedly and properly, in their natnre, they are. One more instance of 'Illustration,' and we close this paper. A short year since and a church, we will not name its locality, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was re-opened. Some stained windows had been added. The circular of the vicar stated, that 'the eastern window of this church, now completed with stained glass, is designed to *illustrate* the service for Trinity Sunday. The centre opening has reference principally to the Lessons, the side openings to the Gospel and Epistle.' The canon of the Tridentine' Council might have been useful here. These are not the 'Illustrations' we want.

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxi. p. 1.

† The inside of the dome was painted by Sir James Thornhill, and is now in a sad state of dilapidation. His original sketches are still preserved, and might, if necessary, be used in the restoration of the paintings.

PEAL OF BELLS FOR YORK MINSTER.—The papers mention that a very fine and powerful peal of bells is about to be erected in one of the towers of York Minster. They are the gift of the late Dr. Beckworth, a physician of York, who bequeathed £2,000 for the express purpose of furnishing the great northern cathedral with a suitable peal of bells. They are 12 in number, the largest weighing 53 cwt., and being in note C; the smallest 8 cwt., and the whole being upwards of 10 tons in weight. In addition to the above, a complete "monster" clock bell is about being cast for the Minster, which, it is stated, will be the largest in the world, and of the enormous weight of 10 tons, that of the great bell at Oxford being 7 tons; Great Tom of Lincoln 5 1-2 tons; and the great bell of St. Paul's 5 tons. It is to be paid for by subscription, £1,700 having been already collected.—*Athenæum.*

* Sess. xxv. Decretum de invocatione, veneratione, et reliquiis Sanctorum et sacris imaginibus.

A WEEK AMONG THE GLACIERS.

BY DR. H. A. GRANT.

From the Athenæum.

[Though we have become somewhat familiar of late years with the Glaciers, still the particulars of a visit by a man of science are worthy of record; we are obliged to Prof. Silliman for this pleasant narrative.]

By the present arrangement of the government, the ascent of Mont Blanc is very expensive, in consequence of the great number of guides requisite to be taken; and it is also annoying by the forms and ceremonies attendant on such an expedition. When a party intend making the ascent, mass is previously said in the village church, for the safety of the guides and travellers; and the guides, for whom more especially it is said, are obliged to attend. On the whole it is rather an imposing sight, to see these sturdy mountaineers attending this religious ceremony, before attempting to brave the dangers of an ascent.

The attempt to ascend Mont Blanc was to me quite unexpected, for I did not wish to risk for myself the dangers of an ascent, and much less the lives of the guides necessary to such an excursion. But being in company with two English gentlemen, who determined to attempt it, I was persuaded to make it with them.

Having made known our intentions to the *hôtelier*, he immediately sent for Couttet, who selected from the most trustworthy of the guides, eighteen for us; and six more, after seeing the preparation of eatables and drinkables the landlord had prepared for our journey, volunteered to accompany us, for the privilege of free access to our haversacks. Every thing being arranged the night previous, we breakfasted the following morning, July 15th, at 4 o'clock. The hotel presented at this early hour a lively scene, while the guides were depositing in the different haversacks the provisions which had been prepared, and which were truly enormous for the time we anticipated being absent.

One hour later and we were already skirting the base of the mountain, myself and two friends on mules; and in this way we proceeded, till we entered the thick growth of pines that clothes the mountain side, through which we wound our way, until the broken fragments of rocks and the trunks of fallen trees prevented the further progress of the mules, when we dismounted and sent them back, while we proceeded on foot through the pines, which now becoming less and less thrifty, soon ceased altogether, and nothing but the barren rocks, with only here and there a scraggy shrub, till about 9 o'clock we arrived at the point of perpetual snow, where we halted to take a second *déjeuner à la fourchette.*

It was at this point we determined to enter upon the Glacier des Bossons, and crossing it, to ascend the mount on the opposite side, which would, we conceived, be easier and less dangerous than continuing our course up the glacier to the Grandes Mulets, which was the point we wished to gain as a resting place for the night.

Here I made an experiment to test the diurnal advance of the glacier. I took three large blocks of stone, with the smoothest faces I could find, and having placed them in a straight line about ten feet distant from each other, I sighted (in the usual manner of farmers in setting a post and rail fence) along the smooth faces of the stones which were turned towards the summit of the mountain. I then had three other stones carried on the glacier at the distance of fifty to sixty feet from each other, and placed in a straight line with the three former stones, and left them to mark the change which should take place in their relative positions, on my return.

A similar experiment I made in the evening on my arrival at the Grandes Mulets, and on my return to the Grandes Mulets the next day at 1 o'clock, P. M., and at the point where I had made the first experiment at 4 o'clock, P. M., which made nineteen hours for the former, and thirty-one for the latter. The stones on the glacier had descended during this time, from a line drawn from the upper surface of the stones on the mountain to the upper surface of the stones on the glacier, between twelve and thirteen inches for the former, and about twenty-one inches for the latter, which is about sixteen inches for the twenty-four hours.

The number of pulsations and respirations per minute, of the whole party, I had taken at Chamonix, previous to leaving, and found that the average was seventy-six of the former and sixteen and a half of the latter. At this point, the perpetual snow line, there was a slight acceleration, the respirations being eighteen and the pulsations eighty-two per minute, after resting fifteen minutes, and of course previous to eating, as the pulsations are augmented during the process of digestion.

At 10 o'clock, A. M. we entered upon the glacier; the travelling was at first neither difficult nor fatiguing, for we had each a well-tried Alpenstock, which was equal to a third foot in case of need, and our shoes, made for the occasion, were well armed with square-headed nails throughout the whole extent of heel and sole.

The extreme purity of this glacier is remarked by all as greater than that of either of the other glaciers in the valley of Chamonix, and its crevasses present most perfectly the bluish green, and from that to the deep blue of the gulf water. The crevasses in this glacier are much deeper, wider, and more extensive, than either of the others in this valley; and this is owing probably to its great extent, and to its being one of the most precipitous of the Alps. They vary in width from a few feet to many hundred, and taking their length, including their

windings, from a few rods to one or two miles. Their depth has been estimated by De Saussure, for the deepest, at six hundred feet, which has been considered as exaggerated—an opinion in which I should agree, if this depth is given as common; but that there is one, and indeed that there are several, of this depth, below the Grand Plateau, I confidently affirm. One in particular, which I measured with a rude instrument constructed on the spot for the purpose, proved to be between eight and nine hundred feet deep: it was but a short distance from the Grandes Mulets. This crevasse, as I should judge, was about one-fourth of a mile in width, and seemed to have been formed by the inferior side sliding down to the distance mentioned above as the width of the crevasse, while its superior portion, remaining apparently stationary, (I say apparently, because the whole mass is perpetually moving onward,) had increased in height, by the additions made to it from the falling avalanches, so that the upper side rose more than two hundred feet above the inferior border of the crevasse; consequently, measuring its depth from the highest point of its upper edge, it measured near nine hundred feet, while from the highest point of its inferior border, my instrument marked something less than six hundred feet. This I give as the maximum of depth of any crevasse which we observed in this ascent. The crevasses are however, generally, from a few feet to fifty or sixty deep. Many have their sides nearly perpendicular, but in the deeper ones they are always zigzag, and many of the deepest, when they are very wide, may be descended with but little risk by means of ropes and hatchets, which are a necessary accompaniment to these expeditions. The crevasses which are the most difficult and dangerous to cross, are those whose width is about sixty or eighty feet, and eighty or one hundred deep. These frequently extend to a great length, and to avoid the fatigue attendant on following them parallel to their length, an attempt is sometimes made to pass on the bridges, which have been formed by avalanches falling across them, and thus wedging in immense blocks, forming in many places a rude but substantial arch, which rises some ten or twenty feet above their borders, and as many wide, making a very safe and convenient passage, while others at their base are sufficiently wide to tread on with perfect ease and safety. At the apex of the arch, they become so narrow, by melting, that it is quite impossible to stand erect upon their summit; it being only a few inches wide, and sloped on either side like a saddle, one is obliged for a few feet to sit astride of them as on horseback, and to trust to the steadiness of his nerves and the firm grasp of his knees to accomplish a safe transit. The ascent of these bridges is much easier and less hazardous than the descent, in consequence of being compelled, while descending, to look continually into the gap of the depth below, exhibiting the precariousness of the position.

We traversed those seas of ice and snow from about 10 o'clock, A. M., till between 5 and 6 o'clock, P. M. when we arrived at the Grandes Mulets, which we should have reached at least two hours sooner, had it not been for a newly formed crevasse of very great extent; (I say *newly formed*, because my guides said that the year previous when they made the ascent to the Grandes Mulets it did not exist.) It was of various width throughout its length, from fifty feet to one-fourth of a mile; and in following along its side we were obliged to ascend about one thousand feet above the Grandes Mulets before we could find a place to cross it, being about two thirds up the length of the crevasse, where turning abruptly, at nearly a right angle, it was filled for the distance of two hundred feet or more by avalanches, which had fallen from the Grand Plateau, or summit of the mount, and illustrated in the grandest and most impressive manner, the way in which gravity hurls down and piles up these immense masses of snow and ice to the height of hundreds of feet, and so equally poised upon pedestals of ice, that have been wasted by the heat of the sun, till it seems impossible that they could bear the enormous superimposed weight. In crossing the chasm at this point, we passed under these shelving masses, some of which projected one hundred feet over our path. The scene was one of wild magnificence; and it was at this point that our guides enjoined the strictest silence, and to tread with the utmost lightness and precaution, which injunction I regarded at the time as being merely an attempt *ad captandum*, in order to enhance in our estimation the value of their services. Being excessively fatigued, and being here screened from the wind and the dazzling rays of the sun, I proposed to halt and rest, to which my guide in the most peremptory and positive manner objected, saying if I attempted to stop at this point, he should be obliged to take me up and carry me from underneath this shelving ice, while at the same time, pointing to the water which was dripping slowly from its summit, and trickling down its side and base, he said it would not stand another day's sun, and any cause which should produce a slight vibration of the air, would dislodge other masses above it, which were less firmly fixed than even this one, and they would set the whole mass to tumbling headlong down. This being spoken with so much earnestness, and in a mere whisper, I proceeded. Our *valet de place*, whom we had taken with us, was immediately before me, and being rather awkward, moved very slowly, and had made one or two false steps, which my guide seeing, advanced at once and stopped him, then told me to pass him, as a few more such steps might set some of the smaller blocks in motion, and as we were behind, we should lose our lives, by his stupidity.

I passed him, and a few minutes' walk carried us to the opposite side of this dangerous pass, where we sat down to rest, and viewed from a point of safety the danger which we almost unconsciously braved. It was now frightful to see other promontories of ice, which while we were crossing had been hidden from our view, resting upon mere feathery edges with sheets of snow dropping over their edges in festoons, appearing scarcely thick enough to support their own weight.

Our guides told us we could now prove, or rather test the truth of their assertions respecting the powerful effect of the vibrations of the air at this height, which hint we at once availed ourselves of, by ordering the whole company to give three shouts at the height of their voices, which they did, and the effect of which was quickly visible. The first shout produced no sensible movement, but with the second, though the sound produced none of that sharp echo, which we often hear in the gorges of the mountain valleys, yet its effect was manifest, first upon those festooned edges of snow which I have mentioned above, and which with another loud shout began to detach themselves in quick succession, falling in considerable sheets, till one of no great size fell some eighty feet upon one of those huge rocks of ice, which was poised so equally that it required but the slightest force to turn the balance, when this slid from its resting place, with but little velocity, not as fast apparently as a man would walk; but the momentum of so large a mass must have been enormous. I should judge its slide was not more than twelve or fifteen feet (though it may have been many more), when being suddenly checked, by its base coming in contact with another mass, the momentum it had acquired in its slide threw its summit beyond the centre of gravity, and it pitched headlong down the broken plane of the crevasse, which was followed by an active scene of wild and terrific confusion. Avalanche succeeded avalanche of enormous size, as the fall of one detached others larger than itself. At first their motion was slow and regular, as they merely slid from their resting places, till arrested by another mass, when they came tumbling, rolling, and bounding down as their velocity increased, till no barrier could check their impetuous course. At their onset, each could be distinctly seen, and marked amid the rest, till by their increased velocity, according to the obstacles they encountered as they rolled onward in their descent, bounding from crag to crag with resistless force, they would rend and shiver themselves and opposing obstacles into immense masses. They seemed to gain additional power from each opposing barrier, till opposer and opposed, rent into ten thousand fragments, rushed headlong, tearing, crashing, thundering down, as if possessing within themselves the elements of life; then deviating from side to side, as any solid angular inclination turned them from their forward course, till ground and broken into myriads of pieces, their forms became too indistinct to be any longer discerned. They then assumed the confused appearance of a circumscribed storm of thick hail and snow.

Those travellers who from the valley of Chamonix have seen these masses of ice falling from the summit of Mont Blanc, on the Grand Plateau, in consequence of their distance and great height, can form no idea of their size. These blocks of ice, which from the valley appear, as they are displaced, not larger than fifteen or twenty feet square, are, to those who are in their immediate vicinity, from one hundred to two hundred feet. This kind of avalanche differs from the Staub-laminen, (dust avalanche,) as they are called by the natives of the Alps, which being formed by the loose fresh-fallen snow of winter, before it has been melted and made compact, is piled up by the whirlwinds which are common in the Alps; such avalanches increase as they descend, till they acquire an enormous size, covering acres, I may say miles, in their descent; overwhelming and laying prostrate whole forests of pines or villages which lie in their course. Another kind, the Grund-laminen, fall chiefly during the early months of spring and summer, as in May and June, when the rays of the sun being very powerful, the snow becomes more compact. They are composed of soggy snow and ice, and are also very destructive. They were avalanches of this kind, that in 1720, in Ober Gestelen, (Vallais,) and in 1749 in the Tavetsch, produced such devastation. The records of the valleys of the Alps abound with mournful exemplifications of the destructive power of these avalanches, and of many others of this class. The wind of the avalanche, whose violent effects have been described by writers, probably acts only by its vibratory power, and the concussion consequent upon the movement of the avalanche, thus filling up the momentary vacuum produced by its rapid motion through the air. This idea of the wind of avalanches is common among the inhabitants of the Alps. In support of their opinions of the wind of avalanches, they cite the fact of large and sturdy pines being cut smoothly off, without the bark or branches being chafed, but I saw nothing of this kind, which could not be accounted for by the rush of wind to fill the vacuum. It was in this way that the village of Ronda in the Visp-Thol, had many of its houses prostrated and scattered in fragments in 1720, and also one of the spires of the convent of Dissentis fell by the vibratory action of the air produced by an avalanche which fell about one fourth of a mile distant from it. This concussion of the air is familiar to all by the effects produced in the discharge of ordnance near our dwellings. It may be more perfectly exemplified, by taking a bottle and corking it tightly, and discharging, at a short distance, twenty or thirty feet, a musket or a rifle, so that the ball shall pass about one inch

over the cork; the velocity of the projected bullet produces a vacuum, and the cork leaps from its place of confinement, in consequence of the atmospheric pressure being thus suddenly removed, and by the expansion of the air within the bottle. The Grandes Mulets are two rocks which project from the Glacier des Bossons, whose summits are so pointed, and their sides so perpendicular, that the snow does not rest upon them. Here we halted for the night. They had loaded a cannon in the valley previous to our departure, and were to discharge it when they saw us (through their telescope) arrive at this point, (Grandes Mulets,) which they did, but neither myself nor the guides heard the report, although some of our guides said they saw the smoke. I had taken up with me six old pigeons, the strongest and shyest I could find in the pigeon-house of the hotel, and now determined to let two of them off from the rock; the time being marked on a small piece of parchment, and attached by a string to one leg. I had desired the landlord to note the time when the pigeons made their appearance at Chamonix. I then tossed one of them a few feet in the air, that he might see to take his direction, when to my surprise, he fluttered a little, and came down nearly as rapidly as I had thrown him up. When we then attempted to catch him, he endeavored to fly, but being unable to rise, he fluttered about, ran with his wings extended a few yards, and was easily taken. I presumed he might have been injured by the confinement in the basket, and so I made the same experiment with three others, the result being the same: proving that the rarity of the air was too great to admit of their supporting themselves. But the next day in descending, we let them off about half way down between the Grandes Mulets and the upper point of vegetation, and they took their courses directly for Chamonix, and were doubtless safely at home long before we reached the perpetual snow line.

After resting here twenty minutes, and previous to eating, the average pulsations and respirations of the whole party stood at one hundred and twenty-eight of the former and thirty of the latter per minute. Notwithstanding the increase in the frequency of the respiratory action was much greater than natural, and increases as you ascend to the higher points of the mountain, I found none of those urgent symptoms, mentioned by tourists, of difficult and laborious respiration, that is, during rest or repose; but even at this point, I found that the muscles became rapidly fatigued, and while in motion the respiration was accelerated, and consequently more or less difficult, but ceased to be oppressive after a few moments of rest, proving that the effect was due not to the rarity of the air, but the exercise in this rare atmosphere. The higher you ascend, the greater and greater is the inclination to rest and lassitude, and the power of muscular endurance is diminished almost to zero. The moment, however, you place yourself in the horizontal position, by lying on the snow, the muscles being at rest, you feel merely lassitude, but no fatigue, which returns almost immediately, on the muscles being again called into action. The most troublesome and annoying circumstance was the intense thirst, produced in part by the cutaneous transpiration which was very abundant, in consequence of the fatigue produced by motion, and also by the peculiar condition of the atmosphere. As this thirst increases, the desire for food diminishes, until it becomes actually a loathing. This was experienced not only by myself, but to a great degree even by the guides, who at the Grandes Mulets devoured the fattest kind of roasted and boiled meats with the greatest *goût*, but at the Grand Plateau cared for nothing more than the wing of a chicken, refusing positively the hearty meats, but swallowed with infinite satisfaction the Bordeaux wine which I had carried for my own use. The only beverage that had an agreeable taste to me, and which alleviated my thirst, was the *lemonade gazeuse*. Taking a small quantity of snow in my hand, I would saturate it with this liquid, and then allow it to dissolve in my mouth.

My two friends and myself chose the highest point of the Grandes Mulets as our resting place for the night; but owing to its steepness, fearing lest we might during sound sleep subsequent to the fatigue of the day, roll, or slide down its side, we constructed, with the loose stones from the crevasses of the rock, a wall about ten feet long, and about two feet high in the centre, and descending to one foot at its extremities, of a semilunar form, against which we were to place our feet. The larger stones were now removed, to make the foundations of our beds as smooth as the circumstances of the place would permit; we selected each one his place, and spread upon it his sheepskin, while a knapsack served the purpose of a pillow. I had just wrapped my blanket around me, as the sun was sinking below the horizon, throwing its lurid glare upon the snow-capped summits, which now above, below, and on either side, rose in close proximity, presenting a scene in which were mingled the beautiful and sublime, and more than repaying any lover of nature for the fatigues endured in obtaining the sight. I now prepared for sleep, but the novelty of the position, the death-like stillness, and the events of the day crowding before my imagination, precluded sleep; while the vast expanse of the blue arch of heaven, which was my canopy, studded with its myriads of scintillating lights, invited contemplation rather than repose.

I was not allowed long to enjoy this scene of tranquillity and silence, for the day had been one of excessive heat, and its effects began to be manifested by the fall of avalanches. Situated as the Grandes Mulets are, about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, below the Grand Plateau, at two thirds of the height of Mont Blanc, within

two thousand five hundred feet of the summit of the Aiguille de Midi, and projecting from the middle of the glacier, they stand as opponents to very many of the avalanches that fall from either of these elevated points. I had not lain more than twenty minutes, when I was aroused by a tremendous crash, while the entire rock still vibrated from the concussion of the ponderous mass: as I sprang to my feet, and looked over the mountain side, by the light of the moon, which had just risen, making every object, though enlarged and softened, almost as distinct as noonday, this mass of snow and ice could be seen hurrying and rushing headlong in its course, till ground and broken by its own violence, it settled down still and tranquil, thousands of feet below, amid the ever moving glacier. They continued to fall for about one hour; at first the interval between was some ten minutes, then more frequently, till becoming less frequent, they ceased altogether, and universal stillness reigned once more, broken only now and then by what is termed the groanings of the Alps, which is the cracking of the ice among the glaciers.

The fall of the avalanches at this hour is caused by the effect of the sun (melting the ice), and at this high point it requires the whole force of the sun's rays during the entire day; the water thus produced runs down and forms pools about their base, which continues to melt there for some time after the sun has set, when one avalanche after another is dislodged, and beginning to fall, they continue till the water again congeals, which prevents any further descent until the following evening, when the same effect being again produced during the day by the same cause, their fall is again renewed. I once more prepared myself for sleep, but feeling no inclination that way, I amused myself in watching the constellations which, being immediately over me, were shining with peculiar brightness, and during the course of an hour or more that I was thus engaged, I observed slight flashes of light passing before my eyes, not unlike aurora borealis; and supposed it an optical illusion, probably caused by the glare from the sun and snow to which my eyes had been exposed during the day; but as they became more frequent, I satisfied myself that they were real. Rising and looking down in the direction of Chamonix, I discovered at once the cause, which was a thunder shower in the valley. The *sillons* [streaks] of electricity presented a beautiful sight, as they sported amid the dense clouds that overhung the village. There was none of that dazzling brightness presented by the lightning seen when below the cloud, but merely the red zigzag or forked lines, owing doubtless to the cloud being between us and the electric fluid. Although the lightning could be distinctly seen, we could not detect the slightest sound of thunder; whether this was caused by any peculiar condition of the atmosphere at the time, or by the rareness of the air, or our distance, or whether it is a constant phenomenon here, I am unable to say. There was, however, much thunder in the valley, and some very heavy explosions too, I was informed by the landlord, on my return the next day.

We left the Grandes Mulets between 2 and 3 o'clock A. M, and arrived at the Grand Plateau between 8 and 9 o'clock. The view from this elevated point is almost boundless, and the whole extent of country for miles on every side (except that portion where the prospect is interrupted by the summit of Mont Blanc) extended itself far and wide, presenting its plains, mountains, and lakes, as distinctly as if spread out upon a map before the eye. The Plateau is an almost level plain, with an area, I should judge, of ten acres. The Roches Rouges are between this point and the summit. The clouds began very soon to rise from different points, and often obstructed view after view, so that to continue the ascent to the very summit, we deemed would be useless, as far as the prospect was concerned. This was now nearly or completely limited by the moving masses of cloud and vapor, as they rose from the valleys or hung pendulous on the mountain side: for a moment they were stationary, and then rising in undulating broken lines, they assumed a deeper and denser form, as expanding and spreading themselves through and beyond the various mountain passes, they extended as far as the eye could discern. * *

We now hastened our descent, which was quickly and easily achieved in comparison with the toil of the ascent; as, in a few minutes, we slid down the snowy plains, which had taken hours of indefatigable effort to surmount.

THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OF VENICE.—A Correspondent in *The Builder* gives the following account of the state of this undertaking:—"This bridge is commenced in many places, and up to the present time (I was there last month—May), there are no less than 147 arches *finished*, or nearly so, and yet there is much more to be built before this magnificent work will be completed. The masonry of the arches is all *stone*, and the piers placed at certain distances, are of brick faced with stone; the top of the arch to the surface of the water is, I should say, about 12 feet, perhaps not so much, as I had not the means of measuring it. No one besides those persons who have seen it can imagine the difficulties and labor required for this gigantic work; every morsel of earth, stone, brick, lime, iron, wood for framework and for the coffer-dams, together with the fresh water for making the cement, is brought in boats from the mainland, a considerable distance, and yet this has all been surmounted by the indefatigable zeal, talent, and industry of a German engineer, Milano by name, by whom the extraordinary undertaking is superintended, planned, and executed. The engines and one-half of the iron rails are of English manufacture. —C. T. A."—*Athenæum.*

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

"And here we are then! actually in Paris! and in a very tolerably decent-looking hotel too," exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, looking round with great complacency upon the mirrors, alabaster, and ormolu, which adorned the room. "And I must say that from first to last I do think I have managed better than most people could have done. Here we are all just as gay and as fresh as the morning we set out, without a single packet stolen or lost, and without one disagreeable accident, excepting, indeed, the absurd whim of that fool, Stephen, taking it into his head that he must go home again because he could not get porter. That's the only disagreeable thing that has happened to us, isn't it?"

"And I don't call that disagreeable at all, my dear," replied her husband. "Depend upon it we shall do very well without him. And you have brought us to a very beautiful room, that is certain, Mrs. Roberts. And now, my dear, what are we to do next?"

"The first thing that I shall do will be to change my dress, and take a walk in these lovely Tuileries gardens," said the young Mr. Roberts.

"Yes, my dearest Edward! Those *are* the far-famed gardens of the Tuileries; I give you great credit for recognizing them so immediately. You are your mother's own son, Edward," said Mrs. Roberts, giving him a maternal tap upon the cheek.

"Why should not we go too, mamma?" demanded her eldest daughter. "The day is so very lovely that it would be a shame to lose it."

"I delight in your eagerness, my dear love, to enjoy the charming scenes to which I have brought you; for even the day is as much French as the Tuileries themselves. I knew very well what I was about, didn't I? But as to our all setting off to show ourselves in the gardens of the Tuileries before we have bought a single thing, or even unpacked what we have brought with us, I can't say that I think it a good plan at all. If we had Stephen with us, indeed, to walk behind you, it would not signify so much; but if I were Edward, I positively would not take you out in your travelling bonnets; they were very pretty when you set out, but they are a good deal the worse for the wear, I can tell you."

"Then what *are* we to do first, my dear?" demanded Mr. Roberts, a little fretfully. "This is a very gay looking room to be sure, and it has got a very pretty look-out; but that's no reason why we should sit up here all day with our hands before us."

"If you begin to grumble, Mr. Roberts, I give the thing up altogether. It is too bad, exerting myself as I do for you all, that I should be reproached so very bitterly because the things can't be unpacked the very moment we arrive! I must see the master or mistress of the house. Perhaps it will be better to see both of them, and when I have asked them all particulars respecting the rent of their rooms by the month, or perhaps by the year, I shall be able to decide whether it will be better to remain here, or immediately seek for private lodgings. Ring the bell, Mr. Roberts, if you please. Every thing is so excessively cheap in France, that I dare say we shall find that we can very well afford to live at this comfortable hotel, if we like it."

"Do make haste about it, then, mamma!" exclaimed Miss Agatha, with a good deal of vivacity, "it is really too dull sitting here and doing nothing."

"You are such a dear lively creature, Agatha, that I always excuse your being a little impatient. Ring the bell, Mr. Roberts, can't you?"

"I *have* rang it, my dear," replied her admirable partner, merely raising his brows a little as she raised her voice.

"Then ring again, sir, if you please."

He did so, and after the interval of, what appeared to the impatient party, many minutes, a waiter answered the summons. "Vous êtes une servante, je crois?" said Mrs. Roberts, interrogatively—"seulement une servante?"

It is very rarely indeed that a French man or a French woman either is seen to laugh at the blunders made by foreigners when attempting to speak their language; however much their pretty idiom, of which they are justly proud, may be spoken "*à la vache espagnole*," they contrive with admirable politeness, and most extraordinary command of muscle, to give no indication whatever of the amusement occasioned thereby. But the unfortunate waiter now addressed by Mrs. Roberts was not proof against this attack upon his dignity of sex, and in spite of all his efforts, he showed his teeth from ear to ear as he answered, "Pardon, madame, je suis un garçon."

"What does the idiot mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, with great indignation. "A boy indeed! Great fool! J'ai besoin de votre maitre, et de votre maitresse. Dizez à eux de monter l'escalier à me parler."

"Oui, madame," said the man, hurrying out of the room with less command of feature than is usually found in persons of his class and country, and which, if displayed before his employers, would have very properly ensured his instant dismissal as proving him utterly unfit for the situation of waiter at an hotel deriving its principal emoluments from the reception of English travellers. The mission with which he was charged was so far successful that it brought the mistress of the mansion to the presence of Mrs. Roberts. We will not follow the dialogue which ensued through all its verbal *niceties;* it is sufficient to say, that by the help of Miss Agatha it at length became evident to her mamma that their present gay abode must be exchanged for one considerably less costly, and that the sooner the movement was made the better chance there would be of her finding herself able to keep her often pledged promise, of living in an elegant style without running the slightest risk of exceeding their income. She dismissed the elegant landlady, therefore, with a very magnificent sort of nod, and the words "Je veux penseray, madame, a tout cela."

Mrs. Roberts would not have confessed the fact for much, but the truth is, that for a few moments she felt considerably at a loss as to what she *ought* to do next. To have asked the opinion of her husband would have been a sort of domestic innovation exceedingly unpalatable, and perhaps dangerous; but, after a little reflection, she very cleverly hit upon a tone of general consultation which, without the slightest degradation, gave her the amiable appearance of wishing to please every body.—"Now then," she said, with a gay and good-humored smile, "now then let us put it to the vote. What are we to do next in order to settle ourselves permanently in the most agreeable manner. I am quite ready to hear every body's opinion; only observing, before any of you begin to speak, that I will *not* consent to stay here beyond one night. I believe I am pretty quick in finding out people's characters, and I will venture to say that the woman who has just left the room is one of the most audacious and unprincipled cheats that ever trod the earth. I kept my temper with her, as you all saw, never once telling her that I would see her and her house, and all the finery in it, buried in the bottomless pit, rather than stay in it. I certainly *was* very angry, because I so well know that the terms she asked were not only very high and very unreasonable, but totally out of the common way; and that it was only because she saw something about us which made her conclude we were people of consequence, that she did so. Now then, give me all your opinions; what must we do next?"

No one seemed in haste to answer the question so condescendingly put, but after the pause of a minute or two both the young ladies spoke at the same moment, the eldest saying, "I am sure I don't know," and the youngest "I am sure I can't tell." The father of the family took still longer to reflect before he spoke, but then there was something like a valuable hint in what he said. "I wonder, my dear, if there are any such things as advertisements in Paris?" were the words he slowly and rather timidly uttered, by no means certain that he should not be chided for an absurdity.

"Certainly, my dear, there are advertisements, you may be very sure of that, but the worst of it is, you see, that we do not exactly know where to look for them. But where there is a will there is always a way," and Mrs. Roberts again rang the bell. It was now an older man who answered it, and one who probably thought himself proof against any French the lady could speak, but although his gravity was in no degree endangered, even this experienced personage felt puzzled when she said, "Avez vous aucun papier de nouvelles dans la maison?"

"Journal, mamma," whispered Agatha.

"Nonsense, child! how can you fancy such a fellow as this keeps a journal? Or, if he did, what should I want with it?" said her mother sharply. But luckily for the business in hand, the quick Frenchman had caught the word, and before Mrs. Roberts ceased speaking he had left the room. His return was almost as rapid as his exit, and greatly to the satisfaction of the party he brought several newspapers in his hand. Though unconscious of the value of the universal compendium which she seized upon, Mrs. Roberts instantly took possession of *Galignani*, the English title at once attracting her eye, civilly pushing across the table to her husband half-a-dozen French papers, unmindful of, or indifferent to, the fact that he could not read them. There was equal cleverness in the rapidity with

which, at a glance, Mrs. Roberts perceived the invaluable nature of the publication she held in her hand, and in the manner with which she concealed her joy at the discovery under the semblance of indifference.

"After all, my dear, I think the best thing we can do will be to set off just in our travelling dresses as we are, and look at some lodgings," and as she spoke she rolled up the precious paper and put it into her bag.

"Just let me have a look at that newspaper first, my dear," said Mr. Roberts; "an English paper will be quite a treat."

"You can't stay to read papers now, Mr. Roberts. I tell you we shall be ruined if we stay in this horribly cheating house, and if you will just trust to me, I'll answer for it I will find out some lodgings that will do for us before night."

Mr. Roberts must have been a much less wise man than he really was had he attempted any remonstrance. He knew his place better, and immediately answered, "I am quite ready, my dear."

"Come then, girls! I suppose you will like to come too? Let us go and put our bonnets on." While thus employed in the sanctuary of her own apartment it occurred to Mrs. Roberts that it would be impossible for her without a guide to find out the different streets referred to in the advertisements, and taking the *Galignani* from her bag she took her eldest daughter so far into her confidence as to point out the advertisements, and to say—"how in the world are we to find out all these streets, Agatha?"

"If I were you, mamma, I would take a hackney-coach," replied the young lady.

"Certainly, I will take a hackney-coach," replied her mother, "if," she added with a little embarrassment, "if there are any."

"Oh! there are lots, mamma!" exclaimed both her daughters at once. "That was one that brought us from the diligence. Did you not see the number?" said Maria.

Thus reminded, Mrs. Roberts, who at that time did certainly feel a little overpowered by all she had undertaken, recovered her composure, and wisely resigning the paper to Agatha, for the purpose of studying the names of the streets, she ordered a coach to be called, which was done as readily by the well initiated waiter as if she had asked for a *fiacre* instead of a "*voiture avec un numéro.*"

Miss Agatha pronounced the names of the various streets and the numbers of various houses very distinctly, and the coachman obeyed the orders given with such celerity, that in the course of about two hours they had seen no less than eight sets of apartments, among which one was selected as being in all respects likely to suit them. The bargain for *one month certain* was speedily made, and the party drove back to their hotel in high spirits, and with the comfortable persuasion that all their difficulties were over.

"Pay the coachman, my dear," said Mrs. Roberts, addressing her husband.

"Ask him how much, Agatha," said that obedient functionary, addressing in his turn his accomplished eldest daughter; and "qu'est qu'il y a à payer?" demanded the young lady of the coacher.

The man put himself in the attitude of one who has a calculation to make, tucking his whip under his left arm, and extending the fingers of his left hand, while with the fore-finger of the right he began to mutter the name of a street over each extended finger. But these, though he included the thumb, were not sufficient for his purpose, and he therefore shifted his whip and recommenced the same process, only reversing the order of his hands; and having thus reached the fourth finger of his right hand, he made a French bow, and said with a French smile, "Treize francs et demi, mademoiselle, et puis, le petit pour boire."

Agatha translated the man's words very faithfully for the benefit of her papa, adding, however, that she thought it extravagantly dear.

"Dear!" repeated her comely parent, his florid complexion deepening to crimson —"dear! it is the most audacious imposition that ever was attempted. Mrs. Roberts, my dear, step back for a minute," he added, raising his voice so as to overtake his retreating lady. "For goodness' sake just tell me what I am to do? This fellow here asks thirteen francs and a half, and something over for drink, though we have not been gone from this door above two hours by my watch at the very utmost."

"Asks, Mr. Roberts! How can you be so silly? What does it signify what he asks? Of course we know that the French are the greatest rogues upon earth. You will just pay him the proper fare, if you please, and not a farthing more. Something for drink indeed! Who ever heard an English hackney-coachman ask for such a thing? Yet these fellows are called sober, and ours the contrary! Pay him his fare, Mr. Roberts, I tell you, and no more."

"But how am I to know, my dear, what his fare is?" demanded her husband.

"Good gracious! Can't you ask the people of the house?"

By the help of Agatha this was done; and the waiter she applied to, after exchanging a few words with the coachman, assured her that he was asking no more than his due. The anger and indignation of Mrs. Roberts were far too great to permit her making any inquiries respecting the nature of the charge, beyond the fact of its amount, and as she had twice in her life resisted with success an exorbitant charge from a London hackney-coachman, she instantly determined to try her skill in the same manner in Paris. Neither the coachman nor the waiter, whose judgment in the cause she had so vehemently rejected, appeared at all averse to her having recourse to legal authority to settle the matter, but on the contrary, as soon as they became aware that such was her wish, they afforded all the information necessary for immediately making the application she desired. The process by which the question was decided was a very summary one, consisting of a question on her part, or rather on that of her daughter, and an answer on that of the magistrate to whom she had applied. Nothing could be more explicit than this answer, which assured her that the charge made was perfectly correct,—as, according to her own admission, conveyed by the lips of her fair daughter, she had been driven to eight different houses, where she had stopped, and finally to the hotel from whence she had set out. Nothing could exceed the explicitness of this sentence, unless it were the politeness with which it was pronounced. The magistrate obligingly took the trouble of making the calculation of nine times thirty sous for her satisfaction, and then told her that the *petit pour boire* was a matter of custom, but not of right, and that she might, if she chose it, refuse to give it. He then very good-naturedly proceeded to point out to the ladies the blunder they had made in not taking the coach "*à l'heure*," as, without this precaution, every stoppage may be legally reckoned a separate fare. All this, though with studious civility addressed to both ladies, was understood only by the younger one, Mrs. Roberts listening with ears which helped her but little, but with eyes that flashed unmitigated indignation on the speaker; and when he ceased, or rather before, she burst forth with the expression of feelings she could nol onger control, exclaiming, "Vous êtes, une, et tout, de voleurs, et rascals, monsieur, et soyez sure que je disais tout cela a tout la monde."

Miss Agatha, notwithstanding that she fully shared the family reverence for her mother's powers as a woman of business, was a good deal shocked at this attack upon a gentleman who had comported himself with so much politeness, and she ventured to pronounce a gentle remonstrance in her mother's ear, concluding with an earnest request that, as the business was ended, she would withdraw.

"Don't be impertinent, Agatha," replied the indignant Mrs. Roberts, shaking her off. "I know quite as well as you do what this audacious fellow means by his bows and his smiles, and he shall know that I do too, before I stir a step."

Then turning fiercely towards the magistrate, she said in a voice that brought every eye upon her, and there were many in the office,

"Monsieur, nous suis pas si ignorant pour non savoir le raison pour votre manière à ma fille. Vous voulez faire de l'amour à elle, monsieur. Je sais comment comprendre tout cela parfaitement. Mais si vous venez prés de notre maison pour aucun excuse dans la monde, je prendre soin de dire tout ce histoire à l'ambassadeur de l'Angleterre." Having pronounced these words in a voice very peculiarly loud and distinct, she took her daughter's arm under her own, and stalked out of the room.

I must not attempt to follow my dear countrywoman and her family step by step, although, if I did so, I should find that there was scarcely a single transaction in which they were engaged, during the first few weeks of their residence in Paris, which would not recall some trait by which the generally received theory respecting English manners on the continent might be accounted for. But we must content ourselves by a specimen, taken here and there at intervals, which may suffice to enable an acute reader to guess at the rest.

The apartment hired by Mrs. Roberts was really very handsome, and though not quite so cheap as she had anticipated, she speedily discovered, not only that it was cheaper than a London house, but that three servants in Paris did quite as well as four in London, nay, as well as four and a

half, or in other words, as four and a page, which was the extent of their London establishment. The use of a carriage, too, if skilfully managed, so as to make half days do instead of whole ones, appeared now to be within reach of their income, which it had never been before, even when that income was considerably larger than at present; so that, on the whole, the Roberts family were exceedingly well contented with the change they had made. Mrs. Roberts, in particular, who had certainly not obtained her high renown as an excellent manager without deserving at least a part of it, very soon became aware of one very important feature in the organization of English society abroad.

"It is easy enough," said she to her admiring husband—"it is easy enough, my dear, to see why and how it is that people contrive to get so much more into company abroad than at home. The moment, you know, that one made a good new acquaintance in London, one I mean that was worth cultivating and keeping up, one had to send them an invitation to dinner; and here, you have but to open your eyes a little in order to perceive that no such expense is necessary. This makes an immense difference, Mr. Roberts."

"Immense, indeed, my dear!" replied Mr. Roberts, very cordially. "Do you remember the fishmonger's bills, Sarah? mercy on me! How I hated the sight of them!"

"And then the poulterer, and the greengrocer, and all those horrid bills at the confectioner's, because we could not afford to keep a cook good enough to make the soups and things at home; even the very cream bills were horrid to think of—and, ah! that hateful grocer!"

"But you forget the worst of all, Mrs. Roberts—just think of the wine bill!—getting worse and worse, too, every year! For when we first married, no one in our station ever thought it necessary to have French wines; and now I should like to hear what any body, just in our own style of life, you know, would say to a dinner where there was not champagne and claret too. That was the real ruination, my dear, after all."

"Yes, to be sure; but it was all ruin, that is the real truth; and I saw plainly enough, before I ever thought of coming abroad, that as nothing but dinner parties ever will bring decent men to one's house—at least, in England, I mean—it was out of the question that our poor dear girls, with all their beauty and accomplishments, would ever have a fair chance there."

"Quite true, my dear, quite true. I certainly do enjoy the seeing you make one gay acquaintance after another, without ever hearing the old tune you know, Sarah—'Mr. Roberts, we must have a dinner-party.' It certainly is a good relief, I won't deny it."

"And I am not going to deny it either, I promise you," returned the lady; "and, moreover, I think we are getting on admirably. Lady Morton and Lady Foreton both told me last night at the embassy, that they hoped to have the pleasure of making our acquaintance. Did not my scheme about the letter answer beautifully, Mr. Roberts?"

"What? the letter that our good apothecary got for you to the embassy? Yes, faith did it, my dear. We have been here but six weeks, and we have got to two magnificent parties there already; and then again, the not being obliged to ask the givers in return makes a monstrous difference in my judgment in the pleasure of being invited."

"No doubt about it, Mr. Roberts. It is not, I am sure, that there is any want of hospitality in either of us: and as for the dear girls, and Edward too, they never used to enjoy any parties so much as those given at home, so that we have no cause, any of us, to reproach ourselves on that score. But the truth is, that where there are young people to be set off to the best advantage, the dress, and the carriage, and the hair-dressers, and all the rest of it, do run away with an immense deal of money."

* * * *

"Pray, mamma, did Lady Morton and Lady Foreton really say they hoped to make our acquaintance?" demanded Maria, as soon as her father was out of the way. "Because, if they did, I think it is exceedingly wrong to let to-day pass over without leaving cards."

"They certainly did say it, Maria, and I know why too. I have found out that they are both widows, that they are cousins, and that they live together. Moreover, I know into the bargain that Lady Foreton, who they say has been beautiful, has been a good deal talked of, and that Lady Morton did not live with her husband during the last year or two of his life; and now they have taken very beautiful

apartments together in the Rue de Rivoli, and are going to give balls. No wonder, therefore, that girls dressed as you were last night, if they were as ugly as sin, would be a great catch to any body going to give balls—not to mention the particularly striking appearance of your brother. Of course I understand the thing perfectly."

"And you will leave cards to-day, mamma, won't you?" inquired the two young ladies in a breath.

"Why, yes, I suppose we had better not delay it, if we mean to get to the first ball. But here comes Edward; he is ten times more a man of the world than your father, young as he is. I want your opinion, Edward, about visiting Lady Morton and Lady Foreton. I suppose you have heard all the gossip about them? What do you think? Is there any objection?"

"Objection? Why, no, ma'am. What objection can there possibly be to visiting two ladies of rank, who have taken a magnificent apartment in the most fashionable *quartier* of Paris, and who have given out that they intend to receive?"

The son and heir of the Roberts family had always been a person of consequence in the domestic circle, but his importance was now increasing daily, and might very literally be said to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength. The budding hair beginning to be visible upon his upper lip, and which it had been one of his best delights to shave during the last year of his university studies, had been suffered to grow since the second day of his residence in Paris; and being of a dark color was rapidly assuming the impressive aspect of a moustache. His mother, and perhaps his sisters too, watched the growth of this manly appendage with satisfaction almost equal to his own; and, in fact, it really was very important to them all. The youth, as I have said, was well-looking; his sisters had, before they left London, inured his brain to the exercise of waltzing, by pretty incessant morning practice, during the last vacation, in the Baker-street drawing-room, and the skill thus acquired had now been well-nigh brought to perfection by assiduous daily practice in the private rooms of the most accomplished professor in Europe. His style of dress too was really as good as the inexperienced imitation of so young a scholar could reasonably be expected to make it; and take him for all in all, he was precisely the sort of youth with whom young ladies under twenty long to dance, and with whom young ladies verging towards thirty are thankful to dance, if they can get nothing better. The sisters of a young man of this class are soon taught to know the value of such a brother. They have no need to fear, in going into a ball-room where there are strangers, that they shall be greeted with cold examining glances, or find any difficulty in obtaining an eligible *vis-à-vis* among the young beauties they find there. They have only to persuade him to let them "arm him with the freedom of a" sister during a few turns up and down the room, and their invitation *to the set* is secured, beyond the danger of a single dissenting voice. Agatha and Maria Roberts were by no means dull girls; they saw and felt all this by a sort of natural instinct, even before experience had taught them the full value of its effect, and it is no wonder therefore that his judgment respecting the propriety of immediately calling upon Lady Morton and Lady Foreton was received by them as conclusive.

"Now then, mamma, I suppose you will have no further scruples?" said Maria.

The Robertses were a very happy family in one respect. There was great uniformity of opinion amongst them, arising from that sympathy of tastes and feelings which is the best security for domestic harmony on all questions of conduct. Mrs. Roberts nodded her assent, saying with a smile, as she looked at the pretty figure of her son, while he supported his elbow on the low chimney-piece,

"Young men are sure to be the best judges on such questions as these. We will leave the cards when we go out after luncheon for our walk in the Tuileries."

Among many new acquaintance made and making at Paris, Mrs. Roberts had found one old one. This was a certain Mrs. Bretlow, who might indeed be called an old acquaintance, inasmuch as the intimacy now renewed between the ladies had existed before either of them had been married. As to all the various twistings and turnings in Mrs. Bretlow's destiny, which had ended in her becoming a childless widow, resident in Paris, they matter not. When Mrs. Roberts discovered her old friend, by happening to sit next her at the English church, and catching sight of her name in her prayer-book, she found her in

apparently easy circumstances, living in a neat apartment *au troisième* in the Faubourg du Roule, and enjoying the *entrée* to many French houses of considerable fashion, if not of the highest "*quartier St. Germain*" rank. Both the ladies were delighted by the unexpected meeting, which afforded Mrs. Bretlow the satisfaction of hearing a great deal about old acquaintance whom she had lost sight of for many years, and which eventually gave to Mrs. Roberts and her family an opportunity of seeing much more of French society than they could ever have done without it. Complaints are often made by English travellers, and not without reason, of the difficulty of getting into French society in Paris; and assuredly it is no great wonder that it should be difficult, as were it otherwise, that is to say, were the French to open their doors freely to the English, they would speedily be so surrounded by foreigners as to leave little room in their saloons for any thing else. And this is quite enough to account for the difficulty, without having recourse to any other cause. Certain it is that when, by the advantage of a sufficient introduction, French doors *are* opened to us, nothing can exceed the amenity and good breeding with which we are received. The Roberts family (with the exception of Mr. Roberts himself) were in ecstasies, when an introduction, managed very skilfully by Mrs. Bretlow, obtained an invitation to an evening party at one of the gayest houses of the Chaussée d'Antin aristocracy.

Madame de Soissonac was an exceedingly pretty and elegant-looking young woman, whose husband, a rich manufacturer of Lyons, appeared never so well pleased as when the magnificent set of rooms which he had furnished on his marriage were crowded with guests. But, notwithstanding this expensive hospitality, he did little or nothing himself towards bringing together the gay crowds which he delighted to see parading through the rooms his lavish expenditure had decorated. All that part of the business was left to his wife, and it was impossible that he could have been blessed by the possession of a helpmate more admirably calculated to fulfil all his wishes in this respect than was Madame de Soissonac. Of course it was *morally* impossible that any pretty young woman occupying so enviable a situation could escape the tax always levied upon those who are conspicuous in any way; that is to say, that Madame de Soissonac was a good deal talked of. This phrase, if used in England respecting a young and pretty married woman, means, I believe, invariably, that she has been incorrect in her conduct as a wife;—but in France it means no such thing; one remarkable difference between the two countries being, that the theme which is first brought under discussion with us, when scandal is the business of the hour, is the last alluded to: whereas it is neveralluded to at all by our neighbors. No, nobody talked about Madame de Soissonac's lovers, but a great many people talked about her extravagance, her horses, her carriages, her dresses, and above all, of the absurd, and every-way-detestable vanity of which she and her husband had been guilty in prefixing *de* before their name. But not for this were the *salons* of Madame de Soissonac the less brilliantly filled; and well might our English friends rejoice at the thrice happy chance which had opened these *salons* to them. Pretty looking, always well-dressed, and with very little, or at any rate, very short-lived insular shyness to obscure their good gifts, the Miss Robertses, as well as their portly mamma, soon became constant guests at this gay mansion; nor was their daily improving brother less fortunate; and so effectually did the charming hostess exert herself to bring the young strangers advantageously forward, that their partners at her weekly balls were always among the most distinguished persons present. Of this honor and happiness they might none of them perhaps have been fully aware without the assistance of their good friend and original patroness, Mrs. Bretlow, who naturally took some credit to herself for having so speedily and effectually launched the party into Parisian society. But what was her triumph compared to that of Mrs. Roberts? Who but herself, as she regularly asked her family collectively and individually every morning—who but herself could have contrived to make so much of reading a name (which she had never heard mentioned for the last twenty years) in a prayer-book?

But why, oh, why is it the fate of humanity that no blessing ever visits it without being followed by a concomitant evil? Before the introduction of the Roberts family to Madame de Soissonac, they had been delighted, flattered, gratified in the highest degree, by having been invited to the English embassy two Friday evenings out of

the six that they had been in Paris. But *now* they began not only to think, but to say aloud to all who would listen to them, that "the manner in which the English were neglected at the embassy, was perfectly disgraceful!"

"May it not be," said a French lady who was upon one occasion the recipient of this complaint, "may it not be that the number of English in Paris is so great as to render it impossible for Lady G—— to receive them all every time her rooms are open?"

"All?" replied Miss Agatha, with great indignation. "All the English? Nobody of course expects that Lady G—— should invite *all* the English. But people like ourselves, who move in the very first circles of Paris society, may certainly expect to be among those who *are* invited."

"Always?" said the French lady, with a gentle smile.

"Yes, madame, certainly, always; why not? Why, *s'il vous plait*, should our names ever be omitted when the weekly list is made out? It is impossible but that we should consider it as little short of positive impertinence. We none of us, I assure you, scruple to say so—not to mention the extraordinary want of hospitality shown by their never having once asked us to dinner. I *really* should like to ask them what they think they are sent here for? Coming, too, with such introductions as we did, it is perfectly unpardonable!"

Perhaps it is not very extraordinary that the lady to whom this was said, was heard to observe afterwards, that although she had always fancied a distinguished diplomatic appointment furnished the most agreeable as well as the most dignified situation that could be offered, she certainly did not covet that of ambassador from St. James's to the Tuileries, although there were many reasons which might make it rank as the most desirable in the world.

"Mais il faut avouer," she added, "que les Anglais sont bien drôle."

Nor were these heart-burnings respecting the ingratitude of the ambassador and ambassadress of England towards their distinguished countrymen theonly evilsthat followed upon the pleasures enjoyed in the splendid salons of Madame de Soissonac. It must not be supposed that Mr. Edward Roberts was a degenerate son of his high-spirited mother; on the contrary, he inherited a good deal both of her noble self-confidence and high-minded ambition. The gay weeks that had passed since the arrival of his family in Paris, had not been an idle interval for him. Never had he omitted an opportunity of pushing into intimacy every casual introduction which seemed in any way to promise a profitable result; and Mrs. Roberts had very soon the extreme gratification of knowing that her son might every day be seen walking arm-in-arm on the Boulevard Italien with sundry dissipated young countrymen, who, whatever might have been their "*standing*" in St. James's-street, considered themselves, or at least insisted upon it that all Paris ought to consider them, as specimens of the highest class of English. From these new friends and associates, Mr. Edward Roberts learned much. It is always a source of great satisfaction to young men of this description when they meet with a young countryman fresh from college, to whom they may display, with all the superiority of experience, the as yet unopened volume of Paris dissipation; and many a youth who has patroled the streets of Paris for a month, will assume the office of cicerone to a new comer, with the air of a man who has passed his life among the scenes he describes. Among all the themes discussed between Edward Roberts and his young countrymen, there was none to which he listened with so much interest as to the accounts they gave of their success in all affairs of gallantry. Their histories were all of the *veni, vidi, vici* kind; and certainly if their statements were correct, the fathers, husbands, and brothers of France would do well to close their doors forever against the too fascinating attractions of our English youth.

"Upon my soul you seem to have had capital fun here," returned the juvenile Roberts to the series of interesting anecdotes to which he had been listening; "and the best part of the joke is, that the ladies being all married, there is no danger of being desired to 'declare your intentions,' which must, I think, without any exception, be the horridest bore in the world."

"Bore?" reiterated the youngest of seven sons, who had the honor of having a baronet for their father. "I believe it is a bore, and so you might say if you were in the army, and stuck down in Irish country quarters as my brother Tom was last year. But in this blessed city you may make love just as much as you like without any sort of mischief following. Of course you know it must be to married women. Nobody

here, indeed, ever dare take any notice of girls (unless they are English)."

"Well! any thing is better than being called to account by a musty-fusty old father, merely because one has paid a girl the compliment of admiring her," replied the hourly-improving Edward Roberts. "But I suspect," he added, "that it must be necessary to know a little what you are about before you make downright positive love to a married woman. She would be likely to kick up a row, wouldn't she, if she did not happen to like you?"

"Kick up a row, my dear fellow?" returned one of his accomplished companions. "Much you seem to know about the matter. I give you my sacred honor, Roberts, that I have never known a married Frenchwoman yet, under five-and-thirty, who did not as decidedly expect me to make love to her, as one of our English girls expects to be asked to dance at a ball when a man has desired to be introduced to her. Nay, moreover, I tell you that if you do *not* make love to them you will speedily be sent to Coventry, as a stupid English *bête* not worth the civility of a bow."

A few such conversations as the above, carried far enough in some instances to merit the name of confidential communications, went far towards removing some of the old-fashioned English prejudices which young Mr. Roberts had brought out with him; and he was the more easily induced to attempt putting these continental theories in practice from the strong innate consciousness of superior attractions, which the openly expressed admiration of his mother and sisters had generated. In short, Mr. Edward Roberts determined not to waste his time any longer as he had done; but to select, without further delay, such an object for his vows, as might render his residence in Paris as enchanting to him, as he was assured it had been to his more experienced friends. He would have found no difficulty whatever in making this choice (for he really thought Madame de Soissonac one of the most captivating women he had ever seen) had it not been for some trifling doubts, which, despite all the eloquence he had listened to, still hung about him, as to the certainty of his success. It was not that he questioned the truth of his friend's statements in general, and still less did he doubt his own chance of success in particular; but he thought he should like, before he committed himself by an open declaration of his passion, to learn, if possible, something more concerning the object of it, than he had as yet found any opportunity of acquiring. With this view he made a morning visit to his mother's old acquaintance, Mrs. Bretlow, at the hour when she was known to be at home to her friends, hoping that by making Madame de Soissonac the subject of conversation to the sort of circle he was likely to find there, he might hear something which might throw such a degree of light upon her character as might enable him to decide for or against her claims to becoming the idol of his affections. But essentially French as young Mr. Roberts flattered himself he was becoming, his calculations upon this occasion were very completely English. It might have been very possible, even for so young a practitioner as Mr. Edward Roberts, to have set the morning gossips of a London drawing-room sufficiently upon some absent fair one, as to have produced such hints as he wished to hear if any such could by possibility have been uttered. But they manage those things *very differently* in France. All persons who really know any thing of French society, must be aware that *such* gossip as that for which our young man was hoping, is precisely the very last which he, or any one else, would be likely to hear. What may be the cause or motive for this, I will not pretend to say, nor could the discussion of the question be of any possible use to us, whereas it is just possible that the relating Mr. Edward's notions upon the subject *may*, and to him therefore let us return. He found at Mrs. Bretlow's much such a party as he expected, and no greater difficulty than he anticipated in making Madame de Soissonac the subject of conversation. Every one seemed to agree that her salon was one of the most agreeable in Paris, and she herself very charming, although one thought she was *un petit peu* too thin; and another that she was *un petit peu* too pale, &c., &c.; but every one acknowledged that she was perfectly elegant, and that her toilet was irreproachable. Now all this Mr. Edward Roberts knew perfectly well before, and he therefore determined to take courage, and at once to hazard a question, the answer to which would go far towards deciding his future conduct. Our young man, it must be observed, had already made no inconsiderable progress in the French language, and with a little occasional assistance from his friend Mrs. Bretlow, he contrived to take his share in the conversation,

and at length screwing his courage to the important point he had in view, he managed to ask very intelligibly, whether the fair lady they were speaking of had not been a good deal talked of in Paris?

"Mais, oui, oui!" exclaimed two or three voices at once; and one lady in a tone of considerable authority, added, "That unless it were, perhaps, in the very highest circles, she had never known any one more talked of than Madame de Soissonac."

"Assurement!—mais assurement!" was replied by two or three of the circle, and so distinctly that Edward Roberts felt quite sure, without asking Mrs. Bretlow any questions on the subject, of his having comprehended perfectly what they said.

Had a young Frenchman made up his mind as decidedly as our young Englishman now did, to make a declaration of love to Madame de Soissonac, it is rather more than probable that he would have sought the earliest opportunity of finding that charming person alone. But had any such course of proceeding been proposed to our young tyro, he would certainly have replied that he knew better than that. In truth, though by no means particularly diffident, the young Englishman thought it would be necessary to pave the way to this decisive interview by a series of those delicate initiatory attentions with which young gentlemen on this side the channel are apt to make evident to all, what those on the other prefer communicating to one alone.

Accordingly young Mr. Roberts determined to commence his attack upon the heart of the charming Madame de Soissonac precisely in the same style that he would have adopted at home, had he, with the full consent of the parents on both sides, commenced paying his addresses to the lady he intended for his wife. The unsophisticated young man conceived, in the simplicity of his heart, that what were received as delicate attentions on one side of the water, must of necessity be received as delicate attentions on the other, and little did he guess that the only indication by which a spectator having some *connaissance des choses*, could ever be led to suspect that M. *un tel* was on particularly good terms with Madame *une telle*, would be the total avoidance on the part of the gentleman of every attention whatever. No sooner, therefore, had our young Englishman made up his mind on the subject, and decided positively that Madame de Soissonac, and no other, should for the time being be elevated to the enviable station of his *chère amie*, than he dressed himself "by the card," not the "shipman's," but the shopman's, and brushing his hair and tying his cravat with a tender anxiety that proved he was very much in earnest, he set forth "alone in his glory," to call upon her. Her carriage was at the door, but nevertheless he was admitted, and found the fair object of his intended vows in the act of reading aloud to half-a-dozen visitors a *jeu d'esprit* that had just been added to the collection in her album. She gently bent her head in salutation as the young man entered, but made no pause in her lecture. Had he been French instead of English he could not have understood very much of an epigram of which he only heard half; he did not, however, allow himself to be disconcerted by this, but showed his handsome white teeth as cordially as the rest of the party, when the lady ceased. But this was not all he did. The party he had found there, consisting of two ladies and four gentlemen, were all, as well as their fair hostess, standing, for, in fact, they were just about to separate, the carriage of madame having been announced. But not for this did the young lover deem it necessary to change his purpose of not suffering another day to elapse without making Madame de Soissonac aware of her conquest; for in fact he was beginning to feel a good deal ashamed of not having paid her this compliment before. He, therefore, while the rest of the party were making their lively remarks on the lines they had heard, glided round to the other side of the table around which the party were standing, and seating himself on the sofa from whence Madame de Soissonac had just risen, he extended his hand to take the manuscript volume she held in hers, and looking up in her face with a smile at once tender and familiar, said, "Laissez moi voir donc."

Madame de Soissonac colored slightly, and withdrawing the book, replied, "Pardon, Monsieur," locking at the same time its little golden padlock with a jewelled key which decorated the watch chain suspended from her fair neck.

"Madame va sortir," said one of the gentlemen present, taking up his hat and preparing to depart.

"Si, si; il faut dire adieu," said more than one voice, and a general movement announced their intention of taking leave. But young Mr. Roberts kept his ground, or rather his sofa, depositing his hat under the table in a manner which spoke very dis-

tinctly his intention of prolonging his visit. Now nothing in the world can be *si mauvaise ton* at Paris as any sort of *persiflage*, or, in plain English, quizzing, upon any occasion where accident may betray a greater degree of intimate acquaintance between a lady and gentleman than the parties publicly acknowledge; and the two ladies and the four gentlemen looked as grave as owls, while they retreated from Madame de Soissonac's drawing-room as rapidly as politeness would permit. Inexpressibly provoked, Madame de Soissonac continued standing, awaiting in perfect silence the young gentleman's explanation of this extraordinary manœuvre, and probably expecting that the awkward creature was charged with some stupid message from his mother. But it appeared that the young man did not yet feel himself prepared for the declaration he meditated, and thought it would be better to preface it by a little more preliminary flirtation. He, therefore, began turning over the books and ornaments, which lay scattered on the table, muttering as he did so something about his satisfaction that " tous ces gens là" had taken themselves off.

" Monsieur?" said Madame de Soissonac in reply, and with a look and accent which, if he had understood *French thoroughly*, might have sufficed to bring him to his senses. But instead of interpreting either the looks or accents of the lady, the young man was occupied in recalling all that his Mentor of the Boulevards had said, respecting the propriety, or rather the necessity, of declaring his passionate admiration of every married lady with whom he fortunately found himself *tête-à-tête*. The instructions he had received were too distinct to be mistaken, and therefore, making a magnanimous effort to conquer the embarrassment which beset him, he exclaimed, clasping his hands very passionately, " Ah, madame! Placez-vous, je vous prie, sur le canapé pres de moi!"

Madame de Soissonac stared at him for a moment, and then very gently walked towards the chimney and rang the bell.

" Que tu* es belle!" exclaimed the young gentleman, taking courage.

" Que tu es Anglais!" returned the lady, walking out of the room, and making her escape into her carriage.

* * * * *

* This sudden and astounding use of the most eloquent of pronouns is a *trait from nature*.

MONUMENT TO DR. ARNOLD.—A sum of two thousand pounds and upwards was subscribed towards the Memorial to the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. The greater part has been expended in establishing an exhibition, and the small remainder applied to the erection of a monument to be placed in the chapel at Rugby, executed by Mr. Thomas, the superintendent of the stone carvings at the New Houses of Parliament. The monument consists of a recumbent effigy of the deceased, robed, with the head resting on a book. Above the figure is a large canopy formed of the ogee arch, richly decorated with crockets and finials. We presume the monument is of a character accordant with the architecture of the chapel in which it is to be located. It will project from the wall, against which an inscribed tablet is to record the name, birth, death, &c. of Dr. Arnold. The execution of the workmanship is excellent; but we cannot say much for the design, which is essentially based upon ancient examples. Assuming it to be consistent, architecturally, with the character of the building, it has so far a superior merit to most modern monuments. The canopy is more important than the effigy which it covers. The effigy itself is tame, and, though the mistake of affecting the quaint attitudes and stiff draperies of the ancient models is avoided, it is deficient in that earnest expression generally imputed to them. This monument, indeed, is to be praised negatively rather than positively; and certainly is in better taste for a mediæval chapel than Chantrey's James Watt, or Flaxman's Lord Mansfield, though far inferior, viewed as a work of art.—*Athenæum.*

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. Hume has given notice in the House of Commons, that he will on an early day move a humble address to her Majesty to appoint a commission to examine the rules and laws of the Royal Academy, with the view of rendering that institution more effective for the promotion of the Fine Arts.—*Lit. Gaz.*

NATIONAL MONUMENTS.—Among the imperial behests of the Emperor of Russia on leaving England, after only too short a stay amongst us, none have afforded more gratification to the people than the gift of £500 each, to the two national monuments now in progress, to commemorate the heroic services of Nelson and Wellington. The column in Trafalgar Square was, of course, seen by his majesty; and it is to be regretted that he had not an opportunity of witnessing the casts of those portions of the Wellington group in Mr. Wyatt's studio, from which an idea may be acquired of its prodigious magnitude. Every thing had been prepared for his reception; but H. I. M. was too much hurried to be able to accomplish the wish he had intimated, to inspect this the largest bronze work of art in the world. —*Lit. Gaz.*

RECENT REVOLUTIONS IN HAYTI.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Colonies Etrangères et Hayti.* Par V. Schoelcher. Paris. 1842.
2. *Brief Notices of Hayti, with its Condition, Resources, and Property.* By John Candler. London. 1842.
3. *Le Manifeste,* 1er *Mai,* 1842—*Avril* 23, 1844. Published at Port-au-Prince, now Port Republicain.

The history of Hayti, Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, is an epitome of that of America. It was the first island at which Christopher Columbus landed. He was received by its hospitable inhabitants with kindness, which his successors repaid with treachery and massacre, terminating in the total destruction of the aboriginal population. A foreign race now took possession of the soil, introducing a foreign religion and foreign manners, to be modified and corrupted by the almost unavoidable influences of climate and circumstances. The new comers, however, seized with so faint a grasp on their rich acquisition, that a few hundred Gallic buccaneers were sufficient to dislodge them from the mouths of the Artibonite, and the two promontories that embrace the great bay which indents the western extremity of the island. France, ever prone to accept established facts of such a nature, and not to pry too curiously into causes, recognized the proceedings of her lawless sons, and founded thereon a claim which the dialectics of the Spanish government were unable to refute. One-third of the island was, therefore, ceded to her; and the superior industry of the colonists she sent out, soon began to develope the immense resources of the soil. But the fatal impulse to which all the nations of Europe have successively yielded was soon given. Cargoes of African blacks, first imported by the Spaniards, were not long in finding their way to the French side. A vast slave population, that terrible enemy, in modern times, to all institutions, was rapidly formed. It would be painful to relate in what manner they were treated by their masters; but when we reflect that these were descended from the friends and associates of Monbars, the Exterminator, and a rabble of women raked from the prisons, hospitals, and most abominable quarters of Paris, it is easy to conceive that it was any thing but paternal. What ensued when this heterogeneous mass was leavened by revolutionary principles, is well known. All, at least, have heard of a frightful disruption of society, of the arming of every rank against the others, of confusion, war, bloodshed, alternate exhibitions of patriotism and treachery, of Toussaint's heroic conduct and melancholy fate, of the savage Emperor Dessalines' frightful tyranny, with its fruits, conspiracy and assassination. A republic and a monarchy then appeared upon the scene. The former, by its expansive energy, subdued the latter; and then, breaking its bounds, overran the island as far as Cape Samana, and united the whole under one government. Since then, a virtual despot, ruling under the deceptive mask of a president, kept the population in order, until the occurrence of events, long looked for by politicians, and fated to affect materially the destinies of Hayti, and perhaps of the whole West Indies.

To unfold the causes of these events, we must look a little into the constitution of society in the island. The first feature that strikes us is the difference, the next the rivalry of races. Without seeking farther, this is the fertile source of dissension and misery. This it is that converts every civil broil into a revolution, and makes every political controversy a signal for massacre. The white population in the French part has been long exterminated or driven out; but they left behind them the mulattoes, or the browns, the mixed or the colored race, which first operated as the instrument of their destruction, and became a legacy of torment to the enfranchised blacks. The fruit of crime in this case, as in every other, was misery and more crime. Every mulatto that came into the world was an additional enemy to society. Hating the superior, and despising the inferior class, with all the pride of the one, and all the ignorance of the other, impatient of subordination and incapable of command, the mixed race, until it had passed through the crucible of revolution, was an all but declared enemy to the existing order of things. They were the first to set the example of revolt, and driven to desperation, no doubt, by the atrocious cruelties of their masters, were the first also to encourage the negroes to the perpetration of those deeds of horror, the relation of which must ever form one of the most melancholy chapters of history. Nor did they suffer themselves to be excelled in any species of villany. By their very position, indeed, they

were enabled to perform acts of excessive wickedness which were denied to the blacks; and parricide was never committed with so much profusion and so much recklessness as by them. But this result was almost inevitable. There was scarcely a single colored man who was not the offspring of crime, and bred up to the licentiousness of which he was the child. Every one of them almost was a living proof of the total immorality of the island. They were all—it is useless to carry on the exception in favor of a few individuals—ignorant, covetous, lazy, proud, vindictive, and cruel, with scarcely any religion, none of any value, almost totally destitute of moral feeling. They had learned, however, to contemplate their own numbers. In an ancient state, when it was proposed to distinguish the slaves by a separate custome from their masters, it was objected that they would thus be enabled to ascertain their own numerical strength. Nature had provided for this in Hayti. Every mulatto beheld at once, in the sinister face of his fellow, the reason and the pledge of his co-operation. They required no peculiar badge. Friends and foes were sufficiently distinguished by their complexion.

The extirpation of the whites at the first outbreak of the revolution, left the negroes and the mulattoes on the field face to face. Whilst dread of foreign interference was entertained, they appeared to coalesce; but as soon as the outward pressure was taken away, the chasm by which they were naturally separated began to open. The process is easily conceivable. The liberated African slaves, by their very position, were forced to entertain one single feeling, in common with those men who, in more fortunate countries and under happier combinations of circumstances, have labored, from principle, to infuse a democratic spirit into society—we mean an impatience of inferiority. In them, however, this feeling was associated with none of the nobler impulses of our nature. They were a bruised, degraded, unhumanized set of beings, suddenly, and as if by magic, relieved from their chains. This liberation was the result of no profound conviction of wrong in their own minds. Oppression and tyranny had elaborated for them no theory of the rights of man. They saw the door of their cage open, and, like tigers, slipped out to rend and tear those who had confined them. It was consistent with their nature that they should seek to wipe out every trace of their former degradation, and to expend the yet unexhausted rage of their hearts upon the imperfect representations, the mimics, the parodies of their former masters. But in these it was equally natural that they should cling to that distinction, that pre-eminence, to which their superior origin, they thought, entitled them, and they nourished, therefore, sentiments of contempt for the negro race, which produced the most unfortunate results. It at once disgusted the mass of the population, and, acting fatally on their own minds, served to distance them every day more and more from those with whom they should have sought amalgamation.—Had these feelings not existed on both sides, the barrier between the two races would have been speedily broken down; and, on the principle that the physical type of the majority must ultimately prevail over that of the minority, in the lapse of years one homogeneous population would have dwelt in peace and quietness in Hayti. But a bias of the mind is as unchangeable as a disposition of the body; and we must speculate on facts as they exist.

The two antagonistic sentiments we have been describing became at length embodied, as it were, in the two states which rose on the ruins of the French colony. The mulattoes, by their superior wealth and intelligence, had obtained the political preponderance in the south, the blacks in the north. The former established a government republican in form, the latter a monarchy. But the two constitutions were de facto exactly similar. Pétion was as absolute as Christophe; and when President Boyer overthrew the black king of the north there was no triumph of the principles of liberty, but a temporary victory of one race over another. Though not openly acknowledged, this was generally felt at the time. When Christophe, or Henry I., the 'humane and benevolent' monarch of the 'Quarterly,' who was so eminently distinguished 'in the exercise of all the social virtues, and so strict in the observance of all the duties of morality and religion,' began to grow old, he determined to make the citadel of La Ferriere one of the strongest fortresses in the world. Men and women were employed upon it, as on the great public works of Mohammed Ali, and forced to labor with such severity that it was calculated that every stone cost the life of a human being. Among the rest Captain Agendeau, with thirty other colored men, was compelled to join in dragging stones

up the steep sides of the mountain, because two of his race had deserted to Pétion. On every occasion possible this 'humane' king evinced his hatred to the descendants of the whites. At one time they feared a general extermination, and the mulatto women of Cape Haytien met in the great church to offer up prayers for the black monarch's downfall. No sooner did this reach his ears than a company of soldiers was ordered to make domiciliary visits. The unfortunate women were torn from their families, taken to a retired spot about a mile from the city, and there butchered. Their bodies were thrown into a well, still called the 'well of death,' of the water of which nobody until this day will drink. This persecution of the mulattoes by the king was intended to operate in his favor with the majority of the people, the blacks; and he placed so much reliance on this resource, that, when all other means had failed, he thought it sufficient to issue an order for the massacre of the colored race to regain his popularity. But it was too late. He had not been exclusive in his tyranny, and Boyer besides was advancing with an army. The result is well known. Christophe fell by his own hand; and the conqueror, with the idea of the rivalry of races ever present to his mind, immediately sent his troop of African descent to the south, where, at that time, his own race was predominant, and his colored regiments to the north, to keep down the black population. That this precaution was wise will be acknowledged by those who have observed that every attempt made against him, during the early part of his rule, was concocted and led by blacks, who in his triumph saw their own defeat.

The expulsion of Boyer, though he was succeeded by another mulatto, was virtually a reaction of the negro population against the rival race, because it was brought about by a black army or mob. The result also would have been the choice of a black president had not Herard, a man of great ability and influence, procured his own election by intrigue backed by menaces. Eight tenths of Boyer's troops were black, but these West Indian sipahis were officered by mulattoes. Such a state of things could not be expected to continue in a country where any of the principles of republicanism were recognized in theory, however they might be violated in practice. The great struggle indeed which began with the first introduction of the blacks, and which we fear will only terminate when they shall become the sole possessors of the island, took a step in advance in 1843.—Since then it has made rapid progress every day, and will continue leaving a track of blood behind until the consummation we have predicted.

At any rate it is not from France that Hayti must look for its political regeneration. It must never again come within the sphere of the pernicious influence of that power. It can never do so but by war, and a war of the most terrific description. The present unprincipled attempts of Louis Philippe to disturb the island,—already, alas! sufficiently disturbed,—show a desire if not to conquer, yet to revenge the former defeats of the French armies. But they must be classed with the rancor exhibited by the French inhabitants of Jamaica to the fugitives of Aux Cayes, as impotent to effect any great result. The subjection of Hayti would be even more difficult than that of Algiers. Twenty battles would not decide the affair. The discomfited blacks would lay aside the musket and take to the torch and the dagger. They would devastate their fields, burn their plantations, give their towns up to the flames, and if finally overcome, would bequeath nothing but a desert to the victor. The antipathy of the blacks, in fact, to French dominion is unconquerable. They have been injured past forgiveness. Their traditions teem with nothing but the horrors of slavery.

A rapid coup-d'œil over the state of the island, in the early part of 1842, will show that every thing was prepared for a civil commotion; and that an accident only was wanted to precipitate it. In the first place, as we have before hinted, the government, though in form free, was in reality little better than a downright tyranny. No authority but that of Boyer was recognized, and where his grasp relaxed there was none to replace it. The miniature houses of parliament were completely under his control; he could silence or expel obnoxious members at pleasure. The courts of justice even were not free from his influence; and it was the custom to dig the graves of persons accused of treason against the state before they were tried. Hayti was a monarchy tempered not by songs, but by the feebleness of the executive. Cultivation and commerce, which had gradually been on the decline since the separation of the island from the French crown, reached

nearly the lowest possible ebb. The vast plain in the east called La Despoblada, or the Unpeopled, had become almost characteristic of the island. Plantations occurred only here and there in the midst of jungle or deserts; and the coffee in most places had run wild among the woods, an experienced planter having calculated that one tree would not produce more than two pounds of coffee in the husk. A general confusion pervaded the island. It was like the house of a fraudulent bankrupt given up to the pillage of his servants.

During such a state of things it was not to be expected that the exchequer would be in a very prosperous condition. However, we find that about two millions and a half of Haytien dollars were annually extracted from the people, a great portion of which went to the support of an absurdly large army, not to be depended on, as subsequent events have proved, and actually disbanded for two weeks out of every three. During this time the major part gained an honest or dishonest livelihood in the neighborhood of head-quarters, while some few went *to cultivate their estate in the mountains!* This, however, they could not very effectually do, having to present themselves once in every seven days of their furlough. The other establishments of the state were on the same scale, and conducted in the same slovenly manner. The church subsisted on enormous though irregular fees, and was anxious only to multiply occasions of receiving them, actually baptizing doorposts, houses, and boats, for a consideration! Morals, as may be supposed, were in accordance with this state of things. We have no space for details; but one fact will speak for itself. Children born out of wedlock were calculated to be three in every four.

The distribution of wealth, especially if it coincide with that of races, is not an unimportant consideration in any state. In Hayti, property was in the hands, to a certain extent, of the mulattoes. At least these formed the majority of the opulent inhabitants. There were doubtless many blacks possessed of wealth; but as a general rule this ignorant and savage race lived almost wild among the mountains, never coming in contact with the government, except under the provisions of the *Code Rurale*, by which labor was made compulsory in this free country.

It would have been a curious story for a philosopher to have examined completely the state of Hayti during the latter years of Boyer's government. Mr. Candler's volume, published in 1842, and the work of M. Schoelcher, furnish the best accounts; but the opinions of the first mentioned gentleman were too much influenced by his honorable aversion for slavery to be impartial. He endeavored to persuade himself that the Haytiens were to a certain extent happy, and that they would work out peaceably a reform in their institutions. Results have proved his mistake; and if he had suffered himself to contemplate with a little more coolness the political aspect of the island, he might have foreseen what actually occurred. Society, he would have discovered, was still tremulous from the shock imparted to it by the French Revolution, and the vibrations striking upon hearts differently attuned by circumstances, produced strange discord. It required no very fine ear to detect on every side, rising above the turmoil and clamor of daily business, the echoes of 1793. Theories of government suggested as alleviations of temporary and local evils occupied the minds of the most speculative; but it was more common to encounter an unreasoning discontent with the present, exhaling itself in lowly muttered threats against society and plans of reform by the strong hand at once unwise and reprehensible. The great evil—namely, the distinction of races—few had courage to contemplate face to face; but if any were so daring, the result was not any scheme for assimilating the two; but on the part of the mulattoes a sort of yearning after an aristocracy of color, on the part of the blacks a wild desire of vengeance, an appetite for massacre tending to the total extirpation of the objects of jealousy. These feelings, it was said, Boyer was himself so culpable as to encourage. *Divide et impera* became in reality his motto. In the beginning of his reign he was the representative of the colored race. Towards the close, finding these advancing in knowledge, and desiring reform and an abridgment of his authority, it suited his policy to foment to a certain extent the prejudices of the blacks against the mulattoes, and even against the whites. Towards the English he was always decidedly hostile, probably because his former rival, Christophe, looked on them with a friendly eye, and even attempted to extirpate the French language by causing English alone to be taught in his schools. Three weeks before his abdication, he issued a proclamation

declaring that no *white* merchants should for the future have patents granted them to do business, and that those firms that possessed patents should only be permitted to trade during the lifetime of their present partners. This policy, however, was one of retaliation. All European governments, not excepting England, discouraged and almost forbade intercourse between Hayti and the other islands of the West Indies.

It is probable that these acts would have had no effect on Boyer's popularity, had he not attempted of late years to play the despot too openly. He went so far as to imitate the Russian autocrat, by forbidding his subjects to leave the island without his permission; and, feeling that the House of Representatives sometimes crippled his movements, undertook to purge it of the malcontents. He began this system in 1838, by expelling, under awe of a body of troops, though nominally by a vote of the house, certain members who had been most forward in the promotion of an address, praying for redress of grievances, among the principal of which was the appointment of a president for life, with power, like a Roman emperor, to adopt a successor. In 1842, Herard Dumesle, brother of Charles Rivière Herard, and one of the expelled members, and André Laudun, a man of known liberal principles, were elected for Aux Cayes. The latter was chosen president of the chamber, and actually invested with the office. But Boyer procured, partly by threats, partly by persuasion, another vote, which reversed the former and deposed Laudun. No sooner was this made known throughout the country than a gradually increasing excitement, manifesting itself at first in murmurs, and then assuming the shape of open threats, evinced to the president that he had taken too bold a step. At the same time a conspiracy was set on foot at Aux Cayes, which soon spread over the whole country. A sort of carbonarism was instituted, and the materials of revolution rapidly accumulated. The chamber, encouraged by the general state of feeling, attempted to assert its dignity. Mobs collected to encourage it. But an army of 20,000 strong was called out on the side of government, and the unripe movement for a while checked.

Such was the situation of affairs when a most unexpected element of confusion was added to those that already existed. For many months a severe drought had parched the plains and dried the streams in almost every quarter of the island. An unusually sultry atmosphere filled the valleys, and the sky, whether clouded or serene, assumed strange aspects, as if to presage the misfortunes to come. Heavy volumes of vapor hung on the peaks of Cibao and La Selle, and overspread the country like so many vast umbrellas; and before the going down of the sun every day an extraordinary livid tinge painted the whole heavens. Travellers coming across the mountains told of strange phenomena they had witnessed. To some groves of palm trees stretching along the edges of cliffs had appeared wrapped in fire. The moon and stars by night, and the sun by day, seemed dilated and wore an unnatural hue. But there was no prophet to speak in the language of warning to the unfortunate Haytians. They had eyes to see, but they did not see. Though many felt anxious and uneasy, none fled. They were fated to destruction. On the 7th of May, 1842, at a little past five o'clock in the evening, after a calm, sultry, hazy afternoon, the whole island began to shake and quiver, and roll like a drunken man. The loftiest mountains trembled, chasms opened on every side, streams hung suspended in their course, houses, towers, churches, palaces, came to the ground; and the sea, rushing upon the shore, threatened for a moment not to leave a single Deucalion to tell the tale. It is useless to enumerate the places where the shock was felt and disasters occurred. Not a single town escaped without some casualty. In many quarters powder mills blew up; in others conflagrations began to rage as soon as the earthquake manifested itself; water and sea-sand gushed up in many places in the interior, and lakes took the place of savannahs. Thousands of lives were lost, and property to an incalculable extent was destroyed. But it was at Cape Haytien, the capital of the north, and the great depôt of agricultural produce, that the earthquake produced the most disastrous effects. It was Saturday, and the town was full of people come to buy and sell in the market. No preluding noises, no roaring of the sea, no subterranean rumbling announced the approach of the calamity. It came on suddenly. The vibration was generally lateral or horizontal, and from west to east, though one or two vertical movements were felt, as if the subterranean fire was struggling for an exit. The very instant the shock was experienced the houses began to tumble or rather to rush down upon the heads of their

twelve thousand inhabitants, more than half of whom were buried in the ruins. For forty minutes there was one continual deafening sullen roar of falling houses. The bellowing of artillery in the greatest battle that ever was fought can impart no idea of the overwhelming torrent of sound that rose from the devoted city. Every building, small and great, was levelled with the ground. Not a fragment of wall remained entire. The sky became suddenly dark and lowering, and clouds of blinding dust rising through the hot air increased the horror of the scene. It is easier to imagine than describe the shrieks, the wailings, and the struggles of the wretched crowd that survived the first shock. Climbing over tottering walls and smoking ruins, all endeavored to make their way towards the outskirts or the great square in front of the church, which, like every thing else, was humbled in the dust. Some miraculous escapes are recorded. Men, women, and children, who were sitting in balconies or in the upper stories of their houses, suddenly found themselves unhurt in the streets. Some were saved by standing under arched doorways, that protected them from the falling mortar and stones, and were the last to yield to the successive shocks that finally laid all prostrate. An English surgeon, Mr. Daly, was stopped in the streets by a father who bore his child with a broken arm, and had courage enough to splinter it with a shingle in the midst of the toppling houses. There was only one family in which no death occurred. Many, with limbs shattered by huge stones, endeavored still to drag themselves along. Others lay down awaiting patiently the death that soon came to relieve them. Affection now displayed its untiring energy. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, friends who had made their escape in obedience to the first impulse, hurried back amidst the tottering ruins to save those who might have been buried alive. Some were dug out within less than half an hour; others bruised, wounded, bleeding, and faint, were extricated in the dead of the night; but the greater number were left until the following morning; and many remained four, five, twelve, and even thirteen days, before they were found. It is scarcely possible but that some were left to perish of hunger and thirst. Hundreds were drowned by the rushing in of the sea, or swallowed up in the chasms, some of them three quarters of a mile in length, that opened in the streets. There perished, it is supposed, about seven thousand souls.

The principal place of refuge was an elevation called La Fossette, close to the town. Here the survivors, most of whom were dreadfully wounded, collected and lay down on the bare quaking earth, almost heart-broken, to pass the night. The shocks were repeated every five minutes, but there was nothing more to shake down. The roaring in the bowels of the earth was uninterrupted. Most expected, some wished, that the earth would open and swallow them up. To add to the horrors of the scene, the ruins were soon wrapped in flames, and many poor creatures, who had sunk exhausted upon them, were burned to death. Their shrieks could be distinctly heard at La Fossette, and added to the misery of the survivors, who imagined every now and then that they recognized the voice of a friend in his agony. Few could muster strength or courage to go to their assistance, and several of those that went perished miserably. A torrent of rain, that fell about midnight, increased the wretchedness of the wounded, without extinguishing the flames, which shone so brightly on the limestone rocks that crown the mountains behind the town, that many thought a volcano had burst forth. By this light, too, the vessels in the harbor, crowded with fugitives, could be seen tossing and rolling on the disturbed sea, that hissed like a seething caldron along the shore. Suddenly, a column of light more vivid than ever shot high into the heavens. It was followed by a terrific roar. The great powder magazine had exploded, and blown numbers of miserable men to atoms.

The morning of the eighth dawned bright and balmy, but served only to reveal the extent of the general misfortune. At the foot of a huge heap of shattered hills, covered with uprooted trees, lay the smoking ruins of the town, and beyond stretched the still heaving sea, white with foam, and bearing on its breast the four ships which had served as a refuge to so many of the inhabitants of the cape. Presently, issuing from every ravine, and swarming along every road, hordes of black savages, armed to the teeth, appeared rushing on with wild yells to plunder the devoted town. In a few hours the streets were one dreadful scene of fighting. Every thing of value that was found, these inhuman villains madly struggled for; and hose who hadtaken refuge on La Fossette, could every where descry

groups of infuriated blacks with swords, daggers, and guns, engaged in desperate conflict with each other. A desultory fire was kept up on every side. Many of the merchants collected in armed bodies, and attacked the plunderers, putting them to death without mercy, as they deserved; for they stabbed and shot the wounded wherever they found them, and tore necklaces and earrings from women who lay half dead among the ruins. Even the soldiers and their officers joined in the pillage. The surviving inhabitants, that ventured unarmed into the town, were ruthlessly murdered. Four men found a piece of linen and fought for it. Two fell beneath the strokes of the others, who were about to renew the contest, when some officers rode up and shot them dead. An article of trifling value was discovered by two blacks armed with swords. They left it on the ground, and rushed at each other. A desperate encounter ensued, and one being at length cut down, begged for mercy, but his ruthless opponent plunged his sword into his breast. At that moment a shot from a neighboring ruin brought the villain to the ground, and he never spoke more. No city taken by storm was ever sacked with greater ferocity. A gentleman, armed with a pistol, was endeavoring to save some of his property; five blacks came up in succession to disturb him, and he shot them all, reloading coolly after each discharge, and continuing what he was about until the next plunderer came to meet his death.

This state of things continued with little abatement for nearly a week, during which a pestilence, engendered by the effluvia of so many dead bodies, swept away a great number of the survivors. At length, however, order was restored, and the wretched remnants of the population of Cape Hayti began slowly to endeavor to clear and rebuild it. But many, their hearts overladen with sadness and unable to bear the sight of a place where they had suffered so much, embarked for various foreign countries, or retired to remote quarters of the island; and even unto this day, in spite of the great events which have since occurred, many who were witnesses of the terrible calamity we have described, retain a sadness which they will probably carry with them to the grave. It was remarked, however, at the time, that not a tear was shed; the blow was too severe and too sudden; it stunned the faculties, and checked the natural overflowings of feeling.

The most remarkable circumstance in the history of this catastrophe is the total apathy with which the blacks of the interior, even when they did not actually join in the plunder, beheld the misfortunes of their fellow-citizens. The same feeling seems to pervade the whole of this injured and vindictive race. Even in Jamaica, when a fire takes place, the former slaves look stupidly on without attempting to afford any assistance, and in every other part of the West Indies their conduct is almost invariably the same. Frequently, indeed, the first flash of a conflagration is a signal for plunder. In Hayti, we must regard the conduct of the blacks on this occasion, as partly indicative of a state of political feeling directed against the mulattoes, and those more fortunate negroes, who, by acquiring property, had learned to identify themselves in some respect with them. It must be remembered, indeed, that an upper class had by degrees been formed in Hayti, composed of the two races, actually divided amongst themselves, but apt, like the aristocracy of England, to combine against the lower orders. This circumstance had diverted the attention of many from the incessant action of the rivalry of the two races, which in reality is the cause, proximate or remote, of almost every event that has taken place of late in Hayti.

The mass of the population, though astonished for a while by the awful visitation we have described, soon recovered sufficient elasticity of spirits to return with fresh ardor to their intestine discords. But it is very possible that the physical convulsions which had taken place around them may have prepared their imaginations calmly to receive impressions of civil strife. Many, besides, had been totally ruined, and looked forward to the storms of revolution for an opportunity of regaining their position in the world. It was their fancy to fish in troubled waters.

Meanwhile the secret society, at Aux Cayes, was taking advantage of the general excitement to diffuse its principles and dispose the minds of the people for a revolt in their interest. But it was not until the beginning of 1843 that they had sufficiently ripened their plans to put them into execution. A frightful hurricane had, in the meanwhile, again devastated their unfortunate country; and a third disaster ushered in the new year. On the 9th of January a dreadful fire burst out at Port-au-Prince, which the late earthquake had scarcely

touched. Six hundred houses were burned down, and property to an immense amount destroyed. No sooner did the volumes of smoke that swept along the sky and the deep red glare of the flames announce the disaster than the blacks of the mountains were again in motion, and the scenes of Cape Haytien were renewed. Houses which the fire had not reached were attacked by the mob, and defended with desperate energy, though with various success, by their masters. The authorities were paralyzed, and it was not until the savages returned, glutted with blood and plunder, to their haunts, that they made any attempt to assert the majesty of government. Malouet might now have exclaimed, with reason, 'Il faut que la colonie de Saint Domingue soit encore dans les tenèbres; car je cherche sa police, et je ne la trouve pas.' The weakness of the government now became evident. If they could not repress an unorganized multitude, what could they do against a real revolt? The argument was cogent; and, towards the end of January, it was resolved to be doing. A place called Praslin was selected as the scene of the first overt act, which circumstance has gained for the leaders of the revolution the name of the 'Heroes of Praslin.' The commandant of artillery, Rivière Herard, (absurdly reproached by the 'Jamaica Gazette,' which has furnished us with some valuable materials, with being a horse-breaker,) here assumed the title of chief of the executive. Aux Cayes was now invested, and General Borgella, who held it for Boyer, compelled to capitulate.

When General Herard proposed to treat with Boyer, the only answer he received was, that no negotiation could be opened with rebels having arms in their hands. But as the troops began to exhibit signs of disaffection, and even to go over to the popular party, it became evident that the most prompt and energetic measures would alone suffice. These, however, there seemed no one capable of resorting to. General Inginac, the secretary of state, came trembling back from Goave with his forces towards Port-au-Prince, without waiting for the enemy. Herard, meanwhile, and his rapidly increasing army, remained stationary at Tiburon, whither Boyer should have marched and driven him into the sea. But he suffered the whole country to be excited to such an extent, that at length to attempt to exert his authority would have been merely to betray his weakness. On the other hand, the committee of public safety, at Jeremie, agitated the country with untiring perseverance; and, at length, began to advance its forces along the promontory eastward towards the mainland and the capital. At Pestel took place the first serious collision, in which General Lamarre, commanding for the president, was shot by one of his own officers. In a second battle, not far from Jeremie, another of Boyer's generals, Cazeau, was killed, and his men routed or taken prisoners. Herard then marched upon Little Goave, the troops of the president retiring before him, and dispersing as they went; but at Leogane he came up with a force which, though much inferior to his own, gave him battle. The result was decisive of Boyer's fate. He now resolved on flight, applied to the officer of a British sloop of war then in port to take him on board with his family, collected about 40,000*l.* in money, with a quantity of jewels, and having published a proclamation, by which he formally abdicated the presidentship, embarked unregretted und unpitied. All felt that something was removed from over their heads which had cast a sombre shadow on their souls. His tyranny had rather been continuous and depressing than wild and bloody. Accordingly, many who did not precisely hate him felt relieved when he was gone, and looked forward with something like hope to the provisional government which was shortly installed at Port-au-Prince.

We shall pass over the remaining events of the year with a remark or two. The victory achieved by the blacks did not enable them to take that prominent position in the government which they had expected. This may be explained by the fact that nearly all the great military offices having been in the hands of the mulattoes, they alone were qualified to command. Accordingly, on the 17th of December, General Rivière Herard was proclaimed president by his troops and adherents. There was a momentary show of opposition; Quixotic allusions were made to the illegality of a military election—the poor people thought themselves in a free country—they had cheated themselves with a name; but on the 9th of January, 1844, the choice made in the camp was confirmed in the city, and the news spread over the world that Herard had been elected by the unanimous suffrages of his fellow-citizens. Sanguine politicians began, thereupon, to indulge in delightful anticipations. We

were now to have a real black republic. Every packet was expected to announce the appearance of a negro Solon at Port-au-Prince. Philosophers and philanthropists, whigs, and even tories, indulged the fond delusion; and many enthusiastic advocates of emancipation began to look forward, already, to the reception of the rights of citizenship. But alas for the mutability of the affairs of this world!

It is well known, that in 1822 the Spanish portion of the island, occupying two-thirds of its whole extent, but comparatively unpeopled, was annexed to the republic by President Boyer. This was consummated with the utmost ease. The French, it is true, and this is worthy of remark, endeavored to prevent it, but were foiled. The Spaniards, one and all, were weary of the rule of the mother country; but a portion of them only desired to be united with Hayti; the others would have preferred the yoke of Colombia, separated from them by seven hundred miles of ocean. However, Boyer's rapid march silenced all discussions among the Dons, and the whole island was united under his rule. Whatever may have been the faults of this distinguished man he cannot be refused a capacity for government superior to most of his fellow-islanders. From 1818 to 1843 he maintained the integrity of his dominions, and it is only since his abdication that a sort of centrifugal tendency has shown itself in various parts of Hayti.—January and February of this year passed away in quietness. It was thought that, satisfied with this amended constitution, in which the principal feature was the reduction of the term of the presidentship to four years, the Haytians would now work out their own regeneration. But, on the 1st of March, the Spaniards set forth their grievances in a public manifesto, and flying to arms declared themselves a free and independent state separate from the Haytian republic. The charges made against Boyer and the Haytian government are expressed by the Dominican people in vague language; but one fact is established, namely, that the white portion of the population of the eastern division looked upon the black with the utmost hatred and abhorrence. It appears also that the Spanish portion of the island had greatly deteriorated under Boyer's rule, and that he had committed many acts of oppression, and treated the people as if they had been conquered by force. But the immediate cause of the Spanish revolt was the excitement which spread like a contagion to every nook of the state in 1843, and the disappointment that was general throughout the country when Rivière Herard took the lead. The Dominicans complain that in the interval during which this general governed by martial law, he traversed the department of St. Jago, stripped the churches, sold employments, annulled elections; and they point to the notorious fact that he reached the presidency by means of his army. Not the least offensive of his acts was his incarceration in the dungeons of Port-au-Prince of a number of Spaniards accused of entertaining designs of going over to Colombia. It is a curious circumstance that Boyer, during his stay at Jamaica, was detected intriguing with some Colombian officers to join him in endeavoring to recover his power. Another fact must be coupled with this, namely, that in May the ex-president was seen at Havre on his way to the West Indies. Has he received any encouragement from the French government? Several reasons may be assigned for believing that he has. On the 13th of January last arrived for the first time at St. Domingo, the focus of the Spanish insurrection, a French consul, by name M. Juchereau de St. Denis. On the 16th his official installation took place, the French flag was hoisted and honored by a salute of twenty-one guns. 'The arrival of our consul,' says the writer of a letter in the 'Journal du Havre,' 'seems to have caused much satisfaction in the town, *where every thing is at present tranquil. The articles of the new constitution were already known, and its promulgation was expected every day.*'

Is there not here an evident presentiment that all would shortly be not so very quiet, and that whatever disturbance took place would be in consequence of dissatisfaction with the constitution, just as was ostensibly the case? To our mind the connexion of M. Juchereau with the affairs of St. Domingo, however the French journals may deny the fact, is as evident as that of M. Lesseps with those of Barcelona. As to the papers containing plans of French domination found on Colonel Pimentel when he was taken prisoner by Herard, they may or may not have been the offspring of his own imagination; but we confess it appears to us very unlikely that he should have no ground whatever for his speculations. Certain it is, however, that when the garrison of St. Do-

mingo was surrounded by an overwhelming force, it was the French consul who negotiated their capitulation; and it is equally certain that Admiral Moges, commanding the French West India squadron, offered his *mediation* to Herard. This, however, was indignantly rejected.

The more recent events in Hayti, though full of interest, cannot arrest us long. Accounts are so contradictory, that it is almost impossible to state any thing positive concerning any but the most leading facts. The general outline, however, seems to be that Herard marched with what he conceived to be an overwhelming force upon the Spanish side, that his forces were encountered and defeated in a pitched battle, and that as he was preparing to renew the contest, intelligence of another insurrection of the blacks in the neighborhood of Aux Cayes, compelled him to retrace his steps. But it was now too late. A general rising against the mulattoes, who were compelled to fly into the ships in the harbor and escape to Jamaica, proclaimed the true state of feeling in the island. The movement rapidly spread, and we learn by the last accounts that General Guerrier, a black, has been elected president. How all this will end it is impossible to say; but it seems that, if the blacks are as powerful as their numbers would testify, they will without check or control exercise supreme sway. The independence of the Dominicans is for the time, at least, achieved. There will be struggles, however, both between them and their neighbors; and between the various parties of the Haytian republic. May the end of the strife be peace. All we hope is, that on the one hand, France may desist before it is too late from her endeavors to avenge her former defeats by inciting her conquerors to destroy each other; and that on the other, the Haytians will abstain from any propagandist system, such as that of which they are accused in Cuba. If they are let alone, and if they themselves are content to fight out their own quarrels on their own soil, they may at length, weary of bloodshed, settle down into some rational form of government.

MR. BRIGHT'S MSS.—The MSS. of the late Mr. Bright, of Bristol, are advertised for sale on Tuesday next, at Messrs. Sotheby's, in Wellington-street. No one knew the treasures in Mr. Bright's possession till his death. He kept his books to himself, hid behind glass and green silk, and miser-like, hung over them when alone. Here is the journal kept by Sir Henry Wotton, when in the suite of the Earl of Essex—it is unpublished, and has escaped the notice of all Sir Henry Wotton's biographers. Here, too, is the unpublished autobiography of Archbishop Wake, with a large quarto volume of his correspondence. Here is the 'Pocket Diary of Clarendon's friend, Mr. Secretary Nicholas'—a volume of original letters, addressed to Sir Julius Cæsar—an early, fine, and uncollated copy of 'Chaucer's Canterbury Tales'—an unpublished work by Abraham Fraunces, addressed to Sir Philip Sidney—the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, in six volumes, with the author's own corrections—a fine illuminated Psalter of the fourteenth century—a copy of Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets, in (it is said) the handwriting of the poet Daniel. But "the Jew's eye" of the collection is a manuscript volume upon vellum, containing the miracle plays exhibited by the incorporated trades of the city of York, on the Festival of Corpus Christi, at various periods in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and particularly in the year 1553. Of the several series of corporation plays, that formerly existed, four alone have survived into the nineteenth century—the Chester, Coventry, Widkirk, and York. The York turned up at the Strawberry Hill sale, and is described in the catalogue of that collection, as a volume of Old English Poetry upon vellum! Walpole bought it at Thoresby's sale, we suppose, for a trifle, and Mr. Bright at Walpole's sale, for £235. The York Plays are as yet unpublished—the other three are in print. This well deserves publication; let the British Museum secure the book, and Sir Frederick Madden undertake the task of publication for the Shakspeare Society. We have no wish for a second Mr. Bright to bury the volumes.—*Athenæum.*

DOUBLE ALLIANCE.—Accounts from Modena mention that a double alliance has been concluded between two daughters of the Duke of Modena and two Sardinian princes. The Duchess Maria Therese, eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena, born July 14, 1817, has been destined for Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, born Nov. 15, 1822; and the Duchess Maria Beatrix to Prince Eugene Savoys Parignan, born April 14, 1816.—*Court Journal.*

FLOWER MARKET.—Some idea of the extent of the flower market in Covent Garden may be formed, when it is stated by salesmen that the average supply of geraniums at this time of the year is from 500 to 600 dozen daily, some of the growers sending each from fifty to sixty dozen. There are about 100 of the choicest varieties included in this amount. To see this part of the market in perfection, it is necessary to pay an early visit, as the principal business is transacted and finished by four or five o'clock in the morning, and the plants are then on their way to all parts of the metropolis and its suburbs.—*Court Journal.*

OLD CRIES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Oh, dearly do I love "Old Cries"
That touch my heart, and bid me look
On "Bowpots" plucked 'neath summer skies,
And "Watercresses" fromthe brook.
It may be vain, it may be weak,
To list when common voices speak,
But rivers with their broad, deep course,
Pour from a mean and unmarked source;
And so my warmest tide of soul
From strange unheeded springs will roll.

"Old cries," "old cries"—there is not one
But hath a mystic tissue spun
Around it, flinging on the ear
A magic mantle rich and dear,
From "Hautboys," pettled in the sun,
To the loud wish that cometh when
The tune of midnight "waits" is done,
With "A merry Christmas, gentlemen,
And a happy new year."

The clear spring dawn is breaking, and there
cometh with the ray,
The stripling boy with "shining face," and dame
in "hodden gray;"
Rude melody is breathed by all—young—old—
the strong and weak,
From manhood with its burly tone, and age with
treble squeak.
Forth come the little busy "Jacks," and forth
come little "Gills,"
As thick and quick as working ants about their
summer hills,
With baskets of all shapes and makes, of every
size and sort,
Away they trudge, with eager step, through al-
ley, street, and court.
A spicy freight they bear along, and earnest is
their care,
To guard it like a tender thing from morning's
nipping air,
And though our rest be broken by their voices
shrill and clear,
There's something in the well known "cry" we
dearly love to hear.
'Tis old familiar music when "the old woman
runs"
With "One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross
Buns."
Full many a cake of dainty make has gained a
good renown,
We all have lauded "gingerbread," and "parlia-
ment," done brown;
But when did luscious "Banburies," or even
"Sally Lunns,"
Ere yield such merry chorus theme as "one a
penny buns?"
The pomp of palate that may be like old Vitel-
lius fed,
Can never feast as mine did on the sweet and
fragrant bread,
When quick impatience could not wait to share
the early meal,
But eyed the pile of "Hot Cross Buns," and
dared to snatch and steal.
Oh the soul must be uncouth as a Vandal's,
Goth's, or Hun's,
That loveth not the melody of "One a penny
buns."

There was a man in olden time,
And a troubadour was he,
Whose passing chant and lilting rhyme
Had mighty charms for me.

My eyes grew big with a sparkling stare,
And my heart began to swell,
When I heard his loud song filling the air
About "Young lambs to sell."
His flocks were white as the falling snow,
With collars of shining gold,
And I chose from the pretty ones "all of a row,"
With a joy that was untold.
Oh, why did the gold become less bright,
Why did the soft fleece lose its white,
And why did the child grow old?

'Twas a blithe bold song the old man sung,
The words came fast, and the echoes rung
Merry and free as a "marriage bell;"
And a right good troubadour was he,
For the hive never swarmed to the chinking key,
As the wee things did when they gathered in
glee,
To his eloquent "cry"—"Young lambs to
sell."

Ah, well-a-day! it hath passed away,
With my holiday pence and my holiday play—
I wonder if I could listen again,
As I listened then to that old man's strain.

And there was "a cry," in the days gone by,
That ever came when my pillow was nigh;
When tired and spent I was passively led
By a mother's hand to my own sweet bed—

My lids grew heavy—my glance was dim,
As I yawned in the midst of a cradle hymn—
When the watchman's echo lull'd me quite,
With "Past ten o'clock, and a starlight night."

Well I remember the hideous dream,
When I struggled in terror, and strove to scream,
As I took a wild leap o'er the precipice steep,
And convulsively flung off the incubus sleep—
How I loved to behold the moonshine cold,
Illume each well-known curtain-fold,
And how I was soothed by the watchman's warning,
Of "past three o'clock, and a moonlight morning."

Oh, there was music in this old "cry,"
Whose deep rough tones will never die;
No rare serenade will put to flight
The chant that proclaimed "a stormy night."
The "watchmen of the city" are gone,
The church-bell speaketh, but speaketh alone;
We hear no voice at the wintry dawning,
With "Past five o'clock, and a cloudy morning."
Ah, well-a-day! it hath passed away,
But I sadly miss the cry
That told in the night, when the stars were bright,
Or the rain-cloud veiled the sky.
Watchmen, watchmen, ye are among
The bygone things that will haunt me long.

"Three bunches a penny, primroses!"
Oh, dear is the greeting of Spring,
When she offers her dew-spangled posies,
The fairest creation can bring.

"Three bunches a penny, primroses!"
The echo resounds in the mart,
And the simple "cry" often uncloses
The worldly bars grating man's heart.

We reflect, we contrive, and we reckon
How best we can gather up wealth;
We go where bright finger-posts beckon
Till we wander from Nature and Health.

But the "old cry" shall burst on our scheming,
The song of "Primroses" shall flow,
And "Three bunches a penny" set dreaming
Of all that we loved long ago.

It brings visions of meadow and mountain,
Of valley, and streamlet, and hill,
When life's ocean but played in a fountain—
Ah, would that it sparkled so still!

It conjures back shadowless hours,
When we threaded the wild forest ways,
When our own hand went seeking the flowers,
And our own lips were shouting their praise.

The perfume and tint of the blossom
Are as fresh in vale, dingle, and glen;
But say, is the pulse of our bosom
As warm and as bounding as then?

"Three bunches a penny, primroses,"
"Three bunches a penny, come, buy;"
A blessing on all the spring posies,
And good-will to the poor ones who "cry."

"Lavender, sweet Lavender,"
With "Cherry Ripe" is coming,
While the droning beetles whirr,
And merry bees are humming.

"Lavender, sweet Lavender,"
Oh, pleasant is the crying;
While the rose-leaves scarcely stir,
And downy moths are flying.

Oh, dearly do I love "old cries,"
Your "Lilies all a blowing,"
Your blossoms blue still wet with dew,
"Sweet Violets all a growing."

Oh, happy were the days, methinks,
In truth the best of any,
When "Perriwinkles, winkle, winks"
Allured my last lone penny.

Oh, what had I to do with cares
That bring the frown and furrow,
When "Walnuts" and "Fine mellow pears"
Beat Catalani thorough.

Full dearly do I love "old cries,"
And always turn to hear them;
And though they cause me some few sighs,
Those sighs do but endear them.

My heart is like the fair sea-shell,
There's music ever in it;
Though bleak the shore where it may dwell,
Some power still lives to win it.

When music fills the shell no more,
'Twill be all crushed and scattered;
And when this heart's wild tone is o'er,
'Twill be all cold and shattered.

Oh, vain will be the hope to break
Its last and dreamless slumbers,
When "old cries" come and fail to wake
Its deep and fairy numbers!

THE RUSTIC SEAT.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WOULD men be wise, and oft retreat
To solitary places, meet
For bird and brook, and count the hours
By natural, instinctive flowers—
Fair progeny of beam and breeze—
Pleasure no more to them would seem
The offspring of unearthly dream,
Where every thing could please.

With no unhealthiness of thought
This rustic seat, this quiet spot,
Have met beneath the open sky;
Well judged the penetrated eye
Of sun and shade, of wave and leaf,
That here the sympathetic mind
The ecstasy of bliss might find,
The loveliness of grief.

The whispering drapery of leaves
The viewless hand of summer weaves—

A snowy blossom here and there,
Like jewels on a maiden's hair;
And, parted by the breeze,
Holy promises are given;
Momentary gleams of heaven,
Smiling through the trees.

Messengers of gentle airs,
Unsubstantial wanderers,
Golden clouds at eve are seen,
Glimmering through the breathing green;
While the sleeping families
Of flowers around my feet are dreaming,
Beautiful as planets gleaming
O'er the silent skies.

No unsocial solitude
Leads me here alone to brood.
Oft as we hear a hidden brook
Murmuring in a shady nook
Of the unseen soul of things,
Yonder spire, that fills the sky,
Speaks of homes that round it lie—
Calm, domestic visitings.

These waters, like the voice of God,
Tell of loneliest abode
O'erhanging, as a mountain bell,
The bosom of a leafy dell;
And they have paused by peopled steep,
Listening to as sweet a tale
As ever charmed yon radiant sail.—
A traveller of the deep.

Haply a solitary bleat
May solemnize my lone retreat,
And trooping lambs be idly seen
On visionary hill-side green;
Or melancholy, dream-like note
From yonder church-tower, where the ray
Is lingering o'er the grave of day,
Across the mellowing waves may float.

The dial, with its blossom pale—
A moral of the touching tale—
To me a holy thing appears,
Commissioned with the voice of years;
And crumbling 'neath me lie
The ivy-mantled abbey-towers,
Haunted by laughing bands of flowers,
Like smiles of Memory.

So, pausing on a sun-lit hill,
When passion's winds and waves are still,
The heaven-befriended traveller sees
Beneath him ruined palaces,
Tinged with a mournful ray—
Dim emblems of a lost regret,
Catching the gleams of fancy yet
Through glimmerings of the way.

Should shadows of too dark a grief
Sadden around the ivy leaf,—
If too desponding moans the wood
By Rothe's ancient solitude,
Then, falcon-like, will rise
To yonder aged rock, my soul,
And hear the gladdening waters roll
Their breeze-like melodies!

THE WASTE OF LIFE.

From the Literary Gazette.

WHAT are lives, the countless units that make up the human race,
Unto him who looks o'er kingdoms from dominion's haughty place,
In whose view the breath of being is but fuel still supplied
To the fierce and greedy furnace of the nation's power and pride?

See the soldiers, file and squadron, dogged sailing to the strand
Where unsated Death, awaiting, marks his victims as they land;
Year by year the cry of thousands well might startle them who prate,
In some council-chamber sitting, of the glories of the state.

See the pallor of the factory—hear the rattle in its hall,
Where the hot air faintly flutters with the engine's rise and fall;
And the "few of days" and weary tend the never weary loom,
By the great, who time their labor, sent untimely to the tomb.

Look again—your eye shall traverse quite as dense a crowd as this,
In the camp or in the factory not a straggler you shall miss;
So the number be unlessen'd, so the work go on as swift,
There are few to pause and reckon where the dead and dying drift.

In the crush of savage millions for the scanty loaf of bread,
Many sickly ones and helpless under foot their fellows tread,
But the wheels of state go briskly, flashing splendor as they run,
And the gap is fill'd at morning that was left by yester sun.

Oh, this age of dead machinery! but are living men machines,
That, ye statesmen, ye should waste them as your power's insensate means?
Are man's limbs but cranks and pulleys? is his soul but vapor-breath?
Is there not a present madness? is there not an after-death?

Hath he not a fleshy bosom keen as yours can be to pain?
Hath he not a mind as noble as your restless, plotting brain?
Ye forget th' immortal spirits in the masses cast away,
Yet not one shall be forgotten at the dreadful judgment-day!

E. A. H. O.

THE MESMERIST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the Metropolitan.

He stands before a gathered throng, strange knowledge to unfold,
Charming the dazzled fancy like the fairy-tales of old;
Yet must he brook the idle jest, the cold and doubting sneer,
He hath no beaten path to tread, no practised course to steer.

The wondrous science that he strives to bring to life and light,
Is softly, faintly, breaking from the misty shades of night,
And scoffing Prejudice upbraids the pure and genial ray,
Because it doth not burst at once to bright and beaming day.

He tells the healing benefits that through this power arise,
How sweet and soothing sleep may seal the weary mourner's eyes,
How raging madness may be check'd, how sufferers may obtain
The boon of deep oblivion through the keenest throbs of pain.

Anon he dwells on loftier themes, and shows how Mind may claim
An empire independent of the still and slumbering frame;
Can ye doubt the proofs, ye careless throng, submitted to your view?
Can ye hold them in derision, because yet untried and new?

Know that improvements ever wend a tardy course on earth,
And though Wisdom's mighty goddess gained perfection at her birth,
Her children reach by slow degrees the vigor of their prime,
For the wisdom of this lower world requires the growth of time.

None wish ye on the statements of a single voice to rest,
The marvels ye have witnessed ye are *urged* to prove and test;
Survey them in their varied forms,—inquire—observe—inspect—
Watch— meditate — compare — delay — do all things but neglect!

If ye bear in mind the lessons that to-day ye have been taught,
Ye need not lack materials for intense and stirring thought,
And my simple lay can little aid an orator's discourse,
So gifted with the energy of intellectual force.

But I ask ye, if your cherished ones sharp anguish should endure,
Which the stated arts of medicine had in vain essayed to cure,
Would it not grieve you to reflect ye *might* those pangs allay,
But that jestingly and mockingly ye cast the means away?

Mistake me not—I prize not aught, however great or wise,
If held not in subjection to the God who rules the skies;
To me all knowledge would be poor, all splendor would be dim,
All boons unsafe, all joys untrue, unless derived from Him.

And if eagerly this wondrous power I witness and approve,
It is because I know no bounds to Heaven's amazing love,
And I cannot by the pedant rules of critic caution scan
The depth of those exhaustless gifts His mercy pours on man.

SONNET,

PENCILLED ON THE MARGINS OF A METAPHYSICAL TREATISE.

From the Metropolitan.

Eye cannot paint itself;* thought may not scan
Its springs, nor trace the trembling cords that knit
The sleepless life-works to the ruling wit—
How, then, the Thought of thought, that knew to plan
That maze of Godlike mechanism, man!—
The Mind, embodied in Creation,—writ
On nature's brow, inspirèd frame most fit
To fold Omniscience in its boundless span!
Nay—through the tender grass-plumes as they grow
Whence course the veins?—What fibry bones pervade
The frail anatomy? On the seed we sow
What builds the slender oaten shaft,—the blade
Of sunniest gold?—What—what does knowledgg know?—
Is human wisdom wise?——ah yes! in answering "NO!"

Waked by the lowly echo, from the height
Of Love's o'erwatching realms, descending, see
New-born of thought, serene Humility
Conduct the deep-eyed faith, whose steps are Light.
Divine Interpreter! who read'st aright
Earth's prophet-page where blooms "Eternity,"
All greenly grav'n. Bright Creation's key,
That op'st the starry volume of the night,
And thread'st the heart's intricacies, till—lo!—
Seen by that torch, the stranger, Self, is known!
Through her the rustic reaps. Her lessons show
To use th' Intelligence, that cast our own,
And shapes the need;—*thence*—thence to seek, and know
Wisdom, the sought on high is wisdom found below!

"ρ."

* The illustration is Locke's.

SCIENCE AND ART.

NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES.—An obliging correspondent has forwarded to us a report of the proceedings of the Society of Northern Antiquaries, which met at Copenhagen on the 27th ult. under the presidency of the Crown Prince. The most important publication of the Society during the past year, is an edition of the ancient Sagas of Iceland, embracing the annals of that island and its inhabitants from the ninth to the fourteenth century. The first volume contains two works by Iceland's earliest historian, Are, surnamed Frode or the Learned (*b.* 1068, *d.* 1148). In the latter are related the earliest voyages of discovery from Denmark, the Faroe Islands, and Norway, with the emigration to Iceland caused by the conquests of Harold Haarfager. To the *Historical Monuments of Greenland*, two supplements have been added by Dr. Pingel, who having resided and travelled for some time in that country, undertook to draw up a general account of the most important expeditions which have been made in modern times from Denmark and Norway, to explore the various localities which have been brought to light by the exertions of the Society. A new edition of Rafn's *Memoir on the Discovery of America*, being a supplement to his great work, the *Antiquitates Americanæ*, was laid before the meeting, together with communications from the American Section, confirmatory of the learned author's views and deductions. The *Memoires*, 1840–1843, contain a disquisition on the connexion between Sanscrit and Icelandic; a memoir of Einar Sokkason, the Greenlander, translated from the Icelandic; an account of human remains and remarkable antiquities found at Fall River, Massachusetts, &c. Remarks on two Icelandic chairs with ornamental carving and Runic inscriptions; and a description of the frontiers between Norway, Sweden, and Russia, in the Middle Ages, taken from an ancient vellum MS. It was stated that H. R. H. the President had caused several barrows on the Fockr island to be opened and examined during the preceding summer. In one of these was found an urn, surrounded and overlaid with iron articles. The urn was filled with burnt bones, upon which lay an iron buckle bent together after having been exposed to fire, and which had probably belonged to a shield or head ornament; four fragments of a remarkable iron sword thirty inches in length, lay also above the urn; this had evidently been submitted to the action of fire, and then broken or bent together, as if to prevent the weapon being again used. It was generally supposed that the similar fragments of swords in the museum had become broken and injured by the effect of rust and time, but it would now appear that they were intentionally placed in that condition at the time of being deposited in the earth.—*Athenæum.*

COMBUSTION OF COAL.—The practical recommendations are, that the supply of air should be as free as possible; the entrance into the ashpit should not be less than one-fourth part of the area of the fire grate; the depth of the ashpit should be about two feet and a half, no advantage being found to result from its being deeper: the space between the fire bars should be 7-16th inch, but that depth should be regulated by the kind of coal used; for any kind of coal it should not be less than 3-8th inch, nor more than half inch; the fire bars were recommended to be made as thin as was consistent with their required strength; half inch in width had been found to be a good proportion. The space in the furnace above the fire bars was recommended to be made large, about three cubic feet to each superficial foot of fire grate, when such an amount could be obtained. The proper area of the flue was next considered with reference to the bulk of the products of combustion and their velocity, showing that the area requisite for the quantity chemically required was found to be much too small, and that in practice it should not be less than two square inches for the products of combustion from each pound of coal consumed in the grate per hour. Taking a furnace in which thirteen pounds of coals were burned on each square foot

of fire grate per hour (which was stated to be a usual rate of combustion in steam boilers), the area of the flue to every superficial foot of the grate would be twenty-six square inches. The area of the chimney was recommended to be three-fourths of that of the flue. The mode of conducting the flue to the chimney, and the angles formed in its passage, were also considered. The time occupied by the gases in passing through the flues of a boiler, from the instant of their generation to that of their reaching the chimney, was shown not to be of importance, provided that the incandescent gases were to be subdivided, that all the particles were brought into contact with the boiler, and were made to part with their caloric, as was the object in the construction of locomotive and other tubular boilers. The amount of heating surface recommended was in the proportion of eighteen square feet to each foot of fire grate where the combustion was carried on at the rate of 13 lb. per square foot per hour, though a larger amount might be employed in land boilers, where there was no objection against cooling down the products of combustion in a greater degree. The principles were stated to be applicable to all kinds of boilers, used either for land or for marine purposes.—*Ibid.*

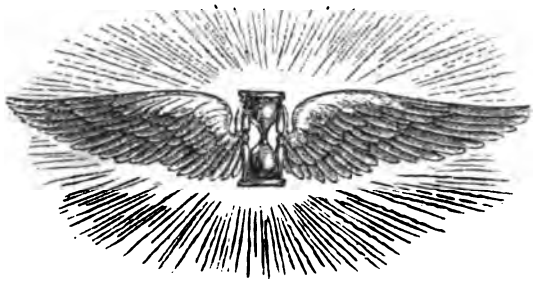
ANTIQUITIES.—"To the north of Texas," says a traveller, "in the country situated between Santa Fé and the Pacific Ocean, are found immense ruins of buildings—temples or houses—especially in the neighborhood of the Rio-Puerco, and on the Colorado, in the west. On one of the branches of the Rio Puerco, at a short distance from Santa Fé, there are ruins belonging apparently to an ancient temple, remarkable for its extent. Portions of the walls are still standing. They are composed of enormous hewn stones, cemented together. The temple must have occupied about an acre of ground, and had three stories. The roof is gone, but several chambers, all square in form, are still in a state of preservation. From the shores of the Colorado to the Gulf of California, a country little frequented by Europeans, the traveller meets with imposing ruins at every step."—*Ibid.*

THE TAGUA NUT, OR VEGETABLE IVORY.—This article, which is coming into pretty general use for ornamental purposes, is the produce of the palm found on the banks of the Magdalena, in the republic of Colombia, South America. The Colombians call it Tagua, or Cabeza de Negro (Negro's head,) in allusion, we presume, to the figure of the nut; and the term *vegetable ivory* is given to it by Europeans, from the close resemblance it bears, when polished, to the animal ivory of the elephant's tooth. Almost all we know about it is contained in the following memorandum by the Spanish botanists Ruiz and Pavon, who give it the generic name of *phytelephas* or elephant plant, distinguishing two species, the *macrocarpa*, or large fruited, and the *microcarpa* or small fruited. "The Indians cover their cottages with the leaves of this most beautiful palm. The fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, by which travellers allay their thirst; afterwards the same liquid becomes milky and sweet, and changes its taste by degrees as it acquires solidity, till at last it is almost as hard as ivory. The liquor contained in the young fruits becomes acid if they are cut from the tree and kept for some time. From the kernel the Indians fashion the knobs of walking-sticks, the reels of spindles, and little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, if they are not put under water; and if they are, they become white and hard again when dried. Bears devour the young fruit with avidity." According to the Gardeners' Chronicle, from which we derive the substance of our information, the part of the kernel which is similar to ivory is of the same nature as the meat of the cocoa-nut; this kernel becoming very hard in several palm-trees, such as the date, but not of sufficient size to be of value to the turner. The noum, or forking-palm of Thebes, the fruits of which are called ginger-bread nuts at Alexandria, has a similar albumen, which is turned into beads for rosaries; and that of the double cocoa-nut, or coco-de-mer, is also susceptible of a fine polish.—*Chambers's Journal.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.—M. Le Bas, a Member of the Academy, lately arrived at Athens from Caria, where he is said to have made important archæological discoveries. He was about to depart for Phocis; and intended to follow up the discoveries amid the ruins of Delphi, fatally interrupted by the melancholy accident to Ottfried Muller. M. Le Bas has caused to be modelled, at Athens (see *ante*, p. 527), for the School of the Fine Arts in Paris, all its finest remains of sculpture; and hoped ere his term expired, to supply that institution with the complete order of the four finest temples of antiquity. —*Athenæum.*

STATISTICS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The *Presse* estimates at 2,500,000f. the expenses of the manufacturers in depositing their specimens at the Exposition. On the other hand, the amount of business transacted there is estimated at 100,000,000f. which at an average profit of ten per cent. would give an amount of 10,000,000f. to 3,900 persons who have sent specimens there. Supposing that the 300,000 strangers who have visited the capital expend 15f. a day, that would produce a sum of 90,000,000f. which, added to 100,000,000 of purchases, would produce a circulation of capital to the amount of 200,000,000f. in two months. This demonstrates the advantage which these expositions procure for the city of Paris every five years.—*Times.*

EARL OF DURHAM.—A monument to the late Earl is proposed for erection on Pensher-hill, near the base of which runs the great Northern line of railway. "The design," says the *Durham Advertiser*, "is an approximation to the Temple of Theseus, and is to consist of a rectangular base of solid masonry 97 feet long, and 54 in width, rising 10 feet above the platform of the hill, and surmounted by 18 lofty, open, equidistant columns, supporting at each end a magnificent pediment, and on each side a broad, deep entablature, which will serve as a promenade. The edifice will be at least 70 feet in height, and will be visible from a great portion of the surrounding country. The trench for the foundation has been dug down to the limestone rock, and in a short time the foundation stone may be expected to be laid."—*Athenæum.*



OBITUARY.

DEATH OF DR. HOPE, LATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.—We regret to announce the death of this learned gentleman, who for nearly half a century has filled the chair of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, which event occurred at his house in Moray-place, at about a quarter past one o'clock in the morning of Thursday last. The doctor's health has been failing considerably during the last few months, and on Friday, the 7th inst., we understand he was struck by paralysis, from the severity of which he never rallied. He had very nearly completed the 77th year of his age. At the close of the winter session before last he felt himself compelled, by increasing years to resign the professorship which he had so long and so ably filled.—*Scottish Record.*

MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL.—This distinguished man—the most classical of our recent poets—died at Boulogne on Saturday last. Time was, when such an announcement would not have been made without its prelude of lamentation; but as years advance, we feel that such bereavements have a solemnity too deep for the oft-repeated language of regret.

Mr. Campbell, the tenth and youngest child of his parents, was born at Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777 His father was a retired merchant; as the name imports, of old Highland family; and, according to testimony, an intelligent and cultivated man. The son of his age (for Thomas was born when he was sixty-seven) seems to have been early "laid out" for honors. An excellent education was given to him at the college of Glasgow, but the poet, like the rest of the fraternity, was but an idle schoolboy. His superiority, however, flashed out once or twice. He carried off a bursary when only thirteen, from a competitor twice his age; and won a prize for a translation of 'The Clouds' of Aristophanes, which was pronounced as unique among college exercises. When still a young man, Mr. Campbell removed to Edinburgh, and there made himself honorably known among the choice spirits of the place: devoting himself to private tuition. He published 'The Pleasures of Hope' in 1799, that is, in the twenty-second year of his age. So familiar has every line of that work become, that to dwell on it were absurd; to value it aright has now become difficult. Some aid to the adjustment of its place, however may be given, by comparing it, not only with the didactic and descriptive poems which had preceded it (Cowper's not forgotten), but also with the usual quality of attempts issued by youths at the years of discretion. Now-a-days a reputation is claimed on the score of fragments and fugitive verses.

'The Pleasures of Hope' was profitable to its author in more ways than one: since its success enabled Mr. Campbell to take the German tour, the earlier and later fruits of which were the noblest lyrics of modern time, 'Hohenlinden,'—'Ye Mariners of England,' written at Hamburg with a Danish war in prospect,—'The Exile of Erin,' a gentler breathing of the affections, but also referable to the poet's casual encounter with some of the banished Irish rebels,—may be all dated from this tour. How they ran from lip to lip, and from heart to heart, wherever the British tongue was spoken, is now "a dream of the days of other years." They live, and will live, so long as wood grows and water runs,—sacred as a cherished part of our thoughts, our language, and ourselves!

Returning from the continent, Mr. Campbell again sojourned for a while in Edinburgh, and there wrote other of his celebrated ballads and poems. In 1803, he was drawn southward by the attractions of London. He married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, in the autumn of the same year; and at once commenced a course of literary activity of which few traces remain. A history of England (probably a continuation of Hume and Smollett's work) is mentioned by himself in a memorandum, to which we have had access. His conversational powers drew round him many friends: and to these probably, as much as to the liberal principles which he unflinchingly maintained from first to last, may be ascribed the interest taken in him by Charles Fox, who placed him on the pension list. After six years of anxiety, drudgery for the press, &c., and the other trials which await the working author, yet destroy no energy capable of better things, Mr. Campbell gave a proof that his poetry was not merely an affair of youthful enthusiasm, or of

> —retired leisure,
> That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,

by publishing 'Gertrude,' and 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic'—adding to a subsequent edition that most haunting, perhaps, of all his ballads, 'O'Connor's Child.' He was now in the zenith of his popularity: known as one who could discourse upon—as well as write poetry. In this capacity, he was engaged to deliver a course of lectures, at the Royal Institution: the success of these led Mr. Murray to engage him in the well-known 'Critical Essays and Specimens,' which established him on our library shelves as a prose-writer, and is

the best of his unrhymed—not unpoetical—works. Subsequent publications may be charged with carelessness in collection of materials, and an uncertainty of style, incompatible with lasting reputation.

In the year 1820, Mr. Campbell entered upon the editorship of *The New Monthly Magazine*, which was conducted by him with a spirit and a resource worthy of his reputation, and of the then palmy estate of periodical literature. If not practical and patient as a man of business, as an editor he was brilliant. But he was busy with other things, during the ten years of his critical rule; he published his 'Theodric'—the feeblest of his long poems—he interested himself eagerly in the foundation of the London University—he took an active part in the cause of Greece (as subsequently in that of Poland)—he was also elected twice Lord Rector to the University of Glasgow. In 1830—in which year he had to suffer the loss of his wife—Mr. Campbell resigned the editorship of the magazine, and from that time to his decease, the decline of health and energy became evident, in sad and steady progress. He established, it is true, *The Metropolitan Magazine;* he successively published the 'The Life of Mrs. Siddons,' the 'Letters from the South,' 'The Life of Petrarch,' and lent his name editorially to a reprint and a compilation or two—but the oil was seen to burn lower and lower in the lamp, year by year, and the social wit waxed faint, or moved perplexedly among old recollections, where it had formerly struck out bright creations. It was a sorrowful thing to see him gliding about like a shadow—to hear that his health compelled him to retreat more and more from the world he had once so adorned. At last he was missed from his accustomed places. It is melancholy, that he should have had to retreat abroad, in the decline of his days, to recruit shattered bodily powers and faded spirits. The end was not long in coming: but his name and fame will not be forgotten "to the third and fourth generation."

Application has been made by Mr. Campbell's executors to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for the purpose of ascertaining whether permission would be granted, on application, for the interment of his remains in the Poet's Corner of the Abbey. The answer, of course, was in the affirmative.—*Athenæum.*

MADAME THIERRY.—The Paris papers lament a touching calamity, which has befallen the historian M. Augustin Thierry, in the death of his wife, who has a double literary interest, as a clever writer herself, and the amanuensis of her distinguished husband, in his blindness. Madame Thierry, the daughter of the Admiral de Quérangal, smitten with admiration for the works of the historian, had formed an ardent wish to soothe the sufferings of his life, and lighten his darkness with the perpetual presence of a friend, and having become his wife, thirteen years have passed away in a devotedness, the details of which it is affecting to read, and her loss to this frail and sightless man it is painful to think of. To the outer world of literature Madame Thierry was known by her romance of *Adélaide* and her *Scènes de Mœurs aux dix-huitième et dix-neuvième Siècles.* She was attended to her grave by the most eminent literary men in the capital, with the veteran Chateaubriand at their head.—*Ibid.*

JAMES STUART.—*April* 11. Aged 116, James Stuart, commonly known by the name of Jemmy Strength.

He was born on Dec. 25, 1728, at Charleston, in South Carolina, United States. His father General John Stuart was a near relative of the Pretender Prince Charles. He left America when seven years of age, and was a spectator at the battle of Preston Pans, and witnessed the death of Col. Gardiner and the flight of Johnny Cope. He beheld the triumphal entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh, and was a spectator at the battle of Culloden. When about 20 years of age he enlisted in the 42nd Highlanders, in which regiment he remained about seven years. He was an ensign in General Wolfe's army, and fought at the battle of Quebec; after that war he sold his commission, but very soon after he again entered the army, and served during the American war, and was at the battle of Bunker's Hill. After this he entered the Navy, and served under Rodney. He was also for several years a sailor on board of merchant vessels. About sixty years ago he settled in Berwick-upon-Tweed, or rather in Tweed-mouth, and during that period he has travelled the borders as a wandering minstrel, scraping upon a wretched violin. He has had five wives and 27 children. Ten of his sons were killed in battle—five in the East Indies, two at Trafalgar, one at Waterloo, and two at Algiers. He was short in stature, but of remarkable strength; he is said upon one occasion, about 30 years ago, to have gone beneath a cart loaded with hay, and carried it on his back for several yards. A fund was raised some time since which enabled the old man to spend the evening of his long and eventful life in comparative ease and comfort. He said a few weeks ago that he "had na been sae weel aff this hunder year."

His death was caused by an injury which he received from a fall on Thursday April 4. The remains of this extraordinary man were, on Sunday, April 14, consigned to the tomb in Tweedmouth churchyard.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

CAPT. R. FAIR, R. N.—*Lately.*—At the Cape of Good Hope, Robert Fair, Esq. Captain R.N. and K. H. commanding the Conway 26.

He was a native of the county Cork. His services were distinguished and eminently meritorious. In 1804, when master of the Beaver sloop, with her boats and those of the Scorpion he assisted in cutting out the Dutch brig Atlanta, of 16 guns; and while holding the same rank in the Amethyst, he was officially praised for his gallantry at the captures of the French frigates Thetis, in 1808, and the Niemen, in 1809. Subsequently, when lieutenant, he commanded a gunboat in the Walcheren expedition, and afterwards, in command of the Locust gun-brig in 1811, he drove ashore near Calais and caused the destruction of a French brig of war. He was also at the blockade and siege of Dantzic in 1812. The Locust was paid off in July, 1814, and Lieutenant Fair appointed to the Tay 24, on the 5th Sept. following. He subsequently commanded the Griper revenue cruiser, received a handsome sword from Lloyd's for his humane and meritorious conduct on some particular occasion, and was promoted to the rank of Commander from the Royal Sovereign yacht, Sept. 6th, 1823.—*Ibid.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Biographical Dictionary.—Longman & Co.

Just when we supposed that the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had committed suicide, or was in so melancholy a condition that it might be expected to do so, it announced its intention of publishing a complete Biographical Dictionary; and seven half-volumes of this great undertaking have already issued from the press. The desirableness of such a work, if written in the spirit of liberality, and carried on with uniformity, cannot be doubted, and at the present time, abundance of material exists for rendering it much more complete than any hitherto published. There are, however, many drawbacks on the probable success of such a work; and amongst the most prominent is the want of a definite plan on which the whole may be executed, so as to insure the same amount of labor, not only to each article of like importance, but to each successive volume as it issues from the press; and this arises from the uncertainty connected with the sale of the work, as well as from the multitude of laborers required. In order to secure this necessary uniformity, a society which has no pecuniary profit as its end is more likely to succeed than a private publisher: at the same time the love of diffusing knowledge is a less energetic motive than the love of profits; and undertakings based on the former are more likely to fail than the latter. We hope, however, as the Society has had energy enough to commence this Dictionary, that it will be able to complete it.

A great difficulty, and which will require vigilance in the superintendence of a work of this kind, is to secure impartiality. Unfortunately, this desirable end cannot always be accomplished. The writers of lives of others too frequently look at them through the medium of some prejudice, and instead of being supplied with materials for forming the estimate of the man, we have the distorted picture of him which his biographer has been pleased to draw. At the same time, the brevity required in a dictionary must always tend to keep down a one-sided development of character, and confine the writer to a statement of important facts. We have carefully examined the articles which have at present appeared in these volumes, and have no reason to complain of any want of uniformity. There seems to have been, on the whole, a judicious apportioning of space, according to the importance of the individual. In many of the longer articles the tendencies of the writers are evident, and these are sometimes expressed so strongly as to warrant the supposition that they may not have been altogether impartial. The names of the writers, however, being appended to each article, make them responsible. With regard to the style, execution, and completeness of the articles, they are, on the whole, superior to those of any biographical dictionary with which we are acquainted. The only one with which, for completeness, it can be compared, is the French 'Biographie Universelle,' but in this respect it has very greatly the advantage. In fact, we have often been surprised, in looking into the 'Biographie Universelle,' when we recollected the names of its editors and authors, to find how very generally its articles were erroneous and imperfect. The Supplement to this work is not yet completed, and we do not wonder that its publication should have ceased, when we see the prolixity, inaccuracy, and frivolousness of many of its later articles. These are faults, however, to which much of French biography is, to a greater or less extent, exposed. In the English language we have no dictionaries or cyclopedias that can pretend to completeness in the department of biography, nor have the laborious Germans even attempted, as far as we are aware, a work exclusively devoted to a complete biography. So that the present work must not only be regarded as a labor for Great Britain, but a labor for Europe.

The work is, we find, intrusted to the editorship of Professor Long, under whose superintendence the Penny Cyclopedia was successfully brought to a close. If one individual was more competent to this work than another, it was Mr. Long. At the same time, it is a question whether it would not have been advantageous to have had more than one editor, as it is impossible that one individual should give an effective supervision over every department of literature, science, and art, which such a work must necessarily embrace. On looking over the list of contributors, we are glad to observe that there is no parade of great names. Great men have something else to do, besides writing articles for dictionaries, and do not always form the most unbiassed opinions of others, more especially of those who may have been contemporaries and antagonists.

The volumes at present published carry the work to the end of letter A. We shall not attempt here to analyze or criticise any of the articles; some of them may afterwards form subjects for a notice in our pages. As far as the work has at present gone, there is a preponderance of classical articles, which arises from the great number of Greek names in A. Many of these are valuable contributions to our literature, especially those by the editor, Dr. Schmitz, Dr. Platé, and the one on Aristotle, by Professor Becker. In all the articles there are two points in which they are more accurate than any previous work of the kind, and these are the titles, dates, and places of the publication of books, and their editions, and the sources from whence the materials have been derived for the biography.

It must be admitted, that the Society has entered on a great work, one that is wanted, and that will do them great credit if they go on as they have begun; but still it will be asked with anxiety, Will this gigantic work—the first seven half-volumes of which have been devoted to the letter A—be completed? We hope that the Society has well considered this question, and that it has not rashly commenced a work which it is not prepared to carry through.—*Athenæum.*

Historic Fancies. By the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M. P. Colburn.

This book lies quite out of the beaten track. The spirit by which it is inspired is fresh—its style is new—its matter, and its mode of treatment, are equally curious and uncommon.

It consists of about fifty different articles in prose and verse upon a great variety of subjects, some historical, some personal, some literary, some controversial, but all bearing, as a whole, upon that general creed in religion and politics which was recently expounded in a more direct

and declaratory shape by Mr. D'Israeli in the novel of "Coningsby."

The nature of a volume filled with such variegated essays must necessarily be desultory. But the prevalence of the same spirit throughout gives it, nevertheless, a distinctive and individual character. This is the leading peculiarity of "Historic Fancies"—a peculiarity which is worth notice, since it is not unlikely to becomethe exclu sive mark of all the works of Young England.

The aristocracy of France in the contrasted periods of their power and their decline—the difference between the two great creeds, Reason and Faith, Private Judgment and Church Unity, (with a large balance in favor of the latter)—the sacredness of the Sovereignty—the loyalist principle of the Vendée—the death of Mary Stuart, and the banishment of James II., both full of a sweet and earnest and highly poetical sympathy —Versailles and the Tuileries, with their Royal memories—and the heroes, or, as it may be, demons of the first French revolution—form the leading topics of the book. From this enumeration, a tolerably accurate notion may be formed of the general tendencies of the work; but it is only by a perusal of the whole that a proper estimate can be made of the fantastic but refined genius of the writer.

It will be seen that France occupies a large share of the author's attention. He has a special reason for this. By seizing upon the events and the men of French history—all of which are, in their way, representatives of elementary principles—he avoids the risk of offending living surrounding prejudices, or of challenging invidious discussions over his favorite topics. He has the field open and clear before him—a ground on which great questions may be quietly argued without invoking the animosities of party, or disturbing the ashes of domestic feuds. Besides, France has been the theatre of almost every form of struggle needful for the contemplation of the philosophic politician. "It is here," says Mr. Smythe, "that we have seen the most perfect theory of Absolutism. It is here that we have looked upon the most perfect theory of a Republic. It is here that the Great Compromise between the two will be most broadly tried, most severely tested, most earnestly discussed."

But we must turn from the grave interests of this volume to its pleasanter aspects, its pictures of life and beauty, its graceful prose sketches, and its musical lyrics. The verse suits us best. It is better adapted to the uses of this sheet, which acknowledges no great admiration for politics of any kind, even when they have that wizard air and system-disturbing energy with which the poet statesmen of Young England contrive to endow their picturesque treatises. We think Mr. Smythe's prose very good, and very original. It is thoughtful and earnest, and teems with proofs of high intellectual intelligence and sincerity of purpose. But we like his poetry better. It is occasionally as grand and gorgeous as a piece of rich tapestry; and the flow of the melody every where satisfies the ear, like a flood of old cathedral music.—*Court Journal.*

The Despatches and Letters of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. Edited by Sir Harris Nicholas, G. C. M. G.

It is intended to insert all Letters of LORD NELSON's of any interest, and no effort will be left untried to obtain such Despatches and Letters as have not yet been printed. For assistance in this essential object the Editor confidently appeals to individuals who may possess originals or copies of Nelson's Letters, his Public Orders, and Professional Memoranda. He earnestly invites them to favor him with the loan of such papers, or to send him correct transcripts of them; and the contributions will be thankfully acknowledged in the printed work. He begs leave to address this request more particularly to distinguished living Officers, the friends and companions in arms of Nelson, as well as to the families of those who are no more, believing that no one who loves or reveres his memory will refuse his co-operation.—*United Service Magazine.*

The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon; with selections from his Correspondence. By Horace Twiss, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Counsel. 3 vols. 8vo. J. Murray.

Although published only one week, many hundred copies of this work (nearly the whole of a large edition, we believe) are already in the hands of readers, who are devouring its pages, wherever we have heard them mentioned, with very high gratification.

Lord Eldon has, we think, been fortunate in his choice of a biographer to put together and cement the history of his illustrious grandsire. Much information, judgment, and skill were requisite for the proper performance of the task. A man conversant with the world, and especially with those classes of society among which the lord chancellor lived, was needed to select its lighter and anecdotical features. A man of legal attainments was required to superintend all that related to the lawyer and administration of the laws. A man of much political intelligence, who had sat in parliament and held office, was peculiarly pointed out as the fittest person to estimate the acts of the statesman, show the bearings of his policy, and discuss his relations with the distinguished individuals, his associates or his adversaries, in the important conflicts of half a century of clashing opinions and most momentous events. Add to these, a general attachment to literature from the earliest youth; and you have in Mr. Twiss all the qualifications which have done justice to his theme, and made this book, at the same time, one of the most agreeable for its mere entertainment, and instructive for its historical statements, which has issued from the press during the many years we have had cognizance of its doings.—*Literary Gazette.*

Frederick the Great, his Court and Times. Edited, with an Introduction, by Thomas Campbell, Esq., Author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. 2 Vols.

We hail with much satisfaction this revised and condensed edition of one of the most entertaining and instructive works for the library of every soldier. There is not a page throughout the two compact volumes which will not bear many times reading.—*United Service Magazine.*

CLEOPATRA ADORNING THE SEPULCHRE OF MARK ANTONY.

THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OCTOBER, 1844.

THE ETHICS OF POLITICIANS.

From the Westminster Review, September.

1. *Report from the Secret Committee of the House of Lords, upon the Detaining and Opening of Letters at the General Post office.*
2. *Report from the Committee of Secrecy of the House of Commons on the same subject.*

THERE are some duties which it costs a painful effort to discharge, and we candidly confess that our present task is one we would willingly have avoided. We feel it incumbent upon us to denounce, in the strongest language we can command, a principle of administration which, if carried out, would be found subversive of all the moral obligations of society; and yet a principle now openly advocated, not merely by political opponents, but in some instances by men with whom we have been accustomed to act, and a class of politicians standing well in the world's regard for public character and private worth.

We have long considered the state of our academical and university education to be the cause of half the errors committed in legislation; but of all the evils to be traced to this fruitful source, none are greater than the moral canker they occasion. The ethics of Archdeacon Paley and Professor Sewel,—political expediency on the one hand, and blind submission to authority on the other,—the transformations of Ovid and the history of the Punic Wars, leave no place for the decalogue, or any sound interpretation of its meaning; and the result in after life, when our high-born university graduates appear at the council board, is, as the world has seen with astonishment, a formal recognition of PETTY LARCENY as a fundamental maxim of state policy.

Enough, it might be supposed, has been said of the secret detention and opening of letters to exhaust the subject; but the question has been too much treated in reference solely to party objects, and involves far higher considerations.

Let us begin by acknowledging that the case attempted to be made out against the present Government, as guilty of something worse in the shape of Post-office espionage than their predecessors, has not hitherto been sustained. We would go farther, and say that the conduct of the Whig leaders in not interposing between their own party and Sir James Graham, but, on the contrary, all but leading on the attack, know-

ing, as they did, at the time, their own share in similar transactions, was ungenerous and indefensible. The moment the Marquis of Normanby stated in the House of Lords that he had opened letters while in office in Ireland, it became evident to all impartial reasoning men that the two parties (unless as regards the use made of the information obtained) were upon an equal footing. It was idle to attempt a wiredrawn distinction between the propriety of opening the letters of Irishmen and the letters of foreigners. The interests of England abroad are identical with the interests of England at home. A quarrel with Austria about her Italian possessions is, at least, as serious an evil to be deprecated and prevented, if possible, as any outrage upon property, originating in a conspiracy of Ribbonmen.

We have given, in the last number of the 'Westminster Review,' a frank opinion of the character of Sir James Graham. The sketch has not been considered so flattering that we are likely to be accused of any desire to screen from public observation a single failing of the present Home Secretary; but we would not exaggerate his defects. He has not risen in our estimation by the recent exposures; but honestly let us state they make him appear no worse in our eyes for bringing down the dignity of British administration to the commission of felony and acts of dirty meanness, than other politicians of the same school, and of much higher reputation. We read with surprise, amounting almost to incredulity, in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, the following list of Cabinet Ministers who, within the last forty years, have stooped to the tricks (to some of them at least) of a Fouché administration.

1806-7. Earl Spencer.
1807. The Rt. Hon C. W. W. Wynn.
1809-12. The Right Hon. R. Ryder.
1812-21. Lord Viscount Sidmouth.
1822-30. The Right Hon. Sir R. Peel.
1822-3. The Right Hon. G. Canning.
1823. Earl Bathurst.
1827. Lord Viscount Goderich.
—— The Rt. Hon. W. Sturges Bourne.
1827. The Marquis of Lansdowne.
1830-4. Lord Viscount Melbourne.
1833-40. Lord Palmerston.
1834. Lord Viscount Duncannon.
—— The Duke of Wellington.
1834-5. The Right Hon. H. Goulburn.
1835-9. Lord John Russell.
1838. Lord Glenelg.
1839-41. The Marquis of Normanby
1841-4. The Right Hon. Sir James Graham.
1844. The Earl of Aberdeen.

To this list of *statesmen* of the 19th century (but the name seems to carry irony in its application) we should add the names of all the Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland not included in the above, by whom the same power has been exercised; as, for example, the Marquis of Anglesea, the Marquis of Wellesley, the Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Morpeth, Lord Viscount Ebrington, Earl de Grey, and Sir Edward Sugden.

The facts discovered in this extraordinary revelation admit of but one explanation. The only apology for them must be sought in the tendency of the mind, especially when trained as we have described, to confound principle with precedent, moral law with legal custom. We doubt whether there has been any Secretary of State, or Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who, if he had not found on coming into office the custom of prying into letters sanctioned by long usage as part of the ordinary routine of office business, but, instead, had been asked for the first time to violate the sanctity of a seal, would not have exclaimed in effect, and perhaps in the words of Hazæl, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

But behold a custom which may be traced back, as we are told, for 300 years; and, worse and worse, behold a committee of the House of Commons pleading the authority of this high antiquity against precept; a committee composed of men, not inadvertently betrayed into error, but deliberately weighing the merits of truth and the advantages of expediency, and coming to the conclusion that expediency in affairs of state is *better* than truth, and that what is morally wrong may yet be politically right.

There have been two committees and two reports, as our readers are aware, upon this subject, both open to severe animadversion; but we differ with our contemporaries in the opinion that censure is less merited in the case of the report from the committee of the House of Commons than in that of the House of Lords. We have arrived at quite the contrary conclusion. In both reports there is an obvious disposition to palliate the faults of political friends, but the report of the committee of the House of Commons is an elaborate defence of a sophism which, at different

epochs of human history, has been used to justify every enormity under heaven.

The committee, after explaining the existing practice, and stating various reasons affecting it, *pro* and *con*, as if they understood all the bearings of a question, which it is plain they have utterly misconceived, tell the world they can find nothing in the practice to condemn. Not a whisper of disapprobation escapes the committee upon the exercise of the power complained of in any one instance; but—and let us avoid misrepresentation—they are too cautious to commit themselves to an approval of the principle in plain terms;—they even venture to express a doubt whether, in certain cases, the opening of letters and sealing them up again, is not attended with more trouble than profit. Their reasoning is wholly utilitarian; after the practical philosophy, not of Locke, but of Sheppard. One can imagine Jonathan Wild, with an opportunity presenting itself of betraying a confederate into the hands of justice, when nothing could be got by it, and debating the matter in his own mind in the very language of the committee:

"It will be doubted by some, taking into account the strong moral feeling which exists against the practice, with its accompaniments of mystery and concealment, whether the power is worth retaining in this class of cases."

The moral feeling, of course, stands for nothing in every other class of cases, in which some real or imaginary benefit is to be attained by a departure from principle; and the committee therefore conclude their report with "a more yes than no" recommendation, that the Secretary of State should continue to hold the power of perpetrating a breach of trust, and that the proper occasions for doing so should be entirely left to his discretion.

"Under these circumstances, it will be for parliament to consider whether they will determine upon any legislative regulation, or whether they will prefer leaving the power on its present footing, in point of law, in the hands of the Secretary of State, to be used on his responsibility, in those cases of emergency in which, according to the best of his judgment, its exercise would be sanctioned by an enlightened public opinion, and would appear to be strongly called for by important public interests." *

We never remember to have read a document of any kind which excited in us stronger feeelings of dissatisfaction, a more irrepressible impulse of indignation, than the conclusion of this report. A great opportunity was given for vindicating the national honor against the dangerous fallacy of the maxim which all governments are too prone to adopt, that the end justifies the means, and the committee actually turn round upon the public, defend the maxim as a safe one, and only qualify it by observing, that when objectionable means are resorted to, it should only be in "cases of emergency" affecting "important public interests." Of course not; and where has there been a tyrant, however infamous in the annals of oppression, who has not had his "cases of emergency" affecting "important public interests" to plead for every outrage upon public liberty?

Many of our readers have heard, or read, that "it is forbidden to do evil that good may come;" that "law makers should not be law breakers;" that "justice, if it be driven from the earth, should find a refuge in the breast of kings;" but none of these old and familiar axioms seem to have had the slightest weight with the committee.—On the contrary, they almost candidly avow a conviction that it is quite becoming and right that the government of kings should be carried on by those dishonest arts and stratagems which, if practised between private gentlemen, or between a common clerk and his employers, would be punished with a horsepond or the treadmill. *Fraud, forgery, felony*, say the committee (not indeed in direct terms, but in words which imply no other meaning), may all be practised in "cases of emergency," for the public good.

We hold the doctrine to be deserving of universal execration; and it is high time to expose it. From the recklessness of assertion exhibited by party leaders, and sometimes flagrant breaches of faith, as in the case of the New Zealand Company, the window duties,* and other questions,

* The report is dated Aug. 5, 1844. The following were the members of the committee:—Viscount Sandon, Mr. Wilson Patten, Mr. Thomas Baring, Sir William Heathcote, Sir Charles Lemon, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Strutt, O'Connor Don, and Mr. Ord.

* We allude to the clause in the 4 & 5 William IV., ch. 54, moved by Lord Althorpe, July 30, 1834, to enable the occupiers of houses to open fresh windows, free of duty, one effect of which, he stated, would be, "to prevent any further increase of the revenue, in the case of houses already existing." (See 'Mirror of Parliament,' page 3116.) The clause has been set aside by a quibble,

an opinion is beginning to prevail, that truth with politicians is but a plaything.—A fearful lesson; for there are other classes than lawyers who follow precedents.—Our criminal returns show the contagious influences of example: there is a fashion even in murder and suicide: the lad who first threw himself from the Monument had at once a crowd of imitators, and it would be vain now to expect that the opening of letters, and counterfeiting of seals, will be confined to Secretaries of State, and their knavish tools.

The vices of the rulers of a people inevitably become national vices. The position occupied by a minister is more exposed to observation than that of any other human being. Every action is watched, every word is chronicled; his opinions are seeds scattered by the four winds of heaven, sure at last to fall upon a fit soil for their nourishment and growth.

We are told by divines (and the subject demands the strongest illustration we can find) that in the government of the world, so important is the principle that the fountain of justice should itself be pure, that even the Creator of the universe, the Omnipotent and All-beneficent, *could not* forgive sin until the claims of justice had first been satisfied through the atoning sacrifice of Christ. It is part of the creed of the Church of England, that for God to forgive sin without an expiation of the offence, would be for God himself to sin against his own immutable law. We will not discuss a theological question, but we would contrast this doctrine with the political latitudinarianism which recognizes no fixed principles of conduct. Shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right? There is a sublime truth in the sentiment. How different from that rule of government which confounds all distinctions between virtue and vice as mere conventionalities, and substitutes for them, at the discretion of a minister, the shifting expedients of the hour,—a sliding scale of morality, subject to no check but the "responsibilities of office," and the fear of opinion.

We would put no unfair or strained interpretation upon any of the expressions in the report. We are fully aware that those who prepared it, and those who signed it, so bewildered themselves by their own sophistries, that they did not, in fact, well know what they were about; but we feel not the less the necessity of stripping the principle advocated of all disguise, and we would present it to the reader in its naked hideousness.

> ——"A monster of such frightful mien,
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen."

Here, then, is the moral creed of English statesmen in the 19th century; or, more correctly speaking, a portion of that craft of government which sets itself above all laws, human and divine.

1. THEFT is permissible, when information important to the public interest can only be obtained by STEALING it from a letter.

2. LYING is permissible to conceal theft; in the tacit form of resealing a letter, so that the fact of its having been opened may never be detected.

3. FORGERY is permissible for the same object; in the form of counterfeiting seals and imitating Post-office stamps.

4. TREACHERY is permissible in "cases of emergency." The servant may betray his master for the "public good;" the confidential agent may act as a secret spy. The bearer of a written communication, compromising, perhaps, the lives and fortunes of individuals, may carry it direct to their bitterest enemies, and be honorably commended for his breach of trust.

5. ROGUE-MAKING is also permissible; for the arts of knavery are somewhat distasteful to honest men, and forgery, in particular, is a SKILLED profession, which cannot be thoroughly acquired without many opportunities of practice.

6. TYRANNOUS INJUSTICE is permissible; in the form of secret accusations, and secret tribunals for trying a man in the dark, upon the evidence of STOLEN documents, of which the purport may be wholly misunderstood.

In using the word PERMISSIBLE, we have put the case less forcibly than we should have done, to place it upon its true merits. The business of a public office, like that of the Secretary of State, does not consist in the exercise of optional privileges. Sir James Graham or Lord Aberdeen, when they opened Mazzini's letters, did so, not, of course, from motives of idle curiosity, but from a sentiment of duty. Observe, then, where our moral legislators are leading us. It is the DUTY, say they, of a minister, in certain "cases of emerg-

and subsequent administrations have refused to carry out the spirit and intention of the act.

ency," affecting "important public interests," TO STEAL, TO LIE, TO COMMIT FORGERY, TREACHERY, and TYRANNOUS INJUSTICE; and to keep in constant training a staff of knaves fit for similar acts of public service, when not convenient to perform them personally.

The proposition leads us a step further. In all sound reasoning, the minor is of course included in the major. If it be a duty to ward off a small calamity by dishonest stratagems, it is equally a duty, and even a more serious obligation, to employ them to ward off a greater calamity. Now, compare the possible consequences to Great Britain of any plot emanating from a few poor Italian exiles, and those which may arise at any moment from the ambition of France or Russia. When we are about to steal information, whose secrets is it of most importance to steal,—those of M. Mazzini, or those of the Count de St. Aulaire and of Baron de Brunow? Here, for example, has been the Emperor of Russia on a visit; and now, on his departure, comes his Prime Minister, Count Nesselrode, to take the benefit of sea-bathing at Brighton. These movements, doubtless, mean something, and something more than Russia cares to reveal fully. We take it, therefore, for granted, that Lord Aberdeen has not neglected his DUTY in this case. His lordship has, of course, put in operation the picklock and dark-lantern principle, and by means of accomplished *artistes* has already, we may presume, obtained extracts from papers lying in the escritoire of the Russian count! The Brighton postmen, of course, need no instruction upon their duty, in the case of any and every letter to or from Count Nesselrode, intrusted to their delivery.

Here we must express our surprise that, in one part of the report before us, the Committee of the House of Commons deny the fact of any peeping or prying into the letters of foreign ambassadors. What is this, but in other words to charge upon the present Government a neglect of the public interest, in taking no steps to steal important state secrets from the ministers of other countries; confining their activity to a discovery of the affairs of private individuals, comparatively insignificant? There is, however, reason to believe that this charge is made without sufficient foundation; and we must call attention to a most important revelation in the report of the Lords' committee, of which all mention has been suppressed in the report of the committee of the House of Commons:—

"It appears to have been for a long period of time, and under many successive administrations, an established practice, that the foreign correspondence of foreign ministers, passing through the General Post-office, should be sent to a department of the Foreign office before the forwarding of such correspondence according to its address. The Postmaster-General, having had his attention called to the fact that there was no sufficient authority for this practice, has since June discontinued it altogether."

The Commons' committee admit, that during the administration of Charles James Fox, and the Marquis of Carmarthen, at the close of the last century, diplomatic correspondence of foreign ministers passing through the post was very generally inspected, but they add, "they are satisfied no such warrants or practices now exist." Do they mean by the word *now*, since last June; that is, since Mr. Duncombe presented the petition of Mazzini and others on the subject? If so, they have availed themselves of a most unworthy quibble. Or does the remark refer to a period of some ten or twenty years back? In this case the committee have shown themselves unable to apply the commonest rules of evidence. If letters from abroad were habitually opened at the Foreign office in 1782, as the committee admit; if the same clerks, or their successors, have had from that period to the present the same class of letters, day by day, laid upon their desks, with a power of inspection, as the Lords' committee tell us, we take upon ourselves boldly to assert that foreign letters have been habitually opened up to June, 1844; opened, not, perhaps, by Ministers, r with their cognizance, but opened, at all events, by other persons than the parties to whom the letters were addressed.

And let any one consider the enormous temptation of an opportunity thus given, put in the way of a Government *employé* having connections in the City. In a critical state of the funds, a knowledge of the contents of a letter coming from a Rothschild abroad to a Rothschild in London, relative to purchases of stock, might realize a fortune. Is it possible to believe that a clerk early trained in the mysteries of softening wax, and counterfeiting seals, having such a letter put into his hands, and knowing its value, would wait for the

instruction of his superiors before he opened it?

This brings us to another extraordinary statement, in the report of the Commons' committee, showing their entire unfitness for the investigation in which they were engaged, or their unconsciousness of its serious character. They say—

"It does not appear to your committee necessary to follow the warrant from the time of its reception at the Post-office, to that of its execution."

Not necessary? Why this was to halt at the very threshold of their inquiry. The extent to which the practice of opening letters has been carried, depends, not upon the number of warrants issued, but the *modus operandi* of their execution. The public want to know what securities were taken that the ingenious men employed to counterfeit seals should never transact a little private business on their own account —whether warrants have not in practice been regarded as mere forms, (the public knowing nothing of their existence,) and so sometimes filled up before, sometimes after, the occasion for their use, and sometimes omitted altogether; as commonly happens in the case of all other matters of mere office routine?

The committee tell us, that upon an average the letters of one person per month, or twelve persons per year, are opened and resealed at the Post office. Of how many more is that the true indication? We have heard it said, and not lightly, but by well-informed persons, that within the memory of many now living, the contents of any letter passing through the Post office might be obtained for a consideration, by a person interested in the matter, and making a judicious application to the proper parties. We can readily believe it, for in complete contradiction to the present report, Colonel Maberly in his examination a few months back before the Post-office committee, has described this department of Government as thoroughly demoralized. He says, "there has been enormous plunder and robbery" (1163); nay, that "the plunder is terrific" (1176), and that "a letter posted with money in it might as well be thrown down in the street as put into the Post-office" (1178). These are strong expressions from a Secretary of the Post-office, and it is quite clear that Colonel Maberly never thought of their possible application to the Home Secretary, when he made use of them. The subordinates of the Post-office, thus harshly described, have done nothing more than imitate the conduct of their chiefs. The plundering of letters by the state from motives of expediency was a state secret to the public, but not to Post-office officials. When Lord Aberdeen determined to steal the contents of Mazzini's letters, he was necessarily obliged to make all the sorters and receivers of St. Martin's-le-Grand a party to the theft.

Let this fact be well weighed by the public. Letters directed to Mazzini did not present themselves of their own accord in Downing-street. They had to be searched for by human hands, and carefully selected from a pile of perhaps many thousands, and then to be sent about by different messengers from one office to another. Or, supposing the fact to have been that the Devonshire-street bag was sent to the inner office and searched by Colonel Maberly himself, the notoriety of the object for which the bag was required, would still be the same. "Why," it would of course be asked, "does Colonel Maberly always require, every day and every month for four months in succession, to count the letters contained in the Devonshire-street bag?" The general fact of the detention and opening of letters must therefore have been known to some hundreds of persons, including common letter-carriers; and what wonder is it that poor and ignorant men should convert public expediency into private expediency, and keep their own counsel when abstracting a bank note, as safely as they had been taught to do the political felonies of their employers. Twelve months ago the newspapers were filled with the case of a Government clerk, who forged exchequer bills to the amount of several hundred thousand pounds. It is not at all an unlikely fact that the initiative step in his career of fraud was the instruction he possibly received in the art of counterfeiting seals for state purposes. Think of forgery in this form being systematically taught in a Government department, and of the probabilities of its stopping there; an apt pupil never becoming too expert for his own teacher!

A light now breaks in upon us to explain the *animus* of the otherwise unaccountable hostility of the Post-office to Rowland Hill and his plans. Colonel Maberly describes his establishment as a den of thieves; and who can blame the instinct which teaches knaves to beware of an honest man? Put Rowland Hill in the Post-office! Send to

Norfolk Island for a candidate. The Exchequer-bill office should supply the next Postmaster-General! We now see why Rowland Hill was not to be trusted by either the present Government or the past. There were state mysteries connected with the Post-office which Rowland Hill had not unravelled, and it certainly would have been imprudent to have confided them to him.

We proceed to a part of the report, the spirit of which appears to us so utterly incompatible, not only with the duty which the committee owed the public, but with every just and manly sentiment; indeed, so opposed to the constitutional English maxim, that no man should be condemned unheard, that we find it difficult to preserve sufficient calmness to put the facts fairly before the reader, and yet find fit terms to characterize appropriately the conduct of the committee, without appearing to assume an exaggerated tone of severity. We refer to the paragraph in which reference is made to Mazzini and his brother exiles; but chiefly to the following passages:—

"A warrant to open and detain all letters addressed to Mr. Worcell and to Mr. Stolzmann was issued on the 17th of April, 1844, and cancelled on the 29th of June.

"A warrant to open and detain all letters addressed to Mr. Grodecki, at Paris, and to another foreign gentleman, was issued on the 3d of June, 1844, and cancelled on the 13th of the same month.

"The last two warrants rested on grounds connected with the personal safety of a foreign sovereign, intrusted to the protection of England. It appears to your committee that, under circumstances so peculiar, even a slight suspicion of danger would justify a minister in taking extraordinary measures of precaution."

We have here an accusation of one of the blackest crimes that can be laid to human charge; and preferred against individuals who, for any thing that appears to the contrary, may be as honorable men as move in society. The committee tell the public that there were grounds of suspicion, slight perhaps, but still sufficient, to *justify* the British Government (justify is the word used) in treating Messrs. Worcell, Stolzmann, Grodecki, and their friends, as engaged in a plot for the assassination of the Emperor of Russia—there is no other meaning in the words; let the reader examine them carefully. Now, will it be believed, does it not seem incredible, as repugnant to every feeling that could be supposed to influence a body of English gentlemen, that of the men thus held up to infamy, whose civil rights had been violated in their correspondence, *not one was called before the committee to be examined?* The committee declined to go into any examination of the grounds upon which the warrants had been issued; and they had, therefore, absolutely *no authority whatever*, beyond a foul insinuation, either for the gross act of defamation of which they have been guilty, or for their zealous justification of Lord Aberdeen, on the score of a necessity for extraordinary precautions.* No such necessity was proved; and, indeed, from the very next passage in the report, it is evident the necessity did not exist:—

"The committee have not learned that there appeared in the letters that were opened any thing to criminate the gentlemen whom the committee have very reluctantly named."

This reluctance we do not understand. The parties named had brought themselves before the public; they had petitioned for redress of a grievous injury; and the committee meet the case by adding wrong to wrong. The committee refused to hear the allegations of the petitioners, or to call a single witness of character; but they do not the less hesitate to pronounce the following unjust and *ex parte* judgment:—"Gentlemen, *we have not learned* that any thing has been found to criminate you, but we are satisfied, notwithstanding, that the Foreign Secretary was quite justified in treating you as criminals, and guarding against your possible designs upon the life of the Emperor."

The appointment of a *secret* committee showed a foregone conclusion; and the members named upon it have well answered the expectations of the minister who appointed them. A sifting investigation was not wanted. Sir James Graham was only anxious to show that he was no worse than the leaders of the Opposition;

* Mr. Stolzmann is a captain of artillery, who has lived in England since 1836; Count Worcell is a member of the Diet; both able men, and men of unspotted character. Their real offence was attending a public meeting in favor of the Poles at the Hall of the National Association on the 16th of April. The warrant for opening their letters was issued on the 17th. The other case was a mysterious letter from a person abroad of unsound mind, taken by a Pole to the Russian embassy, with a view of getting himself included in the late Polish amnesty, and probably obtained also for that purpose. We regret to learn that the amnesty includes only men of a like stamp.

and that done, the matter was to be hushed up, and the petitioners might be unceremoniously dismissed.

The refusal of the committee to allow Mr. Duncombe to be present to examine his own witnesses we at first treated as a mere crotchet; we now view it as a most serious fault. The committee did not desire to examine witnesses against the Government practice, nor witnesses in behalf of the petitioners, or they could have found them without the aid of Mr. Duncombe. What will the public think when they learn that even Mazzini, whose case was first brought before the House of Commons,—with whom indeed had originated the whole inquiry,—Mazzini, who had petitioned for an opportunity of refuting the calumnies circulated against him by the Sardinian embassy, was never summoned by the committee. These calumnies the committee even repeat in part, while they take no notice of some of a still more serious character industriously whispered among the supporters of Government, as an apology for the conduct of Lord Aberdeen in this particular case.

"Representations had been made to the British Government from high sources, that plots of which M. Mazzini was the centre were carrying on, upon British territory, to excite an insurrection in Italy; and that such insurrection, should it assume a formidable aspect, would, from peculiar political circumstances, disturb the peace of Europe. The British Government, considering the extent to which British interests were involved in the maintenance of that peace, issued on their own judgment, but not on the suggestion of any foreign power, a warrant to open and detain M. Mazzini's letters. Such information deduced from those letters as appeared to the British Government calculated to frustrate this attempt was communicated to a foreign power;* but the information so communicated was not of a nature to compromise, and did not compromise, the safety of any individual within the reach of that foreign power; nor was it made known to that power by what means, or from what source, that information had been obtained."

There are two points to notice in the above paragraph: one the description given of M. Mazzini as a dangerous conspirator,—a description unqualified by any intimation of the fact, known at least to more than one member of the committee, that M. Mazzini enjoys the confidence and respect of many Englishmen of the first rank, and stands for public character and private worth upon as high moral ground as any distinguished foreigner who has visited English shores;—the other point is the denial for Lord Aberdeen of any act of treachery on his part which could have compromised the safety of foreigners resident in England, or of their friends abroad.

We will take the latter first; and let it be again remarked that this denial of treachery is made solely on the evidence of the parties accused. The committee first deliberately refuse to hear the accusing witnesses, and then take the bare word of men whose avowed principle of action is, that duplicity is indispensable to affairs of state, and that the inviolability of truth is only to be respected as a rule for private conduct.

It would be difficult to imagine a more striking instance of the absence of com-

* "Not a syllable of this correspondence *has ever been submitted to any foreign power.*"—*Lord* ABERDEEN's *Speech.*

"Certain parts of the information thus obtained *were submitted to a foreign government.*"—*Report of the Lords' Committee.*

Upon this the 'Standard' says, "We cannot see a shade of inconsistency between the language of Lord Aberdeen and the language of the report." This is the Ministerial explanation! There is not a shade of inconsistency.

It is quite clear that Ministers have a standard of truth of their own, by which they measure their parliamentary declarations. When Sir Robert Peel was asked whether or not Lord De Grey had resigned the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, he answered, "*There is not a word of truth in the report.*" The resignation of Lord De Grey had been received at the Home office that morning. When Lord Aberdeen is asked if Mazzini's letters were opened at the requisition of a foreign government, his lordship says, "NOT A SYLLABLE of the correspondence has ever been communicated to any foreign power." It appears that certain parts of the information contained in the correspondence *were communicated* to a foreign power. Again, in the House of Commons, on Monday night, Captain Pechell asked whether the charges against Lieutenant Gray had been made by the Admiralty, by the Foreign office, or by any foreign government? Mr. Sidney Herbert replied, "*No foreign government had* ANY THING IN THE WORLD *to do with the matter.*" Now, what will be thought of this statement, when it is known that, upon the 2nd of June, 1843, the French ambassador presented a note to Lord Aberdeen, in which he said, "He was directed by his government *to require*," first, that her Majesty's Government would disavow the conduct of the officers of the 'Bonetta:' and, secondly, "*that they will institute an inquiry*" into the proceedings of these officers, in order to ensure their punishment. Lord Aberdeen writes, on the 23d of June, to inform Count St. Aulaire, that "orders have been given to institute, without delay, a strict investigation." Yet Mr. Sidney Herbert says that "no foreign power had any thing in the world to do with the matter!"—('Morning Chronicle,' August 8th, 1844.)

mon sense, or a wider departure from the first principles of common justice, than we find in the whole of these proceedings. But let us look at the fact; and with the assistance of no other light than is thrown upon it by the report of the two committees.

First, however, it will be well to consider what is treachery. What is it constitutes an act base, infamous, cruel, such as the world calls treachery, but for which all the languages of the world have no term sufficiently emphatic for its condemnation, in an indignant outburst of honest, withering scorn? It is the act of the supposed neutral or pretended friend availing himself of the confidence reposed in his neutrality or friendship, but secretly betraying to an enemy information which directly or indirectly may lead the betrayed to the dungeon or the executioner.

Well, then, is Lord Aberdeen guilty or not guilty of the crime imputed? Guilty, upon his own showing, and the *ex-parte* evidence of the attempts at exculpation given in the reports of the two committees. The report of the Lords states that "certain parts of the information thus obtained were communicated to a foreign government." The Report of the House of Commons states that "so much of the information was communicated to a foreign power as might *frustrate the attempt* about to be made;"—that is, as might lead to the apprehension and imprisonment of any and every person leaving England or Corfu upon the projected enterprise. The British Government did this,—and, gracious God! not a word of warning upon their impending fate was breathed to these victims of a misplaced confidence in British honor! No friendly hint told them their designs were known, and that, if attempted to be put in execution, death awaited them upon the shores of Calabria!*

We pray the reader to mark an important distinction. It may very fairly be contended that no country ought to allow an armament to be fitted out in her own ports, against a foreign power, with which it may not be at war, or with which it may have peaceable and friendly relations. Granted; although we were not very nice upon this point in the days of Don Miguel and Don Carlos. We will give the committee the benefit of an extreme case. A pirate, although confining his depredations to French or Spanish shipping, ought not on that account to be allowed the benefit of Portsmouth harbor as a port of refuge. Nothing more true; but to neither pirate nor devil ought we to hold out the right hand of fellowship, proffer a home, protection, hospitality, and then put a noose about his neck, and lead him to the scaffold. We can conceive of many circumstances under which a foreigner in England would have no fair claim to the equal rights of English citizens;—for example, a French criminal escaped from the gallies; and who, after a re-examination in England, could not satisfactorily clear himself of the charges of which he had been found guilty by a jury. Such a man ought undoubtedly to be watched by the police; but fair and not foul play even towards criminals. Let the man know that he is watched. Station an officer at his door; shut him up, if necessary, in stone walls: but do not deceive him into a false security; do not bid him, after a while, depart in peace, and then put the avenger of blood upon his track.

Before Lord Aberdeen hastened to convey to a foreign power so much information as would suffice to enable that power to frustrate an attempt to be made by Italian exiles, *guests of England*, British honor required that he should have conveyed to the exiles themselves the knowledge of his intention. He might have sent for Mazzini and said, "Put your friends upon their guard; they are engaged in a project England cannot countenance. It is my duty to warn your government of its existence, and I therefore warn you that the plan must prove abortive: put an end to it, that life may be spared." Lord Aberdeen did not do this, and that he did not so act might well be a ground for impeachment; and in such a case impeachment would not be defied if the House of Commons represented popular opinion.

The apology offered by the committee is most discreditable to their judgment, for it is founded upon an obvious untruth, which the slightest penetration would have enabled them to detect. They say, referring of course to the evidence of Lord Aberdeen, that "the information so communicated was not of a nature to compromise, and did not compromise, the safety of any individual within the reach of that foreign power." The information alluded to

* It is known that several, and it is believed that *all* the Italians who left Corfu, including the *elite* of the exiles, upon whom the cause was mainly dependent, were immediately seized, tried by a military commission, and shot.

was probably this: That a body of Italians were assembled at Corfu, and contemplated a descent upon some part of the Neapolitan coast. Of course, while they remained at Corfu they were out of the reach of the Neapolitan government; but what further clew would that government require to obtain a full knowledge of the facts withheld? By a secret emissary they could immediately find out the names of every Italian in Corfu; obtain a correct description of their persons, and signalize them to Austria and all the Italian states, so that wherever an Italian from Corfu landed he might be immediately seized; while his connexions in Italy might also be traced and put under arrest.

The consequences of any communications of this kind from one government to another are so certain, that now we are aware of the fact that such communications have passed, we are fully prepared to believe the general truth of the statements made in various quarters, that Poles, and Italians, and foreigners of other nations are at this very moment rotting in prison, while others have perished by the scaffold, through a system of espionage and treachery, of which a great and free country had ever been supposed incapable.

How far the past administration is involved in the guilt of the present, we know not; but the obvious bias and class feeling of the committee, their refusal to examine the most important witnesses, and their apparent anxiety to suppress facts, and palliate and excuse the conduct of their respective party leaders, has left a dark stain upon the character of many public men, which we can only hope a full investigation might have, partially at least, removed.

That Lord Aberdeen, or any other English minister, signed the death-warrant of unfortunate exiles with deliberate intent, we do not believe:—such a monster could not breathe on English ground. The truth is, the Minister never bestowed a thought upon the possible result of his secret communications, as affecting the parties betrayed. Their position was too humble to be deemed an affair of the slightest moment; but that these communications were practically death-warrants in many cases; and in very numerous instances, warrants for imprisonment, no man can doubt who attends to the facts.

We know that the extracts furnished to foreign governments, from private letters passing through the Post-office, have been much more full and copious than the evidence of Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham appear to have led the committee to infer; and* perhaps much more so than either of those ministers really believed; but who can tell to what extent the clerks, employed on this nefarious service, have

* The 'Morning Chronicle' of August 17 publishes a letter from a correspondent at Hamburg, who says that he had then in his possession government copies of extracts taken from the letters of M. Mazzini; and that names and details were also furnished, directly or indirectly. He adds—

"It is true the parties named were not at the time in this state, but it is also true, when they unsuspectedly returned, they were seized, and are now loaded with irons in a loathsome dungeon! I will simply ask, is this the only instance of communicating with this state? No. This government was informed of every transaction that could be taken from letters of what took place between the parties in England, at the Ionian Islands, and other places, and this will account at once for the numerous arrests at various times. More than this, at the summary trials of these individuals, the strongest evidence produced against them was these very extracts.

"Let us now go back to the Polish revolution, and ask how was it possible that the Russian government obtained such universal knowledge of the correspondence carried on with England, and became so minutely acquainted with every shipment of arms, orders that were given for them, even to the Birmingham houses, the manner of packing them, &c. This was known to the government as precisely as had the orders been from them; and this enabled them to order the seizure, both in Austria and Prussia, of certain quantities of sugar hogsheads and pipes, &c. How did Russia obtain this information? From the letters that were opened by order of the Secretary of State.

"As I intend publishing at large all the proceedings that took place during that period, with the full extracts of the letters, with dates and names, as well as other matters relative to that period, I shall only say that hundreds of men and women were seized, whipped, and transported to Siberia, in consequence of such information.

"Let the Government not imagine that this system does not tell against themselves as well; the foreign governments, knowing that the practice existed, have repeatedly misled the government, knowing their despatches would be read; and in one particular instance, being alarmed for the result, I informed my lamented friend, Mr. M'Gillivray, for the information of Lord * * * n, that he was betrayed, and no doubt this will still be in the recollection of his lordship.

"It will be seen clearly that it is destructive every way, more particularly so now the affair is so public; and I only hope, after the publication of the extracts, and giving a list of the sufferers, many of whom are still enduring all the horrors of misery, both bodily and mentally, that this infernal machine will be blotted out of English law, for the honor of our country, and for the sake of human morality.

"Hamburg, August 10. "J. H."

been in the habit of trading (like some of the writers in the 'Portfolio') with the secrets put in their possession. Letters from betting noblemen it seems have been opened by local receivers, and the information they contained sold to blacklegs of the turf. How often have similar transactions been effected by Russian or Austrian gold for political objects?

The circumstances that first led Mazzini to suspect that his correspondence had been tampered with, was a communication to the 'Times,' printed as a leading article, the writer of which boasted of having then lying before him *a mass of documents* relating to the efforts of an Association in London for the emancipation of Italy; and alluded to facts, of which only a few members of that Association could have been cognizant by honest means. The attention of Mazzini had also been excited by frequent delays in the delivery of his letters; and now, on examining the post-mark, his suspicions were confirmed by observing that they invariably bore the mark of two different stamps; the one intended to efface the other; the object of which appeared to be to make the hour of delivery correspond with that in which the letter had been received, and so to prevent the original stamp, or attestation of the receiver of the time when the letter was posted, being evidence of the fact of its detention. To be quite sure of this Mazzini took the precaution to post, in St. Martin-le-Grand, letters directed to himself early in the forenoon, when the receiver's stamp would be 10 F N 10. The letters came to hand in the afternoon with the receiver's mark 10 altered into 12; the figure of 2 being stamped upon the original 0, but not so as entirely and successfully to conceal it. Mazzini, then, in the presence of witnesses, posted at one and the same time letters addressed to himself, and letters addressed to fictitious persons at the same residence, and the latter were regularly delivered two hours before his own. On consulting with his friends other contrivances were adopted to complete the chain of evidence. Letters directed to Mazzini were posted, containing grains of sand, poppy seeds, or fine hairs, and so folded that the sand, the seed, or the hairs could not fall out unless the letters were opened. When delivered, sand, seed, and hairs had disappeared. Other experiments were tried with the seals. A wafer, carefully cut square, was found to have altered its shape in passing through the Post-office; and in the case of wax seals, the exact appearance of the impression being carefully noted, it was found that the subsequent Post-office counterfeit was sometimes placed more or less upright than the original.

These experiments will have to be repeated, and we therefore describe them for the information of the public. The Lords' report states that "it is the concurrent opinion of witnesses, who have held high office, that they would very reluctantly see this power abolished;" and it is very certain that, whether legally abolished or not, a numerous class of subordinates will be equally reluctant, with their superiors, to give up the practice. Let all honest men, therefore, be upon their guard.

M. Mazzini has rendered the British public, as well as his own countrymen and the unfortunate exiles of every nation, who may be compelled to seek a temporary asylum in England, an important service. Had he been the mere conspirator, intimated by the committee, he would have kept the information to himself, and made use of it to mislead the Government, by false intimations of his real designs. It was in this way that Prince Maurice of Saxony, defeated the Emperor Charles V. The spies of the Emperor were discovered and duped.

Mazzini, as far as he was personally concerned, had no conspiracy to conceal. He was not a party to the expedition from Corfu; the history of which may be very briefly explained. Several of the states of Italy have been for some time in a very disturbed state, and their imbecile and corrupt governments again appear on the eve of dissolution. In Calabria the peasantry had risen in open insurrection; and hearing of it, a handful of exiles at Corfu proposed to join them. They wrote to Mazzini for assistance from the London Association, which was refused. Mazzini, in reply, endeavored to dissuade them from the project, as a microscopical effort, which could only damage the cause. Finally, however, twenty Italians left Corfu for Calabria in an Italian ship; a ship which there is now strong reason for suspecting was sent from Naples as a lure (on the information supplied by the English Government). No one of them has since been heard of alive.

Mazzini was the editor of 'La Giovine Italia,' of which six volumes were published; and we believe, from the open, candid character of the man, the nature of any plot in which he is likely ever to be engaged,

may just as easily be gathered from his printed publications as his private letters. That Italy is misgoverned is a fact notorious to all the world;—why in free England should the fact not be openly proclaimed? But it is not by plotters from without that any one of the governments of Italy will be overthrown. The regeneration of Italy must be a national effort—which the exile can at best but feebly second. Mazzini knows this, and prays that the time may come when a national effort will be made. We pray for it with him—and God be with a brave heart that beats for no other object.

The present state of Italy could not be better illustrated than by describing the circumstances which threw Mazzini into his present position. He first attracted the attention of the governments of Italy by the freedom with which, through various channels, he discussed literary questions. We need hardly say that for *political* questions there is no channel in Italy. A 'Westminster Review' would be a greater curiosity at Rome than the Thames Tunnel. In 1828 Mazzini published at Genoa a weekly literary gazette, called the 'Indicatoire Genovese.' It appeared under the double supervision of a civil and an ecclesiastical censorship; but at the end of the year it was suppressed. In 1829 he attempted a similar journal at Leghorn, under the title of the 'Indicatore Livornese,' but in a few months this also was suppressed. The same year he wrote an article upon European literature in a review called the 'Antologia,' published at Florence. The review was suppressed, after having been in the first instance prosecuted. In 1830 occurred the revolution of July; and from the excitement it occasioned in Italy, it was deemed prudent to put under arrest every person of known or suspected liberal sentiments. Mazzini was of course amongst them. Mazzini's father, who is a professor of anatomy at the University of Genoa, went to the governor of the town (Venanson) to inquire what offence his son had committed, and found that the chief ground of accusation was the following:—"Your son," said the governor, "is in the habit of walking every evening in the fields and gardens of the suburbs, alone, and wrapt in meditation. What on earth can he have, at his age, to think about? We don't like so much thinking on the part of young people, without knowing the subject of their thoughts."

A commission of senators was appointed at Turin to try Mazzini and his friends; but as nothing could be proved against them, they were acquitted. The acquittal, however, signified nothing. Mazzini was detained for five months in solitary confinement in the fortress of Savona, and then banished the country.

At this time Louis Philippe, newly seated on his throne, had not been recognised by the absolute sovereigns of Europe, and it was the policy of the French government to protect and encourage the discontented of all nations, especially Italians and Spaniards; many of whom received money and semi-official offers of assistance. The object of Louis Philippe in this case has since been explained. It was merely to embarrass the allied powers with their own subjects, that hostilities against France might be rendered impossible. When this end had been answered, revolutionary propagandism was disavowed, and protection was withdrawn from the refugees; but not till many of them had been led to commit themselves too hopelessly against their own governments to dream of returning to their native land. The unfortunate Spaniards and Italians fell alike into the same snare. Who among them could be blamed for believing that the time had arrived when a blow struck for freedom could not be other than successful? They were deceived by a prospect bright but transitory; soon to be overcast with dark shadows, which could not be foreseen.

Mazzini was permitted to publish at Marseilles 'La Giovine Italia,' and to form an association of Italian liberals, under the same name. This association differed from that of the old Carbonari in various points, but especially in repudiating secrecy, whenever it was practicable to claim and exercise the right of public discussion. A free press not existing in Italy, the press of foreign countries was used as a medium for the open dissemination of liberal principles. The political tracts of 'La Giovine Italia' were smuggled by Italian merchant ships from Marseilles into Italy, and immediately produced an effect which alarmed the Italian governments for the result. In various states the symptoms of an impending revolution could not be mistaken. In some the people broke out into open insurrection—a movement in which the foreign exiles hastened to take a part.

It commenced too late. The policy of France had changed. The new House of

Bourbon came to an understanding with the House of Austria, and Italy was sacrificed as the price of peace. The refugees at Marseilles were now sent into the interior. Mazzini, without form of trial, or reason assigned, was ordered to quit France. He refused. Hope had not yet been abandoned, and it appeared to him still important to keep himself in communication with his countrymen. He remained at Marseilles for twelve months, baffling the vigilance of the French police and Italian spies; but so rigorous was his seclusion, that only twice during the whole period did he venture to leave his place of concealment to breathe the fresh air, and that only at night, once in the dress of a woman, in the other instance disguised in the uniform of the National Guard. When a large body of Italians assembled in Switzerland, to aid a popular movement in Savoy, Mazzini joined them. The attempt then made, although frustrated, chiefly through the misconduct of their military leader (General Ramorino), brought upon Switzerland the ire of the great powers. Diplomatic notes were showered upon the government of the Cantons. Austrian and French troops were poured upon the frontiers. Mazzini and his friends were compelled to fly from Geneva to the Canton de Vaud; thence to Berne, thence to Solothurn; thence to unfrequented villages in the mountains; every where receiving marks of sympathy and kindness from the people, but finally compelled to look to England as the only country in Europe in which it would be permitted them to find a resting-place or a safe asylum.

How safe that asylum must have proved to some who have since left it, unconscious that the reputation of Great Britain for honor and hospitality only masks the same system of secret espionage which prevails on the continent, we leave the public to judge. Mazzini landed in England in 1837, and has remained a guest of this country from that period to the present; known and esteemed by several distinguished members of our aristocracy, and enjoying the confidence and personal friendship of many of our ablest literary men.*

This slight biographical sketch will enable us to explain more fully than we could otherwise have done, the cruel injustice (apart from all other considerations) of the two committees, in refusing Mazzini an opportunity of self-vindication; and in declining to receive any evidence that had not a tendency to extenuate the conduct of

* We subjoin the testimony, on this head, of the author of 'Past and Present:'—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—In your observations in yesterday's 'Times' on the late disgraceful affair of M. Mazzini's letters and the Secretary of State, you mention that M. Mazzini is entirely unknown to you, entirely indifferent to you; and add, very justly, that if he were the most contemptible of mankind, it would not affect your argument on the subject.

"It may tend to throw further light on this matter if I now certify you, which I in some sort feel called upon to do, that M. Mazzini is not unknown to various competent persons in this country; and that he is very far indeed from being contemptible—none farther, or very few of living men. I have had the honor to know M. Mazzini for a series of years; and, whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr souls; who, in silence, piously, in their daily life, understand and practice what is meant by that. Of Italian democracies and young Italy's sorrows, of extraneous Austrian Emperors in Milan, or poor old chimerical Popes in Bologna, I know nothing, and desire to know nothing; but this other thing I do know, and can here declare publicly to be a fact, which fact all of us that have occasion to comment on M. Mazzini and his affairs may do well to take along with us, as a thing leading towards new clearness, and not towards new additional darkness, regarding him and them.

"Whether the extraneous Austrian Emperor and miserable old chimera of a Pope shall maintain themselves in Italy, or be obliged to decamp from Italy, is not a question in the least vital to Englishmen. But it is a question vital to us that sealed letters in an English post-office be, as we all fancied they were, respected as things sacred; that opening of men's letters, a practice near of kin to picking men's pockets, and to other still viler and far fataler forms of scoundrelism, be not resorted to in England, except in cases of the very last extremity. When some new Gunpowder Plot may be in the wind, some double-dyed high treason, or imminent national wreck not avoidable otherwise, then let us open letters: not till then. To all Austrian Kaisers and such like, in their time of trouble, let us answer, as our fathers from of old have answered:—Not by such means is help here for you. Such means, allied to picking of pockets and viler forms of scoundrelism, are not permitted in this country for your behoof. The right honorable secretary does himself detest such, and even is afraid to employ them. He dare not: it would be dangerous for him! All British men that might chance to come in view of such a transaction, would incline to spurn it, and trample on it, and indignantly ask him, what he meant by it?

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Chelsea, June 15, 1844."

Whig and Tory statesmen, by showing that as the principle of Post-office espionage had been adopted by both parties, no valid objections could be urged against the practice.

We have already observed that England is under no moral obligation to protect an escaped criminal; but a criminal in one country ought not to be punished by the laws of another. Wherever any man is condemned, he should first be fairly tried. Suppose the case of a foreigner arriving in England, whom it would really be right to treat as an outlaw; one in no respect to be trusted not even with pens, ink, and paper; and to be refused the privileges of the penny post. Before such a sentence of outlawry should be passed by an English tribunal, would it not be right that the man should be heard in his own defence? No, say the two committees; let the tribunal be secret, the evidence be secret, the sentence itself secret, and let it be secretly executed. In other words, let the Spanish inquisition be established in Downing-street. The two committees were even willing to share in the responsibilities of such a court. What imputations will the reader suppose were circulated in high quarters against the character of Mazzini, and brought privately to the ears of the committees, to make it appear that against such a man extrordinary precautions were really required? No less a charge than that of having instigated the murder of two of his own countrymen, in the year 1832! This infamous calumny may have made little impression upon the minds of the members, but we know that both committees were acquainted with the report, and that they refused to give Mazzini, or his friends, an opportunity of rebutting it; on the ground, we presume, that the facts were irrelevant to the inquiry. No facts, however, were deemed irrelevant that had a tendency to clear from injurious aspersions the characters of Sir James Graham and Lord Aberdeen.

The origin of this calumny furnishes another argument against the policy of a system of espionage, in any form. Knaves cannot be kept from knavery. Spies, when they cannot detect a plot, will create one, in order to betray it; and the kind of evidence they know to be desired, if it do not exist, they will take care to invent.

On the 31st May, 1833, two spies of the Duke of Modena, Lazzoreschi and Emiliani, who had been sent to mix among political exiles, and worm out their secrets, were killed in a quarrel at Rodez (Aveyron), in the public road, in open day, by an Italian named Gavioli. The deed, although unpremeditated, as appeared from the verdict of the jury, naturally brought much odium upon the whole of the Italian exiles, and to damage them still further, advantage was taken of it by a secret enemy, to connect it with the name of Mazzini. The next week (June 8th) there appeared in the non-official part of the 'Moniteur' (without any introductory preface or explanation) a forged document, purporting to be the decree of a secret revolutionary tribunal, pronouncing sentence of death upon Emiliani and others, and signed Mazzini, president, and La Cecilia, as secretary. As Mazzini was then lying concealed at Marseilles, this was looked upon by his friends as a *ruse* of the French police to induce all honest French citizens to assist in discovering his retreat. The badness of the style and composition, the half-French expressions, and numerous grammatical errors of the pretended document, proved that it could not have been written by any educated Italian, much less by a man of high literary reputation, like Mazzini;* who, however, at once de-

* The following is the forged document alluded to:—

"La sera del 15 corrente, alle ore 10 pomeridiane, il Capo della Società adunati i membri che la compongono, ordinò al segretario di pubblicare una lettera, nella quale era riportata una sentenza emanata dal tribunale di Marsiglia, contro i *prevenuti** rei Emiliani, Scurriatti, Lazzoreschi, Andreani, cipti gli atti processuali spediteci dal presidente in Rodez, ne é risultato, ch' essi sono rei: —1. Come propagatori di scritti infami contro la sacra nostra Società. 2. Come *partisanti*† dell' infame governo papale *di cui* hanno corrispondenza, che *tutto* tende a rovesciare i nostri *disegni contro* la santa causa della libertà. Il *fisco* dopo le più esatte riflessioni, e da quanto e' risultato in processo, facendo uso dell' art. 22, *condanna a pieni voti* Emiliani e Scuriatti alla pena di morte; in quanto al Lazzoreschi e Andreani perché non costa abbastanza di quanto vengono addebitatti, la loro condanna e' la *percussione di alcuni colpi* di verga, e si lascia l'incarico ai loro tribunali appena tornati in patria di condannarli in galera *ad vitam* (come famosi ladri e *trafattori*). Si ordina in oltre al presidente in Rodez estrare quattro individui esecutori della detta sentenza da eseguirsi imprescriptiblmente entro il periodo di giorni 20, e chiunque *dell' estrato* si recusasse, dovrà essere trucidato *ipso facto*.

* French word.

† French word, *partisans*. All that is underlined is entirely ungrammatical. The *Fisco* (Attorney-General) that condemns, *pieni voti*, unanimously, the accused, is capital.

nounced the forgery in the columns of the 'Gazette des Tribuneaux.' The subsequent trial of Gavioli, Nov. 30, 1833 (before the Court d'Assizes of Aveyron), satisfied the public that no such secret tribunal existed. The document was not produced in evidence, and the jury, convinced that Gavioli had no accomplices and that the crime committed did not amount to murder with intent, returned a verdict of "*homicide sans premeditation.*" Gavioli was sentenced to "*Les Travaux Forces;*" and further to show that the French government perfectly well understood all the facts of the case, we may add, that the Italian, La Cecilia, whose name was coupled with Mazzini in the forged document, was at the time openly living in France (where he still remains), supported by the grants of the French Chamber for exiles, and was neither arrested nor once interrogated on the subject.

In 1840, the story was revived by Gisquét, the ex-prefét of police, in his published memoirs; afterwards translated into English.

Mazzini, thereupon, brought an action against him for defamation. The action was tried before the Tribunal Correctionel de Paris, in April, 1841; but owing to the impudent but ingenious character of the defence set up, a verdict was given for the defendant. Gisquét met the charge by asserting that there was more than one Mazzini in the world, and that Mazzini the prosecutor being a man, as all admitted, of the highest moral integrity, he could not possibly be *the* Mazzini referred to in the 'Moniteur.'

Here, it might have been supposed the matter would have ended, but the tale of slander was yet to serve the cause of absolutism, and so it was circulated anew in England to damage Mazzini with the English government, and afterwards repeated by the friends of the latter, to justify the secret espionage of Lord Aberdeen.

Every step in these proceedings is deservedly to be regarded with abhorrence. If the members of the Sardinian or Russian embassies come here to spread lies of honest men, by what right of office does an English minister listen to them, without first confronting the accuser with the accused? The question alone exposes the sophistry of the whole of the argument set up, for the practices exposed, as founded upon the necessity of extraordinary powers in "cases of emergency."

First *prove* your case of emergency, and prove it by fair means and not by foul. The law gives the power to break open a desk upon due cause assigned before a magistrate; let the law give the same power to break the seal of a letter in similar exigencies; but in both cases let there be sworn affidavits, not whispered slanders, and let the act be public, with no attempt at disguise; that if injustice be done, the party aggrieved may know by whom he has been wronged, and obtain redress. No law has yet authorized a policeman to forge the handwriting of a felon, to promote the ends of justice; let no law authorize the forgery of stamps or the counterfeiting of seals, for the same object. No conceivable contingency can justify the adoption of *treachery* as a principle of civil government. We may grant its conveniences, as an occasional expedient; but honest men can do without it in private life, and so can honest governments.

It may be asked how we would apply this argument to a state of war. The answer is, that a state of war is not a case of civil government. In war there is an end of all civil right and moral law. Civilization then goes back to barbarism. Man ceases to be man, and returns to the state of the brute and savage. In war we begin by assuming that it is right to *kill* our enemy; if so, we need not, while about it, be fastidious as to the commission of any minor injury. When murder becomes allowable, fraud, forgery, and felony may be admissible stratagems; —not till then.

The committee of the House of Commons need not to have gone back to the letter of Brian Tuke to Thomas Cromwell, in 1533, upon the duties of the Post-office; with far less research they might have procured a copy of a much more important letter, and one more applicable to the subject of their inquiry: the circular letter of M. Carnot, when Ministre de l'Interieur, during the hundred days; a time of some "emergency" to French interests. This should have been the spirit of her report:—

Le Ministre de l'Intérieur Consul de l'Empire; a M le Prefét du Département de

"Paris, le 8 Mai, 1815.

"Je suis informé M. le Prefét que dans plusiers parties de l'empire le secret des correspondances a eté violeé par des agens de l'ad-

"Data in Marsiglia, dal supremo tribunale, questa sera, alle ore 12, pomerid. 15 Dec. 1832.

"MAZZINI, Presidente.

"CECILIA, L'Incaricato."

ministration. Qui peut avoir autorisé des parielles mesures? Leur auteurs diront-ils qu-ils out voulu servir le gouvernement et chercher sa pensée? Porter de parielles procedés dans l'administration, ce n'est point servir l'Empereur, c'est calomnier sa majesté. Elle ne demande point, elle rejette les hommages d'un dévouement désavoué par la loi. Or les lois ne se sont elles pas accordées depuis 1789, à prononcer que le secret des lettres est inviolable? Tous nos malheurs aux diverses époques de la Revolution sont venus de la violation des principes: il est temps d'y rentrer. Vous voudrez donc bien M. le Preſét faire poursuivre d'après toute la rigeur des lois ces infra`tions d'un des droits le plus sacré de l'homme en société. La penseé d'un citoyen François doit être libre comme sa personne même.—Agréez, monsieur, l'assurance, &c.,

"CARNOT."

'*Memoires Historiques et Militares sur Carnot, Paris*, 1824, *p.* 349.

The subject cannot be allowed to rest. The committee treat it as a light thing that the number of warrants for opening letters do not affect more than twelve individuals, upon an average, in the year. It is not a light thing to find that the practice is on the increase. It is not a light thing that the letters of as many as fifty individuals were opened by authority in the year 1842. It is not a light thing to learn that the reading of letters obtained by surreptitious means is adopted by a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and a Secretary of State for the Home Department, as the only effectual mode of reading the signs of the times. It is not a light thing to know that the practice has extended to the subordinates of departments, and that all confidence in the security of the cheapest, and often the only available channel for written commuications has been utterly destroyed.

We call for further inquiry. We demand a full and public investigation of all the facts to which we have referred, and a re-examination of the principles of administrative government. No more secret committees. And what means secrecy when an inquiry is to be made into the conduct of public servants? What is there to screen if they have only discharged their duty? What is there in any act of duty of which they need be ashamed? "He that loveth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be made manifest." Abuses only flourish in the dark.

This anxiety for secrecy on the part of public officers is a growing evil. In the Customs, in the Stamp-office, in various Government departments, we hear now of common clerks sworn to secrecy, or told by their superiors that if they communicate to the public any information connected with the business of the office, they will be instantly dismissed. A mere surveyor of Queen's taxes, with a salary of 200l. per annum, is a person intrusted with "private and confidential communications." Why, who are these men who treat as enemies their fellow-subjects of the realm? Is it their business to prey upon the public or to serve it? Let diplomacy have its secrets, for diplomacy is but a refined mode of modern warfare, effecting its objects by tricks; but there needs no diplomacy between a servant and his employer. For public servants we want responsibility; and responsibility cannot be obtained without publicity. Secrecy is but another word for fear. MYSTERY was the name of the beast in the Revelations. The great monster by which was typified all the civil and ecclesiastical corruptions of the earth, had on its forehead a name written, and that name was MYSTERY, BABYLON THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS.

W.

THE PULPIT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

From Fraser's Magazine, September.

To a person looking about for the purpose of deciding which of all our institutions he would affect, with the greatest likelihood of thereby instanteously affecting the whole of society, there is no doubt that the Pulpit would immediately present itself. The Pulpit, of all others, is the institution by tampering with which it would be most easy to bring about any grand social change. The difficulty, however, is to know, in the first place, how to tamper with the Pulpit. For it may appear as hopelessly impracticable an undertaking to attempt to affect the Pulpit, as to attempt, directly and immediately, to affect the whole social mass. The two projects, it will be said, are equally easy, and equally difficult; so that it is preposterous to propose the one as a stepping-stone to the other. Now in so far this is true. That is to say, it is true up to the extent of showing that it is useless for any individual, possessing no more than the ordinary advantages of position, to attempt to affect any great revolution of opinion, by means of

first gaining over the existing Pulpit to his views, unless, indeed, in the hypothetical case of a Pulpit employed by the Government expressly to facilitate its purposes, and told by the Government, every now and then, what to say. It is true up to this extent, for, though selecting the Pulpit to begin with, and to operate through, would make the work of the philanthropic schemer more precise than if he were to dash himself violently at once against the broadside of the age itself, still the existing Pulpit of a country, if at all ancient, always is and must be such an unabsorbing institution, that, for a person out of it, any other possible way of dealing with the age will be immensely preferable. But, on the other hand, when the object is not to effect such a special revolution of opinion as may appear desirable for the purposes of the moment, but to do something generally effective for the age, in the desirableness of which all are agreed, there can be no doubt that it would be a great economising of time and strength, habitually to recognize the Pulpit as the institution, the affecting of which, is tantamount to affecting the age. And all are agreed that it would be a great matter if, by any means, there could be purchased for the whole sluggish mass of modern society an instantaneous accession of earnestness, enthusiasm, and moral force.

No one can deny that the Pulpit is a noble institution. Think what it is, keeping its more sacred aspect out of the question. Take our own island as the instance. Every seventh day, at least, the whole population of the island are supposed (it is but a supposition) to lay aside the occupations of the past six days, and to assemble in parties, larger or smaller, according to their circumstances, in buildings erected for the purpose; where they sit and listen to addresses on important subjects from persons whose special function it is to prepare such addresses. This is hearing preaching, as distinct from worship. Now we do not think it possible to represent the institution more baldly than we have done; and yet, even in this representation, there is enough to throw one whose conceptions are quick, into an attitude of wonder and ejaculation. To think that over the face of this island, in its thickly inhabited towns, in its quiet villages, in its green and cultivated tracts, in its woody valleys, and on its bleak, bare hills, there are strewed about 20,000 buildings appropriated to the purpose of statedly receiving, each the surrounding human beings of the locality, to hear discourses about man's relation to the Past and to the Future; this does appear an imagination over which the mind of an enthusiast could bend and gloat for ever. Oh! it was a noble act, the setting up of this Pulpit in the world. Come, ye of the present age who think yourselves honestly disgusted with the Pulpit, ye who, examining its effects upon society, have reluctantly observed how generally antiquated it has grown, how comparatively ineffective for any powerful action upon the general mind; or who, subjecting yourselves to its influence, have found that the waters of preaching scarcely ever rise up to you, and that a church to you is only pleasant as being a place where the body being still, old thoughts and memories come sweeping unbidden through the mind in throngs, while the voice of the preacher is humming agreeably in the ear; and who have thence concluded that an institution, which is reduced to the disgraceful necessity of defending itself by accusing a hard and impossible sense of duty, and telling people that it is all their own fault if they do not profit by its lessons, is less than useless,—come, we say, cast aside all these inevitable associations of thought with the degradation of the present, and, going back to the original conception of the thing, acknowledge, as we are sure you must, that this setting apart of one day in seven, to be specially devoted to the cultivation of religious feeling, and this instituting of the art of preaching, are among the grandest bequests of the Past to the world. Something of the sort has always existed. All nations, of any degree of refinement, have had periodically recurring days for expressing the religious sentiment with peculiar pomp and circumstance, and so fostering it; and, besides the Priests, whose function was not understood to be that of instructing, and the Orators, whose function was specific, no age has wanted Philosophers who made it a point to go about sowing the seeds of their opinions in conversation. But there is no mistaking the gigantic originality of that plan of operating upon the human mind which Christianity laid hold of. It was supperadding the function of Preacher to that of Priest; we might almost say it was substituting the one for the other. Now the mere invention by Christianity of this scheme of setting up in the

state a class of men whose recognized function it should be to instruct the people, was, apart altogether from any consideration of what was to form the staple subject of these instructions, a profound mechanical improvement which, in the very nature of things, must stand for ever unrepealed, whatever exception may be taken by some to the precise form in which the exigencies of the time compelled the invention to model itself, and especially to the apparently inevitable existing conjunction of two offices, in one fundamental respect so incompatible, as those of Priest and Preacher. A profound improvement, truly, even in the most abstract sociological point of view; for it was nothing less than establishing a permanent relation between an educated class, and the mass of the population, and so, not only conferring the benefit of a ready means of instruction upon each successive generation, but also providing a way by which there might thenceforth be a less interval between the first promulgation of a thought, and its complete social efflorescence,—a way by which it might be possible so to soak and slake the general mind of a generation with the ideas of its best contemporaneous thinkers, as to make it governable in conformity with them. Thus civilization would go on faster. Nor ought it to be objected, by way of depreciating the theoretical efficacy of the pulpit in this point of view, that there are other established relations between educated minds and the mass of the population. No doubt there are. The Printing-press represents the greatest of these. But if any one should choose to assert that Literature, and especially Newspaper Literature, would constitute, or could be made to constitute, a sufficiently and similarly powerful mechanism of communication between superior minds and the dependent masses, even if the Pulpit were to be swept away, we beg to remind him that Oratory, or the word spoken, is a million times more effective for all the purposes here contemplated than Literature, or the word written,—that the voice of man, swelling and reverberating in a hall, or borne on the breeze along a bleak hill-side, has ever been found the single instrument for grand, immediate effects, just because it has the enormous advantage over all others, of being a mode of injecting specific thoughts into the mind, after it has been excited by the power of sound to that high emotional pitch, at which not only has a thought a greatly increased power for the moment, hurrying people into committing themselves, but it is at once fused, and irrevocably distilled, as it were, through the whole substance of one's being. The way to make a thought do its work in the shortest possible time is to kindle up the emotion simultaneously; and Literature cannot do this so powerfully. But if, again, it should be objected that even if the Pulpit were abolished, there would still be afforded by our civilization a thousand other ways in which this vaunted power of the human voice could come into active play; that, at present, there are various recognized positions in which a man could employ the instrumentality of speech besides the Pulpit: that, again, the oratorical tendency of some thinkers, or else a conviction like that which we have been stating, would lead them to have recourse to the plan of lecturing, in preference to the plan of publishing, or in conjunction with it; or, finally, that the oratorical propensity, cut out of its professional means of gratification, could be made to find vent in the exaggerated restitution of the plan of the ancient sages, and the springing up of a class of conversationists,—we reply that this would be overlooking the grand peculiarity in which the whole calculable effectiveness of the Pulpit lies, namely, its being a recognized institution, representing itself to the eye in buildings and other visible objects,—a thing to which the feeling of antiquity can attach,—a power acting upon society with a regular stroke, and not dependent for its existence on the mere oratorical propensity, the mere principal of demand, or the mere spirit of propagandism. No, no, considered merely as a mechanism for affecting society, and not at all in its higher and more sacred aspect, the existing Pulpit, could not be done away with except on the express condition of its being succeeded by another. Neither the growing efficacy and enlargement of the Printing-press, on the one hand, nor the growing fondness among thinkers for the instrumentality of public lectureships, on the other, can ever scythe away the footing or the functions of the preacher. What limitation is to be put on the very natural exclamation, that the great oratorical requisite of being in earnest does not by any means go along with the mere fact of belonging to the profession; in other words, how efficacious preaching is compatible with education for the office, will yet appear. Meanwhile we

repeat, that as a mechanism for producing social effects, had it no higher protecting consideration, the Pulpit must last for ever. It is a noble invention. It is the instrument which Christianity made choice of. It has signalized its power in millions of effects on individual characters. It has originated great historical movements. It is a means of rapidly reducing new truths into the physical and moral condition of the people. It is an engine which works upon human nature at a higher emotional pitch than any other; and so it is capable of more extensive and instantaneous effects than any other. It deserves the profound attention and respect of all who have projects of good for mankind on hand, requiring a powerful instrumentality before they can be realized; and they ought to require the habit of regarding it as sympathetic with the age, so that affecting the one should be tantamount in all calculations to affecting the other.

But all this is true only of the conception of the thing. There is a sad reversal of it all when we turn to look at the Pulpit as it actually exists. We do not suppose there are two men capable of pronouncing a judgment on the matter, whose opinion, if fairly expressed, would not go in with the general affirmation, that in the present state of society the Pulpit, in proportion to its faculty and its opportunities, is a sadly ineffective engine. We know for a fact that there are men in whom this melancholy conviction is so strong, that, though they do not share in the slightest degree the vulgar Radical antipathy to what is ecclesiastical, they can never meet a clergyman in the street without feeling a sharp pang go through their body. "O man," the feeling is, "what a power you wield, and what a miserable thing you make of it." Now, when this feeling of the inefficiency of the Pulpit settles down into any thing like a definite idea of what it is that the inefficiency consists in, the assertion that one would infallibly make is, that the Pulpit is out of gear with the age. It is a piece of machinery wheeling away apparently for the mere pleasure of wheeling, with its teeth fitting absolutely into nothing. In order to verify this observation in a number of particulars, it is only necessary to listen analytically to a few sermons. By this process it will be found, that the whole series of topics which have become the standing property of sermons, the very mode of arranging these topics in a discourse, nay, the very phrases in which it is considered legitimate to express certain ideas when they occur, have all come down to the present generation of preachers through a period of more than two hundred years. Once these topics and phrases were really efficacious, because they laid hold of the strong feelings of the time; and so they have been handed down as a stock-in-trade from one generation of preachers to another, each generation conceiving that there was no other way of being orthodox, or, at least, of preserving the reputation of being orthodox, than that of saying the exact things their predecessors said, in the exact way they said them. For instance, what a common form of a sermon is it to begin with the Fall, to go down thence to the great Christian event, and, after circling round it, to hie away on to Judgment and Eternity; concluding with an application to three classes of mankind, the good, the wicked, and the wavering. Now, this is a noble outline for a sermon! but it all depends on the filling up. Again, what an eternal *corso ricorso* have we in sermons, of the old scholastic controversy between faith and works. We are far from saying either that this is an ephemeral or an ignoble topic; but what we say is, that, presented as it generally is, in the old scholastic wording, it neither hits a single existing feeling, nor dissipates a single existing error of the human mind. And so, in a thousand other instances, the Pulpit having at last, by dint of perseverance in one set of phrases, come to exert no real and effective influence on the mass of society, no real and effective influence except on a deteriorated kind of human nature with which it has surrounded itself. The Pulpit, in fact, has lain upon the stream of human progress like a boat on a river held back by a rope, the water all the while flowing away from underneath it. Now the thing to be done is, to find out what the rope is, and cut it, if possible. As far, then, as we have been able to investigate the cause of the inefficiency of the Pulpit in the present state of civilization, it consists in a narrow and partial idea cherished by the Pulpit itself respecting its own end and function; of which narrow and partial idea the practical growth is an ineffective system of education. The method of reorganization, therefore, will consist in the substitution, in the consciousness of the Pulpit itself, of a truer and grander idea of its own function, and in a corresponding extension of the system of education for it.

The effective self-consciousness of the existing Pulpit embraces no more than the idea of its relation to individuals. The great aim which it proposes to itself is that of producing a certain defined effect on individual characters. If it produce this effect, it accounts itself to have succeeded; if it do not, it accounts itself to have failed. The measure of success, of course, is different in different cases, according to the nature and difficulty of the proposed effect. Most of those, however, who officiate in the capacity in question are understood and expected, by the charter of the institution to which they belong, to direct their efforts towards producing in as many individual minds as possible a certain state of belief or feeling, on the attainment of which, some time or other before death, it is conceived that the future happiness of each individual depends. Hence the whole anxiety of the Pulpit is devoted to the finding out of considerations which will be effective upon particular dispositions, particular classes of individuals, particular states of feeling; to the melting down of the obdurate heart by the most powerful moral applications that can be thought of; to the sweeping on of as many minds as possible, in a mingled current of argument and emotion, to the grand crisis which settles all, and consummates all. Now it does not become us to utter one word of remark upon this sublime direction of human efforts, this sublime outgoing of human anxieties. The whole world cannot furnish another enthusiasm half so grand and godlike as that which seeks to save the souls of men. O, if the Pulpit would but give full swing and sway to this sublime enthusiasm, which it is its glory even in its age of greatest degradation never to have completely lost, and which it has ever demanded, in words at least, of all who have offered it their services, we should scarcely think of asking more; we should scarcely need to do so—for then there would be such a going to and fro on errands of mercy, such a stirring of the heart of man to its depths, such an eager mutual solicitude among all who wear the human shape, that the necessity of aught more general in the intention would be superseded by the more growing earnestness; and, as if society were on fire, at any rate, all social evils would be suffocated in their lurking-places. But, as it is, we attribute, in a great measure, the inefficiency of the Pulpit to the exclusive stress which it lays on its relation to individuals. As a Pulpit, we mean, it has done this; for we are not ignorant of the fact, that in all nations there exists, or has existed, an Ecclesiastical Interest of great social importance. What we mean is, that the Pulpit is apt to conceive itself exclusively in the light of an apparatus for bringing certain fixed truths within acting-distance of individual minds; whereas the profound originality of the invention lies in its having been destined to flourish at all times as a recognised counter-agency to whatsoever social evils might exist contemporaneously with it. In other words, the Pulpit has hitherto aimed more at seeing men safe into the other world where there is no Devil, than at driving the Devil out of this.

Now, in the first place, this exclusive recognition of its relation to individuals accounts for that fixity of rhetoric into which we have resolved the alleged inefficiency of the existing Pulpit. For, proposing to itself as its single object, the bringing about of a certain crisis in as many individual minds as possible, its whole attention is monopolized by those one or two fixed truths which are believed to be the appointed means for bringing about this crisis. It is constantly occupied with stating and defining these truths, and expressing them with greater and greater precision. In this way the attitude of the Pulpit has come to be that of an institution stooping so intently over a few truths, that it has unwittingly turned its back upon society, and can observe nothing of what is going on. But the effect of being intent for a long while on a few objects is to deprive one of practical talent. With the Pulpit, it is as if a man had been miraculously glued to a spot, looking at a flower in his hand, for two hundred years, and at the end of that time suddenly awakened to find a new generation gathered round him, to whom, in expounding the ideas he had derived from the flower, he could hardly make himself intelligible. The only hope in such a case would be, if the man could induce society to look at the flower all the while he was doing so himself, so that he and they might keep pace with each other in the progress of their ideas derived from the general circle of objects. This singular condition has been in a great measure fulfilled in the case of the Scottish Pulpit, and hence its superior efficiency. It is this narrowing of the field of contemplation, as we have remarked, that has made Pulpit phrases hereditary. Preachers conceive that the expressions most calculated to produce the effect on individual

character, which it is the express aim of all their efforts to produce, have been found out already, once and for ever. Now, language, to be effective, must be a compound of the prevalent ideas and feelings of those over whom it is intended to exert an influence. A business-like language is that which recognizes every thing that is simultaneously going on; and to be occupied with a few objects, to be exclusively intent upon the examination of a flower, disqualifies for acting upon society or upon individual minds, because it renders one insensible to the march of ideas; unless, indeed, as we have said, it were possible to arrest the march of ideas altogether, and stereotype language by persuading society to occupy itself with the same objects, to keep examining the same flower. But the worst of all is, when a preacher uses the hereditary language in the Pulpit, and a business-like language out of it. And this, alas! is a very possible thing.

Going farther on in this train of thought, we find that this inefficacy, this want of harmony with the age, this fixity of rhetoric, may be conclusively referred to a defective system of education. Almost the whole of the express education of a preacher consists in the study of Theology, that is, in examining the flower for years. Now, of course, in so far, this is as it ought to be. If it be admitted, as it is, that there are positive truths in the application of which to the human mind the function of a preacher consists, then it is necessary above all things that he become profoundly acquainted with these truths. Else, there could be no orthodoxy, nothing of that common agreement on a number of important points without which neither a Pulpit, nor any other institution, would be possible. Men cannot associate and co-operate merely on the strength of having similar aspirations; they must also have some common ideas. Hence philanthropists, as such, could never co-operate in constituting a Pulpit. Any institution fulfilling the true definition of a Pulpit must be indebted for its propositions to some special science or other. Now Theology is the special science of the existing Pulpit. But preaching is an art, and no science whatever is sufficient of itself to instruct in in its corresponding art. Preaching, according even to the existing understanding of it, is the art of expressing certain theological propositions in the way most likely, as far as the matter is a subject of human calculation, to bring on a desired moral crisis. But all the theology on earth will never qualify for this. Theology is but the special science of the preacher, whence it is understood he is to draw his propositions. He has to be qualified for the art of preaching by quite another training. Now, as far as education will be effective in making a preacher (and, of course, all human effort, and all earnest reasoning proceed on the supposition that education is of *some* use in every thing), that which would be requisite for the preacher would be a course of the first principles of all sciences. Not such a course of studies in the special sciences as generally precedes the theological curriculum, but a contemporaneous course of what Bacon calls *Philosophia Prima*, filling up about two-thirds of the curriculum. There is nothing odd in this. Why it is the universal finding of common life that a man is competent in any important relation, just in proportion to the extensiveness of his knowledge, that is, to his acqnaintance with the general principles, the most important facts, of all the sciences. Only at present every mother's son of us is left to pick up this knowledge in whatever way we can, just as Shakspeare did. Of course, however, we do not consider a thing's having been done by the native power of one, a reason for not going forward with any scheme which promises to make the same thing possible for a thousand. And even Shakspeare himself, we venture to say, would have been a great deal better of a course of the *Philosophie Positive*. Whatever removes any thing out of the dominion of chance is a triumph of the human mind; why then, if the contrary is possible, should an acquisition which is recognised as determining the competency of a man to do whatever it can fall to the lot of man to do, the acquisition, namely, of the first principles of all sciences, why should this acquisition continue to be a mere affair of chance-pickings? Certainly the word *Education* is a pretence, so long as this is the case. Now all men whatever, all professions whatever, more or less require this general training: but above all, a profession which operates so directly and immediately on the human mind as the Pulpit. A knowledge of the first principles of all sciences is the very thing for increasing that power of expression which constitutes the capacity of dealing with human nature. Native earnestness of character can do

much. Native earnestness of character conjoined with that general acquaintance with all sorts of matters, which men of ability acquire in going through life, can do more. But the *ne plus ultra* of a human agent, the very perfection of an instrument in the Divine hands, the ideal constitution of a man who is to go about among his fellows, agitating, exciting, soothing, consoling, swaying them, is native earnestness of character coupled with a firm grounding in the general principles of all sciences. The earnestness can scarcely be given: the scientific grounding can. It includes every thing that can be given. Persons who dislike the word *science*, may call it a general acquaintance with the world, for this comes exactly to the same thing. And, lastly, even where the personal earnestness is wanting, the faculty of apt and powerful expression, which it is the effect of an acquaintance with scientific generalities to give, is the best substitute that can be obtained for it.

But a great deal might be done to exactly the same effect, only in a less formal manner, by impressing the mind of the Pulpit itself with the grand idea of its relation to society. It would then lift its eyes from the flower, and become conscious of what was going on. It would no longer be insensible to the general march of ideas. It would turn its face to society. Social evils would no longer push their cancerous way through the various relations of mankind, and be merely lamented over by good spirits despairing of any instrumentality wherewith to resist them, a Pulpit, all the while, standing by, looking on upon the *melee* with no higher intention than that of picking out an individual here and there, and chasing him down; but the instant the evils themselves made any visible appearance, they would be saluted and grappled with. What an awakening there would be, what an increase of practical talent! Implanting the idea of its relation to the general mass of society in the consciousness of the Pulpit itself would be sufficient to effect a spontaneous educational improvement. It would, as much as any thing, supersede the necessity of a course of the general principles of all sciences to accompany and counteract a theological course; for it would confer the spirit of generalities, the habit of studying every thing. Mere theological training would no longer be considered the one thing needful. Carrying about with him the consciousness of what he was and what he had to do, the Preacher would keep pace with the general progress. His language would become more effective, more natural. He would have a wider choice of topics. Not that the object of social regeneration would require an actually different set of truths from the object of producing a crisis in individual character. The two objects would march together. There would be no necessity for giving up the plan of Bible-texts. But only, without the foregoing of a single doctrine, a single fundamental proposition in Theology, and without any hazard to the noble object of individual reformation, there would be such an increase of the power of language, such an accession of moral influence, that with the splendid opportunities of producing a general and instantaneous effect which the Pulpit possesses, society would be reorganized at once.

Plainly and decidedly the hope of such a reorganization lies in the Pulpit, more than in any other existing institution. To it all earnest men, all men capable of judging, turn their anxious eyes. No institution possesses such immense mechanical purchase. The only question is, whether *this* Pulpit, or some other; whether Priest and Preacher are any longer compatible. A Pulpit there must be. Oh! that the one which exists could be roused to its duties and its powers, so that there might be a question no longer. Man of God! Preacher of the word! on the face of this earth there exists not a function nobler than than thine. Great is thy responsibility, rich will be thy reward, or fearful will be thy condemnation. Oh! would to God that within the Pulpit itself there might arise some man of might, commissioned once again not merely to be powerful himself in proclaiming the truth, for many such there are, and when they die, their power is gone like a ripple on the water, but to prevent the *Institution* from going down, to make *it* powerful too; oh! that from on high there might be such a new and rich outpouring of the divine enthusiasm upon all who preach the word, that this noble invention of Christianity might again resume its character and its efficacy; for then there would be righteousness and rejoicing over the earth, the wilderness and the solitary place would be glad, and the desert would rejoice and blossom as the rose.

THE GERMAN NEWSPAPER PRESS

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Allgemeine Zeitung.* (Universal Gazette.) Augsburg.
2. *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung.* (German Universal Gazette.) Leipsic.
3. *Allgemeine Preussische Zeitung.* (Universal Prussian Gazette.) Berlin.
4. *Deutschlands Politische Zeitungen.* (Germany's Political Journals.) Zurich. 1842.
5. *Die Preussische Press-Gesetzgebung.* (The Prussian Press Laws.) Berlin. 1843.

If a nation, as has been somewhere observed, may be regarded as 'thinking aloud' in the lucubrations of its daily press, it would seem to follow as an indisputable corollary: that in proportion as the thoughts of a people are rational and sound—and the expression of such thoughts free and unimpeded—in the same degree will its national press prove vigorous and effective. The possession of the first, at least, of these postulates is generally imputed to Germany, and that in a very high degree. How often have we heard the population of that country pronounced to be a 'nation of thinkers?' How long has it been the German's pride and boast, that in no country on the face of the globe is education so generally diffused amongst all classes of the inhabitants? Its schools have long served as models for the educational institutions for the rest of Europe. Nay, even its system of military organization has been rendered subservient to the purposes of popular instruction. Education is not here left to chance, or the discretion of parents; the state not only provides for and superintends the maintenance of schools, but compels the attendance of the children of the poor. Superadd to this universal diffusion of the elements of knowledge, the peculiar bent of the German mind for written discussion, and the few opportunities for oral debate. As yet, in a great measure, free from the strong party feelings—the violence of faction—the blindness engendered in other states by the keen political rivalry of artificially created interests—no land would seem so favorably circumstanced for the calm, dispassionate investigation of political questions. What is the result of this rare combination of most of the conditions of a flourishing newspaper literature? A press without interest—without influence—without character—without sympathy.

That the German press is wholly devoid of all external influence would seem sufficiently attested by the fact, that foreign journals rarely, if ever, deign to notice its opinions. If an occasional extract finds its way into the newspapers of England or France, it is generally found to be the mere announcement of the birth or demise of some one of the many petty princes of the country, or an account of some extravagant incident or opinion. Nor can it, we think, be urged, as regards England, in explanation of this neglect,—which appears in a so much more striking light when we consider the space allotted in the German journals to the extracts from foreign prints—that we are indifferent to the good or ill opinions of our neighbors. On the contrary, when a German visits England, or writes a book on English institutions, his opinions are received with the most marked deference, and become even at times invested with a degree of factitious authority, that would seem to betray no mean sensibility on our part as to the position we occupy in the estimation of foreigners. To this general neglect one German journal has hitherto formed an exception, and its columns have occasionally supplied information of no second-rate importance. We allude to the 'Universal Gazette' of Augsburg, of which we shall have occasion to speak more at large in the course of the present article.

Towards the beginning of the year 1840, a more favourable era seemed about to dawn for the development of the latent energies of the German press. Under the auspices of a new, somewhat enthusiastic, and enterprising monarch in Prussia, many journals began to emerge from their previous insignificance, and to command a considerable share of attention at home and abroad. The haughty language of the French Press, and the popular outcry in that country for a reconquest of the Rhine, were met with shouts of indignant defiance in the columns of the German journals, which now, for the first time, penetrated to Paris. France seemed startled at the discovery that the German people were allowed to have a voice on a question of such vital import to themselves and the world at large. Whole columns were forthwith transcribed from the German into the French journals, more, perhaps, as literary curiosities than from any intention of entering into serious discussion of the propositions therein advanced. Since then, however, the tide of German

journalism has been fast sinking, and would seem at present, to have almost reached its lowest ebb.

But even under the most favorable circumstances, it would be vain to look in the land, to whose newspaper literature we purpose devoting the present article, for anything deserving the name of a national press. German journals can, as long as the censorship exists, really represent little beyond the particular light in which the respective governments may desire to have their acts, or their inactivity, viewed. If the people presume to think at all on political matters, they are neither at liberty to think aloud nor in concert. If they will perversely exercise the 'narrow capacity of subjects' on matters which they are admonished to leave in the hands of a 'superior intelligence,' they must expect to be taunted in all the derisive phraseology of an irresponsible minister of police. '*Everything for the people—nothing through the people*,' was the favorite conservative maxim of the great Frederick; and though this apothegm may have undergone some slight modification as a principle of political philosophy since his time, still the principles of pure monarchy—the very antithesis of public opinion—have, in most instances, outlived the shocks of constitutional aggression; and the venerable prerogatives of the crown—like the gigantic remains of antediluvian creatures—are still found, throughout Germany, whole and unimpaired in their lofty resting-places, now that the waves of revolutionary turbulence have gradually subsided.

The political journal, which is in England but ancillary, and in France the parent of a political party, may be regarded in Germany as one of the *regalia* of the crown. The preparation, manufacture, and sale of political intelligence, are as much a royal monopoly in Germany as those of tobacco in France, and are alike subject to all the evils incidental to all monopolies. Despite the most vigilant control, it is found absolutely impossible to prevent very considerable importations of highly contraband opinions from finding their way into the very heart of the country. Nor can we feel surprised that the analogy should hold good even down to the very adulteration of the wares by the agents entrusted with the *débit*. Those individuals have long since discovered that, in politics as in tobacco, the pungent flavor communicated by deleterious admixture, is much relished by the grosser senses of the masses, and considerably increases the sale. We must not, therefore, feel astonished should we occasionally meet highly illicit doctrines in very general circulation throughout all parts of Germany.

It being no part of our intention to enter at present into any disquisition regarding the censorship as an abstract political institution, we shall entirely confine our observations to a brief outline of its operation and effects, as shown in the existing state of the leading political journals. In truth, its abolition has been so often promised and guaranteed, that it appears condemned on all hands in point of principle; the boon being merely withheld until such time as Germany may be deemed by its rulers ripe for the fruition of so great a blessing.

Now without presuming to hazard even a conjecture as to the particular period when Germany may possibly attain a maturity of political judgment equal to that of its neighbours, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain, if not England and France, still we cannot refrain from directing the attention of those who may be curious in anthropological studies to the fact, that the year last past—the year of grace 1843—witnessed the thousandth anniversary of the existence of Germany as an integral political power, dating from the Treaty of Verdun, (A.D. 843,) and that in commemoration of this event, prayers and offerings of solemn thanksgiving were duly performed by order of the Prussian government, throughout the whole extent of the land. Now, though fully admitting political freedom to be a plant of proverbially slow growth, yet, after the lapse of a thousand years, we may be pardoned the suspicion, that the Teutonic soil, however historically famed for its fertility in generating systems of civil and religious liberty, must be marvellously ungenial for the maturing of its indigenous productions. Do the giant children of its soil only attain their full development when transplanted to another clime? If so, the epithet 'cradle of liberty,' so frequently lavished on this land, by the more enthusiastic of her sons, would seem singularly and ominously appropriate.

But, in soberness, of all the problems involved in the theory of political legislation, we question whether there be one more difficult of solution, or more frequently recurring, than the determination of the period when a community may be safely pronounced ripe for certain political rights. In the absence, then, of any more satisfactory standard, we fear the acquisition of such

rights must be regarded as the best criterion of a nation's fitness for their fruition. *Ex post facto* conclusions have, at least, the merit of being tolerably safe, and political liberty may not be unlike wealth, which it is confessedly dangerous to entrust to the hands of him who may squander but is incapable of acquiring it. But that which invests the question, as regards Germany, with peculiar interest, is the consideration that, however *jejune* and immature its inhabitants may in other respects appear, there would seem to be abundant evidence of their being already fully ripe for commercial activity—ripe for the calculations of political economy—ripe for the appreciation of political liberty—ripe for combined and patriotic exertion—ripe, in short, for all the ordinary antecedents of political freedom.

We have already expressed our determination to abstain from any general discussion of the abstract policy of the censorship in general; the writer of the present article cannot, however, refrain from acknowledging it to be his own firmest conviction, based on some acquaintance with the institutions of the country, that all anticipation of the speedy abolition of the censorship is hardly more than a flattering illusion. An institution so thoroughly interwoven with existing forms—so subtilely diffused throughout every artery of the German political system—so essential to the maintenance of absolute monarchy—will not and cannot, in his opinion, be surrendered without a contemporaneous surrender of the many other adjuncts of unlimited sovereignty and mediæval institutions. Absolute forms of government—obsolete theories of divine right, are surely incompatible with free discussion. 'If we suppress not the printing-press, it will suppress us,' was the well-founded conviction of the ministers of superstition in the dark ages; but to political superstition, we fear, it will prove a much more mortal antagonist. Nay, we find even the very diminutive measure of liberty at present conceded to the German press, unceasingly devoted to the ichneumon task of breaking the eggs of many a crocodile deity. But be the period of enfranchisement distant or near, who dares venture to say, that not only freedom of the press, but constitutional guarantees—responsible ministers—publicity of law proceedings—trial by jury—in a word, all that now forms the *pia desideria* of forty-five millions of grave and thinking beings, are never to be realized? It is the conviction, that these several formulæ of modern legislation are reciprocally dependent on each other, that tends to invest the present subject with its chief importance.

We have asserted the German press to be virtually treated as if it were one of the regalia of the crown; we now hasten, by a short statement of the relation in which it stands to the government, to substantiate this our assertion. As, however, the measures of political liberty vary very considerably in the different parts of Germany, it will be readily understood that the government maxims for the control of the press are proportionably various; we shall therefore confine ourselves to a delineation of the mildest forms, as met with in Prussia and Saxony. As regards Austria, we need only observe, that the government of that kingdom regards the social compact existing between the crown and its subjects, as involving a complete and unconditional surrender of every individual right, title, and privilege, into the hands of the emperor and his delegates. It therefore, on principle, reserves to itself the sole right of shedding the requisite quantity of light on the minds of its subjects. It is an old government principle in Austria, that the *acme* of political science consists in reducing the empire to the state of a well-ordered picture-gallery, which should receive all its light from above. There can be little question that, save for the purpose of printing its lottery tickets, and endless paper money, Austria can see no good end attained by the great invention of 1440. The few journals which are published within the monarchy, seem intended as so many lazarettos, where all foreign ideas are obliged to perform quarantine, and be purged of their contagious influences, before they be permitted to pass freely along with the every-day intelligence of the all-engrossing theatres and saloons. Hence it naturally arises that the foreign policy of other nations takes as little account of Austrian journals as of so many court calendars, so many play-bills.

But to return to Germany. Before starting a journal, it is, in the first place, necessary to obtain a license from the government,—which is, of course, granted, withheld, or conferred conditionally, according to the known politics of the applicant. As this license, which is now but very rarely granted, is in general conferred conditionally, and is revokable at pleasure, all idea of newspaper property, or vested rights,

except in the case of certain journals based on old royal charters, is altogether excluded. Even the most extreme servility, though it may furnish a claim, cannot create a right, to sufferance. Thus, we see that the journals exist, for the most part, but at the pleasure of the government, and can be, in general, momentarily suppressed, without any further explanation on the subject than the simple expression of royal volition, as conveyed in a cabinet order. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, and with that an end. Prussia has certainly, by a royal ordinance of the 30th of June, 1843, introduced certain formalities of trial previous to the withdrawal of the license; but these, though valuable, as marking a spirit of concession, are much too easily abrogated on occasion, to be of any considerable importance.

Let us now suppose the license obtained, and proceed to describe the control which the government still continues to exercise over the journal, independently of the despotic power of suppressing it at an instant. In truth, we can only explain the rare exercise of this *ultima ratio*, by supposing some analogy to exist between the feelings of German dynasties towards literary martyrs, and those of the famous Mahomet IV. towards the sacred and inviolable character of an obnoxious mufti. Of too nice a conscience to have recourse to beheading in such cases, that pious potentate only brayed his muftis in a mortar. In like manner, many of the measures of the German governments for the preclusion of too frequent literary executions, evince the most scrupulous regard for a reconciliation of popular prejudices with the actual exigencies of the administration.

In the first place, then, the matter of each line and sheet must be submitted before publication to the censor—an officer, and generally a creature of the government. This official purges the matter to the extent of his timidity, whereupon it must, in special cases, be further submitted for approval to the president or lord-lieutenant of the province. From the decisions of both these government officers the writer may appeal; but even in the event of success, no end is in the great majority of instances attained, as the delay occasioned by the appeal is in general sufficient to strip the ephemeral matter of all interest, It might be supposed that after such an ordeal all the responsibility would be removed from the shoulders of the writer. Such is, however, not the case. The writer's responsibility for that which the government must be considered to have indirectly sanctioned, by the *imprimatur* of its servant, continues to the last. We now come to the next step—the sale of the journal. All subscribers residing beyond the immediate place of publication must of course receive their copies through the post-office; and as the newspapers do not pass, as in England, free of postage, an arrangement is always entered into, securing to the government a certain per centage on each copy so transmitted, coupled with a corresponding reduction of postage to the subscriber. The post-office publishes an annual list of the papers which it is permitted to forward, with their respective prices; and as the principle of the *sliding* scale is here brought into play, according to the politics of the journal, it must be perfectly obvious that the sale of the paper is hereby completely thrown into the hands of the government. It would be, therefore, manifestly absurd to deny that the press must be altogether regarded as a government monopoly.

We now come to particularize the politics of the leading journals, commencing with the 'Augsburg Gazette,' which, as far as regards circulation, editorial tact, and the talents and position of its correspondents, is, perhaps, next to the 'Times,' the foremost paper in Europe. It was first started in the year 1798, at Tubingen, by the father of the present Baron de Cotta, of publishing notoriety, under the somewhat comprehensive title of 'Neueste Weltkunde,' or 'The Latest Information from all parts of the Universe.' The proprietor seems to have been exceedingly desirous of securing the services of the poet Schiller for his embryo undertaking, and pressed the poet to accept the editorship. The latter, however, either from a distrust of the ultimate success of the speculation, or a strong feeling of his own inaptitude for political controversy, resolutely declined the baron's flattering proposals, and concluded the letter containing his final rejection of the office of editor with these words: 'You (Cotta) expose yourself to the extremely probable loss of several thousand florins. I endanger my health, life, and literary reputation.' Cotta, however, who probably based his calculations on other numbers and figures, than those over which the poet exercised so complete a mastery, did not allow himself to be dissuaded from his original design; and the 'Weltkunde' appeared shortly afterwards, under the editorship of

Ludwig Posselt, a person of no mean historical information. The journal was at first published on a half quarto sheet, and appeared but twice a week. A year had, however, hardly elapsed, before the title 'Weltkunde' was abandoned for its present heading, and Ludwig Posselt was succeeded in the editorship by a person of the name of Huber, whose literary reputation rested on several translations of English and French works. Huber died in 1805, and 'The Gazette' was thereupon entrusted to Charles Stegeman, who had till then acted as sub-editor; and contemporaneously with this change considerable improvements and enlargements were introduced in all its departments. To the extraordinary tact, sound judgment, and high administrative abilities of this latter person, who continued to edit the 'Gazette' up to the moment of his death—a period of thirty years—the journal is mainly indebted for its high European reputation and vast circulation. Under the guidance of this skilful pilot, the 'Gazette' was steered clear of the many rocks and shallows, and outrode the tempests which broke over the political face of Germany. It was he who gave stability to the undertaking, and clearly marked out the course which the journal has since then pursued with such distinguished success. This 'Gazette,' like most of its predecessors and contemporaries, limited itself at first to mere extracts from foreign papers, or a dry record of such events as came within its notice.

The reader will, in all probability, have remarked that each of the journals, named in the heading of this article, makes a prominent display of the word 'universal;' and this desire to preserve a cosmopolitan character is one of the most striking features of the German press, as compared with that of England or France. Leading articles are rare, and though becoming somewhat less so of late, are altogether a modern innovation. A German editor rarely intrudes his private opinions on his readers; and his political feelings and sympathies are only to be recognised in the matter he extracts from foreign journals, or the tone which he permits his foreign correspondents to assume. Taken in connexion with this fact, it will be readily understood that the term '*universal*' is meant, in most instances, to convey not alone a desire of being universally read, or universally communicative, but to insinuate the determination of being universally impartial. In this latter respect it must be acknowledged that the 'Augsburg Gazette' has always exhibited an apparent wish to act up to the spirit of its heading, as far as circumstances would at all permit. In its columns we find the most opposite and extreme parties represented from time to time; and the internal mechanism of the journal admits of an advocacy of any set of political opinions without compromising the general character of the journal. The events passing in each country are extracted from the respective foreign journals, and presented to the reader in the shape of short notices, and, in the greater number of cases, without note or comment. These gleanings are made in a purely historical spirit, and the reader is left to draw his own reflections from the events recorded. Then follow the letters of the correspondents from the different capitals; and it is in the selection and maintenance of well-informed and intelligent correspondents that the real rivalry amongst the journals comes into play. It is here that the vast resources and high literary connexions of the great publisher, Cotta, are made subservient to the interests of the Gazette; and in point of early and correct information, especially in matters not directly affecting questions of domestic policy, this journal has long stood pre-eminent, if not alone, amongst its European compeers. There seems also to be a tacit understanding between the greater number of the cabinets of Europe to wink at certain breaches of official secrecy, which, in other journals, would be punished as the highest indiscretions. Official documents find their way into the columns of this gazette, perhaps without the sanction, but certainly without any apparent murmur on the part of the cabinets from which they emanate.

In return for this indulgence, the wide circulation of the Gazette is frequently taken advantage of by the respective governments, to work upon the minds of their subjects, and sound the state of public feeling in reference to projected measures. This influence, however, would necessarily defeat its own end, were it not extremely subtle, and so indirect as to escape general observation. For this reason, the enforcement of any government view must be made to appear as the spontaneous impulse of perfectly disinterested individuals. Thus we need never look for approval of Austrian policy from a correspondent writing from Vienna; but in the letters from Lon-

don or Paris we generally find some indirect evidences of the soundness of the political maxims of the cabinet of Vienna. Instances of this wily conduct occur in almost every number, but the juggle is always so gracefully, and at times so brilliantly executed, that even detection is not unaccompanied by a certain feeling of admiration at the adroitness of the feat. *Mundus vult decipi*, and it is only when a deception is clumsily performed, that we take offence at the insult thus offered to our acuteness.

The 'Augsburg Gazette' has been from time to time more or less employed by every continental government, not even excepting France, in various controversies respecting matters of internal and external policy. Like the white elephant of the eastern princes, its acquisition as an auxiliary has been the subject of many a diplomatic contest; but its support of the interests and principles of Austria—and, indeed, of the pure monarchical principle in general—is much more marked than its devotion to any other continental power. As a reward for this uncompromising fidelity to Austrian interests, and with a view to reap the full benefit of so powerful an advocacy, the journal is permitted to circulate freely through the imperial states. This privilege is shared by no one of its contemporaries, and the publicity thus exclusively secured to its sentiments, and to its advertisements, is productive of a vast amount, not only of moral influence, but also of pecuniary profit. The sacrifice of principle, involved in the admission of this Gazette, must be regarded as a singular concession, on the part of Austria, to the influence of the press. It has been frequently asserted, and is, indeed, a commonly received opinion in Northern Germany, that a special edition is prepared for Austrian subscribers; this *myth* would seem, however, not to rest on any better foundation than on the fact, that some of the extraordinary supplements which accompany the journal may be occasionally withheld or modified, when containing matter too grating to the sensibilities of its Austrian readers. Even this charge has not been fully substantiated. Next to Austria, Russia seems to exert the most decided influence on the Gazette. It is, however, altogether impossible to fathom its relations to the Russian cabinet, inasmuch as we occasionally observe a very marked hostility to Russian views and Russian interests manifested in its columns. Whether these periodical fits of ill-humor have their origin in private or political causes, it is wholly impossible to say. During such paroxysms, it is curious to remark the frightful losses the Russian arms sustain: whole divisions of the emperor's army fall beneath the united efforts of Schamyl, the youthful hero of Circassia, and of the correspondent from the Russian frontier, of the 'Augsburg Gazette.'

It is neither necessary nor possible to particularize the various correspondents from the different European capitals, further than by observing that a numerous staff is continually maintained to report on all events of any general interest, as well in the literary and scientific as in the political world. In truth, it would be difficult to find a name of any note in the German world of letters that is not, or has not been, a regular or occasional contributor. Heine, Gutskow, Laube, Freiligrath, Dingelstedt, Lenau, &c., are only a few out of the brilliant constellation whose wit and genius sparkle in these columns. Amongst the articles of greatest interest to the English reader are those dated from London and Paris. The effusions of a correspondent, who is, as we are informed by the editor, a Tory member of the House of Commons, are deserving of the most particular attention, as being in general replete with unique sentiments of very ambiguous loyalty. One of the recent communications of this gifted individual described the smouldering indignation of the British aristocracy against the Queen, on her refusing to receive the Duke of Bourdeaux during his recent visit. Amongst the Paris correspondents, the poet Heine is generally the most amusing, from the inveteracy of his dislike to England and every thing English. Indeed the English reader will find a better *resumé* of the affairs of the world in general in this Gazette, than in any other journal with which we are acquainted; and it is, in our opinion, most seriously to be regretted that the English press pay so little attention to the admirable articles that daily appear in its columns, though it were for no better reason than to become acquainted with the sentiments of an organ which confessedly exerts so considerable an influence on the political feelings of the entire German nation. The Gazette is published daily, on a small quarto sheet, with one or more supplements, and costs, exclusive of postage, but twenty-one shillings annually. The rate of pecuniary remuneration to contributors is liberal; and

most of the correspondents have a fixed annual salary. Well qualified persons are frequently sent, at the expense of the proprietor, to watch the progress of events in distant countries, as often as matters (as recently in the East, Greece, and Spain) approach a crisis, and begin to command the attention of the historian or general politician. Owing to a recent enforcement of more stringent censorial restrictions, the Gazette has, within the last twelve months, suffered a considerable diminution of its circulation, which averages from 12,000 to 14,000 copies.

Having presented the reader, in the above imperfect sketch, with a shadowy outline of the politics and position of the "Augsburg Universal Gazette," we now come to speak of its modern rival—a journal which was professedly instituted as a counterpoise to its influence, and one which, based on the Protestant sympathies of Northern Germany, ventured on a much less scrupulous observance of political neutrality. The "Leipsic Universal Gazette," which has recently assumed the title of "German Universal Gazette," to evade its interdiction in Prussia, was first commenced in the year 1832, by the enterprising publisher, F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipsic. The language of this journal assumed, from the very outset, a decidedly liberal and constitutional tone; and, though published in Saxony, it seems to have cast its eye from the first on Prussia as its principal mart.

Under the shield of the recently acquired Saxon constitution, and a comparatively lenient censorship, this journal soon attained a high degree of popularity, not only in Prussia, but amongst all the minor constitutional states of Germany. Having nothing to hope from Austria, from which it was excluded as well by prescription as by the liberal principles it advocated, it singled out that state and its super-conservative government as the subject of its severest castigations; and it appears, indeed, to have gone in its assaults on the policy of that monarchy to the full length of censorial toleration. From Austria, it turned to the kindred kingdom of Bavaria; and on its interdiction in that kingdom also, concentrated all its energies on opposing the new *regimè* in Hanover. The abrogation of the constitution by King Ernest, and the strong feelings excited by this arbitrary act of sovereignty, supplied the 'Leipsic Gazette' with subject for the severest comment. The indignation of the Hanoverian people, which could find no vent in the journals published under the Hanoverian censorship, exploded in the columns of the 'Leipsic Gazette;' and the fearlessness with which the shallow reasonings of court scribes were here exposed, is sufficient to explain the feverish impatience with which the arrival of each number was expected, and the result was its speedy interdiction. Austria, Bavaria and Hanover were now lost; and the falling off of so many subscribers seemed to threaten the very existence of the paper. The proprietor saw himself, however, in part indemnified by the increased circulation throughout the few remaining states, and more especially in Prussia. In this latter kingdom the religious feuds between the Archbishops of Posen and Cologne and the government had broken out, and the 'Leipsic Gazette' came forward as the champion of the Protestant cause and in aid of the government, which felt itself sorely embarrassed, from the want of any organ, in which it might combat the strong Catholic tendencies of its Rhenish and Silesian subjects, without being responsible for the sentiments thus put forward. Now, probably, for the first time, did the Prussian government feel the positive disadvantage of the censorship, as making the government responsible for every opinion broached in the journals published under its control. In this embarrassment it gladly availed itself of the services of so able and popular an ally as the 'Leipsic Gazette,' which, without any surrender of principle, now gained for itself the full countenance and support of the Berlin cabinet. In the years 1838, 1839, and 1840, this paper had reached the zenith of its popularity amongst the liberals and Protestants in Germany. The contact with court favor had, however, gradually undermined the independence of its principles. It began to waver, and in the hope of regaining admittance to Hanover and Bavaria, it gave insertion to articles of a highly equivocal nature. Forgetting that it had from the outset acted as a partisan, it now sought to assume the character of a neutral. The attempt proved abortive. A strong and growing disgust at this tergiversation sprang up; and the cautious language which the journal now held seemed doubly tame and mawkish, compared with the bold sentiments put forth by the the 'Rhenish Gazette,' which, from its foundation in 1840, down to its suppression in 1843, was gradually supplanting the 'Leipsic Gazette.' In a blind

effort to recover the ground he had lost, Brockhaus allowed himself to be made the tool of Prussian ministerial intrigues. The indiscreet publication of certain official secrets respecting the projected Divorce Bill, and the insertion of Herwegh's offensive letter to the King of Prussia, afforded the Berlin cabinet but too plausible pretexts for interdicting the circulation of a journal of whose advocacy it stood no longer in need. On the 28th December, 1842, the bolt was shot, and the 'Leipsic Gazette' fell without even the halo of martyrdom.

During the period of its success, this Gazette was conducted with very considerable ability, and was the first German journal which devoted a considerable space to the debates of the English parliament and the French chambers, besides reporting the proceedings of the constitutional chambers of Germany at considerable length. And though the spirit of commercial rivalry which, within the last few years, has awakened an extreme jealousy of England throughout the manufacturing states of Germany, strongly tinged its general complexion, still its anti-English tendency never degenerated into a rabid mania, or vapid declamation, a charge to which, we regret to say, some of its colleagues are highly amendable. But perhaps one of its most valuable characteristics was its consistent opposition to the aggrandising policy of Russia; and its correspondents in the East were generally both intelligent and well informed. This paper had the further merit of having infused a degree of life and vigor into the whole body of the German press by the rivalry it awakened; and thus spurring on the 'Augsburg Gazette' in particular to the full development of its vast resources. Up to the period of its exclusion from Prussia, its many editors, who followed each other in rapid succession, were mere ciphers; their influence extending little beyond the mere internal arrangements: in order, however, to effect its readmission, it was found advisable to select an editor, whose name might serve in a measure as a guaranty for its future good behavior, and with this view the editorship was entrusted to Professor Bülau, of the Leipsic university, who had till then acted as government censor. This selection was attended with the desired success, but has of course proved fatal to the prospects of the 'Gazette' as an opposition journal, notwithstanding the confessedly high literary station and politcal discernment of the learned professor. The circulation has declined from between 2000 and 3000 to probably about 900.

The above historical sketch of the fortunes of the 'Leipsic Universal Gazette' will, we think, best serve to show the position of the German press in general. Without meaning to justify the manifest improvidence of the proprietor, we cannot avoid sympathizing to a certain extent with him in the reverses to which he exposed himself, by a temporary forgetfulness of the nature of that self-like tenure by virtue of which he held his literary fief. No journal, with the exception of the 'Augsburg Gazette,' dares acquire a large share of influence, and the popularity of the latter does not rest so much on the oppositional *aroma* given to its articles, as on the authentic and semi-official character of its communications. The experience of half a century has established the genuineness of the sources from whence it derives its information, and has manifested that it is not, as was not unfrequently the case of its Leipsic rival, compelled to call upon its correspondents, in the language of Sheridan, 'to reverse the operations of the human mind, and draw on their memories for their wit, and on their imaginations for their facts.' The silence of such a journal is frequently much more eloquent than the fullest effusions of its contemporaries. When the 'Leipsic Gazette' was in possession of exclusive information, as was sometimes the case, the verification of its prophecies was attributed to chance, and no sooner was a well-informed correspondent won, than the respective governments took measures to stop up the source, or threatened interdiction in the event of advantage being further taken of the indiscretion of its officer, of one not authorized to be indiscreet. The was and is the case not alone with the 'Leipsic Gazette,' but with all journals published in Germany, and must continue so, as long as the authority of public opinion is altogether denied on principle. In truth, the power of the German press, as regards the liberal cause, lies solely in the multiplicity of journals. Although the government control be as perfect in its organization as human ingenuity could well devise, still each of the thousand journals daily published, contributes its mite towards an expression of popular feeling, of the popular will; and these contributions, however minute, do, when taken collectively, exert a power, which at times succeeds in procuring the recognition of its authority. When we consider that every petty town publishes one

or several papers daily, and that, from the absence of centralization, equal attention is paid to the provincial journals, and to those emanating from capitals, we shall understand how this constant oozing out of popular sentiments is daily undermining the very foundations of absolute monarchy. As instances of this accumulating power, we need only refer to the postponement, perhaps total abandonment, by Prussia, of such pet measures as the New Divorce Bill, the Jews' Bill, and others. We are thus in some degree consoled by the prospects which the collective exertions of the press hold out, for the impotency of its individual members.

It now becomes our duty to speak of the 'Prussian Universal Gazette,' and in connexion with it, of the Prussian press generally. This Gazette has undergone a greater number of metamorphoses, since its commencement in 1819, than perhaps any journal in existence; it is in this respect highly symbolical of the oscillating principles on which Prussian press-legislation is based. The 'Prussian Universal Gazette' was commenced in 1819 (a year ever memorable in the annals of the German press, as in it the first restrictive measures were adopted by the Diet at Carlsbad), and was professedly instituted to elucidate, rather than discuss, the domestic policy of Prussia. The first editor and proprietor was C. Heyen, who, under the name of Clauren, was the author of several works of fiction, which from the meretricious and voluptuous style of their composition, enjoyed for some time a certain kind of popularity. After the lapse of about six years, the government purchased the journal, which then bore the title of 'Prussian State Gazette,' and took the entire management into its own hands. With every new phase of Prussian political life a new editor was appointed; and it is highly probable that the paper would have been long since discontinued, as merely embarrassing its patron, if any plausible pretext for its discontinuance could have been discovered. Within the last twelve months the first introductory steps to a total abandonment of the concern have been taken, by the instalment of several quondam liberals in the editorship. Ostensibly with a view to give more scope for the expression of popular sentiments, the government proclaimed the independence of the editors, and therefore disclaimed all responsibility for all future communications not distinctly stated to be official; and in conformity with this declaration, the title 'State Gazette' was abandoned, and the present heading substituted. It is by no means difficult to foresee what the next change will be, the more especially as a recent edict compels all editors to insert without note or comment in their several journals, all such government communications as they may receive from time to time.

Since its most recent metamorphosis this journal has assumed a truly anomalous position, and seems to have lost materially in every point. Its professions of liberality, and its repudiation of the idea of ministerial control, can hardly hope for credence as long as the editors receive their salaries from the state. Its readers can see nothing in it beyond its former self turned inside out. The pertinacity with which it avoids all subjects of general controversy, and the clumsiness of its advocacy, render it difficult to say whether it compromises the government more by its silence or its loquacity. A particular incident has also much tended to bring the 'Gazette' into general discredit. Certain averments had been made in the opposition journals as to the intention of the king to revive the old order of the Swan. On the 20th of September, 1843, the 'Gazette' took upon itself to declare 'that it could state on the best authority, that all the statements of other journals respecting this subject were idle and wholly unfounded;' and a few months had hardly elapsed when the royal mandate for the revival of the order appeared. The decay of this paper is more to be regretted, as it must be admitted, that in its former shape it was always distinguished for the truth and impartiality of its communications. Whilst avoiding all topics that might embarrass the government, as, for instance, the constitution question in Hanover, its foreign correspondences were full of information and free from partisanship. The spirit of fairness and integrity, which marked its reports from the seat of war in Poland, during the revolution, gained for it universal respect and applause. But perhaps the best proof of its fallen condition is the fact that, despite the circulation secured by the insertion of official articles, a considerable subvention from the government is necessary to cover its expenses; whereas, under judicious management, and in a less false position, its relation with the Prussian government could not but ensure it a vast surplus revenue. Its circulation has declined from between

four and five thousand to probably about the half.

We cannot at present afford more than a rapid glance at some of the other members of the German press. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the 'Cologne Gazette' one of the best of its class. It is published, like the 'Prussian Gazette,' in large folio, and, in addition to clever leading articles, is in possession of some lively and good correspondents. Its politics are thoroughly liberal, and its religious complexion Catholic. We are sorry to see that it has latterly exhibited a leaning towards the advocacy of high protective duties. Its 'feuilleton' generally contains articles of literary merit. Next to it we must make honorable mention of the kindred journals, the 'Aix-la-Chapelle Gazette' and 'New Hamburg Correspondent.' The 'Frankfort Journal,' one of the oldest in Germany, if not in Europe, enjoys a large circulation, and is in great favor amongst bankers and capitalists, on account of its money articles; its politics are of the description that suit a paper published in the city where the sittings of the Diet are held. It is not to be confounded with 'Le Journal de Frankfort,' likewise published there, in the French language, and decidedly in the Russian interest. It is curious enough, that neither in Germany nor in France do we meet with weekly journals; this latter is a class which appears peculiar to England. In conclusion, we must remark that there is much latent vigor, much patriotic energy and fire, concealed beneath the cold surface imparted to the German press by the overwhelming, weight of the censorship; and that it is our firmest conviction, that should the press succeed in emancipating itself from its present bonds, it will be found that the high tone of patriotic feeling produced by free and manly discussion, will prove a far better safeguard against foreign aggression than the present costly system of military parade.

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF THE ESQUIMAUX.—The data upon which Vitruvius, Lord Kames, Prichard, and Herder have displayed considerable learning and ingenious reasoning, Dr. King pronounces to be wholly incorrect. Of the general disposition of the Esquimaux, we are informed, all who have visited them speak in the most favorable terms. Their intelligence, compared with the uncivilized races generally, is described as of a high order, as evinced in their social habits among themselves and with foreigners, in the marriage ceremonies, in their funeral rites, in their arts and manufactures, and their commercial relations, and in the education of their children. The estimation in which women are held is much higher than is usual with uncivilized man, and young couples are frequently seen rubbing noses, their favorite mark of affection, with an air of tenderness. The Esquimaux are polygamists, but they rarely have more than two wives, and only one if she has issue; and the women have the same privilege as to the number of husbands. At Melville Peninsula and Regent's Inlet cousins are allowed to marry, but a man must not wed two sisters, while at Greenland marriage between cousins is rare. Two instances occurred at Igloolik of the father and son being married to sisters. A son-in-law or daughter-in-law does not consider father-in-law or mother-in-law in the light of relations. If a boy and a girl, although in no way related, have been brought up in the same family, they are looked upon as brother and sister, and not allowed to marry. When there are no children it is considered a reproach to both parties.—*Athenæum.*

THE XANTHIAN MARBLES.—The fruits of Mr. Fellows' second voyage, have mostly reached the British Museum in safety, only some half score of cases out of a hundred and thirty being still on their way. As yet they lie about in considerable confusion; but enough has become visible to satisfy us of their great interest as remains of very ancient art, and the most ancient the most interesting. The oldest monuments belong to the Greek Lycian period, and the inscriptions upon them, especially some, which are bilingual, will probably throw such a light upon its perplexing characters as will enable us to translate that language. The connexion between Lycia and Persia is perpetuated in the next series: and the Roman and Christian follow, without supplying any thing very remarkable. To the already famous Harpy Stele, or Square Pillar, more recently discovered or left portions have, we believe, been added; and nearly three others, named from their symbols "the Lion," "Chimæra," and "the Winged Chariot," are so complete as to excite both wonder and delight. In the second class the Ionic prevails—the elder resemble great wooden chests; and it is supposed that an attempt will be made to restore the most curious, as they are presumed to have existed before their fall, according to some fine drawings by Mr. Scharf.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ISTRIAN DWARF.—The Venetian journals describe a dwarf born in Istria, and now 21 years of age. He is 2 feet 8 inches high, and weighs less than 24 lbs. He is well proportioned, and agreeable in form and face, with a fine head and excellent intellect, being master of several languages besides his own. We shall probably have a visit from him.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MEMOIRS OF A BABYLONIAN PRINCESS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess, (Maria Theresa Asmar,) daughter of Emir Abdallah Asmar; written by herself, and translated into English. 2 vols.

The autobiography of an authentic Babylonian princess, born, only forty years ago, amid the ruins of Nineveh, and now actually living in London, is a book to make a sensation in all circles. When we originally heard of it we had some grave misgivings about its veracity. We thought that Babylonian princesses were not the most likely people in the world to write their own lives; that they would rather sit in their arabesque chambers, sipping coffee and smoking nerghilahs; and that whatever elements of the wonderful or the picturesque might really enter into their experiences, they would themselves be the last to think them either wonderful or picturesque. In fact, we did not believe that this class of modern confessional literature had become sufficiently fashionable in the East to be cultivated by the daughter of an emir of wealth, and we were, accordingly, as incredulous as if the work had pretended to be the Memoirs of a Babylonian Sarcophagus.

But we have now read the two volumes attentively. Not a line has escaped us—not a word of the whole narrative; and we are bound not only to recall our doubts, but to aver explicitly that the memoir is curious and absorbing in the highest degree. The character of the writer goes far in itself to attract and concentrate the attention of the reader; her truthfulness and zeal, and the fortitude with which she has borne up against a succession of sufferings and calamities, are qualities that command respect. The scenes to which she introduces us are all more or less connected with Scripture history, and her familiarity with them, and with the usages of the tribes and nations inhabiting them, enables her to enter into closer details than are ordinarily within the reach of the best informed travellers. Her descriptions of oriental customs and manners—of cities and deserts—buildings and costumes—of arts, literatures, and languages—of domestic usages and natural productions—interwoven into a narrative replete with exciting adventures, contribute altogether to render this publication singularly interesting. It is certainly the most remarkable work that has issued from the English press for many years.

We hope nobody will confound Maria Theresa Asmar with the popular ideal of a Babylonian princess. She is not a creature made out of shawl draperies and pearl earrings, with a turban of gilt floss, looking intensely vacant, as if she were longing for a balancing-pole and tight rope. Our princess is of a different mould and inspiration; and although, as we shall show presently, she could in her "palmy days" dress in the height of the Eastern fashion, we are happy to say that she has a soul of more seriousness than commonly falls to the lot of the lustrous race to which she belongs. The intellect of the princess is of a high order. She owes something of this to her family, who all seem to have been elevated above the level of the oriental character, but still more to her Christianity. The Christian religion is the school in which her faculties have been trained up; and she has responded nobly to her opportunities.

The family of the princess are descended from the Brahmins, and many hundred years ago embraced Christianity in the church of Travancore, said traditionally to have been planted by St. Thomas, the Apostle. From India, her ancestors removed some centuries past into Persia, and finally settled at Bagdad, all this while strictly adhering to their religious creed, and, perhaps, all the more jealous of it in consequence of the dangers to which it exposed them. They were people of great wealth and consideration. Her father's house was an asylum for the unfortunate of every denomination, and the primitive virtues of Christianity appear to have been practised in it with all the earnestness and devotion of the primitive ages. The breaking out of the plague at Bagdad in 1804, compelled the family to retire to a country residence they possessed amongst the ruins of Nineveh; and here, surrounded by the relics of the old world, the author of this autobiography was born. She first saw light in a tent in the desert.

The religious associations, in the midst of which her infancy was past, confirmed the faith she inherited. Agreeably to the customs of the East, she was betrothed almost in her childhood; but her disposition led her to celibacy. She had been in the habit of reading the lives of the Fathers from the age of six, and she was determined to follow their example. She communi-

cated her determination to her lover, who was so impressed with similar feelings, that he resolved to take the vows of the Trappists. The lovers accordingly separated, and the young sheikh, who had been selected for the husband of the princess, is now a monk of the order of La Trappe, and lives in a hermitage on Mount Lebanon, at the foot of the cedar mountain, "on a ledge so precipitous, that a bird would hardly dare to make her nest on it."

The firmness and enthusiasm which enabled her to make this sacrifice, encouraged her to make still greater efforts for the glory of her faith. She resolved to attempt the conversion of the people in her neighborhood, and used to collect hundreds together on the Sabbath evenings to listen to her discourses. In these spiritual labors she was assisted by a female friend, whose beauty was no less admirable than the constancy of her purpose. It is worthy of note that the princess was the first woman in that country who devoted herself to celibacy. Her friend was the second.

Your thoroughbred Mussulman pacha is not a person, however, to be easily moved by the truths of Christianity. He is much more likely to be touched by the charms of its lady professors; as happened in this particular instance. The Pacha of Mosul, in Persia, where our princess was resident at this period, entertained a solid aversion to the Christian religion, and was resolved to put an end to the mission of the princess and her beautiful friend, Mariam. With this view, and with a decision worthy of his design, he commanded all Christians to repair on a certain day, to a certain spot, there to renounce their faith. They assembled with the resolution of martyrs, singing hymns, and persisting in the maintenance of the truth. This "obstinacy" would have cost them their lives, but for the beauty of Mariam, which stayed the hand of the furious pacha. They were all thrown into prison, and bastinadoed daily, except the princess and her friend, who were lodged in the palace. The torture to which these poor people were condemned was so severe, that one of them, an uncle of the princess's, died under it. At last, her father and the rest were released, but only upon the payment of almost ruinous sums to the rapacious pacha.

The princess now retired to the solitude of a convent, where she formed a project for the establishment of a female school, with a view to the elevation of the female character—so much wanted in the East. Here she was visited by several ladies of rank, and amongst the rest, by the sister of the pacha, who repeatedly invited her to dine with her at the zenana. After having frequently declined the invitation, she at last accepted it—with a secret hope, no doubt, of being able to persuade her to embrace Christianity. Let us now gaze upon this Babylonian princess going forth upon her glad mission in the morning of life, to the magnificent residence of a pacha's sister.

I was superbly dressed. My *ghombaz*, or dress, was of white gold tissue, open in front, after the manner of the East, with ample sleeves of the same material descending to the knees, and confined at the waist by a girdle richly embroidered in gold. My *sherwals*, or trousers, were of crimson silk. Around my ankles were fastened anklets of silver-gilt, richly chased, and babouches, or slippers, covered with gold embroidery, were on my feet. These, with a turban of white muslin, embroidered with gold, and a Persian shawl thrown round my waist, completed the costume in which I went to pay my first visit to the Amira.

We hardly know whether it will spoil the interest of this gorgeous vision to add the lines which immediately follow, in which the writer compares her present condition, with the bounding and elastic promise of that happy period; but if it affect others as it affected us, to be brought on the sudden face to face with the contrast, it is due to the writer to let it have its full weight with the reader.

Alas! who would recognize in the forlorn and wretched being who now pens these lines, the lively, gay, free-hearted, and enthusiastic creature of that hour—with a heart full of susceptibility and joyous frankness—breathing life with the hope of leading my wandering fellow-mortals into the way of truth? When in the darkness of adversity, with failing faculties, I look back on that day, and think of the wreck which sorrow and bitter calamity have made me, my soul recoils with horror, and I sink into the abyss of sadness.

The two phases of her melancholy history are revealed in these two passages. Her life opened joyously in the lap of prosperity and power—but it has passed into misery and destitution, the annihilation of kindred, the total loss of property, and finally, a dependence upon the sympathy of strangers. We cannot venture to follow closely this painfully interesting career, for

our space is narrow; but we will mark its principal stages as we proceed.

First let us glance at the zenana of the Amira:—here we have a perfect Persian interior, drawn by a familiar hand. At the door of the harem, the visitor is met by an eunuch, who comes to conduct her. They pass three or four doors, fastened with padlocks, of which the guide carries the keys, and then across a spacious court, paved with highly polished marble, in the midst a superb fountain, and on the left the Iwan, a chamber open the entire length of the side. The walls of this chamber are richly decorated in colored arabesque devices—a Persian carpet covers the floor—and a brilliant scarlet velvet cushion, or "takht" occupies the centre. But this is only the antechamber. Suspend your admiration till you reach the inner saloon, which transcends all power of description. The carpet is still more exquisite, and the musnud is covered with red and green velvet, and embroidered in the most costly manner. Here the Amira receives her guest most courteously. And while they are sitting together on the musnud, three beautiful girls, with skins of dazzling whiteness, large black eyes, and luxuriant raven hair, approach, and kneel with silver-gilt vases for ablution. These girls are succeeded by two others with censers, to shed a perfume through the apartment—then three more with silver-gilt trays, containing sherbet, and napkins embroidered with gold, followed by three more with a tray of gold inlaid with diamonds and emeralds, carrying small china cups of coffee, with holders of gold, embossed and jewelled. After this, two eunuchs enter with pipes, which are commonly used by the ladies of Mesopotamia. The picture is now complete. The ladies are under the soothing influence of the "nerghilah," the fragrance of the burning aloe fills the chamber, the rose-water in the reservoir is murmuring in their ears, a musical snuff-box from Europe is pouring forth clusters of tiny notes, and ten of these exquisitely beautiful girls are standing before them in an attitude of respect, with their arms reverentially folded across their bosoms. Truly, these easterns have most luxurious notions of life; and if an European were to be suddenly dropped into a scene of this intoxicating kind, it would go hard with him to keep his head cool, and his hands from doing mischief.

After half an hour's enjoyment in this way, the ladies proceed to visit the bedrooms. They are magnificent. The pacha's chief wife has a bed of five mattresses, each covered with silk of a different color from the rest, and the whole stuffed with peacocks' feathers. There are no less than thirty of these rooms. From the dormitories they ascend to the terrace on the roof, from whence they have a charming view of the country, which they are enabled to enjoy under the shade of magnificent tents of oil-cloth. Next they visit the garden. It is of immense space—say three-quarters of a mile—intersected on all sides by rivulets of water, embanked with marble and fringed with flowers. They now visit the pacha's wives, in a saloon opening on the garden. There are twenty-five of them—from Georgia, Circassia, Kurdistan. In the midst of the visit enters the pacha, a man of commanding stature, with a black and copious beard, sumptuously dressed, as befits the lord of this palace of delight. A brief conversation, all courtesy, ensues; and now the mollah calls to prayer from the minaret—a ceremony religiously repeated five times a day; the ladies of the harem drop devoutly on their knees; and the Amira and her guest go to dinner in one of the cool saloons opening on the marble court.

The dinner is the wonderful part of the whole entertainment. First there is a tray of about twenty dishes brought in, amongst them a soup made of green corn and chickens, a favorite dish with the present Pacha of Egypt. These are succeeded by an infinite variety of gastronomical delicacies, such as a lamb served up whole, stuffed with herbs, rice, and pistachios, and covered with saffron; stuffed gourds; veal hash envcloped with vine leaves; "coobba," a crust of green corn and hashed meat, filled with beef and herbs, called old woman's hair, of delicious flavor, and made up into globes as large as a man's head; and a multitude of other recondite preparations, which our princess fairly confesses have escaped her memory. These solid dishes are followed by a profusion of sweetmeats; and the absence of wine is amply supplied by a liquor made from the juice of the pomegranate, and handed in goblets of massive gold. Fifteen slaves are in attendance during dinner and dessert. The repast concluded, the ladies adjourn to a room up stairs, looking out upon the gardens, to sip coffee and smoke. In the centre, on a yellow satin ottoman, reclines the chief wife of the pacha. A musical colony of singing birds occupy a number of cages at the end

of the apartment. The sultana sleeps, and one fair slave fans her with peacocks' feathers; while a second chafes her delicately white feet; and a third chants a low melancholy strain to induce slumber. Her costume is quite a study:—her chemise is of the finest white silk gossamer, over which is a "ghombaz" of white silk, embroidered with flowers of gold; her trousers are crimson; her girdle is profusely studded with precious stones, fastened by a gold clasp; her armlets are alternate rows of pearls and diamonds—necklace of gold and jewels—pendants of dazzling lustre (even from her beautiful little nose!)—her hair combed back in an infinity of braids, confined by chains of gold and pearls, each braid divided into three or four branches, terminating in single pearls, and two richly decorated braids gracing either cheek—head-dress, a gold ornament in the form of a saucer, and an aigrette of diamonds, representing a bird.

But we must draw the curtain on this scene of enchantment, and its sleeping beauty; hinting, however, before we dismiss them, that the reader may look into this work for many equally striking pictures of eastern life, all depicted with similar accuracy, and bringing us acquainted (in many instances for the first time) with domestic experiences to which the foreign traveller cannot obtain access, under any pretext, or by any influence whatever.

The town of Telkef, nine miles from Mosul, has a population of about 20,000 souls, nearly all Christians. The soil is wonderfully productive. Here are grown carrots a yard in length and six inches in diameter; turnips two feet in diameter; and cucumbers of a horse-shoe shape, and so long that, when put round the neck, the ends nearly reach the knees! These are not the only wonders of the place. The masons of Telkef build substantial houses in three or four days, of stone, without beams of any kind, united by mortar, which dries up in half-an-hour, resolving the whole into a solid mass in less time than it would take an European builder to dig his foundation! This is surely the land of spells and witchcraft. But the whole account of Telkef is curious; and the author is at considerable pains to develop the simple and religious character of its inhabitants. She earnestly repudiates the charges of bigotry and fanatical cruelty which have been brought against them in common with the rest of the oriental Christians, and she claims for them an exemption from those vices of hypocrisy and selfishness which too frequently disgrace more civilized communities.

From Telkef the family removed to Mosul, and from thence to Alkoush, a small town to the north. These journeys from place to place appear to have been generally suggested by matters of business, the father of the princess having property in mines and factories, and cattle in different quarters, which occasionally rendered his presence necessary. On the journey to Alkoush the caravan is attacked by a party of mounted Kurd robbers; and after a gallant resistance, the unfortunate travellers are overpowered, stripped, and plundered. With difficulty they escape from this calamity, but only to fall in with a greater.

Returning to Mosul, where the Christian population was increasing so fast, that the princess's grandfather had built a new church, under permission, obtained by bribery, they find that the architect has exceeded his authorized limits by a few feet. Any excuse is sufficient for fresh persecution and fresh mulcts. This excess of the architect furnished a pretext for throwing all the influential Christians into prison, from which the author's family were ultimately rescued only by payment of a sum nearly equivalent to ruin. They were now reduced almost to beggary for their faith. But the princess's father was not to be broken down by these events. He went to Bagdad, labored hard to repair his fortunes, and, at the end of two years, was enabled to return to Mosul, to re-establish himself in his mills and manufactories, and to rally the Christian community once more around him.

Now followed the happiest years of the life of our princess. She was sixteen years of age; she was surrounded by luxuries; she had nothing to interrupt her in the performance of her religious duties; she was in habits of intercourse with the principal families of the country: and her father was daily increasing his wealth. But this was not to last. The question went abroad amongst the Turkish population—How did the Christian man thus re-create his fortunes, so lately broken down? A charge was trumped up against him that he had discovered treasures under the ruins of Nineveh, and appropriated them to his own use. Legal investigation was out of the question. He and his brothers were thrown into prison, and tortured; but they had

nothing to disclose. At last, liberty was once more purchased by the confiscation of their whole earthly possessions. It was too late. The vital energy was worn out. In three weeks the princess was an orphan.

Horrors grew thick and fast around her doomed family. One of her uncles expired from the treatment to which he was exposed. Another, an archbishop, was bound on the back of a wild horse, and hunted into the desert. Her mother lingered a short time and died of grief. But this was not all. The plague came upon the city, and under its indiscriminate scourge, which made no respect of person or of creed, every human being on earth with whom this unhappy princess was connected perished. She was now alone in this wide world!

I longed for death, but the destroying angel passed me by. I wandered about the fields, scarcely knowing where I was, or what I did. I passed on, heedless of surrounding objects; save when the sight of some well-known spot lacerated my heart anew, by awakening it to a sense of its bitter loss and mournful degradation.

Years and years after, upon seeing, in a book at the Asiatic Society in London, an engraving of the bridge at Mosul, the tears gushed from my eyes, as though my sorrow had been but a few days old.

Gathering all that was left of the wreck of her father's fortune, she repaired to the city of Bagdad. Here she found refuge in the house of a rich friend; and when time allowed her mind to resume a little composure, she renewed her project for the foundation of an institution for the education of women. The circumstances in which she was placed were favorable to the design. Her friend was wealthy and willing to assist her; and she was soon enabled to establish a sort of a female college, in which a variety of useful accomplishments were taught, and no pains spared to inculcate the principles of Christianity. This great effort for the redemption of her countrywomen had already achieved considerable good, and promised still more important results, when it was suddenly arrested by the officious intermeddling of an European missionary, who happened at that time to be in Bagdad. Her observations on this subject are well worthy of attention. The conduct of the missionaries who are sent into the East is frequently productive of the most injurious consequences, arising from their personal unfitness for the difficulties and peculiarities of the position in which they are placed; and she strenuously insists upon the necessity of exercising the utmost caution in the choice of persons upon whose diligence, meekness, and zeal, interests so vital to the well-being of Christianity may be said almost wholly to depend.

Worn out by these successive misfortunes and disappointments, it is hardly surprising that the princess should at last grow weary of large cities, and long for the solitude and tranquillity of pastoral life. She had now seen enough of the misery of walled towns, and she resolved to seek for repose in the desert. The energy of her character is exhibited in the decision of her movements. She had no sooner determined upon leaving Bagdad, than we find her wending her course towards a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, who lay encamped on the banks of the Euphrates, and whose chief was personally known to her father.

The first view of the tribe, in their locomotive city, was a vision of freedom, both novel and hopeful to the wounded spirit of the unfortunate daughter of the Christian Emir.

The spectacle which presented itself to my sight, on approaching the encampment, was most imposing. On the right, and on the left, as far as the eye could reach, the vast plain was covered with tents; while countless flocks of sheep, camels, and horses innumerable, were grazing on the pastures around. No mountain range, no tree, intervened to break the level surface of the plain which surrounded us on every side.

It was the month of May, and the fresh green of the spring grass was rendered doubly brilliant by the many-hued flowers which every where sprang up in profusion. The vast expanse of verdure was relieved by the beautifully winding Euphrates, whose gentle eddies, ever and anon catching the sun's rays as they emerged from the shadow of the hanging bank, flashed forth their joy, like the glad eye of early youth. It seemed made to be the abode of peace and innocence; and I appeared to myself to have been suddenly carried back to the age of the early patriarchs.

The reception she experienced from the friendly Arabs, renewed her courage and cheerfulness; arrangements were immediately made for her accommodation in the tent of the sheikh; and as she had always been accustomed to a private apartment, something in that way was effected by means of a curtain. Here she had her own separate nook, where she might at least pursue her devotions without offending the prejudices of her kind hosts. But what

was to be done for a bed? The Arabs sleep on a carpet spread on the bare ground, with nothing to protect them against odious reptiles; the princess had always been used to a bed of palm-leaves, resting on a frame of palm-wood. Fortunately, however, there were no scorpions in this district, and she contrived to make herself comfortable in her new and independent quarters.

When these little preliminary matters were settled, her friends set about preparing "luncheon" for her, for so, we suppose, we must designate a slight mid-day repast, consisting of dates fried in butter, eggs and camel's milk. Luncheon discussed—to which every body brought a good appetite—the whole party set out for a "stroll" on the banks of the Euphrates. Here they enjoyed themselves in that leisurely and legendary spirit so characteristic of Bedouin happiness, and at sunset returned to dinner to the tent of the chief.

The reader may be curious to know what sort of dinner these wandering Arabs take delight in, and may probably be surprised to learn that they have some very excellent notions of the culinary art. On this occasion there were three roasted meats of different sorts—sheep, lamb, and gazelles. There was also the leg of a camel roasted, to which the Bedouins are particularly partial, but which our Babylonian princess frankly confesses she abhors. After the dinner, consisting of these substantial dishes, came fruit of divers sorts, in great abundance; and after the fruit, coffee. The Arabs do not live so ill after all; and as this is their regular daily course, it may be seen that there are modes of life in rich and crowded cities much less copious and satisfactory.

The Arabs detest tobacco, which they call the "accursed weed," but with true natural politeness, they insisted upon the princess indulging herself with her nerghilah.

Dinner is now over, and the company arranging themselves in a large circle, proceed to relate anecdotes and tell stories, chiefly relating to horses of rare breed, and desperate adventures with hostile tribes. Sometimes the stories are relieved by snatches of song, brisk or melancholy, according to the fancy of the singer. These pleasant entertainments terminate at eleven o'clock, when the company separate, each retiring to his couch, and in ten minutes the whole encampment is as silent as the grave.

And such is the life of the Arabs in the desert, day after day, varied only by occasions of festival and rejoicing (of which we have an illustrative instance graphically detailed in these volumes), by death or hostilities, or those visitations of Providence to which their singular way of life especially exposes them. The account given by the princess of these people, of their manners, costume, and character, forms one of the most interesting episodes in the work.

The description of the breaking up of the encampment for the purpose of going in quest of fresher pastures, is particularly striking. The whole tribe is in commotion—men and women rushing to and fro—shepherds collecting their flocks—camels moving backwards and forwards—horses saddling—tents striking in every direction. Never was there witnessed so bustling a scene. The princess says that she never saw so many beautiful horses at one time; as far as the eye could reach they could be discerned prancing and neighing with joy, as if they were conscious of the approaching change. Even the camels participated in this expression of thankfulness. Every thing being ready, tents packed, and flocks collected, the cavalcade sets out; the men mounted in front, with their long lances glittering in the sun; then the women, mounted on camels, the most considerable amongst them being seated under a canopy, with curtains round it, attended by slaves and negresses; and then the baggage camels bearing the tents, provisions, and effects of the tribe. Every two hours there is a halt to take coffee; and as the immense procession moves forward, men run along on foot, loaded with roasted meats, bread, and dates, crying aloud, "He who is hungry let him approach!" Who shall say that these Bedouins are not a highly-civilized people? We should be glad to learn by what resources of art or appliances of wealth the ladies and gentlemen of Western Europe could manage to travel the desert with greater pomp or comfort?

But the bird returns to its nest after all. The magnificent hospitality of these kind and honest people did not suffice to fill the void in the heart of the princess: and at the expiration of six months, her old desire to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land came so irresistibly upon her, that she bade adieu to the worthy sheikh, and returned to Bagdad to join a caravan which was then in preparation on the neighboring plains. This caravan had been accumulat-

ing for a term of seven or eight months, and now consisted of not less than 15,000 camels and horses, and about 5000 travellers. The details of the preparation and departure of this immense living mass, and of its whole progress, may be included amongst the most remarkable passages in a publication which abounds with singular and original pictures. The grave camels keep their file with the discipline of well-drilled soldiers; the drivers walk by their sides; then there are camels for all purposes, for baggage, merchandise, and riding; with pilgrims, rich and poor, some mounted, others walking, slaves, and flocks of sheep, with their owners, who join the caravan for the purpose of selling during the journey. At the close of the day, the camels are unladen, and the tents pitched with incredible rapidity. In less than half an hour a great canvass city springs up in the desert, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand. Streets and squares of tents stretch off in every direction, and when the city is completed, a rampart is forthwith cast up around it, by placing the camels in a circle on the outer verge; and when due precautions are taken to guard against attack, the travellers begin to think about supper. The whole scene is marvellously picturesque.

The travelling butchers were now all on the alert, and purchases were making in all directions. Sheep were slaughtered, and every body purchased according to his wants, the price paid being about five or six paras for the ratel, or five pounds for five farthings. The purchase being made, no time was lost in preparing the meat for table, the cooks fully equalling the tent-builders in expertness and rapidity. Fires were made on the ground, and immediately the air was filled with those acceptable hissing sounds which, after a long fast, are sweeter music than the voice of his mistress to the sighing lover, and upon hearing which, the sternest visage puts on a momentary gleam of benignity.

Before the door of each tent, slaves were seen busily engaged in spreading the large white cloths upon the bare ground; and it was not long before every cloth was surrounded by a company evidently fully disposed to devote themselves seriously to the business in hand.

The greatest danger to which the caravan is exposed, is the "samiri," the hot wind of the desert, which comes scorching and destroying every thing in its progress. Fortunately, the camels possess the wonderful faculty of being able to scent it two hours before its actual approach, so that there is time to put up the tents, under the shelter of which the travellers, throwing themselves down on the ground, await its dreadful passage. This extraordinary scourge was witnessed by the princess.

Casting my eyes to windward, I beheld a vast column, which seemed to reach from earth to heaven, gradually approaching our encampment. Round and round the huge lurid mass whirled, as it slowly but steadily kept its onward progress, casting a deep shadow across the naked desert. Above my head all was serenity and peace; but as the column approached, the gusts which had just now produced the slightest rustling in the curtains of the Mahommedan lady's tent, became more sudden and violent; now chilling the blood, and now scorching, like the blast of a furnace.

I felt a sensation of terror creeping over me; my strength seemed to abandon my limbs; I felt as though I were suffocated, and gasped for breath. All hopes of gaining my own tent were vain, for the samiri was now at hand. I closed the curtain in haste, and stretching myself on the ground, covered my head and face with my "mashallah." My companion did the same, and we waited the passage of the scourge in silent dread.

The sides of our tent were now shaken with fearful violence. I expected every moment to see it lifted high in the air, and ourselves exposed to the destructive fury of the blast, which makes a speedy tomb for all who oppose its onward progress. The heat was become like a hot bath, and we breathed with the greatest difficulty.

The storm lasted seven or eight hours, at the end of which we rose from the ground, and, after returning thanks to Almighty God for our preservation, each after her own fashion, I went forth from the tent to see what had been the fate of my own friends. As I passed along the encampment, I met crowds, looking like men arisen from the dead, issuing from their tents, and exchanging congratulations upon their recent escape; and turning leeward, I beheld the deadly, dreaded column holding on its desolating course towards the horizon.

The tents being now struck, and the camels loaded, we proceeded on our way. In our progress we beheld, with horror, the dead bodies of several Arabs, who had been overtaken by the samiri, scorched to a cinder on the dreary waste.

The description of the passage of the caravan from Bagdad to Damascus is one of the most striking sketches of Eastern life we ever read. The account of Damascus itself is no less close and true in its details. Every feature of the domestic life of this famous city is specially depicted by one who had the most ample opportunities of investigating its peculiarities, without

jealousy or suspicion. Accordingly she gives us accurate accounts of the baths —the re-unions—the dances—the entertainments—the in-door lives of the ladies—their love of elegant small talk and scandal —their coquetry, and the splendor of their appointments. Amongst others, she became very intimate with an Aga's wife, who had been originally a Christian, and who was resolved to make her escape, although she was surrounded by magnificence, and exercised unlimited power in the zenana. This resolution, attended by the imminent risk of the lives of both, was ultimately carried into effect with perfect security; and when the princess afterwards reached the convents of the Lebanon, she had the satisfaction of placing her friend, the Aga's wife, in one of them.

Having resumed her pilgrimage, after a pleasant sojourn in Damascus, the princess proceeds to Lebanon, visiting all the convents in that neighborhood, then on to Beyrout, and so to Jerusalem, giving ample accounts of the various objects of interest in that locality. Her pilgrimage is relieved by a visit to Constantinople, and other excursions; and the labor of love she had so long contemplated being now concluded, she resolves to retire for the rest of her life to one of the convents of the Lebanon. But she is dissuaded from this intention by the Emir Beschir, the Prince of the Lebanon, who offers her an asylum in his palace, as lady of honor to the Amira. She gladly accepts this offer, and once more finds herself in a position of affluence and tranquillity. The prince is a Christian, and although adopting externally the customs of the Turk, his private household is conducted with all observances of the Christian worship. Our Babylonian princess is here as happy as the day is long; she wants nothing on earth to complete her round of delights; the measure of her joy is full. Here she became acquainted with that singular woman, of tall stature and masculine habits, the Lady Hester Stanhope; and might have advantageously extended the circle of her friendship, if a desire to enlarge the sphere of her knowledge still more ambitiously had not prevailed with her over all considerations of mere self-interest or contentment. For several years she resided in the palace of the Emir, and during that period had amassed, in money and presents, from six to eight thousand pounds. Now was the time to indulge the dream of her youth, by visiting Europe, the seat and head-quarters, as she foolishly believed, of all the Christian virtues! In vain Lady Hester Stanhope assured her that she would find no such manifestations of Christian purity in Christendom; in vain the Emir pointed out to her the risk and danger of her projected journey; her mind was made up, and her ancient will was as dominant as ever. She left the palace of her kind protectors in tears—prophetic of the miserable fate which awaited her!

In 1832 she reached Leghorn; there she was detained three months by illness.—Then she went on to Rome, where she staid for years. By this time she longed to return to the primitive and peaceful Lebanon; but it was not to be. From Rome she went to Paris, misfortune after misfortune tracking her steps; and here the greatest of all befel her, in hearing of the dethronement of her friend the Emir, through the bad faith of the Turkish and English governments, and of his being reduced to a state of absolute dependence. From Paris she came to London, lured by hopes that have been one after another disappointed, and in this great human solitude this desolate princess is now living, heart-broken, and friendless, and looking forward with pleasure only to her final release from a life of sorrow and vicissitude.

The contrast between her European and her Eastern experiences is very sudden and impressive. In the East, she believed Europe to be the metropolis of refinement and civilization, of piety, learning, and all Christian qualities, of faith, hope, and charity. She longed to approach this moral and religious El Dorado, and incurred great fatigue and sacrifices in the effort to accomplish her purpose. But from the very first moment she came in contact with the Europeans, she was destined to be plundered and deceived, and ill-used by them in every possible way. Even on board ship, on the voyage to Leghorn, she was robbed by the sailors, who, finding that she had some casks of Cyprus wine with her, destined for presents, contrived to drain every one of them. This was her first practical evidence of European Christianity. Arrived at Leghorn, it was necessary to turn some of her ingots into money, for which purpose she employed a regular agent, who was base enough to swindle her out of nearly the whole value, giving her only one-tenth of the actual market price. This was her second European experience. But better things were to be hoped for at Rome,

where she was introduced to the Pope, and where she expected at least common Christian honesty. It so fell out, however, that at Rome the greatest calamity of all befel her; the box in which nearly the whole of her worldly substance was locked up, being broken open and rifled while she was one day paying a visit in the neighborhood. She was now on the sudden reduced to penury. But her amiable friend, the Emir, continued to send her an allowance, which sustained her above want, and, acting on the advice of friends, she went to Paris, where she hoped to better her fortunes. It was during her residence in Paris she heard of the Emir's downfall. She was now a beggar—literally without the means of procuring subsistence. She struggled on as well as she could. She had a pupil to whom she taught Arabic. He paid her five francs a week. It was in the midst of winter, and the snow was thick in the streets. She tried to live on these five francs, without fire, for she could afford none. But she deceived herself. The rent alone was twenty francs a month. She was starving! This noble-hearted, generous woman, who had suffered so much for her faith, who had seen her friends and dear relatives die around her for that faith, was now starving in the streets of a great Christian city!

We will not trace this agonizing history further—how she has continued to struggle on—but we desire to draw the reader's attention to this work in which it is recorded. If the writer had no other claim upon us than the extraordinary talent displayed in these pages—extraordinary in grasp and versatility, even for the most accomplished European lady—she would be well entitled to that admiration and succor with which their perusal can hardly fail to surround her. We cannot recall any work in which so intimate a knowledge of Eastern life is so agreeably displayed; or in which a narrative of such strong personal interest is set in a series of such vivid descriptions. The subject is, in every point of view, attractive, not less for its novelty than for the intellectual power exhibited in its treatment.

Rain of Eels and Pebbles.—The Liverpool Courier states that, during the heavy rain which fell there on Monday, various-colored pebbles and small eels descended, and were picked up in the streets!

SCRIPTURAL DIFFICULTIES OF GEOLOGY.

From the Dublin Review.

1. *Theses Theologicæ de Deo Creatore ac Redemptore. Lovanii in Collegio Societatis Jesu.* Louvain: 1843.
2. *Twelve Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion.* Delivered in Rome, by the Right Rev. Nicholas Wiseman, D.D., Bishop of Melipotamus. London: Second Edition. 1842.
3. *Geology and Scripture.* By Dr. Pye Smith. 1843.
4. *Recreations in Geology.* By Rosina M. Zornlin. 1843.
5. *The Wonders of the Earth.* By Professor Silliman. 1842.

The history of the world in which we live has ever been an object of interest, and for many centuries one of incessant investigation. Fom age to age there have been found men to record the actions of those who went before them, or to chronicle the events they saw taking place around them, and in which they themselves not unfrequently participated. Vanity, or a love of truth, suggested a duty which, judging from their own feelings, they thought would be useful and interesting to posterity. Still these records, however varied or voluminous they may be, relate but to the deeds of men. They have reference only to the waves that have agitated the surface of the stream of human existence, that is ever flowing onward to eternity. Still in these our times there are seen far other histories of the world. There have sprung men, aye, and women too,* as may be seen above, who must speak to us of other things than have been dreamt of in our philosophy; who, prying into the caverned mine and searching the recesses of the everlasting hills that lift their cloud-capped summits and snowy heads to heaven, finding there the remains of organic life and the monuments of other forms of existence, tell us of many a mighty monster that lived in the primeval waters, or that once moved upon the earth, strange and monstrous beyond what poet ever imaged to himself in his most wayward dreams. The characters in which these supposed records are written, although unknown to the men of ancient times, are inscribed, they tell us, upon the hard rock with a fidelity and enduringness beyond what man has ever

* Rosina Zornlin may be an assumed name, as we suspect it is.

written, and have been made to speak a tale more wondrous than the chisel of the sculptor has written upon the tombs of the Pharaohs. Need we say that we allude to the recent discoveries of geological science? Geology is eminently the science of the present day, both for the strange and important nature of its discoveries, the ardor with which they have been prosecuted, the interest which it has excited in the public mind, and, we shall add, the vast array of talent which it has enlisted in its cause.

The reader need not expect in these pages any very original views, not even new developments of those which are already before the world. Our design is of a less ambitious character; we seek merely to use the facts and views collected by others, especially by Dr. Wiseman, in order to supply a want which we have often had occasion to deplore. The popular objections from geology, or the facts on which they are supposed to be founded, are constantly brought, either in reading or conversation, under the notice of young students, while the solutions are not to be found except in works more difficult of access, and less likely to attract the occasional reader. We propose, therefore, to throw together, in a brief summary, the leading principles—especially those supplied by the science itself in its progress—for the solution of the difficulties to which it gave rise in its infancy.

It is not very long ago since geology was a word of no good repute among the friends and advocates of religion; and it is not surprising that it should have been so, when we consider the purposes to which in its infancy it was applied. Voltaire and his school, in their persevering hatred of the Christian name, hailed every auxiliary in their unholy task, whatever might be its character. Whether a statement was true or false, was a matter of very little consequence, provided it remained for the time unanswered, or provoked a laugh against the doctrines or the defenders of Christianity. In the infancy of geology, as has happened in so many other sciences, many particulars were seemingly contradictory of the Mosaic narrative, and of the opinions regarding it then generally received. These were laid hold of, because they seemed likely to answer their purpose. Though some of the points that seemed the most powerful weapons in their hands, are now acknowledged to be so weak and unfounded that no geologist could venture to repeat them with justice to his character, it was not so much the ascertained facts that were at variance with the received opinions, as the theories to which they gave rise. For the real facts, not alone of geology, but of any science, can never be in opposition to the Scripture narrative; because truth can never be contradictory of itself. One volume of the word of God can never contradict the assertions of another. Facts, however disclosed to us, can never be opposed to revelation; but the deductions from those facts, elicited by man's imperfect vision, may. Man sees but a part, and God alone knows how small a part, of the economy of nature. Even that small part, in how imperfect a light is it contemplated, and how difficult to infer therefrom the nature of the whole. The theories of dreaming enthusiasts or speculative visionaries may be, and often are, at variance with God's word, but for these theories, however ingeniously constructed, or eloquently propounded, or universally received, true science is not to be held responsible, nor should religion by them be impugned. Such speculations are opposed to the interests of true science not less than of religion. For science is only a classification of facts. If we begin with a system or a theory before we have a sufficiency of facts, we begin at the wrong end. Instead of inferring the principles of a science from the harmony of judicious and accurate experiments, we accommodate these to our preconceivd theory; we reject them or we distort them from their legitimate tendency, and thus create obstacles in the path of truth which can with difficulty be removed. The more pleasing the theory, the greater the reputation of its author, and the greater the eloquence with which it be propounded, the greater will be its tenure of public opinion, and the slower will be the development of truth. No department of knowledge has had more serious difficulties of this nature to contend with than geology. The first apostles of this science began by theories which were long maintained by the weight of such names as Leibnitz, Burnet, Buffon, Hooke, Werner, and Hutton. Each of these had his own theory for the construction of a world, and the work of Buffon is still read for the beauty of its style, though it has long ceased to be of any weight in philosophy. Each of these systems was the science of its day, and being sanctioned by such illustrious names, it was no ordinary boldness, or sense of duty, that could suggest a doubt or hazard a denial. Yet each passed away and was supplanted in its turn by another, which also had its

brief tenure of public opinion. Will it be said that the principles of this science have even yet acquired consistence? or that the system now generally received is not destined at some future and not remote time to give place to another?

The greatest advance made by geology has been since the commencement of the present century. It has enlisted in its service the aid of many other sciences, such as mineralogy, anatomy, and chemistry; and, prosecuted by such men as Cuvier, Brogniart, Lamarck, Agassiz, it has made more progress than it did for centuries before. The usual method of beginning by a theory was abandoned, and each phenomenon was subjected to a rigorous and searching examination. New views soon began to be developed, and new discoveries made, more especially in the nature of its organic remains. This is the department in which the French school has most distinguished itself, and in which it has left all others immeasurably behind. Such is the accuracy which the study of comparative anatomy is believed to have attained in its application to fossils, that, from the examination of the smallest bone, it professes to decide with certainty on the nature and form of the animal, and to declare the very genus and species to which it once belonged. The value of such an assistant to the geologist will be at once perceived. It has led to some of the most important and wondrous discoveries yet achieved. These men have been assisted by many of our countrymen. We shall mention only the names of Lyell, Phillipps, Smith, Buckland, in England, and Portlock and Griffiths in Ireland. Judging from the progress made for the last thirty years, it would be hard to tell what its advance or condition shall be in as many more. It is not our intention, nor would our limits permit us, to give even an outline of the principles which are now generally admitted. Those who seek information on the subject, would do well to consult the work of Dr. Buckland, in the Bridgewater Treatises, or the more extended details in Lyell's *Principles of Geology*. Our purpose is with the particulars of this science that may seem to be at variance with the Scripture narrative.

In describing the various geological phenomena, we do not of course pretend to have derived our knowledge from any personal examination. We are not of the number of those who have explored the Alpine mountain side, or scaled the cordilleras of the Andes. We have never penetrated the caverned mine, even to the depth of one solitary fathom; nor have we ever sallied forth with the rising sun, with basket on back and hammer in hand, smashing the boulders along our path—much to the amazement and not a little to the amusement of the good, simple, unscientific country folk—to return at the close of day with good store of fossil fish, forbidding indeed to the cravings of our carnal, but furnishing much gratification to our intellectual appetite. Whatever little knowledge we possess of the condition of the material world, we have derived almost exclusively from the labors of others. Their statements are before the public, unquestioned and uncontradicted; we have no reason to suppose, nor are we inclined to believe, that they have asserted any thing untrue.

The difficulties that present themselves to the geological student are principally derived from the distribution of organic life, and the extent of time which seems necessary for its development. We shall endeavor to state these difficulties as clearly, yet as concisely, as we can. We feel that we should be doing an injustice to our cause, and practising an imposition on our readers, were we to conceal any of the geological phenomena, or suppress one tittle of the difficulty which they are supposed to present.

The part of the substance of our globe which man has yet penetrated is not more than the sixteen-thousandth part of the diameter of the earth, that diameter being very nearly eight thousand miles, and the deepest mine ever excavated not reaching more than half-a-mile in a line perpendicular to the surface. If a person were to run his nail along the surface of a ball of wood twelve inches in diameter, he would go deeper in proportion to its size than man has ever done, or probably ever will do, into the earth. It is evident, therefore, that he can know but comparatively little of what is contained or done in the unfathomable and unknown depths beneath him. The small portion to which his observation extends, is found to be a crust foliated like the external coating of an onion—these foliations consisting of strata of different mineral structure, and each containing peculiar organic remains. These are distributed with such regularity that each class of stratified rock has its own peculiar remains. There are no less than twenty principal

forms of stratification, and it is only in one or two, and these the uppermost of all, that any remains resembling those of existing animals are to be found. In the other, and, as they are called, earlier strata, the species, and in most instances the genera, are altogether extinct, and seem to have been extinct before man or any of the existing races of animals appeared upon the earth. It is only in the very uppermost and latest alluvial deposits that any vestiges of man are to be found. Each of these masses of stratified rocks would appear to be the result of aqueous deposition, or, in other words, to be a sediment deposited from water, sometimes salt and sometimes fresh, as may be inferred from its shells, which are sometimes of marine and sometimes of lacustrine formation. It is only rarely that salt and fresh-water shells are mixed up together. Each of these strata (and they are in many instances thousands of yards in thickness) is the result of slow and gradual deposition, for the shells which are found therein would seem to have been formed in the very spot in which they are discovered, some of them being of so frail and delicate a texture, or composed of so many delicate articulations—as, for instance, the enclinites and crinoides,*—or so covered with slender and finely pointed prickles, that they could not survive uninjured the least violence or friction, and would assuredly be broken to pieces if removed by violence to any distance;—and as one generation can be proved to have succeeded another, they must, according to the ordinary laws of production, have required ages to reach their present numbers and immense extent. Such are the contents of the oolitic beds of England. We have still more remarkable instances of this state of things in the beds of the cretacious system. The chalk is found from the Giant's Causeway, along both sides of the Mediterranean, to the very entrance of the Red Sea, interrupted only by a few mountain chains, and is in many places more than three hundred yards in thickness; yet this immense mass has been demonstrated, by Dr. Ehrenberg of Berlin, after long and minute microscopical examination, to be composed almost entirely of the shells of small animalculæ of the infusoria kind. Some of these shells are entire and perfect as when they were tenanted by their diminutive proprietors, but the greater part are in a state of very minute disintegration. They are invisible to the naked eye; indeed so minute are they that more than a million are contained in one cubic inch, and more than ten millions in a pound weight of chalk. The manner in which these minute artificers raised their stupendous work, is very analogous to that of the coral formations of the Red Sea or the Pacific Ocean Who can tell the time these extensive beds occupied in their formation? while—

> "Millions of millions here from age to age,
> With simplest skill and toil unweariable,
> No moment and no movement unimproved,
> Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
> To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound,
> By marvellous structure climbing towards the day."

Yet it is a more remarkable proposition in geology, that, even before these vast formations began, there was animal and vegetable life upon the earth. The very bed of these primeval oceans was, it is said, at some earlier period, dry and solid land, and covered thick with foliage and with verdure, such as not even the banks of the Niger or the Oronoco can equal in luxuriance.—Such it was when the coal beds of England were formed. These beds are exclusively of vegetable origin. The very leaves or branches can still be traced, and the species of tree to which they belonged can still be discerned. These species are found nowhere on the present surface of the globe. Their nearest living types are found only beneath the burning sun and in the vigorous vegetations of the tropics.—Hence it has been inferred that when these forests grew, the climate of England was of a far different and higher temperature than it is at the present day. Nor are these carboniferous beds the result of one period, or of one uninterrupted growth. They are found one above the other, separated by thick beds of sandstone, and sometimes of limestone formation, which contain marine fossils, and which, in any ordinary process, must have been formed by aqueous deposition. These would lead us to suppose that the land which bore this luxuriant vegetable was alternately depressed beneath, and elevated above, the sea. Thus it is that geologists account for the alternating layers of the carboniferous strata. Yet how great a period must, according to all the known laws of nature, be required for such mighty and stupendous revolutions; and these are but a few of the phenomena which the geological structure of the globe exhib-

* One specimen of the crinoides consists of 150,000 minute articulations, yet it is found entire and unbroken.

its to us, and which, no less than any of these, would appear to require a period far greater than the Mosaic record seems at first sight to allow for their production.

The distribution of organic life is also very remarkable. In the very earliest and most ancient rocks no organic remains of any kind are to be met with. The first to be seen are in the upper strata of the silurian system. After a long interval,—which is ascribed to the formation of the old red sandstone, and during which but few fossils are discovered,—we have the umbrageous forests of the carboniferous period, and then the new red sandstone and oolitic beds, which are remarkable for the number and variety of their remains. In these we have the earliest specimens of reptiles, which existed and multiplied in great abundance. Some of these were of a size and form very different from any that exist at the present day. The icthyosaurus is said by Mr. Owen to have presented the external form of a large predatory fish. It resembled the dolphin in the form of its scull, and the crocodile in its formidable jaw and teeth, and had four paddles not unlike those of the whale tribe. The eye of some individuals of this species exceeded in size the head of a man, and the body must have been at least thirty feet in length. The plesiosaurus, without attaining this size, had a neck equal in length to its head and tail together, and equalling in flexibility the body of a serpent. The crocodiles which tenanted the waters of the primeval world would scarcely admit of comparison for a moment with the mightiest gavial of the Ganges. Had man been an inhabitant of the earth at this period, he must have disputed its sovereignty with the megalosaurus, an enormous carnivorous lizard-like animal some fifty feet in length, and with the pterodactylus, one of the most wonderful creatures that ever tenanted this world of ours. It was a flying lizard, with the head and neck of a bird; the eyes were of an enormous size. It had the wings of a bat and the jaws of a crocodile. The iguanodon of a later period differed from the megalosaurus in being a graminivorous animal. It sometimes attained the enormous length of seventy feet. The remains of all these animals are found embedded in the solid rock, thousands of feet below the surface. Subsequent to these, and seemingly when they had all lived and moved, and ceased to exist upon the earth, are found the remains of the mammalia, mostly of extinct, but some of living genera,—the pachydermata, or thick-skinned animals, of which the elephant is a living representative. The paleotherium somewhat resembled a rhinoceros. The living but diminutive types of the animals of this period are now only to be met with in the countries bordering on the equator. The shells of this period also, which are found in great abundance in the Apennines, are equalled in size only by those of the Indian seas. It is, as before observed, only in the very latest formations that any remains of men are found upon the earth. The inference which some would draw from these facts,—and they are, as our scientific readers will immediately perceive, but indiscriminately and hastily selected from the many which geological science furnishes,—is, that the present condition of the earth is, to some extent, at variance with the scriptural record. The period of 6000 years, said to have elapsed since the creation, will not afford time, they say, for the production of such results; nor will the changes which are said to have occurred since then account for the phenomena we witness. The one would not have afforded sufficient time for the formation of the earth, nor the deluge for the destruction and entombment of so many species of organic life, and so deep in the heart of the solid rock. It is not by one sudden convulsion that they were destroyed, for each such division of organic life increased and multiplied and possessed the earth for an indefinite, but long period, and thus passed away before it was succeeded by another.

Such are the leading geological difficulties presented by the scriptural narration of the creation. In applying ourselves to the examination of them, we must carry with us a few preliminary principles.

I. It is impossible not to be struck by the numberless coincidences with the Mosaic account of the creation, which the geological phenomena present. The earliest and most ancient rocks bear on their surface, and in their mineral structure, the evidence of that beginning when the earth was void and empty; and in the total absence of the appearances of life, that once there was darkness upon the face of the abyss. The vast geographical extent of the primary stratified rocks, and the proofs they afford of aqueous deposition, bring to our minds the primeval condition of the globe, when the Spirit of God was abroad,

and the firm earth was divided from the waters of the deep. As we ascend through each successive stratum, we find the remains of life in the very order in which the lawgiver of Israel declared them to have been created. In the carboniferous series, the green herb and the tree yielding fruit according to its kind; in the oolitic group the creeping things that have life in the waters, and the winged fowl that was to fly under the firmament of heaven, and we find they did increase and multiply and fill the earth with multitudinous profusion. As we draw near the tertiary formations, a new class of animal life begins to be discovered; to wit, the mammalia of science, the beasts of the earth according to their kinds, and cattle and things that walk upon the earth; and when these things were done and were seen to be good, a new and a more perfect organization is developed, such as the older earth did not witness, and such as the primary and secondary formations never bore. It is only in the latest diluvial deposits of the tertiary period, and which are the newest on the earth's crust, that the remains of men are to be found. We thus find that science confirms what revelation had previously declared—that the palace was prepared ere the king appeared; that the empire was put in order ere the sovereign was appointed, who was to have dominion over all, and to whom the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the whole earth, and every creeping thing, were to be subject and obey. Cuvier remarks that this order of the succession of organic life is one of the most striking and remarkable phenomena of the geological world. "The books of Moses show us," we quote his own words, "that he had very perfect ideas respecting several of the highest questions of natural philosophy. His cosmogony especially, considered in a purely scientific point of view, is extremely remarkable, inasmuch as the order which he assigns to the different epochs of creation, is precisely the same as that which has been deduced from geological considerations." He also admits, and from the present appearance of the earth it is impossible not to admit, that at some comparatively recent period, it was the scene of some powerful and extensive diluvial action.* The beds of sand, gravel, and rolled pebbles, which in all regions are spread over its surface; the large quantities of marine shells and fishes (often of the same species as now inhabit the neighboring seas) found on the summits of the highest mountains; the scooping out of valleys in horizontal strata; the transporting of large boulders and massive rocks many miles from the hills of which they once formed portions, and which prove, by the abrasion of their sides and angles, that they were borne along by a rushing flood;* the undulating surface of the alluvial strata of every land, which exhibits in most places a delicacy of flexion and outline, as if the waters had but just retreated;—are all convincing proofs that at a period, comparatively recent, the earth was subjected to the action of some mighty torrent, by which its plains were inundated, and its loftiest mountains submerged.

Thus we find that in many important particulars geology and revelation speak the same language. The same narrative told by the ruler of Israel 4000 years ago, is also told in its own expressive and intelligible language by the very earth on which we tread, by every mountain chain, and by every stream that flows onward to the ocean. † This accurate knowledge of the sacred writer, both as to the age and structure of the globe, could not be obtained by any scientific inquiry or personal investigation. He could not have procured it from the wise men of Egypt or Chaldea. He could not obtain it by any known means then in existence, and therefore he could

* "Je pense donc avec MM. de Luc et Dolomieu que s'il y a quelque chose de constaté en géologie, c'est que la surface de notre globe a été victime d'une grande et subite révolution dont la date ne peut remonter beaucoup au-delà de cinq ou six mille ans."

* Fragments of the rocks north of the Canadian lakes are scattered over the United States. Fragments of the Alps are found on the Jura mountains, though the lake of Geneva intervenes. The ruins of the Scandinavian mountains are to be seen on the plains of Prussia and Northern Germany, at the other side of the Baltic; and stones which can be traced to the hills of Cumberland, lie in vast masses on the plains of the southern counties of England.

† The annual increase of the deltas of the Nile, the Ganges, the Mississippi, the Po, the Rhone, and several other rivers, has been nicely calculated, and all the measurements combine to prove that the commencement of their growth cannot be dated further back than five or six thousand years. The same conclusion is come to by the measured annual retreat of the falls of Niagara, consequent on the wasting away of the limestone rock over which it flows.

only have obtained it from God. And if he was divinely guided in any one important statement which he has placed upon the page of his venerable record, shall we say that he is not inspired and divinely led in all? His inspiration in any one particular may be taken as a conclusive proof that he was inspired in every other; and that, however much opposed to many of our geological conclusions his cosmogony may seem to be, more accurate investigation and more enlarged knowledge, will prove that the same Spirit which suggested to him the order of the creation, has not forsaken him in the other details of his narration.

II. The communication of physical truth, or the advancement of science, was no part of the purpose of the sacred writers.—Where they have occasion to mention any natural occurrence, they do not express themselves in the language of the schools. Their words were addressed to a simple, uneducated, pastoral people, and accordingly their language was adapted to their capacity. It is thus they tell us that the sun stood still over against Gibaon, and the moon over the valley of Ajalon. For it is only such an expression that would be understood by those for whom it is intended, and it was thus that Moses, in his account of the creation, employed only the popular language of the time in which he lived. Even if he knew the full particulars of the beginning of things,—and he may have known only so much as he was appointed to communicate,—its declaration was no part of the mission to which he was called. His was a mission of far other and higher excellence than the imparting of physical truth; it was the revealing of God's merciful and wondrous dispensations to men, to deliver the children of Israel from bondage, to rescue them from the corrupting influence of that idolatry which, in the gorgeous fanes of Thebes, enchained the worshippers of Apis and Serapis, and whose voluptuous remembrance followed them into the wilderness, and made them forget, even in sight of Sinai's smoking top, their allegiance to Jehovah. Whatever was not subservient to that object, was alien to his purpose, and was banished from his pages. If he told them how in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth and all their varied adornment, it was because the Egyptian priesthood told them how that earth existed for ever, and had been revolving in ever recurring cycles of life and motion from the fathomless depths of eternity. If he told them how the green herb and flowering tree sprung into existence from the earth, it was because they had seen the dark-faced man of Egypt and of Nubia bend him down before the lotus flower of the Nile. If he told them how beasts and cattle and creeping things were made of old, and sent forth to wander and multiply upon the earth, it was because they had seen them deified and worshipped in gorgeous temples, and honored in many a sanctuary of that land from which they came. To wean them from the worship of Baal and Astarte, they were told that the sun and moon and host of heaven, to whom sacrifice was offered on every mountain top, were appointed as the servants of man by one mightier than they, and placed in the heavens to be *unto him* as signs for seasons, for years and for days; and that the very corporeal frame which they would degrade by their idolatry before the likeness of any graven thing, was that which alone of created nature was made to the image and likeness of God. The object of the Mosaic narrative was moral not physical truth. The writer meant to make his people firm in their faith, not proficients in philosophy.

III. Nor should we forget, in reference to this subject, and when we are called on to reconcile apparently conflicting statements, that it is as likely that opposition may be the result of our ignorance as of our knowledge. We may not be able, with our present information, to explain the seeming contradiction, but it would be rash to conclude that it cannot be explained by any other person, or at any other time. How often has some recently discovered fact, or some long forgotten document brought to light, been a means of reconciling statements which had long been in opposition to one another! How many particulars of the Mosaic narrative, inexplicable by science, a century ago, have been recently confirmed by geology! The Mosaic record is but a chronicle of certain facts relating to a certain purpose, and it by no means excludes the possibility of other facts, perhaps equally important in themselves, though not pertinent to his purpose, having occurred in the interval to which it refers. The book of Genesis affords us but a partial view of the primeval condition of our globe, and we obtain that view through a long and distant perspective; but how many circumstances are there that come not within the line of vision! And

the path of light which reaches us through a vista of six thousand years, leaves much that is dark and unexplored extending immeasurably on every side. Shall we be rash enough to speak as authoritatively as if that vast expanse were accurately and entirely known?

Having premised these few remarks, we shall now return to the consideration of the difficulties presented by geology, some of which we have noticed. For many years these geological phenomena were deemed to be sufficiently accounted for by the Noachian deluge; indeed, some of them have been but just now alluded to by ourselves, as illustrative of that event. Now the proofs of that event, and the phenomena which may be considered as its effects, are confined to the upper strata alone, and to the marks of recent diluvial action which the earth bears upon its surface. But, at least judging by the ordinary laws of natural agency, it is very different with those organic remains which are buried more than a thousand feet deep in the hardest rocks, and which in many instances are covered by overlying strata of a flinty hardness, which no passing flood of waters could possibly penetrate, and particularly a flood of such short duration as that of Noah. Moreover, the effects of this deluge must necessarily have been mechanical. If it produced any chemical effects it could have been but in a very small degree. It would be able to transport large beds of gravel from one region to another; to scoop out deep channels for itself through beds that had previously been horizontal, or to enlarge valleys that had been partially opened before. It might abrade the sharp corners of stones by friction, and make the granite rock, many tons weight, round as the pebble of the running brook. It might sever an island from the mainland to which it was joined, or lower the level of a large tract of country, by transporting elsewhere the clay and sand of which it was in great part composed. But here its effects must end. It might disturb, but not create. It might abrade or denude rocks, but it could not make them. If it created, it could only be by mechanical addition, such as we may suppose to take place in the formation of a bank of sand or gravel. But without supposing preternatural agency, we cannot conceive such power in the Noachian flood as would be sufficient to dissolve or disturb, or affect to any considerable degree, a bed of rock thousands of miles in geographical extent, and thousands of yards in thickness. Besides, if the mineral structure of these rocks, and the organic remains which are included in them, be owing to the action of the deluge, still, considered as a natural agent, it must have dissolved the substances of which they are composed, and then deposited them as a chemical precipitate from the waters which held them in solution: and in the short space of three months which it endured, such a result, on ordinary principles, appears as impossible as the solution of a piece of limestone rock in a bottle of water, in which it is permitted to remain for three months. If we cannot hope for the one, neither can we admit the other. Even if they were dissolved in the waters by which they were overflowed, how does it happen that the fossils should have resisted its influence? The matter of which they are in great part composed has a far greater affinity for water than the stony matter in which they are enveloped; how can we believe that they were preserved uninjured while the more stubborn material was compelled to yield? Again, if the remains of organic life in the various primary and secondary rocks be owing to such a cause, how can we account for their orderly and regular distribution? They are not found in any part of the earth in that confused and disorderly mass to which they would be reduced by such a violent mechanical agitation. Each stratum has its own peculiar fossils. Some of these strata have been broken and disturbed by some powerful subterranean movement, before the incumbent strata were deposited. Many of the fossils are found in the same spot in which they grew. They are all found almost as scientifically arranged, according to their genera and species, throughout the different formations, as they would be in the museum of a naturalist—the most ancient and the extinct species in the lower, the recent and existing species in the upper strata of the earth. Moreover it is evident to any one who has observed the relative positions of the rocks in many of our mountain valleys, that they cannot be owing to one and the same cause. The rocks on the mountain side are generally inclined at a sharp angle to the horizon, while the valley is occupied by a horizontal bed of limestone. The latter must be more modern than the other, because it is incumbent upon it, and cannot be owing to the same cause,—unless we maintain that the early rocks were reduced to a state of disinte-

gration, and then with all its fossils solidified; that after this process was performed, it was upheaved from a horizontal position and fractured by repeated concussions; and then, and not till then, that the limestone was deposited, which is made up of different materials, and contains organic remains altogether distinct from the other; and that all these mighty changes took place in the short space of three months, which the Noachian deluge lasted. We need hardly say that such a supposition seems very difficult to be admitted on the recognized principles of science, and according to the ordinary manner in which the laws of nature are now known to operate.

We have said that upon the recognized principles of science, and according to the *ordinary* laws of nature, the deluge will not account for these phenomena. But we should not forget that the ordinary laws of nature are not always observed. There are circumstances and times in which the Supreme Being deviates from these laws, and for His own wise ends brings into action mighty and energetic powers, which are "not dreamt of in our philosophy." Such there have been at more than one period of the world's history. Is it for us to shorten His arm, or to measure the marvellous works which in His justice, or in His mercy, He may think fit to achieve? The very deluge itself cannot be accounted for by the existing laws that regulate the world, how much less the numberless consequences which such an event must have brought with it, or the physical anomalies which it must have left behind it in its course? How many mighty forces must have operated to produce that one result, which swept away the millions of living men; destroyed, with a few exceptions, every form of animal, it may be of vegetable, existence, and swelled in one tremendous flood over the hills and mountains of the earth. How much of geological derangement and of concussion of the earth's crust, must have taken place when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the cataracts of heaven poured down their rushing flood upon the abodes of men! When such mighty and supernatural causes were called into operation, and such confessedly miraculous powers were employed, it would be difficult as it would be hazardous to say what physical phenomena may not, and could not, have been produced. But yet, while admitting the possibility of these diluvial consequences, many of the advocates and defenders of revelation have been unwilling to rest their cause upon this event alone, and have sought the solution of terrestrial phenomena in other and earlier principles of action. It is quite possible and very probable that many of the sedimentary deposits which have attracted the attention of geologists, were produced by the slow and gradual operation of the laws of nature, during the long period of nearly two thousand years, which elapsed between the creation and the deluge. It is quite possible that many extensive tracts of land that now form parts of our continents, were during this period submerged, and being below the level of the antediluvian ocean, became covered by the deposits, which, on the subsidence of the waters, were found hardened into stone. Great pressure and altered circumstances of temperature will produce results in an incredibly short time, which otherwise would require long periods for their production. Thus a piece of wood which by accident remained immersed in the boiler of a steam engine, and subjected to the enormous pressure exerted by the elastic vapor, was found by professor Liebig to have been almost converted into coal in the space of a few hours.

The great difficulty presented by the phenomena of the geological world, is the amount of time said to be necessary for their production. This difficulty, however, arises in great measure from the supposition that the intensity of the forces in action at present in the earth, is precisely or nearly the same as at the former and earlier periods. This supposition seems to us not only gratuitous, but even opposed to experience. We know, for instance, and are assured on unquestionable and admitted authority, that the duration of human life in the early periods of its existence, was prolonged to almost an incredible extent. There is no law at present known to us which could account for the longevity of the Patriarchs. An individual nine hundred years old, would in our days be looked on not only as a curiosity, but as a miracle, yet such was almost the ordinary duration of human life in its primeval condition. How greatly must the law that regulates the duration and condition of animal existence have altered since then! And if in one instance, why not in many more? Is it not unsafe to measure the period necessary for the production of genera and species in former times, by the same standard which we apply at present? There is no

point more warmly debated by modern geologists, than the question of the identity of the present causes of change upon the earth's surface, with those of the olden time. Yet it is in a great measure on this controverted ground, that the Scriptural difficulties are raised.

Again, should the believing mind, with many eminent geologists of the Italian school, rest on the plain statement and literal words of the inspired narration, what difficulty has it to fear? Should the scriptural student receive the Mosaic statement, as it has so long been received, and say that the earth came such as it is from the hands of its Maker, and that the various and wondrous phenomena of the geological world formed, in the designs of His wise and far-seeing economy, part of the furniture with which it was to be adorned, what inconsistency or inconvenience would it involve? Clearly none. Its Almighty Creator could have done so, if it were His will. He could have His own wise ends, though we may not be able to discover them. The smallest infusoria of the chalk may be intended to show forth His power and glory, albeit that it never had a tenant within its diminutive walls, as perfectly as the scientific geologist who presumes to dictate to Him what His ends and arrangements ought to be, in the formation of the universe. Would it answer no wise ends to teach us humility and distrust of our own powers? would it not be worthy of Him, in his material as in his spiritual dispensations, to lead all understanding captive and make it obedient to His own? Would it be incompatible with His attributes, to try our faith and docility, by inculcating a salutary distrust of ourselves? Is there not some such purpose implied in the words of Scripture: "Mundum tradidit disputationibus eorum ut non cognoscat homo opus, quod operatus est usque ad finem."

While the believer has this principle to rely on, he need fear nothing from the fluctuating systems of Philosophy, if the conflicting, uncertain theories which have been put forward, even in our time, may deserve the name. The Mosaic record has survived the fall of many once popular hypotheses; it is destined to survive the fall of many more. But while the Christian's faith in the veracity of its statements, is firm and unchanging, it is yet permitted him to look abroad over the face of nature, and in its truths and harmonies to contemplate other forms of the Divine power, than what are witnessed there, knowing that the facts which it exhibits to his view, must ever be in accordance with those that God has revealed. It is in this spirit that the best and wisest men have compared the inspired Word with the works which that Word records. From the earliest times the details of the creation have been an interesting subject of inquiry, and the learning and ingenuity of many of the Fathers have been employed in discussing the mode and order in which that creation was achieved. Since the science of geology began to be cultivated, and to occupy so large a share of public attention, this branch of scriptural knowledge has attracted the notice, and enlisted the services, of many of our most able Christian writers. It was matter not only of interest, but of importance, to ascertain how far the book of Genesis will permit us to go to meet the requirements of philosophy. But in proposing to our readers the several interpretations which have been adopted to reconcile geological appearances with the sacred writings, we would impress on them, in conformity with the advice of St. Thomas, not to pin their faith on any. We adopt them only as hypotheses, which the Scripture leaves us at liberty to receive, should the strong evidence of facts (real, not imaginary) render it necessary to deviate from the literal and popular meaning of the account of the work of the six days. Much inconvenience, and not a little of evil has arisen from adhering to mere opinions, however widely received, as if they were part of the deposit of the faith entrusted to us. We know that the opinions of good and wise men, and the universal belief of mankind, before the time of Copernicus, with respect to the relative positions of the parts of our planetary system, did not prevent the reception of his hypothesis, when the advance of scientific knowledge rendered it necessary. And in like manner, the popular belief with respect to the work of the six days, ought not to prevent us from adopting any other supposition not opposed to the Divine word, should the strong evidence of facts, and the advance of sound knowledge render such a change imperative. We shall always hail the progress of real knowledge, and rejoice in the manifestation of the truth.

A third method of reconciling these phenomena with the Mosaic narrative, may be said to date its origin from the time of St. Augustine, if not earlier. Though in one part of his writings he seems of opinion,

that the formation of the world, with all various adornment, was instantaneous, and that the six days were but the successive manifestations of God's works to the heavenly intelligencies; yet in his *City of God*, he suggests that the six days of creation were long periods of time, at the ending of which the earth was subjected to some great change, and became the theatre of some new display of the creative power. This interpretation, which for many centuries lay almost neglected in the pages of the holy father, adverted to, but not approved by the commentators, was by many adopted when the requirements of geology seemed to demand some modification of the previously and popularly received account of the creation. It was adopted by many writers both Protestant and Catholic, and is sufficient to account for the existing appearance of things; and as these periods are undetermined, sufficient time is afforded for any duration which the necessities of geology require, and it has the additional advantage of presenting to us the works of creation in precisely the same order as they are disclosed to us by the succession of strata, and the development of organic life. The only obstacle to its admission seems to be the generally admited acceptation of the word "day," and the difficulty of deviating so far from its ordinary meaning. But we should, at the same time, recollect that the word day is often employed in a wider and more extended signification. It is sometimes, as in Job, applied to express the entire life of man; in other places it means a year. In the very second chapter of Genesis it is used to express the entire time of creation. "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth, *in the day* that the Lord God made the heavens and the earth." This extension of its meaning is employed in several other passages. It is not limited to the duration of a solar day, by the words morning and evening, with which it is said to be synonymous. For there could be no rising or setting of the sun, and therefore, no morning or evening before the sun was made, which was only on the fourth day. There is, therefore, no absolute and insurmountable difficulty in our interpreting the word day to mean a period of time, which was occupied in the production of certain events upon the earth, and which is commensurate with the rise and decline of a definite order of existence upon its surface. This interpretation is able, to a certain extent, to meet all the requirements of geology, and was at one period the most rational and satisfactory solution of the difficulties we encountered, which presented itself to our own minds.*

But we confess that we had always some reluctance to stray so far from the literal meaning of the text. It is true that the word is often used in other significations than a mere solar day, but it is always in a manner that can leave us no doubt as to its real meaning. There is something in the context to define its signification. The morning and evening of the first days of the creation mean the same thing, and are intended to denote the same duration of time, as the morning and evening of the fifth and sixth days. They are used it as it were by anticipation. If Moses meant to express the actual duration of twenty-four hours, what other more precise words could he make use of? Moreover in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, when he is enforcing the Sabbatical precept, he makes no distinction between the days of the week and those of the creation, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy works, but on the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and all things that are in them, and rested on the seventh day, therefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it."

* Nondum exploratum est, utrum sex dies de quibus, Gen. i. est sermo in enarranda rerum creationem sint revera sex dies naturales, an potius, sex indeterminatæ atque indefinitæ, plurium aut dierum aut annorum periodi, patroni hujus posterioris sententiædicunt. 'Si nons olum Philoni Judeo, sed et Clementi Alex. Origeni.' Procopio Gazendi ac presertim Augustino licuit salva fide sex dies creationis allegorice interpretari, ac totum creationis opus momento temporis expletum asserere, si absque temeritatis nota Sanctus Eucherius Lugdunensis, Tonti, Serry, Macedo, Berti aliique eandem sententiam tueri potuerunt, si non admodum difficilem expositionem primi Geneseos capitis, Cajetanus et Melchior Canus impune dederunt, aperte consequitur, nihil obesse quo minus expositio de sex periodis indeterminatis, admittatur, eo magis quod S. Augustinus speciatim doceat, nil temere pronunciandum, circa naturam dierum creationis, sic enim loquitur. De Civ. Dei, lib. i cap. 6. 'Qui dies cujusmodi sint, aut perdifficile nobis, aut etiam impossbile est cogitare, quanto magis dicere?'

"Hanc expositionem quam non pauci ex recentioribus theologis atque interpretibus tuentur, nos neque amplectimus neque respuimus. Hoc unum nobis est in præsentia dicere, ejusmodi sententiam, non *solum salva fide sed etiam absque temeritatis nota* defendi posse."—*Perrone Theologia*, vol. iii. p. 82.

We should suppose it unnecessary to remind our readers that F. Perrone is the professor of theology in the Roman College.

If the meaning were not the same, how could the analogy hold good, or where would be the legality of his inference?

We should therefore be disposed to prefer another interpretation which we perceive to be rapidly gaining ground among Catholic theologians.* According to this supposition, the six days were of ordinary solar duration, and the greater part of the phenomena of geology were produced before they commenced, and during a period which may have elapsed between the beginning, when all things were called forth, from nothing, and the formation of the present order of things, as described in the first chapter of Genesis. It disconnects, in the order of time, the first verse from those that immediately follow, and maintains that a long and to us immeasurable, interval took place between them. The present formation of the earth is related immediately after the creation, but it is not necessary for us to believe that it was immediately consequent thereon. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" is the prelude by which the sacred writer commences his narrative, and in which he vindicates the power and sovereignty of God. But how far that event preceded the events recorded the in next sentence, or how many revolutions of animal and vegetable life may have taken place upon its surface, or by how many dread and fearful convulsions these changes were brought about, it is not given to us to know. Compare the beginning of Genesis with the beginning of the Gospel of St. John, and how striking is the resemblance between them? If the words of the apostle were the only record of the antecedent world that reached our time, if the documents of sacred and profane history were destroyed, would it not be as rational to conclude, that the mission of the Baptist followed immediately or shortly after the beginning there mentioned, as to infer that the work of the six days followed immediately on the creation of the world? If a traveller, with no knowledge of an earlier order of things, and no other document to guide him, were to be cast on the shores of Egypt, and to contemplate for the first time the monuments of the cities of the Nile, and the wondrous achievements of the Pharaohs, would he not be justified infering that these were the works of men who lived before that period, and that the world was older than he was wont to believe? Having obtained sufficient evidence, would he not be justified in disconnecting statements which, in his ignorance, he had supposed to be immediately consequent upon one another? It is no unusual thing in Scripture to have events thus intimately connected in the narrative, which were separated by others, and which occurred only after long and distant intervals; and our Scripture readers will not fail to bring many such to their recollection. The object of the Mosaic narrative, as we before observed, was man. The vicissitudes by which the earth was remotely prepared for his reception, did not immediately appertain to its purpose, and may have been, perhaps, therefore omitted, as it omits any mention of the angelic spirits, of their creation, their attributes, their partial defection, and forfeiture of their glorious inheritance. These are intimately connected with man; they are united in many and close relations with him, and have many important functions to discharge in the Divine economy; yet is there no mention of them in the record of the Divine creations. How much less surprising it is, that Moses should have passed over in silence other less important, and less noble forms of existence, and made no mention of the Iguanodon, and the Pterodactylus, and the Plesiosaurus, or the other monsters of the olden time. The creation of all the constituent parts of the material world, we believe to have been instantaneous; its subsequent organization to have been various and successive,—produced and destroyed at different times, and it may be, for anything that we know, regulated by laws of combination and of motion, different in intensity, if not in kind, from anything now in existence; though this difference can be, with our present knoweledge, nothing more than a conjecture. The simultaneous creation of the constituent parts of the material universe, seems to be declared by the words of Ecclesiastes, "creavit omnia simul," and in the words of the fourth Council of Lateran, held under Innocent III.: "Firma fide credendum est, Deum ab initio temporis, *simul* utramque de nihilo condidisse naturam, spiritualem et corpoream, Angelicam et mundanam." In conformity with this express and solemn, and we should think, decisive declaration, A. Lapide, in his interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, says, "Deus proprie primo die tantum creavit omnia creanda,

* See the *Theses Theologicæ* prefixed to this article.

reliquis vero diebus non creavit sed creata formavit et exornavit." Hence it is that the word which is translated "creavit" is used in the first verse only, and is not met with again until we arrive at the creation of man. This would imply a distinction between the nature of the act described in the first and subsequent verses, and that while the first was a creation from nothing, the other was a making of new forms and combinations out of already existing elements. The commentator now alluded to says, in like manner, with reference to the evoking of light, "Nota hanc lucem proprie non fuisse creatam, quia Deus primo die creavit omnem materiam." The light may have been in existence before this command was issued, and the sun and moon may have been in the vault of heaven before they were bid to shine, and yet can be strictly and truly said to be made for the earth when the specific purpose of illuminating the earth was appointed for them. They may have shone on many a monster of form uncouth, and guided on its way many a creature of former times, and of other conditions of our globe. We know that some luminary must have shone on the forms of organic life which are found in the primitive and secondary strata, for these have the organs of vision as powerfully developed as those of the present time, and we cannot suppose these faculties to have been given by infinite wisdom in vain. But when the earth was being prepared for man, they got another and a nobler purpose; they were made to light and to comfort him, and to be to him as signs for days and for seasons, and for years It is thus that the serpent was made to creep upon its breast because of the fall of man; for that which was its natural condition before then became its punishment. It is thus that God placed His bow in the clouds as a sign to Noah, though it must have been a necessary consequence of the laws of refraction throughout all time; but it was a mere natural phenomenon before, and it became invested with a purpose, and pregnant with a symbolical meaning, to the patriarch and his posterity. It is thus that the sun, moon, and planetary bodies may be considered to be made when they acquired a purpose to fulfil in the natural economy of our globe. They may have existed before, but they did not exist for man.

According to this interpretation, therefore, the following may be considered to have been the order of the creation. In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth; calling forth from nothing the material elements of which they are composed, and in their full integrity the angelic intelligences with which the heavens are filled. The material creation was then subjected to various laws, moulded into various forms, and made to minister to many a purpose hidden from human scrutiny. But in what manner these objects were effected, whether by an instantaneous exercise of power, or, as is more in accordance with the tenor of God's works, by a gradual increase and growth, and by what agency, or the operation of what laws their destruction was in part or entirely effected, and for what immediate end, we have no means of ascertaining; but it is probable that they were a preparation for that yet nobler and more perfect being by which in after times the earth was to be inhabited, and for whose use and benefit the products of even the remotest period were destined. There was no human eye to contemplate the showing forth of the Divine power and wisdom, but there were celestial intelligences to witness and adore, and many a bright spirit and child of God to sing with joy when the foundations of the earth were laid. When the last great series of events, immediately preceding the present order of things, was completed, and the vast globe itself was convulsed to its centre by the power of that Divine command, which went forth, as it shall again, to proclaim that the former things were to be no more, and that all things were to be made new, the relations that existed between it and the planetary orbs became disturbed, the transmission of light impeded, the very luminiferous ether, by whose undulations light is produced, became torpid and inactive; and, as a necessary consequence, there was darkness on the face of the deep, in which earth and sea and the remains of terrestrial and aquatic existence, and every green tree and shrub, were confusedly mixed up together. Then came the creative Spirit, brooding over the face of the waters, and the voice heralding the dawn of our present world: "Let there be light, and there was light," quickening into activity and motion once more that fluid which science has demonstrated to be the medium of light, and to be distinct from any of those heavenly bodies whose influence can impart to it the undulations by which the sensation of light is caused. Hence the

possibility of an evening and a morning on the first day. On the second, God made the firmament or terrestrial atmosphere, by which the waters of the earth are divided from those that are above the earth. On the third day was the separation of land and sea; on the fourth the sun and moon became visible; on the fifth the living and creeping things of the waters, and the winged fowls according to their kind. On the sixth the beasts and cattle of the earth; and when all was completed and seen to be good, God made man to His own image and likeness, and gave him power and dominion over the fowls of the air, the beasts of the earth, and the fishes of the sea.

This is the opinion adopted by Dr. Wiseman.

"Had the Scripture," he says, "allowed no interval between creation and organization, but declared that they were simultaneous, or closely consecutive acts, we should perhaps have stood perplexed between its assertions and modern discoveries. But when, instead of this, it leaves an undecided interval between the two, nay, more, informs us that there was a state of confusion and conflict; of waste and darkness, and a want of a proper basin for the sea, which then would cover first one part of the earth, then another; we may truly say that the geologist reads in these few lines the history of the earth, such as his monuments have recorded it,—a series of disruptions, elevations and dislocations, sudden inroads of the unchained element, entombing successive generations of amphibious animals; calm, but unexpected subsidences of the waters, embalming in their various beds their myriads of aquatic inhabitants; alternations of sea and land and fresh-water lakes; an atmosphere obscured by dense aquatic vapors, which, by gradual absorption in the waters, was cleared away, and produced the pervading mass of calcareous formations, till at length came the last revolution *preparatory for our creation;* when the earth, being now sufficiently broken for that beautiful diversity which God intended to bestow on it, or to produce the landmarks and barriers which His foreseeing counsels had designed, the work of ruin was suspended, save for one more great scourge, and the earth remained in that state of *gloomy prostration* from which it was recalled by the *reproduction* of light, and the subsequent work of the six days' creation."—Vol. i. p. 309.

The omission in this narrative of any thing that had no immediate and necessary connection with its moral purpose, is, in our minds, a special instance of that infinite wisdom which presided over and directed its inspired author. If he had spoken to his people, or to the people, however learned, of his time; or yet more, if he had spoken to the people of modern times, before scientific research had laid bare the secrets of the earth, or the forms of life with which the earth formerly teemed; if he had spoken to them of the paleotherium and the icthyosaurus, those great monsters of the ancient world; if he had had a chapter on the stupendous dimensions of the iguanodon, and a paragraph on the seemingly incongruous properties of the pterodactylus, would the details seem credible to an ignorant and unscientific generation? Would not his history seem to surpass in absurdity the rhapsodies of the Koran, or the institutes of Menu? The very avataras of Buddha, or the transmigrations of Vishnu, would seem more reasonable and more worthy of belief. If Voltaire had found it laid down in Genesis, before science seemed to bear testimony to the fact, that such things formerly existed on the earth, that the vegetation of England was more luxuriant, and its climate warmer than it is now beneath the line; if he had found there one-half of what is now generally admitted, what a rich armory would it not have furnished him for his unholy purposes? It was, therefore, wise—and it argued a more than human prudence in the sacred writer—to pass them over in silence, and to leave them unnoticed and unknown until the persevering zeal of other times revealed them to the world. His narrative, if it did not make known their existence, so neither did it place any impediment to their admission when science was to admit them within its privileged domain.

The supposition which we have advanced with regard to the existence and mutations of the earth during long and to us unknown periods of time, before the work of the six days commenced, is by no means new. It was so believed by some of the most illustrious and most able of the early Christian fathers.* It was, if we mistake

* The following are the words of Origen: "Nos vero consequenter respondebimus, observentes regulam pietatis et dicentes quoniam non tunc primum, cum visibilem istum mundum fecit Deus ceperit operari, sed sicut post corruptionem

not, suggested by Perrerius, in his learned commentaries on Genesis, and has been adopted, as we have just now seen, by Dr. Wiseman, and by the learned editors of the admirable work the *Cursus Completus Sacræ Scripturæ*. It satisfactorily meets all the requirements of science without offering violence to the obvious and literal meaning of the Mosaic narrative. It may be objected to us that the extended period and the remote antiquity to which the creation is thus assigned (if the word antiquity be at all applicable to the measureless extent of duration which the necessary geological time requires), are not in fit accordance with the position which man occupies with respect to it, and it may seem unreasonable to admit that the earth has been for ages the abode of living beings, while man is but lately arrived upon its surface. If the earth was made for him, as we are assured it was, why was he not placed upon it before? The same or a similar objection was made, if our readers recollect, to the truths of astronomical science, when the depths of space were first examined with the telescope, and suns and systems, surpassing in beauty and magnificence even our own, were seen scattered over the fields of space in multitudinous profusion. It was said then, as it is said now, that the diminished position which man was made to occupy in the immensity of God's works, was also a diminishing of the dignity which religion ascribed to him, and was an argument against the fact of his having been redeemed by an incarnate God. Why, it was asked, should the inhabitant of a second or third-rate planet in the solar system, which system is itself but a minute speck in the vast expanse of the created universe, invisible perhaps to the eye of an individual residing in some distant star, be favored by such a wondrous deed of mercy? And were man to rest his claim to that favor, or to rely for the truth of that mystery on his own excellence, or the importance of the position he holds in the scale of creation, it would be an argument conclusive against him. But his claim, if so it can be called, is of a far other kind and derived from a different principle, and becomes so much the stronger as science extends its empire. His title is derived from his own helplessness, on the one hand, and on the other, from the infinite love and mercy of Him who came from heaven to save. If that love could be measured by the standard of human feeling, if it were to save only the nobler being and abandon the less noble to destruction; if it were to be inclined to mercy because of the high qualities of that being towards whom it is exercised, it might be such as man could conceive and estimate, but it would not be the mercy of God. It would not be that mercy of which man knoweth not the height nor depth, nor length nor breadth,—a mercy which left the angels to perish while it redeemed men, which left the ninety-nine sheep in wilderness to seek the poor truant,—it may be the least valuable of the flock, that strayed away; which preferred the dying thief on Calvary to the great and the beautiful and the accomplished that it could have chosen from Jerusalem. The more you diminish man's place in the scale of the Creator's works, and the more science expands that creation in widening circles around him, the more his redemption becomes in harmony with that Creator's attributes, and the deeper and more grateful the impression which is left upon the mind for that love which rescued him from his calamitous doom. The more you prove that there is no measurable proportion between the Redeemer and the redeemed, the more will that redemption be in keeping with the charity which passeth all human understanding, and whose ways we believe to be incomprehensible.

The same concession which we make to the requirements of astronomy with respect to space, it is scarcely fair to refuse to geology with respect to time, when the ascertained facts require that concession. How far soever removed the heavenly bodies may be from our earth, we know not what influence they may exercise in the adjustment and stability of its movements; and though destined to fulfil other objects in the economy of creation, it will still be true to say that they were appointed for the use of men.

hujus erit alius mundus, ita et antequam hic esset, fuisse alios credimus "—*Periarchon*, lib. iii. cap. 5.

Huet, commenting on these words of Origen, says, "Materiam autem a Deo ante mundum creatam, posuerunt Philo, Tatianus, Lactantius, et alii ex qua mundum postea fabricaverit."—*Origeniana*, lib. ii. questio 12.

Compare the words of the Council of Lateran, which state that the material and spiritual worlds were created together, with the following of St. Jerome, lib. i. in Epist. ad Titum. "Sex millia necdum nostri orbis implentur anni et quantas prius æternitates, quanta tempora, quantas sæculorum origines fuisse arbitrandum est, in quibus angeli, Throni, Dominationes ceteræque virtutes servierint Deo et absque temporum vicibus absque mensuris Deo jubente subsisterint."

So also with respect to the requirements of geology, however remote the period at which the globe had its origin; and though the stratification and mineral structure of its surface may have required many successive revolutions and long periods of time for their production, it is still true that they ministered to the purposes of man. This may have been (if even no other immediate or ulterior object was attained) the course and mode adopted to prepare the earth for his use, and comfort and subsistence. The coal which diffuses warmth round his hearth, the glittering gem which lends its charm to the cheek of beauty, the useful and ornamental metals which are necessary for the wants of civilized society, the marble which he employs for his artistic purposes, the stone with which he constructs his dwellings, the limestone with which he fertilizes the earth, nay, the very earth on which he treads, and from which he draws subsistence, were all prepared by long and laborious processes by the agents, animate and inanimate, of God's bountiful providence, and at remote times, when only the far-seeing eye of God could tell for what final purpose they were destined.

We shall not dwell longer on this important subject. We could wish that our limits permitted us to offer a few observations on the subject of central heat, without which our notice must be imperfect. But we think that it is not here that the really serious difficulty is to be met with, and therefore, have the less hesitation in passing it by for the present unnoticed. We have said enough to show that the Mosaic narrative presents no serious, much less insurmountable, impediment to the admission or onward progress of geological science. In its infancy, and when it served to furnish the materials of many a theory to dreaming visionaries, and invest them with the name and semblance of philosophy, it was calculated and deserved to excite hostility, as well as to provoke opposition, from the ill-regulated and illegitimate mode of inquiry which it adopted. The more scientific truth is known, the more perceptible becomes its harmony with that which is revealed. But we should ever bear in mind that the researches of geology can never unfold to us the perfect and uniform system of our globe. It may turn up a page or decipher a sentence in the great book of nature, but it can never spread out the whole (what science is there that can?); and in the part that remains unexplored may not some fossil or phenomenon exist, which would either confirm or unsettle the greater part of what is now admitted as certain. We should, therefore, proceed onward with caution, gladly receiving any addition to our previous stock of information, journeying hopingly and perseveringly, but yet with a salutary diffidence. To take a metaphor from itself, we would say that the progress of geology has been like that of its own formations. In its eocene period, truths and established principles, like the fossil types of the existing order, begin to dawn upon us, and to present themselves the matin harbingers of knowledge. Then comes, slowly and by degrees, the pliocene period, in which these truths and principles present themselves in greater abundance, and of a more decided character. Shall we say that we have yet reached the miocene, in which the ascertained truths are to preponderate over, and exceed in number, the unknown? or can it be that we are yet to see our present systems again exploded, and the human mind, like the Sysiphus of Grecian story, doomed again to the same sad round of toil, and thought, and fruitless investigation? for has it not been said of man, and of the earth on which he treads, "Mundum tradidit disputationibus eorum, ut non cognoscat homo opus quod operatus est Deus ab initio usque ad finem?"

Munificence of a Pole.—An act of great munificence in the cause of humanity, performed by a noble Pole, of Odessa, the Baron de Gryzmala Eulewitz, is worthy of record. Touched by the sufferings of the Jews on the western frontier of Russia, under the ukase which expels them from their homes (one of those imperial measures which the Czar redeems in snuff-boxes), has set out in that direction, with the view of selecting a hundred poor Jew families of the working class, and taking them with him into the province of Kherson—where he has prepared houses for their reception, and will present them with the tools proper to their occupations, and supply their immediate wants.—*Athenæum.*

The Upas Tree.—A living plant of this celebrated tree was recently presented to the Horticultural Society by the East India Company, and is now growing in the Chiswick-garden. It is in perfect health, and, notwithstanding the fables of Dutch travellers, may be approached with safety. It is, however, so virulent a poison, that no prudent person would handle it without proper precaution.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

From the Literary Gazette.

Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon, during the first three years of his Captivity in St. Helena, &c. By Mrs. Abell (late Miss E. Balcombe). Pp. 244. London, J. Murray.

As steel brought into contact with the magnet becomes itself magnetic and attractive, so would it seem has the life of Mrs. Abell become romantic in consequence of contact with that vast impersonation of romance, Napoleon Bonaparte. Pleased should we be to state that it had not also borne a resemblance to his misfortunes; but such, we fear, has been the case, which makes us the more earnest in our recommendation of this volume to the public. By its patronage a balm will be laid to wounds of no slight suffering, and hard for even female fortitude to endure; and it is possible that the auspicious introduction of a fair and accomplished daughter to the musical world may, in some measure, be promoted by the encouragement which talent and virtue so forcibly claim. Tenderly and delicately educated in the house of her father, Mr. Balcombe, the Briars (ill-omened name), where Bonaparte resided for a season, in St. Helena, till his own abode was prepared for his reception, the young girl enjoyed singular opportunities for observing the eclipsed sun; and her frankness and playfulness appear to have made her quite a little companion to divert his sombre reflections and elicit ebullitions of his more natural disposition. No longer the hero, the conqueror, the dictator to prostrate monarchs, the petulance of the child was sometimes the only care of his cabinet, and her reconciliation with him the object of his counsels. The stern warrior softened into the gentlest feeling; and the picture is altogether one of extreme interest, where the slightest traits are as worthy of study as the more elaborate paintings of his historical era.

The *New Monthly Magazine* having already enjoyed the privilege of publishing some of Mrs. Abell's Recollections, we shall endeavor in our selections from the present work to choose what is more *new* than the *New* M. M., though our memory cannot assure us of success.

"Shortly after his arrival, a little girl, Miss Legg, the daughter of a friend, came to visit us at the Briars. The poor child had heard such terrific stories of Bonaparte, that when I told her he was coming up the lawn, she clung to me in an agony of terror. Forgetting my own former fears, I was cruel enough to run out and tell Napoleon of the child's fright, begging him to come into the house. He walked up to her, and, brushing up his hair with his hand, shook his head, making horrible faces, and giving a sort of savage howl. The little girl screamed so violently that mamma was afraid she would go into hysterics, and took her out of the room. Napoleon laughed a good deal at the idea of his being such a bugbear, and would hardly believe me when I told him that I had stood in the same dismay of him. When I made this confession, he tried to frighten me as he had poor little Miss Legg, by brushing up his air, and distorting his features; but he looked more grotesque than horrible, and I only laughed at him. He then (as a last resource) tried the howl, but was equally unsuccessful, and seemed, I thought, a little provoked that he could not frighten me. He said the howl was Cossack; and it certainly was barbarous enough for any thing. He took a good deal of exercise at this period, and was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley and adjacent mountain."—"The emperor in the course of the evening desired a quantity of bijouterie to be brought down to amuse us; and amongst other things the miniatures of the young king of Rome. He seemed gratified and delighted when we expressed our admiration of them. He possessed a great may portraits of young Napoleon. One of them represented him sleeping in his cradle, which was in the form of a helmet of Mars; the banner of France waved over his head, and his tiny right hand supported a small globe. I asked the meaning of these emblems; and Napoleon said he was to be a great warrior, and the globe in his hand signified that he was to rule the world. Another miniature, on a snuff-box, represented the little fellow on his knees before a crucifix, his hands clasped and his eyes raised to heaven. Underneath were these words: 'Je prie le bon Dieu pour mon père, ma mère, et ma patrie.' It was an exquisite thing. Another portrayed him with two lambs, on one of which he was riding, while the other he was decking out with ribbons. The emperor told us these lambs were presented to his son by the inhabitants of Paris. An unwarlike emblem, and perhaps intended as a delicate hint to the emperor to make him a more peaceable citizen than his papa. The paschal lamb, however, is, I believe, the badge on the colors of a distinguished English regiment, and perhaps may be intended to remind the soldier that gentleness and mercy are not inconsistent with the fiercer and more lion-like attributes of his profession. We next saw another drawing, in which the empress Maria Louisa and her son were represented, surrounded by a sort of halo of roses and clouds, which I did not admire quite so much as some of the others. Napoleon then said he was going to show us the portrait of the most beautiful woman in the world, and produced an exquisite miniature of his sister Pauline. Certainly I never saw any thing so perfectly lovely. I could not keep my eyes from it, and told him how enchanted I was

with it. He seemed pleased with my praises, and said it was a proof of taste, for she was perhaps one of the most lovely women that ever existed."—"I have often heard wonder expressed at the extent of Napoleon's information on matters of which he would hardly have been expected to know much. On this occasion, a very clever medical man, after a long conversation with the emperor on the subject of his profession, declared his astonishment to my father at the knowledge he possessed, and the clearness and brilliancy with which he reasoned on it, though his theories were sometimes rather heterodox. Napoleon told him he had no faith whatever in medicine, and that his own remedies were starvation and the warm bath. At the same time he professed a higher opinion of the medical, or rather surgical profession, than of any other. The practice of the law, he said, was too severe an ordeal for poor human nature, adding, that he who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will at last hardly know right from wrong; so it is, he remarked, with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience. Of the church, also (*les ecclésiastiques*), he spoke harshly, saying that too much was expected from its members, and that they became hypocrites in consequence. As to soldiers, they were cut-throats and robbers, and not the less so because they were ready to send a bullet through your head if you told them your opinion of them. But surgeons, he said, are neither too good nor too bad. Their mission is to benefit mankind, not to destroy, mystify, or inflame them against each other; and they have opportunities of studying human nature as well as of acquiring science."—"Napoleon mentioned that he had once ridden a favorite gray charger one hundred and twenty miles in one day. It was to see his mother, who was dangerously ill, and there were no other means of reaching her. The poor animal died in the course of the night. He said that his own power of standing fatigue was immense, and that he could almost live in the saddle. I am afraid to say how many hours he told me once he had remained on horseback, but I remember being much surprised at his powers of endurance."

"I insisted (her birthday fête) on his tasting a piece of birthday cake, which had been sent for that occasion by a friend from England, and who, little knowing the strict surveillance exercised over all those in any way connected with the fallen chief and his adherents, had the cake ornamented with a large eagle; this, unluckily for us, was the subject of much animadversion. I named it to Napoleon as an inducement for him to eat the cake, saying, 'It is the least you can do for getting us into such disgrace.' Having thus induced him to eat a thick slice, he pinched my ear, calling me a saucy simpleton, and galloped away humming, or rather attempting to sing, with his most unmusical voice, 'Vive Henri Quatre.'"—"We found him in the billiard-room, employed looking over some very large maps, and moving about a number of pins, some with red heads, others with black. I asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was fighting over again some of his battles, and that the red-headed pins were meant to represent the English, and the black to indicate the French. One of his chief amusements was going through the evolutions of a lost battle, to see if it were possible by any better manœuvring to have won it."—"Seeing the ex-emperor one day less amiable than usual, and his face very much swollen and inflamed, I inquired the cause, when he told me that Mr. O'Meara had just performed the operation of drawing a tooth, which caused him some pain. I exclaimed, 'What!—you complain of the pain so trifling an operation can give? You, who have passed through battles innumerable, amid storms of bullets whizzing around you, and by some of which you must occasionally have been hit! I am ashamed of you. But, nevertheless, give me the tooth, and I will get it set by Mr. Solomons as an ear-ring, and wear it for your sake.' The idea made him laugh heartily, in spite of his suffering, and caused him to remark, that he thought I should *never* cut my wisdom teeth;—he was always in extra good humor with himself whenever he was guilty of any thing approaching the nature of a witticism.'

"Napoleon was very anxious about hearing any gossip relative to pic-nics, balls, or parties, that took place at St. Helena."

"The emperor asked me one day, whether I was acquainted with Captain Wallis, who commanded the 'Podargus;' and on my replying in the affirmative, he said, somewhat abruptly, 'What does he think of me?' It so happened, that, in the case of this officer, the prejudice against Napoleon (and indeed against every thing French, at that time common to all Englishmen) was sharpened upon the whetstone of painful experience, into the acuteness of rancor and bitter hatred; perhaps the word prejudice is hardly a fit term to apply to that particular mania which then existed,—a feeling which, first instilled into our infant minds by our nurses, 'grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength,' until it fully ripened into that settled jealousy which was but too apparent in all the transactions which took place between the individual inhabitants of the hostile countries. It was, therefore, not without the assistance of all my small stock of girlish assurance that I ventured to answer, 'Oh! he has the most abominable opinion of you in the world; he says you shut him up for ten years in the Temple; and there is no end to the barbarities that he lays to your charge. He declared to us that, on one occasion, they removed him from one cell to another, which had been just vacated by the corpse of a man who had shot himself through the head, and that he met the body on the way. Moreover, his gaolers had

not the decency to wash away the dead man's brains, which had been scattered on the wall, but left them there for the special annoyance of the living occupant. Besides that, he accuses you of nearly starving him: to such an extent did he suffer from want of food, that he and Captain Shaw, a fellow-sufferer, once tore a live duck to pieces, and devoured it like cannibals.' The emperor observed, that it was not to be wondered at that Captain Wallis was so inveterate against him, as he was the lieutenant who, together with Wright, had been convicted of landing spies and brigands in his territories, for which they were afterwards reported to have been murdered by his (the emperor's) orders."—"One Sunday morning, Napoleon came bustling in, and seeing me very earnestly employed reading aloud to my sister, asked what I was so intently engaged upon, and why I looked so much graver than usual. I told him I was learning to repeat the collect for the day, and that if I failed in saying it, my father would be very angry. I remarked, 'I suppose *you* never learnt a collect or any thing religious, for I am told you disbelieve the existence of a God.' He seemed displeased at my observation, and answered, you have been told an untruth; when you are wiser you will understand that no one could doubt the existence of a God.' My mother asked him if he was a predestinarian, as reported. He admitted the truth of the accusation, saying, 'I believe that whatever a man's destiny calls upon him to do, that he must fulfil.'"—"When we saw Napoleon after this (his first) illness, the havoc and change it had made in his appearance was sad to look upon. His face was literally the color of yellow wax, and his cheeks had fallen in pouches on either side his face. His ancles were so swollen that the flesh literally hung over his shoes; he was so weak, that without resting one hand on a table near him, and the other on the shoulder of an attendant, he could not have stood. . . . He, however, rallied from this attack, to pass nearly three more years in hopeless misery; for it became more evident to him that the anticipation in which he indulged (on first coming to St. Helena) of quitting the island, became fainter as health declined and time wore on."

"I recollect exhibiting to Napoleon a caricature of him in the act of climbing a ladder. Each step he ascended represented some vanquished country; at length he was seated astride upon the world. It was a famous toy; and, by a dexterous trick, Napoleon appeared on the contrary side, tumbling down head over heels, and after a perilous descent, alighting on St. Helena. I ought not to have shown him this burlesque on his misfortunes; but at that time I was guilty of every description of mad action, though without any intention of being unkind; still I fear they were often deeply felt. My father, of whom I always stood in awe, heard of my rudeness, and desired me to consider myself under arrest for at least a week; and I was transferred from the drawing-room to a dark cellar, and there left to solitude and repentance."—"I was taken to my cell every morning, and released at night only to go to bed. The emperor's great amusement during that time was to converse with me through my grated window; and he generally succeeded in making me laugh by mimicking my dolorous countenance."—"There was a lady, the wife of an officer in the 66th regiment, a Mrs. Baird, who sung and played very well; among her favorite songs was a monody upon the Duke d'Enghien. I learned this, and sang it to Napoleon one day at Madame Bertrand's. He was pleased with the air, and asked what it was. I showed it to him: there was a vignette on the cover of the music, representing a man standing in a ditch, with a bandage round his eyes, and a lantern tied to his waist; in front of him several soldiers, with their muskets levelled in the act of firing. He asked what it meant. I told him it was intended to represent the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. He looked at the print with great interest, and asked what I knew about it. I told him he was considered the murderer of that illustrious prince. He said, in reply, it was true, he had ordered his execution, for he was a conspirator, and had landed troops in the pay of the Bourbons to assassinate him; and he thought from such a conspiracy, he could not act in a more politic manner than by causing one of their own princes to be put to death, in order the more effectually to deter them from attempting his life again; that the prisoner was tried for having borne arms against the republic, and was executed according to the existing laws; but not, as here represented, in a ditch, and at night. There was nothing secret in the transaction; all was public and open."

With this we conclude our disjointed extracts. The volume is adorned by half a dozen plates from the pencil of Miss Abell, the young lady we have already alluded to as a songstress of sweet and cultivated promise, whom we have heard in private society as a prelude (we were told) to the concert-room. With regard to the author herself, unlike the "Pretty Besse," her namesake of Bethnal Green, whose travels, we believe extended no farther than to Lea and Romford, she has seen more of the world than has fallen to the lot of many women. She has traversed India and South America, not in a search like that of Cœlebs, but in one of a more afflicting nature, and ending not in the happy style of novel *dénouement*. To the sympathy of every feeling heart she is eminently entitled; and on every ground we once more earnestly recommend her book.

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

From the British and Foreign Review.

1. *Choix de Rapports, Opinions et Discours Prononcés à la Tribune Nationale depuis* 1789 *jusqu'à nos jours; recueillis dans un ordre chronologique et historique.* Tom. 1–14. Paris: Alexis Eymery, 1818–1820:
2. *Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution Française, ou Journal des Assemblées Nationales, depuis* 1789 *jusqu'en* 1815. Par P. J. B. Buchez et P. C. Roux. Tom. 1–36. Paris: Paulin, 1834–1838.
3. *Papiers Inédits trouvés chez Robespierre, Saint-Just, Payan, etc., supprimés ou omis par Courtois; précédés du Rapport de ce Député à la Convention Nationale.* Tom. 1, 2, 3. 8vo. Paris: Baudouin Frères, 1828.
4. *Lord Brougham's 'Historical Sketches of Statesmen,'*—article *'Robespierre.'* Third Series. London: C. Knight and Co. 1843.

Exactly half a century has elapsed since the individual who bore the name of Maximilien Robespierre,* commenced that dark journey on which he had sent so many. The time is probably not yet arrived for forming a completely correct estimate of him, and of many others who were actors in the same great drama. The subject is one beset with great and peculiar difficulties; for if Robespierre, instead of his half-century, had "outlived his century," it could hardly be said of him, as of the great poet to whom Johnson applied the words, that "the effects of favor and competition were at an end," that "the tradition of his friendships and his enmities had perished." Even in the case of politicians in ordinary times, to baffled rivals, disappointed suitors, unsatisfied claimants, delinquents justly punished, and unprosperous men of all kinds and degrees, there naturally belong feelings of disappointment, hatred and revenge, so strong that their poison circula es through the veins of successive generations. But, as a politician, Robespierre was far more than ordinarily successful, in times any thing but ordinary. A man who wielded a political power so much superior to that attained by average politicians, could hardly escape from his share of hostile feeling, and, as a natural consequence, the spoken and written expression of it. But although we are not surprised at the obloquy heaped upon his name, we should have expected a more correct estimate of his character than has been furnished recently in this country by such writers as Mr. Carlyle and Lord Brougham.

Mr. Carlyle, while he has striven to elevate Mirabeau into a miracle of genius if not of virtue,—a man thoroughly immoral, intellectually possessed of a few superficial accomplishments, capable indeed of occasional effective bursts of eloquence, but endued with little of the real genius of a statesman,—while he has represented Danton as not unredeemed by some virtues, and possessing much energy and even generosity of character—while he extols the eloquence of Vergniaud and Guadet, though belonging to a party which he deems signally deficient in vigor,—has described Maximilien Robespierre as a "poor sea-green atrabiliar formula of a man; without head, without heart, or any grace, gift, or even vice beyond common, if it were not vanity, astucity, diseased rigor as of a cramp: meant by nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written confession; to chop fruitless shrill logic; to contend and suspect and ineffectually wrestle and wriggle."

"It would be difficult," says Lord Brougham, "to point out within the whole range of history, ancient or modern, any person who played so great a part as Robespierre with so little genius."* But how can a man be said to have little genius, whose speeches went, if not as directly, as surely, to their end as Napoleon's shot,—that end being the attainment of the supreme power of the state, during (to use Lord Brougham's own words) "by far the most critical period of French history in any age?" Indeed Lord Brougham is too great an orator himself to mistake, as some have done, the value of Robespierre's speeches; and the opinion he expresses respecting them seems strangely at variance with the above *dictum* respecting Robespierre's poverty of intellect. Does it then require little genius to produce passages of eloquence possessing, according to Lord Brougham's admission, "merit of the highest order,"—passages of the kind "most surely calculated to awaken, to gratify, to control an assembly deliberating on the actual affairs of

* His name at full was François Maximilien Joseph Isidore Robespierre. He was entered at college and elected to the States-General as *de* Robespierre. But when the *de* fell into bad repute, he dropped it.

* Historical Sketches, Third Series, p. 51.

men?" Does it, in short, require little genius to be capable, as Lord Brougham also admits, of putting forth occasional powers of oratory, unequalled save by Demosthenes? Robespierre may have been, most probably was, a coward; so too was Demosthenes; so too was Cicero, and a boaster besides, which Robespierre was not. He had indeed other qualities, not of a magnanimous nature: but that he was altogether "pusillanimous and vile . . . . beyond most men that ever lived, hateful, selfish, unprincipled, cruel, unscrupulous;" that (though he might be "one of the most execrable") he was "one of the most despicable characters recorded in the annals of our race," are conclusions which we deem to be entirely contrary to evidence.

What did Robespierre accomplish? What were the deeds that made him powerful and what were the deeds that made him hateful?

Among the members of the Constituent Assembly there appeared an obscure advocate of the bar of Arras, of a mean and repulsive aspect, a dimimutive and feeble body, and weak health, with a harsh discordant voice, and slow, hesitating utterance, by name Maximilien Robespierre. The son of an advocate, if possible more obscure than himself, who had quitted France during the infancy of his children, leaving them to be educated by charity, his personal disadvantages were uncompensated by either wealth or connection. Such being the gifts which nature and fortune had bestowed upon him, it was hardly to be expected that the feeble, friendless and obscure advocate of Arras should attract much attention on the stage, until the high-born and the rich, the strong-bodied and the strong-voiced, had strutted there, and fretted out their hour. And assuredly in the drama in which Robespierre had to act, if something beyond mere physical strength and courage had not prevailed, the spirit which once dwelt in that mean and feeble body could not have left behind it so terrible a name. Look at the man, and then turn from him to the patrician Lafayette and Lameth, to the handsome Barbaroux, and the brawny Mirabeau and Danton, and you might say that the chances against him were the world to nothing,—Plantagenet's dukedom to a beggarly denier! But the peculiarity of that small atrabilious-looking man is that he has brains, eyes to see and ears to hear, and above all faith in the truth of what he utters. He is not like many around him, an embodied and living lie, but he believes that the cause which he now advocates is true and will prevail, and he is ready to stand by it, even unto the end. No royal or aristocratic gold can buy him. The man who, when dictator of France, lived in a cabinet-maker's lodging in the Rue St. Honoré,—who, with the disposal of uncounted millions, limited his expenditure to eight shillings a day, and left at his death but a few francs behind him,—could afford to merit the name of "incorruptible."

No man can afford to be honest whose wants exceed his legitimate means; and in so far as honesty is a source of power, and frugality of honesty, the simple habits of Robespierre unquestionably contributed to the establishment of his power. The men who are most affected in this way are orators: a conqueror can do without such aid; but the confidence in, and consequent power of, an orator depend not a little on the belief in his sincerity—in his being perfectly earnest in what he says. Suppose that Mirabeau and Danton were even superior to Robespierre as orators; but suppose at the same time that it was darkly hinted that each of them had his price,* what a sapping of the foundations of power must that have been.

But the reason of Robespierre's pre-eminent power and reputation must be sought for elsewhere than in freedom from pecuniary corruption, for others (though not all) of that terrible Committee were equally careless of money, though he alone had the good fortune to be called the "*incorruptible.*" Lord Brougham thinks (and Garat in his 'Mémoires' had long before given nearly the same explanation) that the reason is to be sought in Robespierre's early perception of the power of the people, or of the multitude overawing the people, and of their love for extreme courses,—in the unhesitating pursuit of one principle, without deviating to suit purposes of expediency, or temporizing to consult prudential views, whether of individual advantage or of public safety,—and in seeing that whoever outbid all others in violence was sure to carry away the favor of the unreflecting multitude.

* Lord Brougham says (Second Series, p 271) that 90,000 francs, paid with promises of more, was Danton's price to the court; and that Montmorin (whose execution he caused) had his receipt for the money. But in his Third Series, p. 78, Lord Brougham says that in the former volume he had expressed himself respecting Danton with a harshness which a more minute study of his conduct and character made him regret.

This view may be correct as far as it goes, but it is a very inadequate explanation of the causes of Robespierre's reputation and power. It is rather applicable to the mushroom popularity of vulgar demagogues, than to the fortunes of the most consummate master of the art of wielding (without millitary aid) the wild forces of a revolution, that has appeared in ancient or modern times.

In the Constituent Assembly, though by no means silent or inactive, Robespierre was far from having attained the influence of Mirabeau and some others. In fact, he was still struggling with the disadvantages of his position,—the obstacles which nature and fortune had thrown in his way; he had not reached the turning-point, after which he might have the full advantage of those gifts which nature had bestowed upon him.

But even there he not unfrequently displayed eloquence of no common kind, in the face of obstacles which it required no common strength of will and perseverance to overcome. For his opinions, being extreme and very decided, and not backed by high birth, place, wealth or reputation, could not fail to appear impertinent to a majority of those to whom they were addressed. He had a trick of saying things which appeared truths to him, but startling and offensive heresies to others. In the debate upon bringing up the Report of the Committee, upon the mode of presenting the constitution to the King on the 1st of September, 1791, Robespierre made a speech, in the course of which, amid "applaudissemens des tribunes publiques, et dans une partie du côté gauche, et murmures dans les autres parties de la salle," he called upon the president to order a deputy near him not to insult him. Lord Brougham's report of what followed differs slightly both from the report in the 'Choix de Rapports' and from that in the 'Histoire Parlementaire.'*

His Lordship does not say whence he took his report, but as the rhetorical effect is better brought out in it, we shall adopt it here, premising that there seems to be some typographical error in calling the deputy Dupont instead of Duport, and that it is not strictly correct to call him "an adherent of the Lameth party," seeing that of the party so called, he (Duport) was the head, Barnave the tongue, and the Lameths, who were soldiers, the hands. The words in italics are so marked in Lord Brougham's report:—

"Duport used insulting gestures* towards him. He calmly said, addressing the chair, 'M. le Président, je vous prie de dire à M. Duport, de ne pas m'insulter, s'il veut rester auprès de moi.' Then turning alternately to Duport and the Lameths, he proceeded; 'Je ne présume pas qu'il existe dans cette assemblée un homme assez *lache*, pour transiger avec la cour sur un article de notre code constitutionnel (all eyes were fixed on the party of Lameth)—assez *perfide*, pour fair proposer par elle des changemens nouveaux, que la pudeur ne lui permettroit pas de proposer lui-même (much applause, and looks again directed towards Duport and the Lameths)—assez *ennemi de la patrie*, peur chercher décréditer la constitution parcequ'elle mettroit quelque borne à son ambition ou à sa cupidité (more applause)—assez *impudent*, pour avour aux yeux de la nation qu'il n'a cherché dans la révolution que des moyens de s'aggrandir et de s'élever. Car, je ne veux regarder certains écrits et certains discours qui pourroient présenter ce sens, que comme l'explosion passagère du dépit déjà expié par le repentir. Non; du moins nous ne serons ni assez stupides, ni

* On the subject of the accuracy of their reports, M. M. Buchez and Roux observe: "We will not exaggerate the difficulties of our task. But silence upon the subject would justify an opinion that it had been supposed sufficient to consult the columns of the 'Moniteur.' It is indeed a common belief that this journal contains the most complete collection of documents concerning the Revolution. Unfortunately the fact is not so. The 'Moniteur' does not even report fully the debates of the National Assembly. When Robespierre is concerned it usually confines itself to saying that he spoke, but that murmurs drowned his voice. Consequently some historians have seriously affirmed that Robespierre was only ridiculous in the Constituent Assembly. In general we have taken from the 'Moniteur' only the narrative of the legislative proceedings. We have been able to extract nothing either from the 'Gazette,' the 'Journal de Paris' or the 'Mercure de France.' We have therefore had occasion to refer for matter to pamphlets (most of them printed secretly and without date). Of these pamphlets we have consulted above a thousand for the period antecedent to the 14th of July 1789. After that time independent newspapers were established, but sets of them are difficult to be met with. Cases are known of some, of which perhaps but two copies exist."—*Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution Française*, tom ii., *Préface*, pp. 3, 4.

* This meets the assertion of some of Duport's friends that he did not say a word to Robespierre.

"*M. Lavie.*—Je jure que M. Duport n'a pas dit un seul mot à M. Robespierre.

"Plusieurs membres placés auprès de M. Duport assurent qu'ils n'ont rien entendu."—*Hist. Parl.*, tom. ii. p 391.

The report in the 'Choix de Rapports' is more dramatic:—

"*M. Lavie.*—C'est une méchanceté, une calomnie; je suis à côté, et je jure que M. Duport ne lui a rien dit.

"*M. Goupil et M. l'abbé Julien.*—C'est une fausseté, c'est un mensonge de M. Robespierre."—*Choix de Rapports*, tom. v, p. 69

assez indifférens, pour consentir à être le jouet éternel de l'intrigue, pour renverser successivement les diverses parties de notre ouvrage au gré de quelques ambitieux.' Then raising his voice,—'Je demande que chacun de vous jure qu'il ne consentira jamais à composer avec le pouvoir exécutif sur aucun article de la constitution sous peine d'être déclaré traître à la nation.' The effect of this speech was electrical, as may well be imagined. The Lameth party had long been on the decline, and this proved their destruction."

It appears from such debates as that which took place on bringing up the Report on Popular Societies on the 29th of September, 1791, when Robespierre defended the clubs in all their extent, as strictly in accordance with the new constitution, that his denunciations were received with cheers by a small party in the Chamber and by the tribunes or stranger's galleries, and with groans or derision by the rest of the Chamber. Towards the close of his speech the following note of the reporter gives an idea of the very active part taken at that time by the public in the deliberations of the Assembly:—"Les applaudissemens d'une partie du côté gauche et des tribunes publiques font perdre les derniers mots prononcés par l'orateur."*

Perhaps the greatest triumph of Robespierre in the Constituent Assembly was the speech he made on his motion of the 16th of May, 1791, "that the members of the present Assembly shall be incapable of being elected members of the next succeeding legislature." It is not supposed that Robespierre's speech carried this motion (what speech ever had such an effect?): in fact the reporters say it would have been carried by acclamation, if M. Thouret had not obtained permission, not without some reluctance on the part of the Assembly, to submit the result of the Committee's deliberations on the subject. But we are informed† that Robespierre's speech was received with loud and repeated cheers, and produced a marked impression on both sides of the Assembly. The journals of the day, while praising the talent he displayed, did not forget to admire the unvarying consistency and sincerity of the speaker.

It is idle to speculate on Robespierre's views in devising this law against re-eligibility. The intentions of so artful and unsocial a man upon this and other points we can never know; but whatever he intended, the effect of the law as it turned out was exceedingly favorable to his power.

It cannot be denied that Robespierre, throughout the Constituent Assembly, was consistent in his zeal for the new doctrine of the sovereignty of the people. He never lost an opportunity of battling for what he conceived to be the popular rights, and sometimes to an extent hardly compatible with the existence of the interests he professed to suppport. Thus in the debate on courts-martial (April 28th, 1790) he even went so far as to demand that they should be composed of an equal number of officers and soldiers. The next step would have been to have every military movement discussed beforehand in an assembly, if not of the whole army, at least composed of deputies representing the whole army, with the commander-in-chief as chairman. Almost every third paragraph of Robespierre's longer speeches concludes with a flourish about humanity, the cause of humanity, and so forth. There may be, indeed, both humanity and courage in standing forward as Turgot did for the poor and weak at a time when, if they cried, there was none to hear, and if they perished, there was none to help. But when Robespierre proclaimed himself their champion, the so-called weak had waxed exceeding strong, and had found out a way to help themselves that looked very promising. Professions of attachment to such poor and oppressed people are at least suspicious. He who has seen boys seek to curry favor with a savage dog at large, by hounding him on others, has seen a fair specimen of the liberty and equality and universal philanthropy of such "friends of humanity" as Robespierre. Not that he was by nature particularly cruel:—it has been said, on the contrary, that he was unusually tender and humane, more than ordinarily averse to the destruction of life; and that he even resigned an office, when an advocate at Arras, on account of his scruples against inflicting the punishment of death. Robespierre himself informs us, that he attempted in vain to obtain the abolition of that punishment in the Constituent Assembly. Lord Brougham relates that "as a boy and a youth he was remarkable for vanity, jealousy, dissimulation and trick, with an invincible obstinacy on all subjects, a selfish-

* Choix de Rapports, tom. v., p. 112.

† See the observations copied from the 'Journal de Paris' (which was at that time in great repute) by the editors of the 'Choix de Rapports,' tom. v., p. 266., note (2).

ness hardly natural, a disposition incapable of forgiving any injury, but a close concealment of his resentment till the occasion arose for gratifying it, and till he dared to show it in safety." Some parts of this description appear to us correct, but it is a mistake to suppose that vanity was a characteristic of Robespierre. One characteristic of a vain man is not to know when to be silent, whereas it has been remarked of Robespierre that he was almost the only Frenchman of his time who possessed that valuable quality. Not vanity, but cold, deep, illimitable pride were characteristics of Robespierre. Vanity is gay and gregarious,—Robespierre was gloomy and solitary: vanity is ostentatious and undoubting,—Robespierre was unostentatious and suspicious: vanity is communicative and infirm of purpose,—Robespierre was inexorable as death and inscrutable as the grave. Mirabeau was a vain man, Lafayette was a vain man, Brissot was a vain man; but we might as well call vanity a leading characteristic of Milton's Satan as of Maximilien Robespierre.

Lord Brougham seems to rely too much on the report of Courtois, though in his observations on a letter there printed, as having been found among the Triumvir's papers, and apparently fabricated by his enemies for the purpose of damaging his character, his Lordship shows that he is aware of the necessity of caution in receiving the evidence of that report. Indeed it is not surprising that the character of Robespierre should be involved in so much mystery, or so much misrepresented, when it is considered that the report was written by those who overthrew him—men who not only destroyed all the papers that might give a favorable view of him, but forged others expressly to blacken him. This renders *suspect* (to use a favorite word of his own, to which he gave a fearful meaning) the whole collection of papers published after his death by the government under the title of 'Papiers de Robespierre,' and it greatly weakens any conclusion unfavorable to him that might have been grounded on some of them. If they had been published in their integrity, they would have thrown a light not only on the springs of his own conduct, but on those of the conduct of others, which will most probably now never be obtained Among them was the correspondence of Napoleon, which Courtois gave up to that adventurer,—one far less honest, not a whit more humane, and finally not much more successful, than Robespierre. Courtois trafficked for a long time in these papers; he gave up a great quantity of letters to their writers. It is said that, during his exile under the restoration, he entered into a negotiation to purchase his return to France at the price of an important correspondence which he still possessed; but the bargain was not completed. "The loss of the papers of Robespierre," observe the editors of the 'Histoire Parlementaire,' "is a great and irreparable loss to history; how many concealed crimes, how many complicated intrigues, how much base adulation lavished on the Jacobin chief by men of every shade who conspired to overthrow him, would have been brought to light by the exact and complete publication of those papers!" *

Upon the whole it is clear that, though Robespierre's efforts did not raise him to any thing like the influence which Mirabeau acquired in the Constituent Assembly, they obtained for him considerable notoriety, and, with that portion of the nation which entertained extreme opinions like his own, a very great degree of reputation. In a letter to him, dated 'Blérancourt, près Noyon, le 19 Août 1790,' which seems to have been the commencement of their acquaintance, Saint-Just says:—"Je ne vous connais pas, mais vous êtes un grand homme. Vous n'êtes point seulement le député d'une province, vous êtes celui de l'humanité et de la République."

Yet notwithstanding the partial success of his efforts in the Constituent Assembly, had Robespierre died then, prematurely, his story would have been "a fragment known to few." But, short though his course was, he lived till he became a prodigy. In the Jacobin Club Robespierre found compensation for his comparative obscurity in the Constituent Assembly. Here the great battle was fought between him and the Girondists, which ended in the destruction of the latter; and in the management of this struggle, Robespierre displayed powers of generalship equal to those of Napoleon against the Austrian generals.

Some of the leaders of the Girondists, and among them Brissot, who may be considered as their head, did not belong to the district of the Gironde. Brissot was the son of a pastry-cook at Chartres, who

* Hist. Parl. tom. xxxiii., p. 168, note.

left him at his death two hundred pounds. * In the course of his life he held various political opinions, which by the year 1791 had settled into a shade of *patriotism* strong enough to secure his election as one of the deputies of the department of Paris in the Legislative Assembly. The shade was not deep enough, however, to please Robespierre; and the praise which Brissot bestowed in his journal, the 'Patriote Français,' upon himself and his friends, "les patriotes par excellence," was sure to displease a man who was in his own own eyes, and in those of not a few others, "le vrai patriote," the patriot of patriots.

Soon after he had ceased to be a legislator, upon the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, Robespierre was appointed to the office of *Public Accuser*. But he soon discovered that he could serve the cause of his country and of mankind at large (as he was fond of expressing it) better by his writings and his speeches at the Jacobin Club than in such an official character as this; and, notwithstanding the pecuniary convenience of the office to a man altogether without private fortune, he resigned it for other occupations.

The question upon which the parties of Robespierre and Brissot first came to an open rupture was that of war. Brissot maintained that a nation which had acquired liberty after so long a slavery needed war to consolidate it, to purify it from the vices of despotism, and to expel from its bosom the men who might corrupt it. "For two years," said he in his speech at the Jacobins, the 16th of December, 1791, "France has tried all pacific means of bringing back the rebels into her bosom; all the attempts have been unsuccessful; they persist in their revolt; the foreign princes persist in supporting them; can we hesitate to attack them? If you wish to destroy at one blow our aristocratic enemies, destroy the army of Coblentz in which they put their trust." On the other hand, Robespierre argued that this was a war, not of one nation or of one king against another, but of all the enemies of the French constitution against the French Revolution; that these enemies were internal and external; and that, it being by no means clear that the French court and the agents of the executive were not to be numbered among the internal enemies, it followed that even the military preparations would throw additional power into hands unfit to be trusted. But supposing war to be unavoidable, he held it to be the best policy for the French not to make, but to receive the attack. These ideas he developed in several speeches at the Jacobin Club, and his views were supported by Danton, Billaud-Varennes and others. At first the discussion was amicable. On the 16th of December 1791, Danton commenced with this compliment to Brissot:—"Vous avez ordonné l'impression de l'excellent discours de M. Brissot, de cet athlète vigoureux de la liberté, de cet homme de qui nous attendons de si grands services et qui ne trompera pas nos espérances." In 1792 the discussion was renewed. On the 2nd of January, Robespierre, after saying that Brissot had always avoided the main point of the question, to raise his own system beside it on a foundation absolutely ruinous, and that he should be as desirous as M. Brissot for a war to extend the dominion of liberty, if he were master of the destinies of France, and could direct its forces and resources according to his will, continued thus:—

"But it is on our peculiar situation that the whole question turns. You have constantly turned away your attention from it, but I have proved that the proposal of war was the result of a plot long formed by the internal enemies of our liberty.....You yourselves admit that the war pleased the emigrants, that it pleased the ministry, the court intriguers."

He then refutes Brissot's argument against want of confidence in the king and his ministers, and thus continues:—

"It belongs to me to explain myself freely on the subject of the ministers, 1st, *Because I am not afraid of being suspected of speculating upon their change, either for myself or my friends;* 2nd, Because I do not desire to see them replaced by others,—convinced that those who aspire to their places would be no better. It is not the ministers that I attack,—it is their principles and their acts."

He proceeds to answer a charge of Brissot's that he had vilified the people by casting doubts on their courage and their love of liberty.

"It is true," he says, "that I cannot flatter the people in order to destroy it, that I am unskilled in the art of leading it to the precipice by paths strewn with flowers; but, on

* This is asserted in his Memoirs, published at Paris (the first two vols. in 1830); and whether that publication be regarded as an authority or not, the statement is most probably rather above than below the truth.

the other hand, it was I who could displease all those who are not of the people by defending, almost alone, the rights of the poorest and most unfortunate citizens against the majority of legislators; it was I who constantly opposed the declaration of rights with all those distinctions calculated upon the proportion of taxes, which left a distance between citizens; it was I who consented to appear exaggerated, obstinate, even proud, in order to be just."

On the 11th of the same month Robespierre made another speech on the war, which all the revolutionary journals, with the exception of the 'Patriote Français,' Brissot's paper, described as "un discours de la plus sublime éloquence." In the course of this speech he said:—

"The intentions of the court being evidently *suspect*, what course was it necessary to take in regard to the proposition of war? To applaud, to adore, to preach confidence, and give millions? No, it was necessary to examine it scrupulously, to penetrate its designs, to foresee their consequences, and to take the measures most proper to counteract them. Such is the spirit in which I have entered into this discussion. To assemble a great force under arms, to canton and encamp the soldiers, in order to lead them more easily to the idolatry of a supreme chief of the army, by occupying them solely with military ideas; to give a great importance and a great authority to the generals judged the most fit to excite the enthusiasm of armed citizens and to serve the court; to augment the executive power, which becomes particularly prominent when it appears to be charged with superintending the defence of the state; to turn the people from the care of their domestic affairs to occupy them with the external security; to ensure the triumph of the cause of royalty, of moderantism, of Machiavelism, the chiefs of which are military practitioners;* thus to prepare for the ministry and their faction the means of extending from day to day their usurpations over the national authority and over liberty,—this is the chief interest of the court and the ministry."

The following passage of this speech is particularly remarkable, as containing, eight months before that event, the doctrines which were afterwards put forth to excuse the September massacres.

"Let the people, awakened, encouraged by the energy of their representatives, resume that attitude which for a moment made all their oppressors tremble; *let us subdue our enemies within; war to conspirators and despotism*, and then let us march against Leopold; let us march against all the tyrants of the earth."

On the 2nd of January Robespierre had said pointedly to Brissot that he did not speculate on a change of ministry, either for himself or his friends. By the 24th of March the Girondist ministry was appointed! Although Brissot had no ostensible place in this, his influence on the composition of the cabinet of March, 1792, say the editors of the 'Histoire Parlementaire,' "est si peu douteuse, que nous allons bientôt la voir disposer de toutes les places et distribuer toutes les faveurs. Il faudra, comme titre de récommandation à un emploi quelconque, avoir écrit ou parlé contre Robespierre. Les charges lucratives seront partagées entre ceux qui auront péroré aux Jacobins pour la guerre d'attaque." (*Tom.* xiii. p. 412.) Some of the newspaper organs of the new ministry also expressed themselves in terms of the most outrageous insolence of Robespierre and his friends, comparing them to a handful of petty tyrants who would be really formidable if they had the courage, as they had the impure morals and the thirst for blood, of Claudius* and Catiline.

This was the commencement of the feud, which ultimately became so deadly, between the Girondists and Robespierre, and so far we do not see that any blame attaches to Robespierre. His views in regard to a war of attack were we think right. Undoubtedly Louis and his ministers were not to be trusted. The conclusions

* "*Praticiens militaires.*" There is great rhetorical art in this transference of a word usually applied to one profession in which it has fallen into bad repute, to another to which the speaker desires to transfer that bad quality. There is a curious letter of Napoleon Buonaparte, on the subject of this very war, written to M. Naudin, *commissaire des guerres*, on the 27th of July, 1792, from Valence, where his regiment appears to have been then stationed, and published for the first time by the editors of the 'Histoire Parlementaire,' (tom. xvii. p. 56), in which he makes the transference of a word with the same effect on the *noblesse de la robe* as that here intended by Robespierre for the *noblesse de l'épée*, he calls the lawyer, "*le brigand à parchemins.*" In this letter Napoleon says he has always been of opinion that there will be no war, and he gives his reasons. The letter is signed "*Buonapartne.*" Perhaps this, as well as other instances of questionable orthography (such as "*ils la meprise*"), is accounted for by the postscript: "Le sang méridional qui coule dans mes veines va avec la rapidité du Rhone, pardonnez donc si vous prenez de la peine à lire mon griffonage."

* It is so in the French—we suppose they mean Clodius.

which Robespierre drew from the particular position of affairs in France at that moment were such as any man of ordinary sagacity would have adopted. But the Girondists were not content with being wrong,—they insisted on those who were right coming over to their opinion, and were exceedingly angry with Robespierre for declining to do so. It was not, as Madame Roland intimates in her letter to Robespierre of August the 25th, 1792, (found among his papers,) solely because Robespierre insisted on considering every one who differed from him on the war question as an enemy to the nation, that he quarrelled finally with the Girondists, but because the Girondists treated him with hostility and insult for differing from them. Collot d'Herbois sided with the Girondists regarding the war of attack,* but that did not prevent Robespierre from afterwards acting with him.

The quarrel thus fully begun, there was no want of materials to feed it into a flame. On the 26th of March an address, presented by Robespierre and attacked by Guadet, produced a violent shock between the 'spiritualists and materialists' of the Club. Robespierre in defending his opinions against Gaudet said: "Alone with my soul, how could I be equal to struggles which are above human strength, if I had not elevated my soul to God? This divine sentiment has been a full compensation to me for all the advantages offered to those who would betray the people." So might have spoken any fanatic.

The Girondists were now determined to make a regular attack upon Robespierre, even in his stronghold, the Jacobin Club. On the 2nd of April Robespierre complained bitterly in the Club of the attacks made upon him by the Girondist journals: he concluded his speech with these words: "Si quelqu'un a des reproches à me faire, je l'attends ici; c'est ici qu'il doit m'accuser, et non dans des piquesniques, dans des sociétés particulières. Y a-t-il quelqu'un? qu'il se lève!" Whereupon M. Real exclaimed: "Oui, moi!"—"Parlez!" said Robespierre with stern brevity. The accusations which M. Real then brought were—what? why "opiniâtreté;" for the charge of exercising a despotism in the Society (as the accuser affirmed that it was certainly involuntary on the part of Robespierre), amounted to nothing more than the despotism of mind over mind, or of mind over matter.

On the 25th of April Brissot and Guadet made long speeches in the Jacobins in favor of themselves and against Robespierre. Guadet exhibited a signal example of that total want of all practical sagacity for which his party was remarkable, by denouncing Robespierre as a man who for the love of his country's liberty ought to impose upon himself the pain of ostracism, ought to exile himself from France, and serve the people by removing himself from their idolatry. Robespierre, in a short reply, said:—

"Doubtless there are in this Society, as throughout France, empirical orators, who under the mask of patriotism conceal their desire of office,—who, in the absence of virtue, have eternally in their mouths the words, people, liberty and philosophy. As to the ostracism to which M. Guadet invites me to submit myself, it would be the height of vanity in me to impose it on myself, for it is the punishment of great men, and it belongs to M. Brissot to be classed among them."

As the time of the sitting was nearly expired, and as, he said, his justification would require more time than remained, he asked the president to permit him to enter upon it at the next sitting. Accordingly, on the 28th, Robespierre in a long speech, which is a masterpiece of rhetorical art, defended himself against the spoken attacks of Brissot and Guadet in the Club, and the printed attacks in their newspapers.

Brissot in his speech had asked what he (Robespierre) had done to entitle him to speak as he did of such philosophers as Condorcet and his friends. In answer to this question, Robespierre first drew a sketch of his services in Artois, where, as he says, being a member of a very small tribunal, he substantially opposed those edicts of Lamoignon to which superior tribunals only opposed forms, and where he alone determined the first electoral assemblies to exercise their right of sovereignty. Then passing to the question of what he had done in the National Assembly, he admitted his inability there to carry measures favorable to liberty, but said he had not on that account exerted himself the less to make the voice of truth heard, preferring "honorable murmurs of disapprobation" to "shameful applause." He contrived to turn in his favor the very charge of obscurity in the Constituent Assembly,

* See 'Hist. Parl.,' tom. xiii. p. 412.

and the fact of his having no seat in the Legislative Assembly.

"You ask me," said he, "what I have done. Oh! a great thing, no doubt. I gave Brissot and Condorcet to France. I said one day to the Constituent Assembly, that in order to impress an august character upon its work, it ought to set the people a grand example of disinterestedness and magnanimity,—that the virtues of the legislators ought to be the first lesson of the citizens; and I proposed to it to decree that none of its members should be capable of being re-elected to the second legislature: this proposition was received with enthusiasm. Without it, perhaps, many among them would have remained in obscurity; and who can say that the choice of the people of Paris might not have called me to the place which is now occupied by Brissot and Condorcet? This action cannot be counted for nothing by M. Brissot, who in the panegyric of his friend, referring to his connexion with d'Alembert and his academical glory, has reproached us with the temerity with which we passed judgment on men whom he called *our masters in patriotism and in liberty*. I should have thought, for my part, that in that art we had no other masters but nature."

The passage in which he refers to the proposal of ostracism is singularly prophetic of his own fate:—

"But what," he says, "is the species of ostracism of which you speak? Is it to renounce every kind of public employment even for the future? If you need securities against me, speak: I undertake to deposit in your hands the authentic and solemn engagement. Is it an undertaking never to raise my voice to defend the principles of the constitution and the rights of the people? With what face dare you propose it to me? Is it a voluntary exile, as M. Guadet has in proper terms announced it? Oh! it is ambitious men and tyrants whom there is need to banish. For me, whither would you that I should withdraw myself? What is the people among whom I should find liberty established? And what despot would grant me an asylum? Ah! we can abandon our country when happy and triumphant; but menaced, but torn to pieces, but oppressed! we cannot fly from it, we must save it or die for it. Heaven, which gave me a soul filled with a passion for liberty, and which ordained that I should be born under domination of tyrants,—heaven, which prolonged my existence to the reign of factions and crimes, calls me perhaps to trace with my blood the path which is to lead my country to happiness and liberty; I accept with transport that pleasant and glorious destiny. Do you exact of me another sacrifice? Yes, there is one which you may yet demand; I offer it to my country; it is that of my reputation. I give it up to you; combine, all of you, to tear it to pieces; unite yourselves to that innumerable crowd of all the enemies of liberty; multiply your periodical libels: I desire not reputation but for the good of my country: if to preserve it I must betray by a guilty silence the cause of truth and of the people, I give it up to you; I give it up to all the feeble and versatile spirits who are the dupes of imposture, to all the wicked who practise that imposture. I shall still have the satisfaction of preferring to their frivolous applauses the approbation of my own conscience and the esteem of all virtuous and enlightened men; supported by it and by truth, I will wait for the slow succor of time. This is my apology: it is no doubt to say what I need not have said. It would be easy for me now to prove to you that I could make an offensive with as much advantage as a defensive war. I only wish to give you a proof of moderation. I offer you peace on the sole conditions which the friends of the country can accept. On these conditions I willingly pardon you all your calumnies."

His earnest disclaimer of all feelings of personal animosity, of all desires but those of the public good, was admirably adapted for his purpose. It was not *he* that had made the present fierce dissension in the Jacobins; *he* indulged in no personal malice; *he* had no personal resentments to gratify; he could embrace Brissot and Guadet and the whole Gironde, but only upon condition that they joined him and the real friends of the Revolution, heart and hand, against the common enemy. Using a bold and singularly characteristic figure, he says "Faites mouvoir horizontalement le glaive des lois pour frapper toutes les têtes des grands conspirateurs."

Whether these offers were sincere or not, they were not accepted. The Girondists widened the breach by renewed attacks, of the unfairness of which Robespierre complained bitterly. The strife was soon renewed, and the result was again the defeat of the Girondists. Then, indeed, when they began really to feel his power, they proceeded to make advances to him. On the 25th of August of this year (1792) Madame Roland wrote him a letter, evidently intended to conciliate him; but it was too late, and Robespierre was not the man to be flattered out of his revenge at any time by either man or woman. Let those who represent him as of a capacity poor and low, and as altogether the creature of circumstances, recollect that nevertheless this man, with such "disproportion between his mischievous propensities and

his power to injure," defeated the Gironde, with all their ministerial power and influence,—defeated them when their power was the greatest; when they had, or appeared to have, the mass of the regular army and even the majority of the national guards on their side.

It has been affirmed that the September massacres were perpetrated for the purpose of securing the election of Robespierre and his partisans for the city of Paris. For this assertion there is no satisfactory evidence. Robespierre's popularity was quite sufficient to have ensured his election if there had been no massacres. At the same time, though it does not appear that he bore a direct part in the instigation of them, the line which he took in discussing them, the manner in which he defended the *commune* of Paris in connexion with these massacres, fully attest his approval of them,—fully establish the fact, that from this time he had passed the Rubicon, had determined on the course which was thenceforth to stamp the Revolution emphatically with the characters of terror and blood.

On the 20th of September, 1792, the National Convention met: on the 21st it opened its deliberations. On the 25th the struggle between the Girondists and Robespierre was commenced in the Convention, by a charge made against him of aiming at the dictatorship; to this he replied at considerable length.

On the 29th of October, Robespierre having said that there was no one in the Assembly who dared to accuse him face to face, Louvet ran to the foot of the tribune, and demanded "la parole pour accuser Robespierre;" he then made a long speech, in the course of which he mentioned a circumstance which would appear to show that Robespierre had even then assumed some of the *insignia* of dictatorship. "In leaving the Electoral Assembly," said Louvet, "I was insulted by Robespierre's gardes-du-corps, those men armed with large bludgeons and sabres, who accompany him almost everywhere." On the 5th of November Robespierre replied in a speech double the length of Louvet's; it was upon the whole a performance of great ability and contained some striking passages. In regard to the old grievance of his popularity and his influence in the Jacobin Club, he said:—

"The majority of the Jacobins rejected your opinions; they were wrong, no doubt. The public was not more favorable to you. What could you conclude from that in your favor? Will you say that I lavished treasures, which I had not, to secure the triumph of principles engraven upon all hearts?"

After answering the question "why he had resigned the place of public accuser and accepted the title of municipal officer," he comes to the subject of the arrests made by the commune of Paris towards the end of August, and he admits that they were illegal, —"as illegal as the Revolution, as the fall of the throne and of the Bastille." He asks if they would have "a revolution without revolution," and he tells them that the men of the Revolution would have a right to say:—

"If you disavow the means which we have employed to conquer, leave us the fruits of victory; take back your constitution and all your ancient laws, but restore to us the price of our sacrifices and our combats; give us back our fellow-citizens, our brothers, our children, who have died for the common cause."

But he exclaims—

"L'univers, la postérité, ne verra dans ces événemens que leur cause sacrée et leur sublime résultat; vous devez les voir comme elles; vous devez les juger, non en juges de paix, mais en hommes d'état et en législateurs du monde; et ne pensez pas que j'aie invoqué ces principes éternels parceque nous avons besoin de couvrir d'un voile quelques actions répréhensibles; non, nous n'avons point failli; j'en jure par le trône renversé, et par la République qui s'élève!"

He then refers to the events of the 2nd of September, in which he denies all participation, asserting that the massacres were the spontaneous act of the people themselves, going to meet the enemy on the frontier, and unwilling to leave their families at the mercy of conspirators. But it is not very easy to see how conspirators in strong places of custody could be dangerous; and it is not pretended that it was the people that put so many of them into the prisons only a few days before. This defence is a lame one, but it is not the principal position which Robespierre takes up in defence of the commune. He argues that the blow only struck the guilty, and he then indulges in a burst of pathos on the supposition that a single innocent person has perished. Towards the conclusion he refers to an allusion in Roland's report on the situation of Paris since the 10th of August, a report which he characterizes as "bien astuci-

eux;" and he breaks out into that memorable apostrophe to Roland:—

"O virtuous man, man exclusively, eternally virtuous, whither would you go by these dark paths! You have tried public opinion; you have stopped short, terrified at the step you yourself have taken: you have done well: nature has not moulded you either for great actions or great attempts [*murmurs*]. I stop here out of regard for you; but another time, examine better the instruments that are put into your hands: you do not know the abominable history of the man of the enigmatical missive; seek it, if you have the courage, in the records of the police. You will one day know what value you ought to attach to the moderation of the enemy whom you sought to destroy."*

Whatever the effect of this speech, the result was a complete triumph for Robespierre, the order of the day having been voted by a very large majority, and his defence ordered to be printed. The result had been looked for with the greatest impatience throughout the capital; numerous patrols traversed the streets; all the posts had been reinforced. On the terrace of the Feuillans there were more national guards than people. "It is strange enough," remarked the 'Patriote Français,' "that the general who all at once has found so many patrols to protect Robespierre, whom nobody threatens, did not find one on the 2nd of September and the following days to save the prisoners whom they were massacreing, and who were under the safeguard of the laws."

Robespierre was received at the Jacobins like a hero returning from a great victory. They praised "his virtue, his integrity, his profound wisdom, his masculine and natural eloquence, also that greatness, that generosity, that forgetfulness of self, which were the marks of his character." But he himself was silent amid all this babble, declining all invitations to give his worshipers any further specimen of that "éloquence mâle et naïve;" probably not including among the thoughts that succeeded each other in his brain, the contemplation of the change which might within the space of a few months come over this wild dream of popular idolatry and unclouded success.

* We have followed the report of this speech in the 'Choix de Rapports;' it differs very slightly from the report in the 'Histoire Parlementaire,' which is from the 'Lettres à mes Commettans.' In the passage relating to Roland, we think the former the clearer from the division of the paragraphs.

On the 3rd of December Robespierre delivered his opinion in the Convention on the question of the King's trial. He was the only one, we believe, except Saint-Just, who got out of the lawyer-like quibble about the Assembly's having a legal power to try the King.

"The Assembly," said Robespierre, "has been led far away from the true question. There is here no trial to make. Louis is not an accused citizen, you are not his judges; you are, you can only be, statesmen and representatives of the nation. You have no sentence to deliver for or against an individual, but a measure of public security to adopt, an act of national providence to exercise. What is the measure which sound policy recommends to cement the rising republic? It is to engrave deeply on the people's hearts a contempt for royalty, and to strike with terror all the King's partisans.....The question has been decided by these words:—Louis has been dethroned for his crimes. Louis denounced the French people as rebels, and called in the arms of his brother tyrants to punish them: victory and the people have decided that he alone was a rebel. Louis then cannot be judged: he is already judged; he is condemned, or the Republic is not acquitted.....If Louis can be tried he may be acquitted, he may be innocent: what do I say! he is presumed to be so till judgment is passed on him. But if Louis is acquitted, if Louis can be presumed innocent, what becomes of the Revolution? If Louis is innocent, all the defenders of liberty become calumniators; all the rebels were the friends of truth and the defenders of oppressed innocence; all the manifestoes of the foreign courts are only legitimate remonstrances against a dominant faction; even the detention of Louis up to this time is an unjust vexation; the federates, the people of Paris, all the patriots of the French empire, are guilty."

After showing that they were confounding the rules of civil law with the principles of the law of nations, and that Louis was to be regarded as a prisoner of war, he proceeds to the question how that prisoner of war should be dealt with.

"To what punishment shall we condemn Louis? The punishment of death is too cruel.—No, says another, life is more cruel still; let him live. Advocates of the King, is it from pity or from cruelty that you wish to withdraw him from the penalty of his crimes? For my part, I abhor the punishment of death, inflicted so unsparingly by your laws, and I have for Louis neither love nor hatred; I hate only his crimes. I asked for the abolition of the punishment of death in the Assembly which you still call Constituent, and it is not my fault if the first principles of reason appeared to it moral and political heresies; but if you never thought of renounc-

ing them in favor of so many unfortunate men whose offences are less theirs than those of the government, by what fatality do you remember them only to plead the cause of the greatest of all criminals? You demand an exception to the punishment of death for him alone who can render it legitimate! Yes, the punishment of death in general is a crime, and for this reason alone, that, according to the indestructible principles of nature, it can be justified only in the cases where it is necessary for the security of individuals or of society; now the public security never calls for it against ordinary offences, because society can always prevent them by other means, and put it out of the power of the guilty to be dangerous: but a dethroned king in the bosom of a Revolution, which is nothing less than cemented by laws, a king whose name alone brings down the plague of war upon the agitated nation,—neither imprisonment nor exile can render his existence a matter of indifference to the public welfare, and this cruel exception to ordinary laws, which justice avows, can only be imputed to the nature of his crimes. I pronounce with regret this fatal truth; but Louis must die, because the country must live. A people at peace, free and respected within and without, might listen to the advice which is given you to be generous; but a people whose liberty is still disputed after so many sacrifices and combats, cannot afford to do so."

Robespierre's speeches on the King's trial have been sometimes mentioned as his highest efforts. They perhaps exhibit more vigor of mind than any of his other speeches, though his fame either for eloquence or rhetorical strategy will not rest upon them. But we think some of his letters to his constituents show a higher and more comprehensive reach of thought than any other of his compositions.

In Robespierre's conduct hitherto there had appeared few of those darker shades of his character which afterwards became so prominent; the insatiable spirit of jealousy and suspicion, which was soon to hurry to the guillotine so many men who had been his friends, had as yet only manifested itself towards those with whom he certainly had never acted in any degree. His defence of the September massacres was on the ground of urgent and inevitable state necessity. His conduct in regard to the King's fate was only that of a man of sound sense and force of character. Those who, having a conquered enemy in their power, do not take effective measures to prevent his being dangerous, bring upon themselves the scorn even of those who profit by their weakness. Royalists, both French and English, are lavish of their scorn as well as hatred for the Girondists; but it is not so with Cromwell and Robespierre,—there may be hatred, but "those who hate them dare not to despise."

Notwithstanding the majority which the Girondists still had in the Convention, the Mountain was more powerful, from its connection with the communes and its influence over the populace. On the 10th of March, 1793, the Revolutionary Tribunal, at first called the *Tribunal Criminel Extraordinaire*, was established. The defection of Dumouriez early in April gave Robespierre an opportunity of attacking the Girondists, by charging them with being the general's accomplices,—a charge which, whether it be considered as proved or not, he managed with such art as to render it a most effective instrument for their destruction. In the course of his speech, delivered in the Convention on the 18th of April, 1793, against the members of the Orleans family, and against Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Brissot, etc., he gave the following powerful summary of the intrigues which he imputes to the Girondists while they were in office,—we can hardly say in power—for, as these events showed, power and office were not then equivalent terms:—

"They have called all the friends of the country agitators, anarchists; they have sometimes even raised up real ones to substantiate this calumny. They have shown themselves adepts in the art of covering their own crimes by imputing them to the people: they have betimes alarmed the citizens with phantoms of an agrarian law; they have separated the interests of the rich from those of the poor; they have offered themselves to the former as their protectors against the sans-culottes; they have drawn to their party all the enemies of equality. Masters of the government and of the disposal of all places, predominant in the tribunals, and in the administrative bodies, depositaries of the public treasure, they have employed all their power to arrest the progress of public spirit, to awaken royalism and to resuscitate aristocracy; they have oppressed the energetic patriots, protected the hypocritical moderates; they have corrupted the people's defenders, one after another; attached to their cause those who showed some talent, and persecuted those whom they could not seduce."

In this speech he said that Lafayette had run almost precisely the same course of perfidy and intrigue as Dumouriez: "He had only forgotten one thing,—to begin like Dumouriez with a success."

When Robespierre left the tribune, Vergniaud immediately took his place there, and began in a calm tone to defend himself against his accuser. "J'oserai répondre à Monsieur Robespierre," he began, but he was interrupted by the "murmures" of the "tribunes publiques."* Again and again he attempted to speak, but in vain: the noise continued. But Vergniaud remained at the tribune, and at last his perseverance and the efforts of the president obtained for him a hearing. He soon fixed the general attention: the facility, the order, the charm of his extempore address, excited the admiration even of his adversaries. He characterized Robespierre's speech as "un roman perfide, artificieusement écrit dans le silence du cabinet," adding, "j'oserai lui répondre sans méditation; je n'ai pas comme lui besoin d'art; il suffit de mon âme." Alas poor Vergniaud!

Vergniaud's eloquence has been much praised. As far as we can judge, we should say that, although he probably possessed much greater facility in extempore reply than Robespierre, he was immeasurably inferior to him in the higher qualities of an orator. His reply on this occasion, viewed merely as a piece of composition, seems to us very inferior to his rival's speech.

On the 12th of April Guadet replied to Robespierre, and he also, like Vergniaud, spoke extempore. It was in the course of his speech, that at the words "votre Danton—" Danton exclaimed, "Ah! tu m'accuses moi! tu ne connais pas ma force," On which Guadet thus continued, "Votre Danton . . . . si toutefois on peut appeler *vôtre* celui qui dans le nombre de ses agens vous place au troisième rang." Who shall say what effect this observation, thus publicly made, may have had on Danton's own fate? Certainly a man like Robespierre was not likely easily to forgive Danton or any body else for classing him in the third rank of his agents. In the course of his speech Guadet pointed at the leading feature of Robespierre's character —suspicion, alluding to a fact as being attested by men whom "Robespierre ne soupçonnera certainement pas, si toutefois il est quelqu'un que Robespierre puisse ne pas soupçonner." The royalist journals had represented Robespierre as saying, "La cour conspire, les généraux conspirent, les directoires conspirent, les tribunaux conspirent, TOUT CONSPIRE."

Lord Brougham bestows very high praise upon the conclusion of Robespierre's address on the 31st of May against the Girondists. While he was proceeding thus—"Non! il faut purger l'armée! Il faut—" Vergniaud impatiently interrupted him with "Concluez donc!" whereupon Robespierre instantly turned on him and continued:—

"Oui! je vais conclure, et contre vous!—contre vous, qui, après la Révolution du 10 Août, avez voulu conduire à l'échafaud ceux qui l'ont faite!—contre vous, qui n'avez cessé de provoquer la destruction de Paris! contre vous, qui avez voulu sauver le tyran!—contre vous, qui avez conspiré avec Dumouriez!—contre vous, qui avez poursuivi avec acharnement les mêmes patriotes dont Dumouriez demandait la tête!—contre vous, dont les vengeances criminelles ont provoqué les mêmes cris d'indignation dont vous voulez faire un crime à ceux qui sont vos victimes! Eh bien! ma conclusion c'est le décret d'accusation contre tous les complices de Dumouriez et contre tous ceux qui ont été désignés par les pétitionnaires!"

Lord Brougham then adds, "The Gironde party were undone," as if their undoing were the immediate effect of Robespierre's oratory; whereas that effect was produced by the armed mob of Paris, not an hundredth part of whom could possibly hear this last peal of the Jacobin thunder, but who had unlimited faith in the "Incorruptible" being their friend, and in the Gironde being their enemies. In fact, the fall of the Girondists was as much produced by pike and artillery as the expulsion of the Five Hundred was by artillery and bayonet. The course of Robespierre's life, which had earned for him the appellation of "incorruptible," joined to the power of mind which could produce such passages as the above, had given him a command of pikes and artillery nearly as effective for the time as the arms which Napoleon's victories afterwards gave him. A man devoid both of judgment and force of character might make as striking a conclusion as that quoted above, but then such a man must not expect to have some twenty heads for his pains.

* The extraordinary license in expressing their opinions and consequent influence which the strangers' galleries had upon the deliberations of the National Assemblies during this Revolution seem almost to afford a ground for the word *tribune* being used in this double and sometimes misleading sense.

The following fact strongly illustrates the anomalous state of things then existing in France. Garat, the minister of the interior, wished to make a last effort to save the lives of his friends the Girondists, and with that view he exerted himself to obtain an interview with Robespierre, convinced (as he informs us in his 'Memoirs') that if Robespierre demanded blood, blood would flow,—that if he demanded it not, no one would dare to demand it. Garat was a minister of state,—Robespierre held no office; yet the minister had nearly as much difficulty in obtaining an interview with the demagogue, as a deputation of Paisley weavers have with a Secretary of State at the present day. Robespierre received the minister at his lodgings at the carpenter's. He was not alone; Chabot, whom he sent to the guillotine not many months after, was with him, and walked about the room during the conversation, says Garat, "souriant toujours à Robespierre, et souriant quelquefois à moi à la dérobée." Garat's arguments had no effect upon Robespierre; and when at last he attempted to obtain his consent that at least his friends should not be tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal,—that tribunal the creation of which they had so much opposed,—Robespierre's only answer was, "Il est assez bon pour eux."

There is little doubt now that Robespierre has borne for a time considerably more than his share of the guilt of the French Revolution; and there is no doubt that there were many men engaged in that Revolution more ready to shed blood and infinitely more devoid of principle than Robespierre. But we do not believe that the French Revolution produced a single man (unless perhaps it might be his successor, Napoleon) more insatiable in his ambition, more implacable in his resentment towards all who stood in the way of that ambition, or more unscrupulous in gratifying that resentment by the destruction of its objects. On the other hand, MM. Buchez and Roux, the editors of the 'Histoire Parlementaire,' assert, that it is impossible to prove by the slightest document that Robespierre participated, either in act or intention, in the excesses of the Terrorists (tom. xxxvi. p. 8). It is true that he did not participate in some of the worst of those excesses: it may be true that he intended the same punishment for the authors of the massacres at Arras and at Cambrai, as he did for Carrier, Collot-d'Herbois and Fouché. It may be also true that, so far from sending Madame Sainte-Amaranthe to the guillotine because she refused to become his mistress, both his opinions and his conduct in regard to women were very far above the standard of his age and country; that his private life was correct,* and that his tastes and habits, while altogether free from the cynical filth and slovenliness of many of his colleagues, were simple and unexpensive; that consequently on the two important points of women and money, his conduct presented a direct contrast to that of the men who murdered him,—men who spent in sumptuous orgies among courtezans the money they obtained from the plunder of their country. In fact it was, we believe, their difference in this branch of morals, joined to their refusal to shape their belief according to his in the question of religion, that determined Robespierre to destroy them, and thereby led to his own destruction. For Robespierre's tyranny, if he had been able to carry it out, would have been perhaps the most intolerable ever known upon earth,—being at once a religious, moral, and political tyranny, uniting the worst intolerance of Puritanism with the despotism of Napoleon. Such a despotism was to be put down at any cost.

But after making all allowance on the account above indicated, and even after making the deduction from the influence of Robespierre in the Committee of Public Safety contended for by MM. Buchez and Roux, the question of fact still remains. When did that course of systematic massacre under legal forms, commonly called the Reign of Terror, commence, and when did it end? On the 27th of July, 1793, Robespierre first took his seat as a member of the Committee of Public Safety. In the course of the next three months came the *levée en masse*, the *loi des suspects*, and the decree declaring the government revolutionary till the peace. From the first institution of the Revolutionary Tribunal on the 17th of August, 1792, to the end of July, 1793, the total number of victims had been fifty-three; from the 1st of August, 1793, to the end of July, 1794, the whole number, exclusive of Robespierre and his accom-

* Lord Brougham thinks the evidence of a connexion between him and a daughter of the family with which he lodged too slight to be relied on. Even were the fact established, it would hardly, considering what the standard of morality then was in France, invalidate the assertion in the text.

plices, was 2581.* We must not forget, however, that Jean Bon-Saint André and Barère had been elected members very shortly before; that Carnot and Prieur (de la Côte d'Or) were added on the 14th of August, and Billaud-Varennes and Collot-d'Herbois on the 6th of September. It is unnecessary to specify Couthon and Saint-Just, who had been appointed at the same time with Barère; for Couthon and Saint-Just may be supposed to have had the same will as Robespierre. Now if Barère, Billaud and Collot had been in the Committee during the time of the guillotine's comparative inactivity, they might fairly claim the inference that the change was the result of Robespierre's election and that of his friends. It is indeed true that they continued in the Committee after Robespierre's death; and even though the shedding of blood increased after he ceased to attend the Committee, yet as it certainly very much diminished at his death, they are entitled to any conclusion that may be thence drawn in their favor. With respect to the assertion that Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, received Robespierre's personal directions regarding the lists of victims, that person expressly denies in his memoir that he had any relation or particular correspondence with Robespierre, Saint-Just, Couthon, Dumas or Coffinhal. The deposition of Sénard too on Fouquier-Tinville's trial, to the effect that Fouquier once said to him, "Patriot or no patriot, when Robespierre has pointed out any one to me, he must die," was contradicted by the testimony of another witness, Daubigny, who declared that he had often heard Sénard tell the same story in the presence of a great number of the prisoners (*détenus*), and that he spoke of the Committee of Public Safety collectively, and not of Robespierre individually, whom he did not name. Upon the whole, we conceive it to be as impossible to prove Robespierre innocent of the blood that was shed, as that he alone was guilty, and Billaud, Barère, and Collot innocent. Though not such a ruffian, he was quite as much a man of blood as they.

When Robespierre, as a member of the Committee of Public Safety, became, through his character and popular influence, the principal member of the executive government, a visible change took place in his conduct in the Convention. From the leader of the opposition, he became the leader of the ministry; from being almost altogether destructive, he became to a certain degree conservative. He had now a majority in the Convention, and therefore the *vox populi vox Dei* was no longer to be sought for out of doors. When a petition, in the name of the forty-eight sections of Paris, "pour exprimer *souverainement* leur vœux," is presented to the Convention, it is no longer supported by Robespierre; it is no longer the voice of the people, but a plot of the aristocrats. It is even broadly hinted that the orator of the deputation, if he be not actually in the pay of the aristocracy, has been expelled from the Jacobins and is a suspicious character. He who had been so furious against Brissot's demand for confidence in a ministry, calls loudly for confidence in the Committee of Public Safety.

We need not enter into any detailed account of the struggle with the Hébertists and Dantonists. Having destroyed them in succession, the question arises, what did Robespierre intend to do next? Our own opinion is that he meant to set up a new religion in France, somewhat analogous to that of Mahomet, the fundamental axiom of which would be, "There is no God but God, and Robespierre is his prophet." But if such were his intention, he made a gross miscalculation both as to the age and part of the world in which he lived. Part of such a scheme would necessarily be to sweep away all those who, either by their opinions or manner of life, formed an obstruction to the execution of his designs.

The festival *de l'Etre Suprême* has been considered as strong evidence that Robespierre was insane—possessed by a reasoning madness—a maniacal vanity which increased with his successes and the facility he found in bending a frantic nation to his will.* The foppery of the sky-blue coat and white silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, of the bouquet of flowers mixed with ears of wheat in his hand, has been com-

* These numbers are taken from an able and carefully written article on Robespierre in the 'Quarterly Review' for 1835, Vol. liv. p. 563. The writer appears to be one of the few persons who have read Robespierre's speeches. He consequently does more justice to him than those who have taken their opinion at second-hand.

* See Mr. Macfarlane's narrative in the 'Pictorial History of the Reign of George III.,' Vol. iii. p 430, etc. But Mr. Macfarlane's view of the character of Robespierre appears to us to be on the whole more just than that either of Mr. Carlyle or of Lord Brougham.

pared to the exhibition of Masaniello on his beautiful charger, in scarlet raiment and with gold chains round his neck. But human madness is a mystery which human plummet has never sounded and probably never will sound. Who shall trace out the course of the boundary line that divides the insane from the sane in any man? Who shall for ever guard the entrance of his brain against the drunkenness of over-gorged success on one side, or against the paralysis of defeated counsels and perished hopes on another? Who shall give unbroken coherence, undeviating consistency, to the many trains of thought, to the many moods of mind, that make up man's little life? Who shall say of himself or of another, that he is not "such stuff as dreams are made of?" There is, it is true, a remarkable adherence to what in England is called good sense, in a Cromwell and a Washington, under a prosperity not easy to bear with even mind. On the other hand, the greatest man of all antiquity prizes his laurel crown more because it conceals his bald forehead, than because it is the symbol of achievements that had given him dominion over the rulers of mankind. And did not the successor of Robespierre, the man who followed that "bald first Cæsar," though with unequal stops,—did not Napoleon Buonaparte, only a few years after this exhibition of Robespierre's, get up exhibitions, with the aid too of Robespierre's artist, the painter David, which only differed from Robespierre's in substituting a military uniform for the sky-blue coat and white silk waistcoat, and a marshal's baton for the bouquet of flowers? There was also the resemblance between Napoleon's ceremony and Robespierre's, that Augereau and others of the former's generals had as much distaste for the Napoleon catholic festival as Billaud-Varennes and others had for the Robespierre *Etre Suprême* festival. But Napoleon had a logic, to set at rest all doubts, which Robespierre was not possessed of. The sum of the matter is, that as no logic but such as Napoleon wielded will enable one man to make other men so much as *profess* his particular opinions, Robespierre had now got upon exceedingly dangerous ground; but to say that he was therefore absolutely insane, is far more than we feel disposed. He was no doubt intoxicated with his success, as great (if not greater), considering the respective means, as Napoleon afterwards attained. But the grand mistake which he made, and which led immediately to his destruction, was his supposing that he could do more by talking or speech-making than speech-making is capable of doing. But for this it is possible that the whole subsequent course of the French Revolution might have been altered,—that Revolution terminating in the sway of a civil instead of a military dictator.

It is not surprising that the height at which Robespierre now stood should make him giddy,—that the difficulties he had overcome in climbing to that height should make him confident. Obstacle after obstable, foe after foe, rival after rival, Lameths, Lafayettes, Girondists, Hébertists, Dantonists, had in turn been swept from the path of the all-successful advocate of Arras. It was natural enough for him to suppose that he could deal with all future foes as he had dealt with all past,—send them to the guillotine. We do not see the slightest evidence for saying with Lord Brougham, that such was Robespierre's nature, that he would have killed, if he dared, the competitors for a college prize or a school reward as remorselessly as he afterwards exterminated Brissot, Hébert, and Danton, when they crossed the path of his ambition. But success—extraordinary and uninterrupted—at an *early* period of life, and its consequences, the almost unlimited submission of all around him to his will, had produced the same effect upon him as too much power produced upon Henry VIII. As the latter beheaded Sir Thomas More because he would not turn Protestant, so Robespierre appears to have wished to behead Billaud-Varennes, Collot-d'Herbois, Barère, Tallien, and others, because they would not adopt his speculative notions about the *Etre Suprême*. "This Robespierre is insatiable," exclaimed Barère one day on quitting the Jacobins, after hearing one of the Triumvir's sweeping denunciations, "because we cannot do all he wishes, he must seek to destroy us all."

Two days after the *fête de l'Etre Suprême*, namely on the 10th of June, Couthon brought forward a new law, drawn up by Robespierre himself, remodelling the Revolutionary Tribunal, and by which all former laws on the same subject were repealed. Among the number was one by which the Convention had reserved to itself the exclusive right of accusing its own members before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The proposed new law exposed the members of

the Convention to be dealt with in a very summary manner by those who had the direction of the Committee of Public Safety. When, however, some members of the Convention detected this, Robespierre and his satellite Couthon protested in the strongest terms against there being any such ulterior intention in the framing of the law. On the same day, as soon as Robespierre entered the Committee of Public Safety, Billaud-Varennes attacked him fiercely, accusing him of wishing to guillotine the whole National Convention. Robespierre in his rage spoke so loud and with such violence, that several citizens collected on the terrace of the Tuileries and it was necessary to close the window. After this he absented himself for six weeks from both the Committee and the Convention, and became very assiduous in his attendance at the Jacobins,—whether with the sole purpose (as his admirers the editors of the 'Histoire Parlementaire' intimate) of exalting "le sentiment moral," or of exalting himself to the sovereign power, and all his rivals to the guillotine, let the reader judge.

At last on the 8th Thermidor (the 26th July, 1794), Robespierre appeared in the tribune of the Convention, and delivered his last speech,—that speech which Cambacères described to Napoleon as "tout rempli des plus grandes beautés," and which Lord Brougham thinks not unworthy of being compared even with some of the greatest efforts of the greatest orator of all antiquity—ay the greatest of all time.

"It is a production," observes his Lordship, "of the highest merit, and manifestly elaborated with extraordinary care as well as skill in oratory. The passage respecting the fête in honor of the Supreme Being is, for a popular assembly, perhaps too splendid, and might be deemed exaggerated; but the taste of the speech generally is correct and severe. That he had in various passages the masterpieces of the ancient orators in his mind, can admit of no doubt; but there is nothing to be seen like servile imitation; and even in the instance which most reminds us of the original ('Non! nous n'avons pas été trop sévères! J'en atteste la république qui respire! J'en atteste la représentation nationale environée du respect dû à la représentation d'un grand peuple!' and ending with 'On parle de notre rigueur, et la patrie nous reproche notre faiblesse'), we find nothing nauseous in the imitation, but so fruitful a series of illustrations from the actual state of things, that all notion of pedantic recourse to Demosthenes is put to flight. There is also throughout the speech a tone of deep feeling which was not natural to the speaker, and probably was awakened by the peculiarity of his unprecedented position and the extreme singularity of the crisis in which he spoke."

In this speech Robespierre says, that when he saw the multitude of vices which the torrent of the Revolution had rolled pêle-mêle along with the civic virtues, he sometimes trembled lest he might be sullied in the eyes of posterity by the impure contact of those perverse men who were mixed up with the sincere defenders of humanity. He might indeed have trembled could he have foreseen, that those men would send his body to the guillotine and his name to posterity loaded with the weight of their crimes as well as his own. He repeats the same idea in nearly the same words further on, and ends with these words:—"No, Chaumette, no, death is not an eternal sleep! . . . Citizens, efface from the tombs that maxim engraved by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funereal crape over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence and insults death; rather engrave there in its place: *death is the commencement of immortality.*" He said too, that if he fell in this struggle he should leave to his destroyers the legacy of opprobrium and death.

It would seem from the whole tone of this speech, that Robespierre considered himself as now engaged in a mortal struggle—a struggle very different from those in which he had defeated former antagonists. However, we are inclined to believe that the expressions of despondency scattered through this speech, as well as those attributed to him the same day after reading his discourse of the morning at the Jacobins (such as that it was his last will and testament, that the league of the wicked was too strong for him to escape), were a rhetorical artifice and did not represent the real state of his mind. Toulongeon relates that Robespierre, when he went home that evening, spoke quietly of the debates of the morning, and said: "I expect nothing more from the Mountain; they wish to rid themselves of me as a tyrant; but the mass of the Assembly will hear me." In the morning of the 9th Thermidor (27th July), before he went to the Committee, Duplay, his landlord, once the carpenter, now the "patriot Duplay," and one of the jurymen of the Revolutionary Tribunal, spoke to him with much anxiety of the dangers which awaited him, and pressed the necessity of taking precautions. Ro-

bespierre answered: "The mass of the Convention is pure; there is nothing to fear." Buonarotti had this in prison from the mouth of Duplay himself.

It is strange that a man so suspicious as Robespierre should not have foreseen the plot that was to destroy him so soon. He must have observed extremely ominous signs in the general reception of his last harangue on the preceding day; and those members of the Convention who knew that they must either destroy Robespierre or be destroyed by him, were busily employed during the whole night between the 8th and 9th Thermidor in bringing over to their side that mass of the Convention upon which Robespierre seemed to rely. The genius of the Dictator had in fact deserted him; or rather it had done its work, and another kind of genius was wanted for what was now to be done. And yet if he had reflected on what his position had been when he overthrew the Girondists he might have seen that, had he then not brought a force to bear upon the Assembly from without, he and not the Girondists, must have fallen. His course was now clear,—it was no longer a time for talking, but for prompt and energetic action. The Jacobins and the commune of Paris were his; Henriot, the commandant-general of the national guard of Paris, was ready to die for him. Henriot, it is true, was not a man of head; but there was no man of head to oppose to him, and he had been found sufficient in the case of the Girondists. But instead of giving instructions to Henriot to march his troops and surround the Convention with the cannoniers of Paris, he went to the assembly with a foolish notion of more speech-making and drivelling about respect for the laws. His voice was drowned in the shouts of his enemies vociferating "à bas, à bas le tyran!" It was an open rebellion, with nothing to oppose it but the unheard voices of himself and his brother Augustin, and his adherents Saint-Just, Couthon and Lebas; he was like a general who has allowed himself to be surprised, or rather like a wild beast taken in the toils; for in this his last struggle he showed no want of courage, making such violent and determined efforts to be heard, that Fréron exclaimed, "Ah! qu'un tyran est dur à abattre!" But vain were those convulsive struggles: "*Pour la dernière fois, president d'assassins, je te demande la parole.*" And when at length he had exhausted himself by repeated efforts, Garnier de l'Aube exclaimed, "The blood of Danton is choking him." And truly the same measure which he had meted out to Danton, vainly demanding to speak "for life and honor," was now to be meted out to him.

In the twilight of that July day (the 27th), in the year 1794, the Place de Grève (which to him who treads it with a competent knowledge of the past, is alive with so many memories) presented a busy and eventful scene. Hackney coaches arrived bringing Robespierre and his friends from the five different prisons to which they had been conveyed, and from which they had again been liberated by the power of the council-general of the commune. Some of the section battalions and some of the cannoniers came also; and the latter, posting themselves round the Hôtel-de-Ville and turning the mouths of their guns so as to command the approaches, stood by them with lighted matches.

Within that building, at his last council, sat the Jacobin chief with an anxious uneasy look, the sallow hue usually spread over his repulsive countenance deepened by the agitation of his mind. Beside him sat a young man, the almost feminine softness and regularity of whose fine features formed a strange contrast with his character,—stern, daring, and cruel as that of Claverhouse* or Sylla. It was Saint-Just,—that strange, sombre young fanatic, whose fanaticism was at once so strong and so cold-blooded, so sincere and so unscrupulous. Even in that moment of impending fate his countenance preserved its usual impassive serenity, his pulse its regular beat; the imminence of the peril had not deprived him of the power of making the most collected exertion of his mind. And if he had had the lead for that night, perhaps the result might have been different; for both he and the younger Robespierre had acted in the field with the armies which they superintended as commissioners (where indeed the younger Robespierre had been the friend of Napoleon Bonaparte, then an officer in the army of Nice), and had acquired something of military promptitude and decision. Even yet it may not be too late: now is the time—now—now! The alternative is a felon's death, or a dominion more absolute than the Cæsars'. Surely

* Among Saint-Just's papers was found a sentiment similar to that which Sir Walter Scott ascribes to Claverhouse,—that no great man ought to die in his bed. This element of greatness he secured to himself.

the difference is worth an effort,—and if it fail, it is but death at last! But that effort the adroit speech-maker cannot make: the quality that can make such efforts succeed is not his. If he had but a man instead of a drunken ruffian to work his guns, they might still, if well served, blow the opposition into the air. But the hour is past,—the tide has turned for ever for Maximilien Robespierre and his fortunes!

It has been said, and we think not without grounds, that Robespierre had serious thoughts of closing the Reign of Terror with the execution of that last batch of his colleagues which included the most bloodthirsty ruffians produced in the whole course of the Revolution. The opposition which (as he states in his last speech) he made to his colleagues' proposal of a decree of accusation against the sixty-two imprisoned members of the Convention, favors the supposition that he meant to release those deputies, to strengthen himself in carrying out some plan in which he was likely to be opposed by his present colleagues in the Committees. And Napoleon, who believed that Robespierre was an honest fanatic, told Mr. O'Meara,* that he had himself seen letters from Robespierre to his brother, then representing the people with the army of Nice, which proved his determination to bring the Reign of Terror to an end. That he was cut off in the midst of some such plan, which he wanted nerve to execute, Lord Brougham thinks highly probable; and certainly his hostile designs against Billaud and Collot are not inconsistent with such a plan, since it would probably have been quite impracticable with such sanguinary colleagues as they. It appears, however, very doubtful whether any amount of nerve in Robespierre himself, with such a commandant-general of the guard of Paris as Henriot under him, would have sufficed. If he could have placed Napoleon Bonaparte in the place of Henriot, though but for twenty-four hours, he would assuredly have been dictator of France for some time longer. Billaud and Collot and Barère and Tallien, Vadier, Bourdon (de l'Oise), Léonard Bourdon and others, would have gone to the guillotine instead of himself and his brother and Saint-Just. But even then, had he by the aid of such a military commandant as Bonaparte survived the bloody turmoil of contending factions and exercised his power in a calmer atmosphere, how long would he have done so? How long would it have been before he must have given place to a logic more irresistible than his own,—that of the successful soldier, whom the same wars that helped him to retain his power had rendered all-powerful?

In an age of cant any man's moral character is a difficult topic;—that of a man like Robespierre is also perhaps a dangerous one. Yet why should we not do what lies in our power to strip off false colorings and get at truth? Lord Brougham says justly that Robespierre is a name at which men still shudder. It is indeed a name encircled with a haze of blood, which frightens the multitude and confuses the vision even of some who would not reckon themselves of the multitude.

But it is not necessary in explaining Robespierre's character to regard him as a monster,—that is, as a human being out of the course of nature. The French people were driven, by revolutionary excitement and wild fears of counter-revolution, into a state of phrenzy. When people are in such a state, it is useless to talk of acting with moderation. The first intemperate act produces a state of mind and body resembling that of men who have stormed a town and are proceeding to sack it. In that boiling state of the blood things at other times the most sacred lose their sanctity, human life becomes a commodity of small value, blood is poured forth like water. In this state the leaders, having abundantly used against those whom they viewed as the mortal enemies of their cause, the last punishment which man can inflict on man—death—easily fell into the habit of viewing milder punishments as inefficient. An ancient deadly enemy is not hated with a more fatal hatred than an ancient friend turned rival. Robespierre, it is said, was by nature, above other men, a man of blood. He was, let it be granted, proud, reserved, revengeful, ambitious, overvaluing himself, undervaluing others, using them but as tools to be cast aside when done with. How many English politicians are there, without distinction of party, who are all this, and more and worse than all this, and yet bear not an execrated name like his, nor leave be-

* Whose authority, Lord Brougham says, is wholly unimpeachable. His Lordship adds in a note, "I happen to know facts unknown to Mr O'Meara when he was writing Napoleon's allusions to those same facts, *e. g.* Secret Negotiations with Spain in 1806; and thus those allusions were to him unintelligible."—*Sketches*, vol. iii. p. 68, *note*.

hind them like him a scorched and blackened memory! But he had "cast away all regard to principle" and was "callous to all human feelings." And yet the man had faith—"believed every word he uttered;" and for principle, all the wealth and luxury of the world could not shake his honesty; and for feeling, his poor landlord, the carpenter "in the Rue St. Honoré, loved him,—his brother died for him." Ay, shower reproaches on the man of blood, but remember that he was not a quack, that he was not a liar, that he was not a renegade!

But, independently either of intellectual or moral considerations, Robespierre, that is to say the mere existence of the individual so called, was not only a great, but a singular fact. It stands alone, with nothing like to it. In the course of the world's history three men have stood out pre-eminent among mankind for the vast power which they acquired by their abilities,—Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte. But those abilities were exerted from a certain vantage-ground: their minds and wills did not come into direct and immediate collision with the minds and wills of other men. There was an intermediate link, a connecting medium, which took from the operation the simple character of the action of mind upon mind, mixing up instead thereof some what of the action of matter upon mind, and rendering thereby their logic irresistible. But in the ancient and modern world there has appeared but one man, who, without their vantage-ground, attained for a season a power comparable to theirs. Robespierre's power in the Convention, though not quite equal to Cromwell's in his parliament, and to Napoleon's in his, was as great as Cæsar's in the senate. He was obliged to go by a somewhat more circuitous way to his end than a despot of the miltary kind, but he did not the less surely reach that end; for it was death to obstruct his path. To contradict him in any thing became at last as dangerous as it was to contradict Henry VIII. in an argument on the respective merits of Catholicism and Protestantism. There is no other instance, we believe, of such power having been attained by mere political and rhetorical ability. Demosthenes was but the minister of the Athenian people,—Cicero that of the Roman oligarchy: but Robespierre was not the man, but the master. He was not so much the servant of the French people as (strange though the phrase may sound) the French people itself. Robespierre once said in his speech in the Jacobins, on the 28th of April, 1792), "Je ne suis ni le courtisan, ni le modérateur, ni le tribun, ni le défenseur du peuple!—je suis peuple moi-même." But in April, 1794, he might have inserted the definite article and said, with the substitution of "peuple" for "état" in the exclamation of Louis XIV.,—"le peuple! c'est moi!" A whole people is a sovereign, whose will cannot easily be manifested on all occasions; it must have some accessible exponent or index. The French were content to acknowledge for a time such an index in Robespierre. In him was embodied the spirit of the French democracy; consequently his word was a law from which there was no appeal:—his power was a despotism from which there was no escape; dark, swift, inevitable, unrelenting, it knew neither forgiveness, nor pity, nor remorse. Even in his last speeches there is not a trace of any thing that can be construed into the slightest expression of sorrow, of regret for the sad fate of so many men who had once been his friends, who had once even loved him, whom he had murdered in cold blood and in the prime of manhood. He continues to speak of them to the last as a fanatic of the darkest ages would speak of his victims, describing them as God's enemies, justly punished for their black and horrible sins. When a human selfishness, fierce and ravenous as that of the most ferocious wild beast, regards its own gratification as a duty and a virtue,* we have the degree of fanaticism, whether religious or political, which has raised so many scaffolds and lighted so many fires. And this must be viewed as the master key to Robespierre's character. Napoleon was a fanatic of another kind; the selfishness in him was as vehement and fierce, but the sense of duty and virtue in its gratification either not so strong, or the field of its operation much wider. The world has had several specimens of military, and but this one of oratorical dictatorship; and certainly if this be a fair specimen, we desire to have no more. It would be a thousand times better to live under the despotism of Cæsar, Cromwell, or Napoleon, than under that of Maximilien Robespierre.

* In his last speech this man of blood exclaims, "Otez moi ma conscience, je suis le plus malheureux de tous les hommes."

EXPEDITION OF DR. LEPSIUS IN EGYPT.

From the Literary Gazette.

Cairo, May 29, 1844.

My dear Sir,—In my last account of the Prussian mission, I mentioned to you the probability of being some time without news from them as they advanced towards the southern extremity of their mission, beyond the limits of civilization. That being the case, you will not be surprised at this long interval, which, though long as it is, I can fill up from the letters of my excellent correspondent with interesting details.

At Korosko (the northern entrance to the desert that occupies the space formed by a great curve in the valley of the Nile), where I left the party detained for want of camels to convey them and their baggage to Berber, they procured a small boat, and on the 8th of December set sail, leaving the camp under the protection of the Prussian eagle and the invincible Franke. They reached Wady Halfa on the 13th, and were returned to their purgatory at Korosko on the 22d, having examined most of the antiquities very minutely, leaving the drawing for a future visit. Of Abu Simbal my correspondent writes:—"Splendid as it is, the colossi, bassi relievi, and hieroglyphics, are far inferior in point of style to those of the time of his father Menephthah, and still more to those of the period of Amunoph III. The style of the sculptures of the time of Rhamses II. I find generally bad, and those of Rhamses III. (Miamun, the Rhamses IV. of the French) abominable. But Amunoph III. and Menephthah are like Phidias and Praxiteles, the former excelling all Egyptian sculptures in sublimity and grandeur, the latter in grace and sweetness; indeed there is nothing in Egypt that surpasses in sublime grandeur the Memnon colossi in the plain of Thebes, or the chaste purity of the hieroglyphics of this period. How sudden here, too, the decay of art! From Amunoph III. to Rhamses I., a few generations; and if we compare the sixth dynasty to the fourth, must we not make the same remark? Is this, then, the sad but unavoidable law of humanity? A curious style is that of the Osertasens, an overgrown civilization. You recollect the tablets above Abu Simbal, where an Osertasen is worshipped, as in the temple of Amada, and also, I believe, in the temple of Semneh, and the style of the *soi-disant* Skeye (whose tomb is near Amunoph's). We found also during this journey, some reasons for the identity of Rhamses with or without hieroglyph, and many other curious things."

On the return of the party to the encampment at Korosko, they were much discomfited at not finding news from their Turkish karvas, whom they had despatched to Berber for camels. At this miserable place they were obliged to pass their Christmas and New-year's day, at which festivals they did not omit the national pastimes, nor the tree illuminated and hung with bonbons; passing away the time by exchanging visits with several Turkish authorities, who, like themselves, were detained at this entrance to the wilderness. At last, their patience exhausted, they resolved on energetic measures, and with difficulty procured eight camels, two diseased, two fatigued, and one lame. However, with this inadequate supply, Dr. Lepsius and his friend Mr. Abeken, a servant, and an interpreter, launched into the desert on the 8th of January, and arrived safely at Abu Hamed on the morning of the 17th. On the road they met a caravan that gave them the satisfactory intelligence that their karvas had passed by another tract with sixty camels. At Abu Hamed, refreshed and provided with an additional camel, they continued their route, which now lay on the banks of the river, sometimes beautifully covered with splendid acacias, groves of doom palms, small villages, and the patriarchal dwellings of the sheiks, and much that was interesting and new to them, till, on the morning of the 21st of January, they arrived at Elmekhegrif, the capital of Dar Berber. The next day they proceeded to Damer, where they found themselves in the midst of a Turkish camp and warlike preparations for the expedition against Raka; here they remained four days, and started on the 28th in a fine large boat, which the aid-de-camp of Ahmed Pasha Nimikly (the new governor of Sennar) had offered them, not displeased to exchange the ship of the desert for that of the river; and on the same evening, the 28th, moored near the pyramids of Wady Assoor, at the village of Beggarowish. Arrived in the ancient and fabulous Meroe, near its capital and tombs of its kings, they could not resist the temptation of visiting the pyramids the same evening, by the feeble light afforded by the moon in its first quarter, and feeling the hieroglyphics in the porticos and propyla. The result of the next morning's investigation fully confirmed their previous examination; nothing very ancient was found; a great many cartouches, high-sounding titles, and old Egyptian names, adopted in imitation of better times, but every thing, bassi relievi and hieroglyphics, in the very worst style of the latter ages, nothing certainly beyond the Ptolemaic period, and most much more modern: "as you know very well, it is impossible to mistake this latter barbarity for the presumed rudeness of early times; every thing in imitation of Egypt,—Egyptian divinities, letters, language, as it seems, but it will require further investigation to decide whether at least there is not a peculiar dialect. You will be amused to hear that, for the first time, we found a camel represented." The doctor and his companion found a great many names of kings, of whom most probably little more will be known, and many cartouches purposely mutilated. On the 29th, the architect, Heer Erbkam, joined them with the rest of the members of the mission. On the 30th they visited Shendy; and on the 31st,

Beni Naga, where exist the ruins of a temple with Typhonic columns, and the remains of some other edifices with bassi relievi and inscriptions much mutilated, "but evidently also of a very late period." From thence they proceeded, on the 1st of February, eight or nine hours into the desert, to see the ruins of Naga or Gebel Arden, copied the inscriptions and cartouches unknown. "There is clearly in this ruin an influence of Roman architecture." On the 2d they visited the ruins at Mesaurat or Wady Sufra (not Owataib, as Hoskins calls them, the latter name belonging to the valley that extends from Beni Naga, at the Nile, to Naga in the desert); a curious assemblage of walls, columns, halls, courts, staircases, corridors, temples, &c., without hieroglyphics, and only a few bassi relievi of humble style. "To me they appear to have formed a country residence or hunting place of some king of Meroe. I dare affirm, that on the whole island or peninsula of Meroe, there is not one vestige of remote antiquity; and for my part have no doubt that Ethiopia derived its religion, literature, and civilization, from Egypt, and that at a comparatively late time. We are anxious now to see the works of Terhaka at Gebel Barkal, and to try if we can make out a link between him and the later Ethiopians of Meroe. Did he come, too, from Meroe? He has left no monument there."

On the 5th of February, the party arrived at Kartoum, the town at the junction of the White and Blue Rivers. At this new metropolis of Upper Nubia they stayed till the 17th, making a few excursions, particularly on the White stream, the banks of which are flat, but magnificently wooded; and on the 17th they again separated, the architect and some of the members to prosecute the work at Naga, while the doctor and his friend made a journey up the Blue River, a rapid stream, with high and well-wooded banks; visited the ruins of Soba, which was the flourishing capital of a Christian kingdom in the tenth century,—now nothing but heaps of burnt bricks indicate its site, and probably that of a more ancient city, as a statue of Osiris and a Sphinx (now in Cairo) have been found among them, also a little bronze statue of Venus, of Grecian workmanship. On the 27th the southern division of the expedition was at Sennaar, and from thence, about two days further south, to near Seyro, from whence they returned to Kartoum, from which place my correspondent dates his letter March 22, the thermometer at 105° in the middle of the day.

Of other news, they inform me of the revolt of 800 black soldiers, which has since been allayed, and of the appearance of an epidemic resembling the plague, neither of which, thank God, affected them.—I remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

J. Bonomi.

De Joinville.—A perusal of the Prince de Joinville's very clever note on the state of the French navy, confirms our opinion of its origin. The young admiral burns for distinction; the peace of the seas denies it him; and he rushes into print. And very well he acquits himself. His note is a strictly professional effusion: he sees the French navy, especially the steam marine, (which he acutely perceives to be a modification of shipping suited to the unnautical French nation,) in a state of deplorable inefficiency; he desires to procure an efficient steam marine—would he not signalize himself in its management and use?—and accordingly he sets forth how weak is that arm of France, and how strong and effective it might be made. This is done in language which is plain, terse, and pithy; there is no enfeebling rhetoric—every sentence tells home—the reader is convinced as he reads. Glance beyond the professional view, indeed, and you are struck with the crude statesmanship of so clearsighted and clever a man, coming, too, from so prudent a family; for nothing can be more inoportune and indiscreet than the talk about warring with England, which he assumes among his data. And there are other warlike allusions which could not but act like a match thrown among gunpowder, when promulgated in Paris. That collateral tendency of his pamphlet may have recommended it to others more cunning and more malicious, and have procured him the advice to publish it. Once determined, it is not surprising that he should have been obstinate in refusing to give up his darling work, so likely to do him credit, and at least to make a noise. The papers had last week a story how he threatened, some time back, to resign, because Admiral Dupetit-Thouars was given up—how he resisted his father's anger—how he succumbed to the tearful entreaties of his venerable mother: this week they have the very counterpart of the story, but now it is about the pamphlet; only they say that the king was so far party to a compromise, that he asked, and even executed with his own hand, the alteration of certain passages. The sagacious Nemours, too, it is said, was angrily opposed to his sailor-brother: and no wonder if he were. The *Standard* contradicts this tale, "on authority." At all events, the affair is settled: and no war is likely to follow because de Joinville has shown in type how he would display his prowess.

But it seems we are menaced in other quarters. The *Journal des Débats* has a formidable account of renewed understanding between Russia and our enemies in the East—a conspiracy extending from St. Petersburg to Cabul, from Nicholas to Akhbar Khan; and once more, in the fancy of the Parisian journalist, our Indian empire totters to its fall! Has some hallucination come over men like these astute French writers? Impossible. But a little anti-British farrago may serve as a set-off to the recent lecture administered to the Prince de Joinville, and may reconcile the ultra-French spirits who took fire at the *Débats*, which was pronounced to be more English than our *Times* or *Chronicle;* and accordingly, a topic is chosen on which a most terrible attack can be made upon British interests—where it can do no harm—where it *can* have no present results.—*Spectator*.

THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Martyrs of Science; or, the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler. By Sir David Brewster, K. H. D. C. L. 12mo. London: 1841.

If the distinguished author of this unpretending little volume had undertaken to write the history of the origin of Physical Astronomy, he could not have thrown his narrative into a more convenient or interesting form than by writing the lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler. These three names occupy by far the most conspicuous place in the annals of Astronomy, between those of Copernicus and Newton. By explaining the phenomena of the celestial motions, on the hypothesis of the immobility of the sun and the twofold motion of the earth, Copernicus made the first step towards the true theory of the universe; but he did not discard the eccentrics and epicycles of the ancient faith; and the universally received dogma of antiquity—uniform motion in circular orbits—remained undisturbed. In order to proceed a step beyond the point at which Copernicus had arrived, observations of greater precision, and more distinct ideas respecting the laws of motion, were necessary. Tycho Brahé furnished the observations. Kepler, with infinite labor and sagacity, traced out their consequences, and proved from them that the planetary orbits are not circles, but ellipses; and that the motions are not uniform, though regulated by a law remarkable for its simplicity and beauty. Galileo directed the telescope to the heavens; fortified the Copernican doctrine with new proofs; and, by the discovery of the laws of motion, prepared the way for the dynamical theories of Newton. In effecting this advance from formal to physical astronomy, no other individual contributed in any remarkable degree; hence the history of their labors includes that of the science itself, during one of the most interesting periods of its progress.

But if the three individuals just named are pre-eminently distinguished for their services to Astronomy, they are not less remarkable for their intellectual characters, and the incidents of their personal histories. They lived in an age of unusual intellectual activity, when Europe was rousing itself from the torpor of centuries, and gradually acquiring the characteristics of our own times. First in chronological order comes Tycho—the prototype of an age in a state of transition from ignorance and barbarism, to knowledge and refinement—devoting himself with equal zeal to the pursuits of astronomy and astrology, chemistry and alchemy, and in whose character religion and superstition, enlarged views and abject credulity, were strangely blended. Next we have Kepler, also an astrologer, but while practising the art, railing at its vanity and worthlessness;—indulging in the wildest reveries respecting the laws of the planetary motions, but rigidly subjecting all his fancies to the test of calculation; refuting his own hypotheses, when he found them inconsistent with observation, with as much patience and complacency as others employ in establishing the most important theories; speculating on the nature of attraction so as almost to anticipate Newton, yet stating at the same time his belief, that the solid globe of the earth is an enormous animal, and that the tides are produced by the spouting out of water through its gills! Lastly, we have the accomplished and courtly Galileo; a controversialist, a rhetorician, a man of the world; treating with sarcasm and ridicule the physical dogmas countenanced by the Church, yet living on terms of intimate friendship with its dignitaries; establishing the true system of the world with an overwhelming force of argument, and recanting his doctrines in submission to ecclesiastical authority. Characters thus marked would afford, under any circumstances, interesting subjects for biographical sketches; but in the present case, the interest is greatly increased by the accidents of life and position. The persecution of Galileo by the Catholic Church for maintaining doctrines which are now regarded as the most certain truths of science; the injuries, real or imaginary, which compelled Tycho to abandon his Observatory, and exile himself from his country; the privations and miseries of Kepler, whose fate it was to be one day engaged in working out the laws of the universe, and the next in calculating nativities to procure bread for his children;—the incidents, in short, which entitle them to be regarded as martyrs of science—have procured for them the sympathies of the world, and given them a notoriety altogether independent of their scientific discoveries.

It is to the personal, rather than the scientific history of these three individuals, that Sir David Brewster has chiefly directed the attention of his readers in the pres-

ent brief but interesting Memoirs; for though their services to science are distinctly set forth, and on the whole accurately appreciated, they are not dwelt upon at such length, or with so much detail, as to interfere with the popular character of the work. He does not profess to have had access to any new sources of information, or to have placed the already known facts in a new point of view; he has undertaken no laborious researches for the purpose of settling controverted points in history, or detecting minute errors or omissions in the accounts of previous biographers. In fact, the field had already been so diligently gleaned, as to leave but small hopes of success in any attempt at novelty. The work derives its interest from the vivid portraitures it places before us of the characters of men whose labors occupy a large space in the history of science, and whose endeavors to enlighten the world were attended with so many personal sacrifices. It is written in an agreeable style; it abounds with traits of good feeling and generous sympathy; and, what may be regarded as of importance in a popular work, it represents science and its pursuits under an attractive and dignified aspect.

The life of Galileo, whom Sir David Brewster places at the head of his martyrs, has been given by his numerous biographers with great minuteness of detail. The materials for the scientific portion are of course collected from his various writings and literary correspondence; the anecdotes and personal traits rest chiefly on the authority of Viviani and Gherardini, the former of whom was one of his pupils, and revered his memory with a species of idolatry. Until recently, there was no good account of his life and discoveries in English; but the want was ably supplied by the elaborate though somewhat discursive treatise, in the *Library of Useful Knowledge* (1829); a work which it is but justice to say, has afforded our author considerable facilities in preparing the present Memoir. The recent historical work of Libri* has an account of Galileo which is very valuable from its fulness and research, and the care which has been taken to quote the original authorities for the various statements and anecdotes recorded; but unfortunately the author is a partisan, whose zeal to magnify his hero causes him to lose sight of all fairness and moderation in speaking of the characters and conduct of those to whom he was opposed.

Galileo Galilei, born at Pisa in 1564, was descended from a patrician, though decayed family, some of whose members had filled high civic offices in Florence. He was originally destined for commerce; but his studious disposition and promising talents led his father, Vincenzo Galilei, to entertain visions of success in a liberal profession; and at the age of seventeen, he was sent to the university of Pisa to study medicine. His taste for geometry is said to have been developed by accidentally overhearing a lesson given by the Abbé Ricci to his pupils, the pages of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Ricci happened to be a friend of Vincenzo Galilei; and, on becoming acquainted with the circumstance, and the progress already made by the young aspirant, admitted him to his course, and encouraged him to persevere. The study of Euclid was followed by that of Archimedes; and after some ineffectual attempts on the part of his father to recall him to his professional studies, he was allowed to follow the bent of his genius. But Vincenzo, being burdened with a numerous family, was unable to maintain his son at Pisa; he applied for a bursary, and was disappointed; and Galileo was compelled to leave the university without taking his Doctor's degree.

Galileo's first essay in science was a treatise on the hydrostatical balance. This production fell into the hands of Guido Ubaldi, who forthwith conceived a friendship for the young author, and procured for him the appointment of lecturer on mathematics at Pisa, with a salary of sixty crowns. In this office he soon made himself conspicuous for the freedom and boldness of his attacks on the mechanical doctrines of Aristotle, whereby he excited the suspicions, and provoked the hatred of a strong party in the university. In 1592, he was appointed by the republic of Venice, again on the recommendation of Ubaldi, to the professorship of mathematics at Padua, with a salary of 180 florins. At that time, it was the custom (as it had been in the middle ages) to engage professors for a term of years. Galileo's appointment was for six years; but when the first period of his engagement had expired, he was re-elected for another period of six years, with an increased salary of 320 florins; and in 1606 he was a third time appointed,

* *Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie.* Tom. iv. 1841.

and his salary raised to 520 florins. His popularity by this time had become so great, that his audience could not be accommodated in the spacious lecture-rooms, 'and he was frequently obliged to adjourn to the open air.'

In 1609, Galileo, from some obscure hints, found out the construction of the telescope. The instrument excited intense curiosity at Venice; and he presented one to the Senate, 'who acknowledged the present by a mandate, conferring on him for life his professorship at Padua, and generously raising his salary from 520 to 1000 florins.' In the following year he was induced, by offers from Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, to return to his native state; and he took up his residence at Florence, in the capacity of mathematician of the Grand Duke, with a salary of 1000 florins, and with no official duty excepting that—which we may suppose would not press hard upon his leisure—of occasionally lecturing to foreign princes. This appointment Galileo continued to hold during the remainder of his life, enjoying the favor first of Cosmo, and afterwards of his successor, Ferdinand II., both of whom treated him with distinction; and used their influence with the court of Rome to shield him from the persecutions which were raised against him by the churchmen, and the partisans of the Aristotelian philosophy.

Being thus placed in a situation of independence, and in possession of uninterrupted leisure, Galileo devoted himself with ardor to the study of philosophy; and it must be admitted, that if there be others to whom physical science is indebted for more profound investigations, and researches of greater difficulty, there is, perhaps, no one whose writings have more contributed to its general progress, or whose name is associated with a greater number of brilliant discoveries.

Galileo's astronomical discoveries were the natural, it may be said the necessary, consequences of the invention of the telescope. With respect to the instrument itself, it is not easy to pronounce with certainty on the exact degree of merit he can claim in the invention. The received story is, that while at Venice in 1609, he heard accidentally of an instrument having been constructed in Holland, which possessed the property of causing distant objects to appear nearer to the observer; that on reflecting on the means by which this effect could be produced, he found, after a night's consideration, the explanation in the principle of refraction; and that by applying two spectacle glasses of a particular kind to a leaden tube, he was immediately in possession of a telescope which magnified three times. According to this account, Galileo was a re-inventor of the telescope. He himself claims no other merit than that of divining the construction, and improving the instrument. He affirms that he had never seen any of the Dutch telescopes; and although, as remarked by Sir David Brewster, there is no reason to doubt his assertion, it appears from various evidence that more than one telescope had previously been brought from Holland to Italy; whence it has been conceived to be quite possible that, without having actually seen the instrument, he may have received such information with respect to its construction, as would render the discovery of the principle not altogether independent. But whether his merit in the re-invention of the telescope be great or small, he is entitled, beyond all question, to the honor of first applying it to the examination of the Heavens; and displaying, to the astonished gaze of mankind, new worlds and wonders, of the existence of which, till that time, no one had formed a conception.

The invention of the telescope was followed almost immediately by a crowd of astronomical discoveries, which, though, from our familiarity with them at the present day, they cease to be regarded with wonder, could not fail, on their first announcement, to excite very great admiration and astonishment. The first object he examined was the moon, whose rugged and irregular surface, presenting so many points of resemblance to our own earth, supplied him with arguments against the Aristotelian doctrine of the perfection, absolute smoothness, and incorruptible essence of the heavenly bodies; of which he was not slow to take advantage. He next observed and pointed out the remarkable difference between the telescopic appearances of the planets and fixed stars; and the innumerable multitude of small stars that become visible in the milky way, the pleiades, and other nebulæ and clusters. But of all his telescopic discoveries, that which was regarded as the most astonishing and incredible, (for their existence was denied, and cause shown why they could not possibly exist,) was the satellites of Jupiter. Four small planets revolving about a central body, and presenting so palpable and striking an analogy to the primary planets revolving about the sun, furnished an argu-

ment in favor of the Copernican theory, to which even the most bigoted followers of Aristotle could scarcely withhold their assent. The ring of Saturn also attracted his notice; but, in this case, he mistook the nature of the phenomenon, and supposed the planet to be triple. He remarked the horned appearance of Venus, and thereby removed a difficulty which had occurred to Copernicus himself, who perceived that, if his theory were true, the inferior planets ought to have phases like the moon. His discovery of the spots on the sun has occasioned much controversy; having been claimed by Fabricius, Scheiner, and our countryman Harriott. Galileo's claim to priority seems now generally admitted; and he deduced from the phenomena the important conclusion, that the sun revolves on its axis in a period of about twenty-eight days.

Greatly as these discoveries have contributed to the fame of Galileo, it cannot be said that they occupied a large portion of his time—having been all published within three years after he was in possession of the telescope. Viewing them with relation to the present state of knowledge, their intrinsic merit is not very great. They are nothing beyond what an ordinary observer, with a tolerably good telescope, would be expected to make out in the course of a few evenings; excepting, perhaps, the phenomena of the solar spots, and the motions of Jupiter's satellites, which require time for their development. After the invention of the telescope, they imply no great merit; and could not long have escaped observation, although Galileo had never lived. In fact, with the exception of the phases of Venus, and the triple appearance of Saturn, they were all claimed by other observers even in his own lifetime. But, in order to appreciate them correctly, we must go back to the period at which they were made; and consider them with reference to the ideas universally entertained in that age. In this light, their importance assumes a very different character; and it will appear that to Galileo must be conceded the honor, not only of having made an immense addition to the existing knowledge of the heavens, but of having prepared men's minds for the reception of the true Theory of the Universe, by beating down and overthrowing the prejudices by which they had been kept enthralled for so many generations.

The researches of Galileo, in some of the other departments of natural philosophy, were of more importance than his telescopic discoveries. Since the days of Archimedes, no advance had been made in the theory of mechanics. In determining the law of the acceleration of falling bodies, and thereby laying the foundation of dynamics, Galileo gave it an immense extension. While yet a student at Pisa, he remarked the extremely important fact of the isochronism of the pendulum; and being then engaged in medical studies, he proposed to apply that property as a means of ascertaining the rate of the pulse. At a more mature age, he had an idea of making use of a pendulum as a regulator of clockwork; but he was ignorant of the theory of the isochronism, which was first given by Huygens. The three (so called) laws of motion, though they are not distinctly enunciated, are virtually involved in the reasoning which he employs in his 'Dialogues on Mechanics,' published in 1638. The principle of virtual velocities has usually been ascribed to him; the germ is, however, to be found in the anterior writings of his first patron and early friend, Guido Ubaldi. In mathematics he was not an inventor; and it would seem that his acquirements in this department were scarcely equal to the state of knowledge at the time. Delambre has remarked as extraordinary, that in his long calculations (published in 1632) to prove that the new star of 1572 had no parallax, he made no use of Logarithms, although the tables of Napier, Kepler, Ursinus, and Briggs, were then in existence, and would have greatly abridged his labor. In a letter to the Grand Duke, written in 1609, he mentions several mathematical treatises on which he was engaged; among others, one on the composition of continuous quantity. It is not very clear that the works alluded to ever existed elsewhere than in his own mind; but it is supposed that many of his writings have been lost, and that with reference to the one just mentioned, Cavalleri long refused to publish his own theory, in the hope that Galileo's would be given to the world. On these very insufficient grounds, Libri gives him the credit of having imagined the calculus of indivisibles.

It is not our purpose to enumerate the specific services which Galileo rendered to the physical sciences; and still less to enter into any account of the long and prolix discussions with which the announcement of the greater part of his discoveries

was followed. His claim to the gratitude of posterity consists not so much in his actual discoveries, important though they were, as in the revolution which he contributed to effect in philosophy, by applying geometrical reasoning to experimental facts, and teaching mankind to reject the dogmas of the schools, and to appeal from the authority of Aristotle to reason and observation. It cannot, indeed, be said that he was either the first who followed the inductive method of reasoning, or who perceived and denounced the worthlessness of the scholastic philosophy; but the credit which he had gained by the telescope, and the wonders it revealed, and, above all, the extraordinary elegance and perspicuity of his writings, threw the merits of others into the shade; and gave an impulse and currency to his opinions, which they would not have obtained without these accessory advantages. Considering the frequency with which his name occurs in all the scientific productions of the seventeenth century, and that it stands at the head of so many important discoveries both in astronomy and mechanics, we may admit the remark of his countryman Libri, that in science he was the master of Europe.

The circumstances which entitle Galileo to be regarded as a *martyr of science*, are the persecutions he sustained on account of his assertion of the earth's motion; his trial, condemnation, and imprisonment, by the Inquisition; and his constrained abjuration, in his old age, of the Copernican doctrine, which it had been the principal business of his life to establish. This episode in his history has been represented in very different colors by his biographers; some ascribing his persecution to the jealousy with which the Romish Church has always been disposed to regard the propagation of physical knowledge; while others have considered that it was provoked, if not altogether compelled, by his own imprudent conduct; which left the heads of the Church no alternative but to reduce him to silence, or abandon their pretensions to spiritual authority. Sir David Brewster has treated this subject with fairness and moderation. He is no apologist of the Inquisition; yet, on perusing his narrative, we cannot fail to see that its conduct, in this particular case, was not without circumstances of palliation; and that Galileo himself like many others who have had the credit of suffering for the cause of truth, had no small share in stirring up the persecution by which his last years were embittered.

Galileo had adopted the Copernican theory at an early period; and as it was not the disposition of his mind long to cherish any opinion in silence, keen discussions on the subject had taken place between himself and the Peripaticians during his residence at Padua. Defeated in argument, they invoked the aid of religion, and attempted to silence him by the authority of Scripture. The heads of the Church, though disliking the innovation, were reluctant to commit themselves by a formal condemnation of the doctrine, and desirous that it should be viewed in the light of a mere mathematical hypothesis. In fact, the theory of the earth's motion, so far from having met with opposition on its first promulgation, had been received with favor by some of the most eminent cardinals and churchmen; and Copernicus, himself a priest, had dedicated his great work, *De Revolutionibus*, to the Pope. But when Galileo, who had no spiritual character, began to disseminate the same doctrine, the Dominicans took alarm, and forced the Church into a reluctant declaration of its sentiments. In replying to the objections which his opponents drew from certain texts of Scripture, Galileo, in a letter to his friend and pupil Castelli, endeavored to prove that the expressions employed in the sacred writings were not intended to have reference to astronomical systems; and that there was, in fact, as much difficulty in reconciling the language of Scripture with the Ptolemaic as with the Copernican theory; and in 1615 he published a letter, addressed to the mother of the Grand Duke, in which the same arguments were stated at greater length, and enforced with quotations from the ancient fathers, and instances of the former practice of the Church. The publication of these letters gave great offence to the court of Rome; for, however favorably it might be disposed to the new doctrines, it could not submit to see the interpretation of the Scriptures wrested from the hands of the priesthood by a layman. Galileo having reason to apprehend that the doctrine would be formally condemned, proceeded to Rome for the purpose of endeavoring to avert, if possible, this consequence. He was brought before the tribunal of the Inquisition, charged with maintaining the doctrine of the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun, teaching it to his pupils, and attempting to

reconcile it to Scripture. In February, 1616, a congregation of cardinals, having considered the charges, decreed that Galileo should be enjoined to renounce the obnoxious doctrines, and to pledge himself, under the penalty of imprisonment, that he would neither teach, defend, or publish them in future. Galileo, says Sir David Brewster, 'did not hesitate to yield to this injunction. On the day following, the 26th of February, he appeared before Cardinal Bellarmine to renounce his heretical opinions; and, having declared that he abandoned the doctrine of the earth's motion and would neither defend nor teach it, in his conversation or his writings, he was dismissed from the bar of the Inquisition.'

Having disposed of the case of Galileo, the Congregation next proceeded to consider the doctrine itself; and, on the 5th of March of the same year, a formal decree was pronounced, declaring it to be false, and contrary to the Holy Scriptures; and in order that the heresy might spread no further to the prejudice of Catholic truth, they decreed that the work of Copernicus should be suspended until it should have been corrected; and that the book of one Foscarini, a Carmelite friar, should be altogether prohibited and condemned, together with all other works teaching the same doctrine. In this general prohibition, therefore, Galileo's letters to Castelli and the Grand Duchess were included, although they were not expressly named. Galileo remained for some time at Rome, doing his best, it would seem, notwithstanding his pledge, to frustrate these intentions. Nevertheless, he had an audience of the Pope, by whom he was very graciously received. The Pope assured him, 'that the Congregation were not disposed to receive upon light grounds any calumnies that might be propagated by his enemies, and that, so long as he occupied the papal chair, he might consider himself safe.' These assurances (Sir David Brewster remarks), 'were no doubt founded on the belief that Galileo would adhere to his pledges; but so bold and inconsiderate was he in the expression of his opinions, that, even in Rome, he was continually engaged in controversial discussions.' To such a length was this imprudence carried, that the Tuscan minister, apprehensive of the consequences, represented the danger which Galileo was incurring to the Grand Duke, who, by a letter under his own hand, recalled him to Tuscany.

In 1623, Cardinal Maffeo Barberini succeeded to the Papal Chair, under the title of Urban VIII. This personage having been an intimate friend of Galileo, the latter was induced to proceed to Rome, to congratulate him upon his accession. Here, says Sir D. Brewster, he met with a noble and generous reception :—

'The kindness of his Holiness was of the most marked description. He not only loaded Galileo with presents, and promised him a pension for his son Vincenzo, but wrote a letter to Ferdinand II., who had just succeeded Cosmo as Grand Duke of Tuscany, recommending Galileo to his particular patronage:—"For we find in him," says he, "not only literary distinction, but the love of piety; and he is strong in those qualities by which pontifical good will is easily obtained."'

The spirit in which Galileo met the forbearance of the Inquisition, and the favors of the Pope, is thus set forth :—

'Although Galileo had made a narrow escape from the grasp of the Inquisition, yet he was never sufficiently sensible of the lenity which he experienced. When he left Rome, in 1616, under the solemn pledge of never again teaching the obnoxious doctrine, it was with a hostility against the Church, suppressed, but deeply cherished; and his resolution to propagate the heresy seems to have been coeval with the vow by which he renounced it. In the year 1618, when he communicated his theory of the tides to the Archduke Leopold, he alludes, in the most sarcastic terms, to the conduct of the Church. The same hostile tone, more or less, pervaded all his writings; and, while he labored to sharpen the edge of his satire, he endeavored to guard himself against its effects by an affectation of the humblest deference to the decisions of theology.'

It is justly remarked by Sir David Brewster, that whatever allowance may be made for the ardor of Galileo's temper, and however we may justify or even approve of his conduct up to this time, his visit to the Pope, in 1624, placed him in a new relation to the church, which demanded on his part a new and corresponding demeanor. The advances were made on his side—he had been received with courtesy and kindness —been loaded with favors, and had accepted pensions for himself and his son :—

'Thus honored by the head of the church, and befriended by its dignitaries, Galileo must have felt himself secure against the indignities of its lesser functionaries, and in the possession of the fullest license to prosecute his researches and publish his discoveries, provided he avoided that dogma of the church which,

even in the present day, it has not ventured to renounce. But Galileo was bound to the Romish hierarchy by even stronger ties. His son and himself were pensioners of the church; and, having accepted of its alms, they owed it at least a decent and respectful allegiance. The pension thus given by Urban, was not a remuneration which sovereigns sometimes award to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the papal state owed him no obligation; and hence we must regard the pension of Galileo as a donation from the Roman pontiff to science itself; and as a declaration to the Christian world, that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies.

'Galileo viewed all these circumstances in a different light. He resolved to compose a work, in which the Copernican system should be demonstrated; but he had not the courage to do this in a direct and open manner. He adopted the plan of discussing the subject in a Dialogue between three speakers, in the hope of eluding, by this artifice, the censure of the church. This work was completed in 1630; but, owing to some difficulty in obtaining a license to print it, it was not published till 1632. In obtaining this license, Galileo exhibited considerable address, and his memory has not escaped from the imputation of having acted unfairly, and of having involved his personal friends in the consequences of his imprudence.'

The charge here hinted at, refers to the concealment from the censors, whose duty it was to examine and authorize the publication of the works, of the material fact, that he had been enjoined by the Inquisition, in 1616, not to hold or to teach the Copernican doctrine in any way whatever; and this is one of the circumstances of offence recited in the sentence that was ultimately passed on him. In consequence of the license, Riccardi, the master of the palace, and Ciampoli, the Pope's private secretary, were dismissed from their situations, and even the Inquisitor of Florence did not escape a reprimand.

The work thus furtively ushered into the world, produced an immense effect, not only in Italy but over Europe. The Pope was greatly exasperated; and it has been said that the enemies of Galileo endeavored to persuade him, that the *Simplicio* of the Dialogue—the Peripatician whose feeble attempts to support Aristotle and Ptolemy were met by so overwhelming a force of argument and ridicule—was intended to represent his Holiness. He appointed a commission to inquire into the circumstances, and Galileo was again summoned to appear before the Inquisition at Rome. Here he arrived in February 1633—all the efforts of the Grand Duke and the Tuscan ambassador to obtain a dispensation from his attendance, on the grounds of his advanced age, his declining health, and the inconvenience of the quarantine regulations then in force, having been unsuccessful. These remonstrances, however, were not altogether without effect. The quarantine was relaxed in his favor; he was allowed to take up his residence in the house of the Tuscan ambassador; he was visited by the Pope's nephew; and throughout the whole of the proceedings, and the trial which followed, he was treated with the most marked indulgence and consideration. It would be uninteresting to describe in detail the proceedings before the court of the Inquisition; the result is thus stated by our author:—

'A long and elaborate sentence was pronounced, detailing the former proceedings of the Inquisition, (in 1616,) and specifying the offences which he had committed in teaching heretical doctrines, in violating his former pledges, and in obtaining, by improper means, a license for the printing of his Dialogues. After an invocation of the name of our Saviour and of the Holy Virgin, Galileo is declared to have brought himself under strong suspicions of heresy, and to have incurred all the censures and penalties which are enjoined against delinquents of this kind; but from all these consequences he is held to be absolved, provided that with a sincere heart, and a faith unfeigned, he abjures and curses the heresies he has cherished, as well as every other heresy against the Catholic church. In order that his offence might not go altogether unpunished, that he might be more cautious in future, and be a warning to others to abstain from similar delinquencies, it was also decreed that his Dialogues should be prohibited by public edict; that he himself should be condemned to the prison of the Inquisition during their pleasure; and that, in the course of the next three years, he should recite once a week the seven penitential psalms.'

Galileo offered no resistance to this decree, but immediately signed the act of abjuration; in which 'he invoked the divine aid in abjuring, and detesting, and vowing never again to teach, the doctrine of the earth's motion and the sun's stability; pledged himself that he would never again, either in words or writing, propagate such heresies; and swore that he would fulfil and observe the penances which had been inflicted upon him.'—(P. 93.)

Galileo's abjuration was unquestionably a great triumph for the Romish church, and due care was taken to make it widely known. Sir David Brewster seems to consider that his character received some tarnish from the facility with which he renounced a doctrine which he had established by so many proofs, and of the truth of which he must have entertained a profound conviction. Assuredly his conduct displayed little of the firmness of a martyr; nor can he aspire to participate, in that respect, the approbation and applause which mankind willingly award to those who stand prepared to sacrifice even life for their principles. It must be remembered, however, that the matter at issue was not, like some speculative article of a theological system, a question of authority or opinion. Galileo must have felt that, whatever the Inquisition might be pleased to decree, the fate of his doctrines would ultimately be decided by facts and observations over which they had no control. He might reason as Pascal did with the Jesuits:—'It is in vain that you have procured against Galileo a decree from Rome condemning the opinion of the earth's motion. Assuredly that will never prove it to be at rest: and if we have unerring observations proving that it turns round, not all mankind together can keep it from turning, nor themselves from turning with it.' Having this conviction, he must have felt that the progress of truth could neither, on the one hand, be retarded by formal submission to ecclesiastical power, nor, on the other, advanced by self-sacrifice. Under such circumstances, the insincerity of his act should not, perhaps, be severely judged. That Galileo was insincere in his abjuration cannot be doubted; his persecutors were probably not more sincere; indeed, it is apparent on the face of the proceedings, that the point about which the Inquisition was solicitous, was not the truth or falsehood of the dotrine, but submission to the spiritual supremacy of the Church.

A question has been mooted with respect to this trial, which, though it is not alluded to by our author, we shall briefly notice, in consequence of the prominent manner in which it has recently been brought forward by Libri. It has been surmised that in the course of his examination Galileo was put to the torture. The ground of this surmise is the following sentence in the recital prefixed to the decree of the Inquisition:—'But whereas it appeared to us that you had not disclosed the whole truth with regard to your intentions, we thought it necessary to proceed to the rigorous examination of you, in which you answered like a good Catholic.'* Now it is argued, that in the books of the Inquisitorial law the phrase *rigorous examination* is understood to imply torture; and processes are said to be extant which leave no doubt as to the correctness of this interpretation. Libri, indeed, goes the length of asserting, that, according to the the laws of the Holy Office, whenever there was doubt with respect to the intention of the accused, it was matter of necessity to have recourse to torture. It is true, that neither Galileo himself, nor Niccolini, the ambassador of the Grand Duke, who transmitted an account of the proceedings to his master, has made the slightest allusion to torture; but to account for their silence, it has been argued that the Inquisition was known to impose the most profound silence on those who had the misfortune to be brought before it, and that the trial of Galileo, as is evident from the correspondence of Niccolini, was, in a particular manner, shrouded in mystery. In the absence of all direct evidence, Libri and others have urged the probability of the allegation from the known character of the Inquisition, and its conduct in other instances; but arguments of this kind must be received with great caution, when used for the purpose of proving a specific charge. It is a curious circumstance, that the document containing the original process, which would have afforded conclusive evidence in the present question, was in France previous to the restoration of the Bourbons, and that Napoleon intended to publish it. Libri states, that at the Restoration it was lost, or probably made away with. According to what is said of it by Venturi, who had his information from Delambre, the document was mutilated towards the end; and Venturi was of opinion, that it would be in the defective part that the *Catholic answers* of Galileo, in his *rigorous examination*, might be expected to be contained.†

Sir David Brewster, as we have already said, has made no allusion to this subject; probably considering the allegation, on such

* *Life of Galileo*, p. 60.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

† The new Edition of Galileo's Works, now publishing at Florence, may be expected to contain documents, or information, which will set this question at rest.

flimsy grounds, of a procceding so utterly at variance with all that is certainly known with respect to the treatment of Galileo by the Inquisition, as undeserving of attention. In fact, the indulgence he met with during and subsequent to the trial, was such as must destroy every shadow of a suspicion of *torture;* at least if the Inquisition is to be judged of according to the rules which are ordinarily applied to human actions.

'Galileo had remained only four days in the prison of the Inquisition, when, on the application of Niccolini, the Tuscan ambassador, he was allowed to reside with him in his palace. As Florence still suffered under the contagious disease we have already mentioned, it was purposed that Sienna should be the place of Galileo's confinement, and that his residence should be in one of the convents of that city. Niccolini, however, recommended the palace of the Archbishop Piccolomini as a more suitable residence; and though the archbishop was one of Galileo's best friends, the Pope agreed to the arrangement, and in the beginning of July Galileo quitted Rome for Sienna.

After having spent nearly six months under the hospitable roof of his friend, with no other restraint than that of being confined to the limits of the palace, Galileo was permitted to return to his villa near Florence under the same restrictions; and as the contagious disease had disappeared in Tuscany, he was able in the month of December to re-enter his own house at Arcetri, where he spent the remainder of his days.'—(P. 101.)

Galileo survived this proceeding about nine years. Soon after his return to Arcetri, he lost his favorite daughter—who had piously taken on herself that portion of his penance which consisted in the weekly recital of the penitential psalms—and the event appears to have deeply affected his health and spirits. With the exception of a few months, during which he was permitted to reside at Florence, the whole of the remainder of his life was passed at Arcetri, which, in his familiar letters, he styled his prison. During this period he composed his 'Dialogues on Motion,' one of the most important of his works. His last astronomical discovery was the diurnal libration of the moon, in 1636. Soon after this, he lost the sight of an eye, and subsequently became totally blind. He died on the 8th of January 1642, in the 78th year of his age.

The personal character of Galileo has been the theme of much eulogy. His manners are reported to have been cheerful and affable, and such as secured the warm attachment of friends. He is said to have been distinguished for his hospitality and benevolence; to have been 'liberal to the poor, and generous in the aid which he administered to men of genius and talent, who often found a comfortable asylum under his roof;' and, although his temper was easily ruffled, 'the excitement was transient, and the cause of it speedily forgotten.' Notwithstanding these general eulogies, an attentive reader of his 'Letters' will be apt to suspect that his mind was tinged with a considerable share of selfishness, and attention to personal indulgence and comfort; and with some illiberality in his appreciation of the discoveries of his contemporaries. From the style of his 'Dialogues,' as well as the accounts which have been given by others, of his disputes with the Aristotelians, we readily infer that he was fond of argument and disputation, perhaps of display; for his controversial powers were of the highest order, and gave him a great superiority over his adversaries. In his morals Sir David Brewster considers that he was somewhat lax. He never was married, and his children were legitimated by the Grand Duke. He appears to have been fond of the more exhilarating pleasures of the table. 'His hospitable board was ever ready for the reception of his friends; and though he was himself abstemious in his diet, he seems to have been a lover of good wines, of which he received always the choicest varieties out of the Grand Duke's cellar. This peculiar taste, together with his attachment to a country life, rendered him fond of agricultural pursuits, and induced him to devote his leisure hours to the cultivation of his vineyards.' Sir David concludes his account of Galileo with the following eulogy of his scientific character:—

'The scientific character of Galileo, and his method of investigating truth, demand our highest admiration. The number and ingenuity of his inventions, the brilliant discoveries which he made in the heavens, and the depth and beauty of his researches respecting the laws of motion, have gained him the admiration of every succeeding age, and have placed him next to Newton in the lists of original and inventive genius. To this high rank he was doubtless elevated by the inductive processes which he followed in all his inquiries. Under the sure guidance of observation and experiment, he advanced to general laws; and if Bacon had never lived, the student of nature would have found, in the writings and labors

of Galileo, not only the boasted principles of the inductive philosophy, but also their practical application to the highest efforts of invention and discovery.'—(P. 118.)

Tycho Brahé, the second of the so-called Martyrs, though he has been usually represented as immeasurably inferior to Galileo as a philosopher, rendered services to Astronomy of a far more important character. Unfortunately for his reputation, his name has come down to posterity in connexion with an hypothesis respecting the arrangement of the solar system, which never had any followers; and which, coming after that of Copernicus, has always been regarded as a retrograde step in theory. But if we put the unlucky hypothesis, with some other speculative notions of Tycho, out of view, and fix our attention solely on the extent, accuracy, and importance of his observations, and the results to which they led, we may easily satisfy ourselves that there is no observer, ancient or modern, whose labors have produced a more marked influence on the progress of astronomical science.

The anecdotical life of Tycho was written in minute and almost trifling detail by Gassendi; who has been flatteringly designated by Gibbon as 'le meilleur philosophe des littérateurs, et le meilleur littérateur des philosophes.' In respect of astronomical knowledge Gassendi was well qualified for the task; but his Memoir is entirely panegyrical; and as he appears to have been of a credulous disposition, and to have adopted without scruple the sentiments and opinions of Tycho—whose ideas of his own merit and importance were of a somewhat exalted nature—his narrative has a considerable air of exaggeration, which has pervaded all the subsequent biographies, the present not excepted.

Tycho was descended from a noble Swedish family which for some generations had been settled in Denmark, and was born at Knudstorp, near Helsingborg, in 1546.—His father having died at an early age, he was adopted by a parental uncle; and after receiving the rudiments of a liberal education, he was sent to the University of Copenhagen to study rhetoric and philosophy. In 1562 he removed to Leipsig, to study jurisprudence, with the view of following the profession of the Law; but in this he took no interest, and Astronomy engrossed all his thoughts. On the death of his uncle in 1565, he was recalled to Denmark, where he continued diligently to prosecute his astronomical studies, to the great displeasure of his family, who ridiculed his pursuits, and reproached him with abandoning his profession. To escape the annoyance which this conduct occasioned him, and to improve himself in Astronomy, he resolved to visit the principal cities of Germany. At Rostock he unfortunately had a quarrel with Manderupius Pasbergius, a countryman of his own, which ended in a duel, fought in the dark. 'In this blind combat, Manderupius cut off the whole of the front of Tycho's nose; and it was fortunate for astronomy,' says our author, 'that his more valuable organs were defended by so faithful an outpost.' Tycho repaired his loss as well as he could by an artificial nose, composed of an alloy of gold and silver; and Gassendi appeals to his portraits in proof of its excellent imitation of the original. At Augsburg he found a kindred spirit in a rich burgher, Paul Hainzel, in concert with whom he constructed an enormous quadrant of fourteen cubits radius, which 'twenty men could with difficulty transport to its place of fixture;' and also a sextant of four cubits, with which he made numerous observations. About the end of 1571 he returned to Denmark, where, in consequence of the reputation he had now acquired, he was received with great consideration, and invited to court by the King. At this time, his attention was chiefly engrossed with the pursuits of chemistry, or rather alchemy, which through his whole life he prosecuted with no less ardor than astronomy. 'In the hopes of enriching himself by the pursuits of alchemy, Tycho devoted most of his attention to those satellites of gold and silver which now constituted his own system, and which disturbed by their powerful action the hitherto uniform motions of their primary. His affections were ever turning towards Germany, where astronomers of kindred view, and artists of surpassing talent, were to be found in almost every city. The want of money alone prevented him from realizing his wishes; and it was in the hope of obtaining the means of travelling, that he in a great measure forsook his sextants for his crucibles.' While thus occupied, the appearance of the new star in 1572, which suddenly shone forth with remarkable splendor, and continued visible for sixteen months, had the effect of recalling him to the path in which he was destined to acquire his permanent fame. He first saw

the body on the 11th of November, and he immediately proceeded to observe its place, and note its form, magnitude, and appearance. His observations were assiduously continued for several months, and they form the basis of his work, '*De Nova Stella Anni* 1572,' which was published in the following year.

Previous to the publication of this work, Tycho felt or affected an apprehension of degrading his nobility, by appearing publicly in the character of an astronomer and author. Soon after, he committed a greater offence against his order, by marrying a peasant girl—an act by which his relations were so greatly displeased, that a reconciliation could only be effected through the mediation of the King. About the same time, he gave public lectures on astronomy, in which he defended astrology; but he took care to mention, that he was only induced to lecture by the special request of the monarch. In 1575, he set out on a second journey through Germany. He first visited Hesse Cassel, where the Landgrave had erected a splendid observatory; and having travelled through Switzerland and Italy, he returned to Denmark with the intention of removing his family to Basle, where he had resolved permanently to settle. But his fame had now rendered him a personage whose presence conferred honor on his country: in order, therefore, to induce him to establish himself in Denmark, the King offered him a grant for life of the little island of Huen, in the entrance of the Baltic, and undertook to build him an observatory, a house, and a laboratory for his chemical experiments. Tycho willingly acceded to these liberal proposals, and forthwith proceeded to erect on his new property the celebrated observatory of Uraniburg, (the city of the heavens,)—a noble edifice, which cost the King of Denmark 100,000 rixdollars, (about 20,000*l*.,) and on which Tycho is said to have expended an equal sum. This statement, however, appears to rest on the authority of a representation made to the Emperor of Germany by Tycho's heirs, who had a purpose to serve in magnifying his sacrifices, and probably spoke in round numbers. Tycho himself says, more picturesquely, that he expended on the observatory and instruments, more than a *ton of gold*. Now, as we have seen him, a few years previously, represented as applying himself to alchemy in the hopes of procuring the means of travelling in Germany, and as it is not alleged that his search for the philosopher's stone was successful, we may be excused in suspecting some exaggeration. However this may be, he appears to have exhausted his private fortune; and, in order to provide for his expenses, the King granted him an annual pension of 2000 dollars, an estate in Norway, and a canonry in the church of Rothschild, worth 1000 dollars a-year. Tycho remained upwards of twenty years in Huen, engaged in the preparation of his catalogue of the stars, and accumulating a mass of important observations. Nor was his fame confined to his island or country; it extended over Europe, and procured him visits from several royal personages, among others, from James VI. of Scotland, (upon the occasion of his marriage with the princess Anne,) who, with a numerous suite, passed eight days with Tycho, admiring his instruments and mechanical contrivances, and discoursing on the Copernican system—an occupation which must have been entirely to the taste of the royal pedant.

Through some unexplained cause, Tycho, after the death of Frederick II., fell into disfavor with the court of Denmark, and was deprived of his canonry, his estate in Norway, and his pension. Being thus left without the means of supporting the expenses of his establishment, he, in 1597, removed his instruments and family to Copenhagen; but finding himself still exposed to persecution, he resolved for ever to leave his ungrateful country. The description of his emigration is affecting. 'He carried from Huen every thing that was movable, and having packed up his instruments, his crucibles, and his books, he hired a ship to convey them to some foreign land. His wife, his *five* sons, and *four* daughters, his male and female servants, and many of his pupils and assistants, among whom were Tengnagel, his future son-in-law, and Longomontanus, embarked at Copenhagen to seek the hospitality of a better country than their own.' (P. 171.) (Here we must take leave to correct a slight error. Tycho's family, on leaving Denmark, consisted of only *two* sons and four daughters.) His first landing-place was Rostock; but after a short time he took up his residence with his friend Count Rantzau, in the castle of Wandesberg, near Hamburg; and finally procured an invitation to settle at Prague, from the Emperor Rudolph II. After some delay he set out for Bohemia, and arrived

at Prague in the beginning of 1599. He met with a cordial reception from the Emperor, who conferred upon him favors and appointments more than sufficient to compensate his losses in Denmark. A pension of 3000 crowns, an estate in perpetuity, a town house, and the choice of various castles and houses in the country, were the immediate and munificent gifts of Rudolph. He selected the castle of Benach, but after a few months transferred his family and instruments to a house which had been purchased for him in Prague. But his career was now drawing to a close. He removed to Prague in February, 1601. On the 13th of October, in the same year, while supping at the table of a nobleman, where they drank freely, he experienced some feelings of discomfort; but, from motives of courtesy, he remained at table, and on his return home was seized with a retention of urine, in consequence of which he expired, after ten days of extreme suffering. He died in the 55th year of his age; his last words, repeated frequently during his delirium, being *Ne frustra videar vixisse.*

Such is a brief outline of the life of this remarkable man. To appreciate the services which he rendered to Astronomy, it is necessary to consider the state of the science at the time he commenced his labors. The question between the rival theories of Ptolemy and Copernicus was then undecided; and as both hypotheses sufficed for the explanation of the observed phenomena, and afforded nearly equal facilities for calculation, no further advance could be made without more numerous and accurate observations. This was precisely what Tycho undertook to supply. Born in a favorable position, possessing independent resources, and liberally aided by the King of Denmark, he erected an Observatory of more than regal magnificence; constructed or procured instruments superior in magnitude and accuracy to any that had been previously seen; engaged the services of able and zealous assistants, and devoted himself to assiduous observations during a long series of years. The result was the accumulation of a large mass of very accurate observations, which, falling into the hands of Kepler, led to the discovery of the true nature of the planetary orbits, and a complete revolution in Astronomy.

Although Tycho's principal merit is that of a diligent and accurate observer, various results which he deduced from his observations were important improvements in theory. He was the first who pointed out the diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic. He detected several inequalities in the moon's motions, and determined their law. He proved from the parallax of comets that these bodies are situated far beyond the orbit of the moon, and consequently that the heavens are not, as was then supposed, solid transparent spheres. He formed the first table of refractions; imperfect, no doubt, as it extended only to 45° in altitude;—but before the discovery of the telescope, the effect of refraction beyond that altitude was insensible. He introduced into Practical Astronomy various improvements on the methods of observing; and he set the example of carefully verifying his instruments, and ascertaining the amount of instrumental errors. But the most valuable result of his labors is his catalogue of fixed stars. The catalogue, as originally published in the *Progymnasmata*, contained 777 stars; but the number was afterwards increased, by Kepler, from the original observations, to 1005; and it is to be kept in mind, that all the observations were made with extra-meridional instruments, and reduced by the laborious method of distances. This monument of Tycho's industry was republished last year, (1843,) along with some other ancient catalogues; under the care and at the expense of a private gentleman, to whose unostentatious liberality various sciences, but especially Astronomy, have been under important obligations.*

The claim of Tycho to be regarded as a Martyr of science rests solely on the circumstances, whatever they were, that led to the withdrawal of his pensions, and his exile from Denmark. Among the losses he sustained on this occasion, the one which he must have most regretted was his observatory, which had been erected at so great an expense, and of which his biographers have given such glowing descriptions —descriptions which, were it not for the minuteness of their details, and the confirmation they receive from the plans and drawings given by Tycho himself, we might almost suppose to have belonged to a romance. The following extract will show Tycho's notions of the accommoda-

* 'The Catalogues of Ptolemy, Ulugh Beigh, Tycho Brahé, Hevelius, deduced from the best authorities; with various Notes and Corrections, and a Preface to each Catalogue.' By Francis Baily, Esq. Forming Vol. XIII. of the *Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society.*

tion required for an astronomer. After describing the ceremony of laying the foundation, which was done in presence of the King, and at which 'copious libations of a variety of wines were offered for the success of the undertaking,' Sir David Brewster thus proceeds :—

'The observatory was surrounded by a rampart, each face of which was three hundred feet long. About the middle of each face the rampart became a semicircle, the inner diameter of which was ninety feet. The height of the rampart was twenty-two feet, and its thickness at the base twenty. Its four angles corresponded exactly with the four cardinal points, and at the north and south angles were erected turrets, of which one was a printing-house, and the other the residence of the servants. Gates were erected at the east and west angles, and above them were apartments for the reception of strangers. Within the rampart was a shrubbery with about three hundred varieties of trees; and at the centre of each semicircular part of the rampart was a bower or summer-house. This shrubbery surrounded the flower-garden, which was terminated within by a circular wall about forty-five feet high, which enclosed a more elevated area, in the centre of which stood the principal building of the observatory, and from which four paths led to the above-mentioned angles, with as many doors for entering the garden.

'The principal building was about sixty feet square. The doors were placed on the east and west sides; and to the north and south fronts were attached two round towers, whose inner diameter was about thirty-two feet, and which formed the observatories, which had windows in their roof that could be opened towards any part of the heavens.—The accommodations for the family were numerous and splendid. Under the observatory, in the south tower, was the museum and library; and below this, again, was the laboratory, in a subterraneous crypt, containing sixteen furnaces of various kinds. Beneath this, was a well forty feet deep, from which water was distributed by syphons to every part of the building.'

'As the two towers could not accommodate the instruments which Tycho required for his observations, he found it necessary to erect, on the hill about sixty paces to the south of Uraniburg, a subterranean observatory, in which he might place his larger instruments, which required to be firmly fixed, and to be protected from the wind and weather. This observatory, which he called Stiern-berg [*Stiern-burg*], or the mountain of the stars, consisted of several crypts, separated by solid walls, and to these there was a subterr anean passage from the laboratory in Uraniburg. The various buildings which Tycho erected were in a regular style of architecture, and were highly ornamented, not only with external decorations, but with the statues and pictures of the most distinguished astronomers, from Hipparchus and Ptolemy down to Copernicus, and with inscriptions and poems in honor of astronomers.'—(Pp. 140—151.)

Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with this magnificent structure, was its speedy demolition, without apparent cause or object. Even when Gassendi wrote, the edifice, with all its towers and ramparts, had entirely disappeared—*jam seges est ubi Troja fuit*—and when Picard was sent to Huen, by the Academy of Sciences of Paris, in 1671, for the purpose of determining the exact position of the spot where the instruments had stood, he found only some remains of foundations; the whole structure, he remarks, having been demolished soon after Tycho's departure, and the materials partly used in the construction of a farm-house. What renders its demolition more unaccountable, is the circumstance, that in the time of Tycho the island contained only one village, with about forty inhabitants. It could scarcely be necessary to pull down a castle to obtain building materials for the houses required by such a population.

The causes of Tycho's rupture with the Danish court have been left by preceding biographers without satisfactory explanation; and Sir David Brewster has not thrown any new light on the subject. Tycho himself does not name his persecutors; but, in his elegies and private letters, hints at vague charges of ingratitude and oppression; declares he will tell all at the proper time and in the proper place: and piously suggests that his persecution was ordained by Providence, for the purpose of more widely diffusing a knowledge of astronomy. The reasons set forth in the following paragraph, afford no satisfactory explanation of the mystery :—

'For several years the studies of Tycho had been treated with an unwilling toleration by the Danish court. Many of the nobles envied the munificent establishment he had received from Frederick, and the liberal pension which he drew from the treasury. But among his most active enemies were some physicians, who envied his reputation as a successful and a gratuitous practitioner of the healing art. Numbers of invalids flocked to Huen; and diseases, which resisted all other methods of cure, are said to have yielded to the panaceal prescription of the astrologer. Under the influence of such motives, these individuals succeeded in exciting against Tycho the hostility of the court. They drew the public attention to the exhausted state of the treasury. They

maintained that he had possessed too long the estate in Norway, which might be given to men who labored more usefully for the commonwealth; and they accused him of allowing the chapel at Rothschild to fall into decay.'—(P. 168.)

The story about the jealousy of the physicians is given by Gassendi in rather stronger terms; but it would seem to rest on no better foundation than the following verses, in an elegy composed by Tycho on the occasion of his departure. After alluding to his medical practice he adds—

'Nec tamen hinc lucrum sectabar, ut undique moris;
Gratia quippe dabam parta labore gravi
Nimirum hoc fuerat cur tanta odia invida sensi,
Hinc abitus nostri manat origo vetus.'

Jessenius, in the funeral oration printed at the end of Gassendi's Memoir, ascribes the cause of his misfortunes to his plainness of speech; 'Nihil fictum, nihil simulatum in ipso; sed scapham appellabat; unde omne quod sustinuit odium.' Our author, in common with the other biographers of Tycho, has ascribed his persecution to Walchendorp, the President of the Danish Council, whose hostility is said to have had its origin in a quarrel about a dog. Some symptoms of public feeling having manifested themselves in favor of Tycho, after his retirement from Huen to Copenhagen, Walchendorp—'a name,' says Sir David, 'which, while the heavens revolve, will be pronounced with horror by astronomers—saw the change of sentiment which his injuries had produced, and adopted an artful method of sheltering himself from public odium. . . . . He appointed a committee of two persons, one of whom was Thomas Feuchius, to report to the government on the nature and utility of the studies of Tycho. These two individuals were entirely ignorant of astronomy and the use of instruments; *and even if they had not, they would have been equally subservient to the views of the minister.* They reported that the studies of Tycho were of no value, and that they mere not only useless, but noxious. Armed with this report, Walchendorp prohibited Tycho, in the King's name, *from continuing his chemical experiments.*'—(P. 171.) Passing over the assumed subserviency of Feuchius and his coadjutor, we may remark, that Astronomers have no great reason to find fault with the sentence consequent on their report; nor is it probable that Chemistry lost much by the prohibition of Tycho's experiments. The charges against Walchendorp would seem to require some further support, in order to entitle them to be received as matter of authentic history.

Beyond the credit due to Tycho as a practical Astronomer, his character presents few points for admiration, and is even stained with the grossest weaknesses and defects. He was a believer in Astrology, and a confirmed Alchemist;—the discoverer of a new elixir, or universal remedy, 'which went by his name, and was sold in every apothecary's shop as a specific against the diseases which were then ravaging Germany.' Astrologer, alchemist, and quack, he also aspired to be regarded as a conjurer. 'He had various automata, with which he delighted to astonish the peasants; and by means of invisible bells, which communicated with every part of his establishment, and which rung with the gentlest touch, he had great pleasure in bringing any of his pupils suddenly before strangers, muttering at a particular time the words "Come hither, Peter," as if he had commanded their presence by some supernatural agency.'—(P. 196.) The following extract shows that the study of Astronomy had not elevated his mind above the most abject superstitions:—

'If, on leaving home, he met with an old woman, or a hare, he returned immediately to his house. But the most extraordinary of all his peculiarities remains to be noticed:—When he lived at Uraniburg, he maintained an idiot of the name of Lep, who lay at his feet whenever he sat down to dinner, and whom he fed with his own hand. Persuaded that his mind, when moved, was capable of foretelling future events, Tycho carefully remarked every thing he said. Lest it should be supposed this was done to no purpose, Longomontanus relates that when any person in the island was sick, Lep never, when interrogated, failed to predict whether the patient would live or die.'—(P. 197.)

Our author, in an eloquent paragraph which we regret our limits will not permit us to transfer wholly to our pages, has, with a view to extenuate some of these defects in Tycho's character, discussed the question how far a belief in Alchemy, and the practice of its arts, have a foundation in the weakness of human nature; and to what extent they are compatible with piety and elevated moral feeling. We can only make room for the following passage:—

'The history of learning furnishes us with many examples of that species of delusion in which a great mind submits itself to vulgar adulation, and renounces unwillingly, if it renounces at all, the unenviable reputation of supernatural agency. In cases where self-interest and ambition are the basis of this peculiarity of temperament, and in an age when the conjurer and the alchemist were the companions and even the idols of princes, it is easy to trace the steps by which a gifted sage retains his ascendency among the ignorant. The hecatomb, which is sacrificed to the magician, he receives as an oblation to his science; and, conscious of possessing real endowments, the idol devours the meats which are offered to him, without analyzing the motives and expectations under which he is fed. Even when the idolater and his god are not placed in this transverse relation, the love of power or of notoriety is sufficient to induce good men to lend a too willing ear to vulgar testimony in favor of themselves; and in our own times, it is not common to repudiate the unmerited cheers of a popular assembly, or to offer a contradiction to fictitious tales which record our talents or our courage, our charity or our piety.'—(P. 191.)

We proceed now to a character of a very different class;—one of those rare men, says Laplace, whom nature bestows from time to time on the sciences, in order to develope the great theories prepared by the labors of many ages. Kepler was born at Wiel, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 21st of December 1571, and was consequently twenty-four years younger than Tycho, and seven years younger than Galileo. His father and mother are represented as having both been of noble extraction, but reduced to indigence by their improvidence or bad conduct. The nobility of his descent, however, afforded him no immunity from the usual inconveniences of poverty: his father, who had been a petty officer in the Duke of Wirtemberg's service, became ultimately the keeper of a tavern at Elmendingen; and he himself, at the age of twelve years, was employed in menial offices in this establishment. In his youth he was of a feeble and delicate constitution, and subject to periodical attacks of severe illness. At the age of fifteen he was admitted into the school of the monastery of Maulbronn, whence, in due time, he proceeded to the university of Tubingen. Here he had Michael Mœstlin for his preceptor in mathematics—an Astronomer of no mean repute, and to whom the credit is due of being one of the first who publicly taught the system of Copernicus. Under this tuition Kepler made rapid advances; and on taking his degree of master in 1591, he held the second place at the annual examination.

In the biographies of great inventors we expect to find, almost as matter of course, not only some manifestations of the ruling passion in early youth, but indulgence in the favorite pursuits at a more advanced period, in spite of every obstacle and discouragement. Thus Tycho was sent to Leipsic to study Law, but passed his nights in measuring the distance of the stars. Galileo was placed at Pisa to study Medicine, but gave his whole mind to mechanics. Kepler, however, cannot be cited as an example in illustration of the rule, for he took to astronomy as a matter of duty. On the recommendation of Mœstlin, he was appointed, in 1594, to the professorship of Astronomy at Gratz—an office for which he had, at that time, no particular qualification; and he himself states, that he had no predilection for the science, but having been educated at the public expense, he felt himself constrained to accept the first appointment that was offered him. His attention being thus directed to Astronomy, he embarked in the study with the eagerness for which he was remarkable through life, devoting the whole energies of his mind to discover the causes of the number, the size, and the nature of the planetary orbits. The fruits of this application appeared in 1596, in his 'Prodromus of Cosmographical Dissertations;'—a work of which the object appears to have been to prove, that the Creator of the universe had observed the relations among the five regular solids, in determining the order, number, and proportions of the planetary orbits. Wild and extravagant as were the theories propounded in this remarkable volume, the boldness and originality of genius, as well as powers of application which it manifested, called forth the approbation of Galileo and Tycho, and stamped the author as one of the first Astronomers of the age. Kepler's position at Gratz was by no means an agreeable one. The feuds between the Catholics and Protestants, which then agitated the city, were a source of continual annoyance to him; his income was insufficient for his support; he had married, and his wife's dowery having turned out less than he had been led to expect, he was involved in disputes with her relations. In 1600, he visited Tycho at Prague, for the purpose of obtaining from that Astronomer more

accurate data for the determination of the eccentricities of the planets; and an arrangement was proposed whereby he should become one of Tycho's assistants. Before this plan could be carried into effect, Kepler, in consequence of fresh troubles at Gratz, was induced to resign his appointment at that place; and being thus left without the means of subsistence, he applied for the professorship of medicine at Tubingen. From this purpose, which would probably have given an entirely different direction to his studies, he was dissuaded by Tycho; who invited him to Prague, presented him to the Emperor, and procured for him the title and emoluments of imperial mathematician, on the condition that he should assist in reducing the observations. Longomontanus was at that time Tycho's first assistant, and it was agreed that they should undertake the computation, from Tycho's observations, of an entirely new set of astronomical tables; to be called, in honor of the Emperor, the 'Rudolphine Tables.' The proposal was encouraged by the Emperor, who pledged himself to defray the expenses of the publication; but the death of Tycho in 1601, and the return of Longomontanus to Copenhagen, put an end to the scheme for the present.

Upon the death of Tycho, Kepler succeeded him as first mathematician to the Emperor, and came into possession of his invaluable collection of observations. To this office a handsome salary was attached; but the imperial treasury being drained by expensive wars, Kepler experienced great difficulties in providing subsistence for his family. But his astronomical pursuits were not forgotten. 'No adverse circumstances were capable of extinguishing his scientific ardor, and, whenever he directed his vigorous mind to the investigation of phenomena, he never failed to obtain interesting and original results.' At this period, he occupied himself with researches on the subject of refraction. His 'Supplement to Vitellio' was published in 1604;—a work which contained the best account of astronomical optics then extant, and in which the offices performed by the different parts of the eye, in the act of vision, were first distinctly explained. In 1611, he published another work on the same subject, his 'Dioptrics,' which contains the first theoretical explanation which was given of the construction of the telescope. But the most important result of his labors at this period of his life, and indeed by far the most valuable of all his productions, was his 'Commentaries on the Motions of Mars,' which appeared in 1609. In this remarkable work he has recorded the various steps by which he was led to two of his greatest discoveries; namely, that the orbit of Mars is an ellipse having the sun in one of its foci; and that the time of describing any arc is proportioned to the area included between the curve and two straight lines drawn from the sun to the extremities of the arc. These important laws, together with the correct views on gravity disclosed in this work, entitle its author to be regarded as the precursor of Newton and Laplace, and the founder of celestial mechanics.

As an account of this volume, and Kepler's principal astronomical discoveries, has been given in a former number of this Journal,* we shall not dwell on them here, but proceed to give a few more incidents of his personal history. The melancholy posture of his private affairs about this time, is thus described by Sir David Brewster:—

'When Kepler presented to Rudolph the volume which contained these fine discoveries, he reminded him jocularly of his requiring the sinews of war to make similar attacks upon the other planets. The Emperor, however, had more formidable enemies than Jupiter and Saturn, and from the treasury, which war had exhausted, he found it difficult to supply the wants of science. While Kepler was thus involved in the miseries of poverty, misfortunes of every kind filled up the cup of his adversity. His wife, who had long been the victim of low spirits, was seized, towards the end of 1610, with fever, epilepsy, and phrenitis, and before she had completely recovered, all his three children were simultaneously attacked with the small-pox. His favorite son fell a victim to the malady, and at the same time Prague was partially occupied by the troops of Leopold. The part of the city where Kepler resided was harassed by the Bohemian levies, and, to crown the list of evils, the Austrian troops introduced the plague into the city.'—(P. 228.)

In consequence of his pecuniary embarrassments, Kepler made an attempt to obtain a Professorship at Linz, in Austria; but the Emperor would not consent to his leaving Prague, and encouraged him with hopes of payment of the arrears of his salary. On the death of Rudolph, Kepler again received the appointment of imperial

* Vol. v. p. 442.

mathematician, and was allowed to accept the Chair at Linz. Here he contracted his second marriage, and continued to reside during seven years, but with small improvement of his circumstances; for under Mathias, the imperial finances appear to have been in a still less flourishing state than under Rudolph: and Kepler, who depended mainly upon his pension for his means of living, suffered great vexation in consequence of its remaining unpaid. 'In order,' he says, 'to defray the expense of the Ephemeris for two years, I have been obliged to compose *a vile prophesying almanac, which is scarcely more respectable than begging*, unless from its saving the Emperor's credit, who abandons me entirely, and would suffer me to perish with hunger.' But the death of Mathias in 1619, gave him hopes of better times; for the new Emperor, Ferdinand III., not only renewed his appointment, but promised to pay up all the arrears of his pension; and to furnish him besides with the means of accomplishing the great object of his ambition, the publication of the Rudolphine Tables. In 1622, Kepler published his *Harmonices Mundi*, a work filled with speculations on a great variety of subjects —geometry, music, astrology, astronomy, and metaphysics; but chiefly remarkable, as containing the announcement of the relation which subsists between the periodic times, and the mean distances of the planets. The beauty and extreme importance of this general law of the planetary system, are such as to render the burst of joy with which he announced it, in no way extravagant:—

'This law, as he himself informs us, first entered his mind on the 8th of March, 1618; but, having made an erroneous calculation, he was obliged to reject it. He resumed the subject on the 15th of May; and having discovered his former error, recognized with transport the absolute truth of a principle which for seventeen years had been the object of his incessant labors. The delight which this grand discovery gave him had no bounds. "Nothing holds me," says he; "I will indulge in my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God, far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it. The die is cast, the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer."'—(P. 240.)

The 'Rudolphine Tables,' in the preparation of which Kepler had been engaged for twenty-six years, after having been long delayed for want of funds to defray the expenses of the printing, and subsequently from the disturbed state of Germany during the wars of the Reformation, were at length published in 1628. This work is remarkable in the history of Astronomy, as containing the first tables which were calculated on the hypothesis of elliptic orbits, and as exhibiting the science under the form in which it appears in our modern treatises. The labor which Kepler bestowed on its preparation was enormous; and it is curious to observe, that it was increased by the discovery of the logarithms; in consequence of which, he was under the necessity of giving a different form to several of the tables, in order to adapt them to the new method of calculation.

Kepler had continued to reside at Linz since 1622; but, about the time of the appearance of the 'Rudolphine Tables,' he was invited by the Duke of Friedland, a great patron of Astrology, to take up his abode at Sagan, in Silesia. Having solicited permission from the Emperor to accept of this invitation, 'the Emperor did not hesitate to grant the request, and would gladly have transferred Kepler's arrears, as well as himself, to the service of a foreign prince.' Kepler accordingly removed his family to Sagan in 1629, and was favorably received by the Grand Duke, who treated him with distinction and liberality, and procured for him a Professorship in the university of Rostock. But it would seem as if no change had the power of producing any amelioration of Kepler's fortunes:—

'In this remote situation, Kepler found it extremely difficult to obtain payment of the imperial pension, which he still retained. The arrears had accumulated to 8000 crowns; and he resolved to go to the imperial assembly at Ratisbon to make a final effort to obtain them. His attempts, however, were fruitless. The vexation which this occasioned, and the great fatigue which he had undergone, threw him into a violent fever, which is said to have been one of cold, and to have been accompanied with an imposthume in the brain, occasioned by too much study. This disease baffled the skill of his physicians, and carried him off on the 5th of November, O. S., 1630, in the sixtieth [fifty-ninth] year of his age.'—(P. 249.)

Kepler's name will always be associated with the discovery of the Three Laws which

regulate the planetary motions; by which he effected a greater revolution in theoretical Astronomy than ever had fallen, or ever can fall again, to the lot of any individual, But he has many other claims upon our consideration. The 'Rudolphine Tables' were a most important contribution to practical Astronomy, and would alone have sufficed to place him in the first rank among the promoters of that science; and various methods of observation and computation suggested by him are still in use. His physical speculations, though frequently fanciful, and sometimes extravagant, always give evidence of enlarged views and great acuteness; and he nearly anticipated two of Newton's most important discoveries —the law of gravitation, and the theory of the prismatic colors. In mathematics his knowledge was neither systematic nor very profound; and the circumstance was unfortunate for himself, for greater proficiency in this science would have saved him an immensity of unnecessary calculations. Nevertheless, even here he has left the impress of his genius. His method of solving the problem which goes by his name, is perhaps as well adapted for practical purposes as any of the numerous solutions which have since been given; and his treatise on Gauging contains principles near akin to those on which the infinitesimal calculus was afterwards built. No sooner had he heard of the invention of the Logarithms than he perceived its immense importance in Astronomy; and immediately set about improving the theory, and computing and publishing new tables.

Kepler's works are composed in a very singular style; for he not only gives the process of reasoning through which he arrived at the conclusions ultimately adopted, but also a detailed account of all his previous trials and failures. This frankness has perhaps been injurious to his reputation, and occasioned his being represented as working in some measure in the dark, and arriving at important results by accident. Thus, in a recent biography, we meet with such remarks as the following:—'It is impossible not to admire Kepler's singular good fortune in arriving at this correct result, in spite, or rather through, the means, of his erroneous principles;'—'*if* he had exerted his ingenuity in this direction, he might have wasted his life in useless labor;'—'*if* the orbit of Mars had been less oval, he would not have detected the true orbit by the method he followed;'—'it is extraordinary that a supposition made for such a reason should have the *luck* to be the right one;'—'*if* the laws of the planetary orbits had chanced to have been any other than those which cause them to describe ellipses, this last singular confirmation of an erroneous theory would have taken place.' Whether Kepler would have discovered the laws of the planetary motions had they been different from what they are, is a question of extremely little importance. It is sufficient for his glory, and was sufficient for the wants of Astronomy, that he discovered the actually existing laws;—and although the liveliness of his imagination—some prepossessions in favor of occult qualities and mystical properties; together with a want of method and system in his investigation—led him to give expression to many conjectures which would never have occurred to a mind otherwise constituted, or at least would have been suppressed when found to be erroneous—his laws of the planets were discovered, according to our apprehension, in the only way by which such discoveries could be made; namely, by deducing them (after his own fashion, indeed) from the observations which were at his command, and proving, by laborious calculations, that they accurately represented those observations. Sir David Brewster has placed this matter in its proper light:—

'Kepler,' he observes, 'has fortunately left behind him a full account of the methods by which he arrived at his great discoveries. What other philosophers have studiously concealed, Kepler has openly avowed and minutely detailed; andwe have no hesitation in considering these details as the most valuable present that has ever been given to science, and as deserving the careful study of all who seek to emulate his immortal achievements. It has been asserted that Newton made his discoveries by following a different method; but this is a mere assumption, as Newton has never favored the world with any account of the erroneous speculations, and the frequent failures, which must have preceded his ultimate success. Had Kepler done the same, by recording only the final steps of his inquiries, his method of investigation would have obtained the highest celebrity, and would have been held up to future ages as a pattern for their imitation. But such was the candor of his mind, and such his inordinate love of truth, that he not only recorded his wildest fancies, but emblazoned even his greatest errors. If Newton had indulged us with the same insight into his physical inquiries, we should have witnessed the same processes which were employed by Kepler, modified only by the differ-

ent characters and intensities of their imaginative powers.'—(P. 264.)

The personal character of Kepler has been very fully developed by himself, in his various works and epistolary correspondence; and the incidents of his life, collected chiefly from the same sources, have been succinctly narrated in the Memoirs prefixed to the Collection of Letters published by Hansch. History presents to our consideration few more remarkable characters. His struggles with the world excite our sympathy; his ardor and enthusiasm our admiration. It is, no doubt, an afflicting consideration, that a man whose genius and indomitable energy have done so much for the advancement of human knowledge, should have encountered so unpropitious a fate; yet if we dispassionately consider the circumstances, we may see reason to doubt whether science was in any respect the cause of his misfortunes. If his salary was irregularly paid, the irregularity was owing to political causes, and the unfavorable circumstances of the times. Religious controversies, domestic misfortunes, war, and the plague, are calamities to which the learned and the illiterate are subject indiscriminately. No doubt all his misfortunes were aggravated by the narrowness of his circumstances; but it is by no means certain that his circumstances would have been more prosperous had he followed any other pursuit, though it is probable that in that case the world would never have heard of them. His condition, hard as it was, was not without its shades of light. His lofty title of Imperial Mathematician gave him official consequence among those with whom he lived; and to an enthusiast like Kepler, the consciousness that his discoveries would occupy a prominent place in the future history of science, was a compensation for many evils. Of the importance he attached to his successful labors, he gives us a proof in his declaration, that he would not exchange his discovery of the analogy of the planetary orbits with the five regular solids for the whole Electorate of Saxony. We see no just ground for imputing a disregard of science to Rudolph and his successors, who certainly were in no condition to appreciate Kepler's merits, and whose favor was conferred on him in his character of Astrologist. It is, indeed, remarkable how little Kepler's merits were understood in his own age. Galileo had no conception of the importance of his discoveries;—'they were little considered by Gassendi—they were undervalued by Riccioli—they were never mentioned by Descartes. It was an honor reserved for Newton to estimate them at their true value.' Such are the words of the late Professor Playfair; yet it is satisfactory to observe, that even before the time of Newton their merit was perceived and acknowledged by *one* Astronomer at least in our own country. Horrox describes them as not only valuable, but as more valuable than those of all other Astronomers put together—'Pergo igitur ad Astronomiæ principem, J. Keplerum; cujus unius viri inventis, non est harum artium peritus qui neget plus debere astronomiam quam ceteris in universum.'

The misfortunes of Galileo, Tycho, and Kepler, arose from peculiar and accidental circumstances; and the sovereigns under whom they lived deserve the praise of having been munificent patrons of science. The following incident in the life of Kepler, gives Sir David Brewster an opportunity of glancing at the encouragement held out to scientific pursuits in our own country. Kepler, it seems, upon one occasion received a visit from Sir Henry Wotton, Ambassador from England to the States of Venice, and was invited by him to take up his residence in England. Sir David thinks it probable that the invitation proceeded from the Sovereign, who made Kepler a distinct offer through his Ambassador; and upon this supposition he thus expresses himself:—'If the imperial mathematician had no other assurance of a comfortable home in England than that of Sir Henry Wotton, he acted a wise part in distrusting it; and we rejoice that the sacred name of Kepler was thus withheld from the long list of distinguished characters whom England has starved and dishonored.'—(P. 343.)

It would far exceed the limits we have now left, and it is not by any means within the scope of our intention, to enter upon a discussion of the question pointed at in this startling allegation. In the long list of distinguished characters whose names have shed a lustre on British science during the last two or three centuries, there are, indeed, many whose success in the world has fallen far short of their merits; but to represent them as having been dishonored in not being the recipients of pecuniary supplies from the public treasury, is to make use of a strong, if not a perverse figure of

speech. Science in England, has not, it is true, been fostered by state provisions: yet if we look to results, our system) if it may be so called) cannot be pronounced to have been unsuccessful; for on reference to the history of the great and fundamental discoveries by which the various sciences have been advanced to their present state, it will not assuredly be found that England has any reason to blush for her share of them. That science has derived some important benefits from the pensioned Academies which have been instituted and maintained by some of the Continental governments, is a proposition which it would be idle to dispute: but such establishments are little in harmony with our political institutions; and in proportion as wealth and intelligence are more generally diffused, they become more and more unnecessary. A British Institute, maintained at the public expense, while it might perhaps provide for a few meritorious individuals, would, it is to be feared, give rise to much jobbing and jealousy; and would neither accelerate the progress of science, nor lessen the number of its martyrs.

We must now take leave of this publication. Considering the eminent station its author has long occupied among European philosophers ,and the number and importance of his contributions to some of the highest and most difficult branches of physical inquiry, it cannot add to his reputation. It was probably undertaken as a relaxation from more severe labor, and regarded by him as of no great importance. We confess however that we look upon it in a different light. Next to labors which tend to enlarge the existing boundaries of knowledge, the most useful service, perhaps, which can now be rendered to science, is the faithful exposition of the discoveries and claims of its great benefactors; for, after all, the hope of receiving the approbation and applause of future ages is the best and most honorable incentive to scientific enterprise. It is also of no small importance to the student, that the methods of the original discoveries should be reviewed from time to time by those who, starting from a higher vantage-ground, have succeeded, like the present author, in going far beyond them in the same paths of inquiry: for it is thus that the connexion between the different states of a science, and the continuity of a chain of discovery, are best preserved and made evident. For these reasons, we look upon the work, moderate as it is in extent, as calculated to do good service to the canse to which its author has so successfully consecrated his life and his labors.

OXFORD PROFESSORS OF POETRY—COPLESTON AND KEBLE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Prælectiones Academicæ Ozonii Habitæ, Annis M.DCCC.XXXII–M.DCCC.XLI. A Joanne Keble, A. M. 1844.

THIRTY-ONE years, we think, have gone by since a volume written by a professor of poetry issued from the Oxford press. It was written in Latin, and therefore presented only a locked casket to the general reader. But there was a treasure in it when opened which could not fail to win the eye of the student. His subject was the poetry of the Greek and Latin literature; not considered with the dogmatic decision and bloodless prosaism which usually characterize the criticism of a learned pen, but recommended by the delicacy of the sentiment, the accuracy of the judgment, and the purity of the taste. If Learning was there, she had looked in the mirror by which Fancy dresses herself, and had brought away some of the reflected light upon her face; if Taste was there, it was with the lamp which Memory held over the page; if Antiquity was there, it was with the rose of Beauty bound upon its forehead. The style of the book was singularly elegant, and so transparent, that the individual physiognomy of the writer's thoughts was distinctly reflected. Need we say that the volume was the *Prælectiones Academicæ*, and that the writer was the present accomplished Bishop of Llandaff? By the side of this book we are now called to place a more elaborate contribution to the same branch of literature, and proceeding from the same celebrated press. We write in the same line the names of Copleston and Keble. Resembling each other in their subject, it would, perhaps, be difficult to select two men of equal eminence who offer fewer traces in their minds of intellectual relationship. In Bishop Copleston we are always struck by the peculiar simplicity and practical earnestness of his manner; he goes to every object in the directest way and by the shortest road. In

Mr. Keble, on the contrary, with equal earnestness, there is an absence of the practical application; and, instead of the shortest, he travels by the most agreeable path. And this difference was to be expected. The Bishop is only an annotator, while the Lecturer is a brother, of poets. But it is a truth, not only communicated but attested by experience, that they who excel in any art frequently fail in describing it; and that the discoverers of new provinces of imagination are very rarely successful in their attempts to give a description of them to other explorers. The quality, which forms the very *heart* of the *poetical*, is the *disease* of the *critical* frame, and that is the *faculty of invention*. The poet *illustrates* when he should *analyze*; and, instead of setting the jewel clear, encircles, envelopes, and overlays it in gold of his own. His eye is necessarily discursive—it wanders from star to star in the hemisphere of fancy, and seldom rests long enough to determine the course or the magnitude of the luminous body upon which the glass of criticism had been turned; nay, the glass itself is usually tinged by the prevailing color of his own imagination. Of all phenomena, a poet *catholic* in his taste is the most remarkable. Waller ridicules Milton for the dull length of his poem; Milton condescends to commend Dryden for the harmony of his rhymes. Gray is insensible to the voluptuous music and the melting pathos of Collins; and Goldsmith laments the unprofitable splendor of Gray. Thus a perpetual contradiction is going on; and it might be affirmed, without much hesitation, that of all crowds in which it would be difficult for a poet to retain his laurel-crown uninjured, the crowd of poets would be the most formidable. Happy, indeed, would he be if he escaped with a single leaf upon his forehead. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that we turn with peculiar pleasure to the critical disquisitions of those who, *without writing, teach the rest*; not, indeed, to write, but to estimate poetry; who legislate for provinces which they could never have discovered; and point out the defects of the palace which they could never have built. Studied in this spirit we have always regarded the *Prælectiones* of Bishop Copleston with peculiar interest. The work possesses, indeed, to us the charm of association: it was one of the earliest books that allured our eyes and hearts to those creations of imagination and beauty which we have loved, if not *wisely*, at least *well*. We look upon it, therefore, with some of the softened light of a first affection,—when the life of the intellect, like the body,

> "Was new,
> And the heart promised what the fancy drew."

Experience and consideration have only tended to deepen the impression in our mind. The character of Bishop Copleston is one peculiarly calculated to conciliate esteem; and it is very pleasing to us to know that the Christian is not less admirable than the scholar, and that the commender of generous sentiments in fiction, indulges them in practice. And if the lectures of Copleston have thus been invested with a certain charm, independent of their literary merits, we can apply the same characteristic to the present publication of Keble. The author of the *Christian Year* has won a place for himself in every tender and every reflective heart. He has written a volume of religious poetry, which, for intensity of feeling, picturesqueness of style, and harmony of language, has never been surpassed since the time of *Spenser*. We say Spenser emphatically, because it was evidently from that writer, whom he considers the great sacred poet of England, that Keble drew the principles of his school of religious design and coloring; and he makes an affectionate mention of him in his fifth *prælection*, to which we shall presently find it expedient to allude. Nor will the remarks we have ventured to offer upon the critical accomplishments of poets in general be received, we trust, as conveying our opinion of the productions of Mr. Keble in that path. The examination which we have been able to make of these interesting lectures would rather incline us to except him from the censure, and to number him with that small company whom we might have wished to write more of other minds, if they had not so many precious revelations to give of their own. With regard to the expediency of the language employed, the author has expressed himself with candor. We shall not stop to examine his arguments, or to refute what we take to be some erroneous conclusions. If a Latin lecture has its advantages, it has also its defects, and the advantages and the defects are alike inherent. If it restrains the contortions of a disordered fancy, it represses the buoyancy and cramps the gracefulness of a cultivated taste. We are, how-

ever, warned by the following passage, which looks towards us and our brethren with a formidable expression of countenance, — "Quorum alii septimo quoque die, alii modestiores singulis mensibus, qui summa abstinentia utuntur, quater certe in anno redeunt, *Criticorum nomine et loco gestientes. Rarissimi sunt, qui in illa celeritate scribendi non plurima secus dicant, atque id, quod unice deceat.*"

Of these volumes, and of the many topics of literary interest that occupy their pages, it would be impossible for us to offer any appropriate exposition. We shall content ourselves with indicating a few trains of thought which have been awakened by their perusal, in the hope that our readers may be induced to take up and enlarge them. A lecturer is obliged to commence his disquisition with a definition of the subject of which he discourses. Of *poetry*, so often explained, and so variously illustrated, it may be expected that every thing true has been said already, and that whatever has the recommendation of being *new*, incurs the perilous probability of being rejected as *false*. Keble adopts the humbler and the wiser course of reproducing and reshaping the opinions already received. If he calls in the coinage of criticism, it is only that it may be restored to its former circulation when its genuineness and weight have been ascertained. In defining poetry, he requires only two concessions to be made to him; 1, that it must in some manner be continually associated with number, and harmonious gradation of *sound;* 2, and that it be employed chiefly in *creation and representation;* in making the absent present, the dead alive, things that are not as things that are. And the first concession will be *rhythm;* and the second will be *phantasy*. Either quality, in the absence of the other, possesses its charm; and it has been remarked by Coleridge that the sweet combination of sounds, even when destitute of any particular signification, exercises a pleasing influence on the ear, and through the ear upon the feelings. An illustration of this power may be found in the effect produced by a brook tinkling over pebbles, and heard, not seen, in the twilight of a green lane on a summer evening. But though it is possible for Christianity to subsist without music, and to constitute poetry by its own essential excellence and principle of vitality, it is not possible for rhythm to communicate the same privilege of existence. And, therefore, the power of creation, of raising the dead, and transporting the living, is the great prerogative of the poetical mind, and that which not only gives it the claim to an intellectual sovereignty, but enables it to administer it. And it is by their marvellous exhibition of this power that Homer, Shakspeare, and Dante, have so irresistibly established their authority over the vast empire of the human heart. And, therefore, it should never be said that we possess no magic and no sorcery by which the past and distant scenes can be revived. We have read, in the thrilling legends of ancient days, of wonderful mirrors into which the wand of the enchanter summoned the faces and the dwellings of those whom the questioner desired to behold. And we have heard how the glowing cheek of beauty, and the glittering plume of war, and the solemn forehead of learning, glimmered into the illuminated glass; and how the English maiden saw there the knight who had gone to rescue the Sepulchre of his Lord, pining in the dungeon of the Infidel; and how the mother, trembling for the gentle daughter of her love, grew pale as she saw the white rose planted, and the green osier woven round a new tomb in the churchyard of her own village. And in the sefabulous mirrors, thus uttering their melancholy oracles of the past, and their sadder prophecies of the future, we can recognize that collecting and combining power of memory which, when it has been magnified and colored by the rays of imagination, may be properly called *poetry* or *invention*. It is the vivid reproduction of buried objects, the luminous revelation of forgotten pageants, the sunny transparency of faded landscapes, that affixes the seal to the poetical title-deed. Hence it happens that we never think of any great poem, whether of ancient or modern times, without perceiving that a long procession of magnificent scenes rises under the spell of recollection. The happiest criticism ever given of Spenser was that which Pope records, and which compares him to an artist displaying a sumptuous gallery of pictures to some wondering visitor. So it is with the historical portraits of Shakspeare.

A consideration of the elements of the poetical temperament leads Mr. Keble to speak of that mute, that unconscious poetry, which dwells in so many bosoms, and may be said to characterize the inhabitants of our villages and rural solitudes; such as the attachment to particular places, the

tender recollection of departed friends, and a general sentiment of reverence for things pertaining to religion. The charm of local attachment especially deserves to be enumerated among the elements of the poetical mind, so abundantly and unconsciously possessed. Absent in the remotest regions of the world, the exiles still return in thought to the scenes and haunts of affection and memory. The English corn-field waves and glistens beneath the Indian sun, the smoke of the white cottage, as it nestled among the embowering woodbine, slowly ascends over the feathery crown of the palm, and the steeple of the village church glimmers through the dark branches of the banyan. The sentiment is bestowed upon the many, the utterance of it upon the few. The heart feels, the genius expresses. Keble gives a charming specimen both of the sentiment and the expression in some lines of Burns, which he hesitated to translate into Greek because they breathe already the rhyme and the grace of Theocritus:—

"I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,
For far in the west is he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my baby and me.'

νυκτος αει ζεφυρον ποτιδερκομαι ὑπνοτ' ες ευναν
ελκιεσθην. τυ μοι αδυν επ' ομμασιν ὑπνον εχευε.
προς ζεφυρον γαρ τηλοσ' απωχετο φιλτατος ανδρων
ωχετ' ιων, ποθος αμιν, εμοι και παιδι αφαυρω.

Virgil has made a beautiful use of this local memory, shedding a peace and joy over the dying eyes of the exile. One of the most affecting exemplifications of its influence is afforded by the familiar story of the Swiss soldiers who had been received into the pay of France. It was the evening hymn of their native mountains that restored health to their bodies and hope to their minds after every other remedy had failed. Their own song transformed a strange into a beloved land, and seemed to give to them the scenery and the friends, as well as the music of their home. Not less lively is the affectionate interest towards the spots where the loved in life sleep in death. It is not alone the poetical mind of Burke that desires to relinquish Wesminster Abbey for the dear old family burial-ground,—

"Where red and white with intermingling flowers,
The graves look beautiful with sun and showers;
While not a hillock moulders near that spot,
By one neglected or by all forgot."

The stooping shadows of those who have come in the quiet of the evening time to weep there, seem still to cast a solemn gloom and sanctity over the grass. The son desires to lay his ashes with those of her at whose knee he had first folded his little hands in the prayer of childhood, and of him by whose wise counsel he had been guided in the difficult pilgrimage of life. The religion of the children is warmed by the pious histories of their kindred, thus,—

"In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

We have hitherto been speaking of the first and second lectures, the third enters upon a wide and interesting path: it professes to examine what is called the *poetical*, as developed in painting and sculpture, in architecture and music; and, lastly, in rhetoric. Under the first division the lecturer selects two painters, the chief of their respective schools, Raphael and Rubens; and two pictures, which are accustomed to be regarded as the triumphs of each artist in his own peculiar walk of art. The parallel, as might be supposed, is extremely interesting between the *Roman* painter, impelled by nature and restrained by the gentle jurisdiction of the purest taste, and the *Flemish*, swayed by his own discipline of habit; one, contemplating a certain divine form and image of beauty, which he had delineated in the secret recesses of his own mind, and producing at will an uniform chastity of color and design; the *other* seizing upon every variety of hue and figure, in every possible combination. And so the difference between Raphael and Rubens is, that in the work of the first you forget the workman, while, in the second, the workman obscures the work. To Raphael Mr. Keble thinks that the endowment of *poetical light* is never refused; that the claim of Rubens, if not impugned, is never constantly admitted. From painting he passes to sculpture, which requires, as he observes, a purer and a severer taste to appreciate its beauties than is demanded by the more dazzling attractions of color. But architecture is far more intimately associated with poetry; whether it be the exquisite temple of Greek idolatry, with its solemn mysteries of superstition, its dim shrines, or its magnificent images of gods, darting rays of unearthly splendor from their emerald

eyes; or the rich and fantastic gracefulness of Oriental Paganism; or, above all, the long-drawn aisles and fretted vault of our own sacred churches. Upon such a subject we should expect the writer of the *Christian Year* to speak with more than common enthusiasm. For on our own part we think, and have said upon a former occasion, that a cathedral and the *Faëry Queene* breathe the same spirit; that one is a poem in stone, and one in metre; and the painted window and flowery clusterings of the walls form the more eloquent and the most congenial commentary upon Spenser. We shall quote a portion of this description of our sacred architecture, and, instead of a translation, would refer the reader to a metrical illustration from his own *Christian Year*:—

"Vetustissima supersunt prægrandi columnarum mole; simplici figura januarum, laquearium, fenestrarum; sculptili opere non admodum vario, neque in multas diffuso partes; quod adeo ad formam totius ædificii vix magis pertinere videatur, quam ad montis alicujus superficiem flores herbæque, si quæ ibi nascuntur. Itaque solidam quandam præ se ferunt durissimæ firmitatis, ne dicam immortalitatis, speciem. Deique cultoribus ipso visu servandam commendant animi constantiam, et pertinacem sine fastu fortitudinem. Hæc pervetera et fortasse rudiora paullatim excepit ædificandi ratio, omnium, ut mihi quidem videtur, elegantissima et sacris longe dignissima mysteriis. Acui jam fornicum culmina, atque in sublime efferri: columnæ non simplices illæ, sed virgatæ, fascium ritu, tamquam expluribus quæque constet columellis, inter se stipatis vinctisque; tum capita, mira arte cælata, sensim cum laquearibus impingi; fenestræ plurimæ, amplissimis luminibus, sculptili opere quam delicatissimo; quarum quasi fibræ, foliorum similes, non vagantur illæ quidem, libere tamen huc illuc feruntur."

The association of poetry with rhetoric is, of course, more intimate and defined; but though there is resemblance, there is no identity. Magnificence of diction, sweetness of pathos, charm of expression,—all may be present, without constituting a poet; for Cicero had them all; yet he still remained a rhetorician; while of Plato it has been affirmed, that he is more poetical than Homer. The contrast indicated by Keble is just and happy. Cicero always seems to encircle himself with the theatre, the crowd, the applause; you see the fluctuating wares of spectators; you hear the gathering thunder of kindling hands. With Plato, on the contrary, all is tranquil and subdued; he appears to be his own audience; his is the quiet eye that broods upon his own heart; any noisy expression of admiration would desecrate the serene majesty of his contemplations. The orator's rhetoric speaks to the busy, the idle, the hard-hearted, the worldly; the poetry of the philosopher steals only into the ear of the pensive, the meditative, and the refined. The oracular breastplate of the intellectual high-priest returns no answer to the profane and unworthy questioner. Every precious jewel of thought is clouded and silent. To illustrate his distinction between the rhetorical and the poetical mind, Keble adduces two specimens from two English writers, each alike celebrated in his own particular walk of thought,—Burke, the pride of the Senate,—Taylor, the glory of the Church. The passage from Burke is the famous description of the unfortunate Queen of France, selected from the Essay on the French Revolution; and the quotation from Taylor occurs in his funeral sermon on Lady Carbery. We give the original and the translation; and we think that even the graceful figures of the orator and the splendid image of the preacher will gather a new melody of sound from the exquisite Latin music to which they have been set by this accomplished critic:—

BURKE.

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall!"

BURKE TRANSLATED.

"Vidi equidem multis abhinc annis pulcherrimam, qualem ne insomniis quidem hunc orbem tetigisse crediderim (si modo revera tetigit;) vidi diluculo quodam suo, margine cœli, vixdum exortam; superna, quo properabat, loca, etiam tum læto lumine fovebat. Quid multa? Eoo lucidior emicabat, plena splendore, plena gaudio, quantum eheu! jam mutata! idem ego quam durus forem, si fixis oculis intueri possem, tali ortu, tam misere occidentem."

TAYLOR.

"In all her religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding toward her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion."

TAYLOR TRANSLATED.

"Ita se ad pietatem composuit, is erat tenor eorum, quæm illa Dei causa faciebat, ut esset miris modis tranquilla, nec unquam feretur citato gradu; quæ ad suum illum Oceanum, Deum videlicet et Æternitatem, certo ac quieto itinere laberetur."

Keble awards the prize of the orator to Burke, and of the poet to Taylor. "Who will deny," he says, "that these words of the bishop flow from a full breast? Who will doubt that he who has thus spoken would have given utterance to the same sentiment in the solitude and silence of his own chamber?" Now suffer us to say one word in the praise of one of the loveliest minds that ever threw a bloom and a beauty over the sacred teaching of England. Without being a poet—for Taylor's specimens in rhyme have nothing but his name to recommend them—he possessed the elements of poetry; and of all our writers, he seems to have had most eminently the *brooding* eye of Plato. For if we were asked to indicate by a single epithet the broad distinction between the eloquence of the rhetorical and the poetical mind, we should say of the one that it was *descriptive*, and of the other that it was *suggestive*. Of the *first*, that it gave to the spectator a single picture; of the *second*, that it exhibited scene after scene glimmering away into the aërial sunnings of perspective. In this suggestiveness, the writings of Jeremy Taylor abound. Southey, while expressing his surprise at Mackintosh's high praise of the panegyric mysticism of the bishop, admits that there are in his works exquisite, and more than Platonically beautiful passages, though he conceives them to be scattered thinly, like the apparitions of angels in pious story. We enter more congenially into the remark of Southey's friend, William Taylor, of Norwich, that it is pleasant to get out of the modern shrubberies in perpetual flower into the stately yew hedge-walks, and vased and statued terraces, and fruitful walls, and marble fountains of the old school of oratory. We think with him, and in his own words, "that such things are not made without a greater expense of study and brains than modern method requires;" and we admit, also, with him, that "while there is a something of stiffness and inutility to censure there, there is a something of aptness, grace, and convenience to applaud there."

In one respect Bishop Taylor must suffer from a comparison with Burke, or with that writer who might be supposed to suggest a more appropriate parallel, Bossuet; we allude to his perfect want of any such modulated flow of words and arrangement of sentences as compose what we are accustomed to call a *style*. In that respect he is the Rubens of eloquence; the fascination of his coloring is made to illuminate, if it does not conceal, the frequent deformities of his imagery, and the harshness and abruptness of his language.

In the fourth *prælection* the professor touches upon the interesting subject of poetical excellence in its relative degrees of originality and power, and in the highest class he places Spenser and Shakspeare. In this opinion he has the recorded voice of Southey to support him; who looked upon Shakspeare in the dramatic, Milton in the epic, and Spenser in the romantic, as not only above all their successors, but at an unapproachable distance from them. The admirers of Shakspeare may rejoice to receive the suffrage of Keble to the character of their poet. He considers his virtues of composition to have belonged to himself, and his vices to the age; and he thinks that the wilful depravity of his contemporaries ought be taken as a testimony of the sincere and hearty love and admiration of things deserving praise, by Shakspeare:—"Ut facile quis intelligere possit, quæ aliquando subterpicula intexuntur, partim sæculi esse, non scriptoris; partim, ut ebrios Laconicis pueris tanquam odiosa ac vitanda proponi. Ergo illum virtuti ex animo favisse non est cur dubitemus; cum præsertim plerique eorum qui tunc scenicis dabant operam, in alia omnia abire consueverint."

Of the moral infirmities of Dryden we think that Mr. Keble speaks with a severity that might have been softened. To say that he never praised any one *from his heart*, is scarcely justified, or rather it is contradicted by his life. Why should we doubt that his panegyric of Oldham was *sincere*, as we feel it to be *eloquent*? Many of the intellectual vices of Dryden were the vices of dependence—the vices of poverty.

Surely some allowance ought to be made for a man of genius who was obliged to keep a sharp eye upon a bookseller's *clipped guineas*. We shall quote Keble's brief character of Dryden, and instead of translating it, give its spirit in a parallel passage from one of Southey's letters to William Taylor :—

DRYDEN SKETCHED BY SOUTHEY.

"I have placed Dryden at the head of the second-rates. I admire, but do not love him; he can mend a versifier, but could never form a poet. His moral imbecility kept him down; with powers for painting, he chose to be a limner by trade; instead of amending ages to come, he was the pimp and pander of his own."

DRYDEN SKETCHED BY KEBLE.

"Nulli vis major et copia verborum; nulli sententiarum uberior seges; nemo felicius sese tentare, nemo liberius quædammodo et lætius spatiari, suarum virium sensu. Unum illud Vate sacro indignissimum, quod ita parum sibi congruat, ut neminem unquam ex animo laudasse, nulli earum, quas cantaverit, rerum impensius eum studuisse dicas."

Mr. Keble might very aptly have brought forward the example of Dryden to support his argument, that great poets are not only willing to employ on fitting occasions the language of common discourse, but also that they draw much of their imagery and illustration from things familiar and simple. The *Night Thoughts* of Young he mentions as suffering from a different theory.

There is deep cause to regret the error of the poet, because in no book of the eighteenth century, whether it be written in prose or verse, is it possible, we think, to find so much food for thought condensed and extracted. There can be no question as to the purity of the ore; it is the difficult inscription round the edge that keeps the coin from getting into the general currency of verse: the inscription rarely ends in the dialect in which it began; a new thought assumed the supremacy in the writer's mind, without altogether dethroning the former; and so we have at the same time two separate images and superscriptions, and two reigns of fancy seem to be run into each other. But in one quality of the poetical mind to which reference has been already made, we consider Young to shine pre-eminent—in the quality of *suggestiveness*—he indicates, rather than describes, and he gives you an outline sufficiently clear to enable an accurate and practical eye to complete the portrait, or the landscape; and, therefore, he deserves a seat in that society of wise writers, of whom Keble happily observes, "Itaque qui sapiunt paucis tangunt, quæ maxime commendata velint legenti; et velut convivatoris, ita scriptoris, id erit certissimum ingenii specimen, si homines dimittat excitato quasi palato." With this *stimulated palate* the reader always rises from the intellectual festival of genius cultivated and refined into grace,—we say particularly of genius refined by art, because, in this respect Virgil excels Homer, and Campbell snatches the crown from Spenser. It may suit the egotism, and, we are sorry to be obliged to add, the extreme vanity of the late poet-laureate, to call Virgil a first-rate *language-master*, but many years must roll by before the *Kehama* will be found on the same shelf with the *Æneid*.

In his sixth lecture Mr. Keble commences a most interesting inquiry into the history and structure of the Homeric poems,—an inquiry prolonged during ten lectures, and presenting subjects of the most pleasing character. If the late Lord Dudley and Ward, whose correspondence with Bishop Copleston has been given to the public, could have read the professor's observations upon the *Odyssey*, he would, perhaps, have deemed it deserving of higher commendation than that of being a *pretty poem*. The illustrations of the personal character and disposition of the Homeric writer, derived from his own works, are peculiarly pleasant; and we have been struck with the contrast which Keble draws between Homer and Burns, in the temper with which they received the dispensation of a lowly fortune. He discovers a close resemblance between the Greek and Scottish poet in their poverty and their love of nature. Who does not join him in the wish that the same similarity could have been traced in their behaviour under the difficulties of the state of life to which they had been called?—That the fierce exciseman of Dumfries had caught some of the smiling forbearance of the blind wanderer of Chios, and had played with his fortune instead of struggling with it! It may not be without profit, as it cannot be without interest, to read the morals which two eminent persons have written at the close of their melancholy

histories of two men, who, however they may have differed in the amplitude of their genius, offer a painful coincidence in their sufferings and their fall:—

JOHNSON ON SAVAGE.

"This relation will not be wholly without its use, if those who languish under any part of his sufferings shall be enabled to fortify their patience by reflecting that they feel only those afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or if those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

KEBLE ON BURNS.

"Verum in hac re, sicut in omni vita, plurimum ei norint insanus quidam ac plane temerarius ad voluptatem ardor. Hinc iræ, metus, ægritudines; hinc mens mali sibi conscia, nec satis cuiquam aut hominum, aut rerum benigna; hinc de republica cæca murmura, indignatio liberrima, si qui beatiores quam pro meritis suis viderentur. Contra, Homerus, cum fuerit, ut in ethnico scriptore, maxime pudibundus, consentaneum erat ut rebus præsentibus semper se hilarem et æquum præstaret. Non enim frustra dictum est, quærendum esse, 'quid *pure tranquillet*;' ut intelligamus, qui velit quieto esse animo, illi ante omnia vivendum esse caste ac pure."

Mr. Keble examines the question, which has been so frequently agitated, whether the writer of the Homeric poems was deprived of his sight during the period of their composition. The natural and immediate reply to the question would be a refutation of this supposition. The richness, the accuracy, the abundance of his pictures, might seem to demand, not only the full possession, but the constant employment of the faculty of vision. But a little reflection will change the aspect of the argument. After all, Memory is the truest muse of the painter; and we think that it will be admitted by every reader that the season when a landscape comes out with the greatest freshness and distinctness of reality is not the period of its being visited; it is rather in the solitude, the repose of the evening, when the mind recollects the scattered impressions of the day, that the natural scene is usually found to revive in all its original colors. It was, probably, when bending over the dying embers in his garden-house, that Milton beheld unclosing to his feet the leafy shades of Vallombrosa. The parting twilight is the most congenial atmosphere for memory to paint in, and we imagine that if the familiar history of genius could be written, it would be found that some of the most glowing sketches of summer and autumn, verdure and fruitfulness, have been composed when the snow froze to the windows, and the redbreast exhibited all the intrepidity of his soul in raking the garden-path for crumbs. We consider the distinction which Mr. Keble intimates between the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to be both ingenious and just. He would suggest that the first poem was written *before* and the second *after* the blindness of the author. And this hypothesis is countenanced by the internal evidence of the poems themselves. In the *Iliad* every thing moves and every thing lives; the cloud drives before the gale; the billows whiten at their edges; the branches of the trees wave and toss; still and animated life are exhibited in *action*. But in the *Odyssey* the prevailing characteristic is a calm and beautiful repose; instead of the cloud driven before the gale, we have the mist melting before the morning sun; for the agitated boughs of trees, we have there the quiet reflection on the grass; the cool and flowery valley replaces the savage mountain-pass. The descriptions are *general* not *particular*, and give the outline, not the features, of the landscape. And such a difference would be quite in harmony with the hypothesis of the possession of sight at one period, and the loss of it at another. The descriptions in the *Iliad* would be communicated by the *eye*, those in the *Odyssey* by the recollection. And the reader of Milton will scarcely fail to observe the same absence of minute delineation of natural objects, which has been noticed in the last poem of Homer. And while we express our conviction that Mr. Keble has most pleasingly established his argument respecting the disposition and the blindness of the Greek poet, we cannot refrain from presenting our readers with his translation of Milton's sonnet upon his blindness, bringing him, as it does, so touchingly into comparison with that "blind Mæonides," whom he proposed to himself as his august model:

MILTON IN HIS BLINDNESS.

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts.' Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON TRANSLATED.

οταν μ' υπελθῃ φωτος ιμερος, μεσον
πριν ημαρ ελθειν εν σκοτῳ πλανωμενον,
αλγιστον. ειπερ και τυφλοισι δεσποτης
πικρος παρεστιν, εργα τ' εισπρασσει, Θεος.
Αλλ' εστιν, εστ' αρ' ενμυχοις φρενων λογος
αγαθος τε δαιμων. ειμι δ' ευθαρσης, νοων
τον εν ζυγοισιν ουρανου καθημενον,
εμου δεοντα γ' ουδεν, αναρκη Θεον.
προ δ' αυτ' Ανακτος μυριον φασι στρατον,
τους μεν, πιτεσθαι πολλα, πυρφορων δικην,
ανω, κατω, γην, τοντον ουρανου πλακα.
τους δ' αυ, σεβοντας, εν τοπῳ μιμνειν αει.

Mr. Keble dwells at some length and with much ingenuity upon the influence which the genius of Homer exercised upon the literature of Greece. It was the sap, which, circulating through every branch of the tree of knowledge, communicated verdure and bloom to the remotest leaf. He was not only than all dramatists more dramatic, but he was the original of the drama itself; all the gentler shapes and aspects of imagination, as developed in the lyrical poems of Greece, were only so many violets growing round his massive trunk, and sheltered from the wind and storm by the majesty of his shade. Nor in poetry alone is his presence recognised and felt: in the clear and wide-flowing stream of Plato's philosophy you discover the boughs of the Homeric imagination sending down into the transparent depths of the water the reflected shadows of their beauty and richness; and even in the tone and melody of the historic narrative the ear catches the same delicious cadence and musical motion of the leaves. It is not difficult to conceive how mighty and lasting may be the emotions which the contemplation of so magnificent a growth of intellectual beauty awakens. The rushing wind of inspiration, descending from these high places of thought, quickens many a stream into a rapid and noble current. And of all the appearances of genius we love most to gaze upon it when it has just descended from some sacred and inspiring communion with a higher Intelligence than itself, upon the mountain-top of learning or fancy. And we thus contemplate with no common interest the eyes of Themistocles kept awake and flashing by the trophies of Miltiades; and we listen with no common earnestness to the illustrious architect of the noblest church in the world, who, from the examination of an ancient work of art, could turn aside with the exulting hope upon his lip, "*Good!—But what will you say when you shall behold this dome of my building. suspended in the open firmament of heaven?*" In the warrior and the artist, the sleepless eye and the kindling lip were only the throes of an eager emulation, excited by the great originals who had preceded them. But there is yet another result which might be justly expected to arise out of the the presence of a finished production of genius. Its examination awakes a taste unfelt before; it opens new scenes hitherto unnoticed in the still landscape of thought; it makes readers of poetry, and so leads them from the dark and tumultuous purgatory of rude and sensual occupation into the paradise of imagination and grace.

Pindar gives to the graver poets of his time a title which indicates their descent from Homer; and we have already observed that of all the dramatists he was the most dramatic. The Greek *drama*, accordingly, was only the Greek *epic* recast; narrative was narrowed into dialogue; the poet disappeared in the chorus. Poetry, however, lost some of its splendor in the transformation. The action of the stage was less vivid and truth-like than the action of the epic; and Paris burnishing his armor, and Venus arrayed by the Graces, spoke to the eye with a livelier force than any scene in the *Agamemnon* or the *Orestes*. To Homer we owe Æschylus. Keble suggests some points of difference between the two. Their style was essentially unlike. In Homer every word is simple, natural, and clear; through the atmosphere of his language his fancy glides with an easy and a noiseless motion; like the dove of

Virgil, when floating through the unruffled air,

"Tradit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas."

In Æschylus, on the contrary, every word is big, tumultuous, and swelling; the comic poet happily struck at this peculiarity of his manner by applying to it the epithet πυργωσας. He piles tower upon tower; and to read him after Homer is to turn from Tasso to Dante. We cannot follow the professor into his minute and ingenious analysis of the tragedies of Æschylus, in which we are occasionally reminded of the acute conjectures and pleasing illustrations of some of our English tragedies by Coleridge. We may refer, however, to a comparison which Keble makes between Æschylus and Shakspeare in one feature of their poetical character: we allude to the introduction of ironical or jocose passages into the centre of a serious action—an intermingling of a thread of comedy with the dark web of a tragic history. Of this manner examples might be adduced from the *Agamemnon* and the *Eumenides*. How frequently Shakspeare adopted this habit they who read his plays must well remember. The gravediggers indulge in the most fearless scurrility over the funeral of Ophelia.

Keble appears to deprecate the modern French custom of omitting entirely all intermixture of comic action.

A digression to the Chorus of the tragedy introduces an accidental allusion to the *nightingale*, and the manner in which poets have spoken of her; and it is interesting to observe how infinitely happy and true beyond the description of any other poet, is the brief character given by Homer of the music of this bird. Virgil omits to mark altogether the distinctive peculiarities of its habits and its song, while Homer gives them all with a charm of reality which is wonderful. The reader will compare the two:

HOMER ON THE NIGHTINGALE.

ἐαρος νεον ἱσταμενοιο,
δενδρεων εν πεταλοισι καθεζομενη πυκινοισιν,
ἡτε θαμα τρωπωσα χεει πολυηχεα φωνην.

VIRGIL ON THE SAME.

"Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile cantum
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet."

The picture of Virgil bears nothing to individualize it; it might be any bird of the wood warbling in the poplar shade; the only feature of the description that possesses any peculiar felicity of adaptation is the allusion to the clear and continued gush of melody that fills the neighborhood with its sound. But in Homer the habits and the music of the nightingale are indicated with the accuracy of the naturalist and the grace of the poet. It is the peculiarity of the nightingale to conceal itself, when it sings, among the thickest leaves and branches of the tree, which is expressed in the πεταλοισιν πυκινοισιν; while the many changes and inflections of its voice are positively echoed in the πολυηχεα. In the midst of this interesting disquisition we come to a pause. We must postpone the consideration of one of the most delightful portions of these volumes—the Lectures on Virgil and the Latin poets—to our next number.

MUMMY WHEAT.—The *Derry Journal*, quoted by the *Northern Whig*, gives an account of the growth of a crop of grain from seed found in the folds of a mummy unrolled in 1840, and planted in the grounds of Mr. Reid, nurseryman at Derry. It is thus described:—The specimens of the Egyptian bear a much larger and weightier ear than our common wheats, and have a proportionable stronger stem or stalk. The ear itself is full six inches long, and is provided with long awns or beards, like barley; its breadth, taken diagonally, measures in one direction more than an inch, and in the other about half an inch; it has, therefore, a somewhat quadrangular appearance from the base, till within one third of its whole length from the top, from which, till its termination, it resembles the ear of barley. But, in our opinion, its distinguishing peculiarity (which accounts for its great breadth) consists in the disposition of the greatest portion of the grain in earlets, or small ears, which lie so compactly and close to the main ear, that their existence as separate ears, is detected only by manipulation. The grain, in size, form, consistency, and color, is similar to the produce of this country; and, from its being very prolific, its cultivation will merit the attention of our best agriculturists.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

UNFORTUNATELY for the Roberts family, the brilliant weekly ball of Madame de Soissonac recurred on the evening following the important day on which the "undaunted Edward" had thought proper to peril his hopes by uttering the energetic and very decisive exclamation of "*Que tu es belle!*" as related in the last chapter. Madame de Soissonac, though the rents which supplied the funds for her splendid hospitalities were furnished, not by the plough, but by the loom, was much too well-bred a person to make a fuss and a scene about any thing. She would as soon have thought of stirring up the dust and sand which lay unseen in sediment at the bottom of the marble reservoir, whence sprang the sparkling fountain which refreshed the blossom-scented air of her fourth drawing-room, as have clouded her fair brow with a frown when she saw the accustomed group of Robertses make their appearance. That the offending youth himself was to "live a man forbid," was, of course, a matter decided upon; but Madame de Soissonac understood the business before her a great deal too well to set about it by drawing all eyes upon her, by marked rudeness to his family. No, she received them with the same bland smile as heretofore, and even the wide awake Mrs. Roberts herself would have found it difficult to specify any point in the conduct of their very graceful entertainer that indicated any alteration in her manner of receiving them. True it is, indeed, that before the end of the evening the sensitive Maria remarked that Madame de Soissonac, whom she chose to consider as *her own* very particular friend, had not once given her the wished-for opportunity of practising that recently acquired caressing little manœuvre by which ladies gracefully proclaim across the largest theatre, or the most crowded ball-room, their tender affection for each other. On former occasions it is certain that this very distinguished specimen of the Boursier aristocracy had once, twice, thrice, in the course of a single evening, been seen to flutter the taper tips of her close-fitting, snow-white, inimitable *gants de Paris*, within half an inch of her pretty mouth, with her smiling eyes fixed the while on the delighted Maria Roberts, in token of feeling the most affectionate inclination to embrace her, did time and place adhere. This part of "friendship's holy rite" was now wanting, which was a great deal the more provoking because the responding caress to which it gave birth was never performed by Maria without peculiar satisfaction, first because she felt certain that she did it with very peculiar grace; and, secondly, because at that time she knew of nothing else which she could do which would be likely to give her an air decidedly French.

As to the young man himself, who had been sufficiently puzzled by the fair lady's manner of receiving the first impassioned words he had ventured to utter, to feel that he had rather enter her saloon accompanied by his mother, father, and sisters, than alone,—as for the still aspiring, but a little frightened Edward, he was only more elaborately elegant in his dress than on any former occasion, and he had not been five minutes in the room, which his knowledge of the world convinced him was long enough to prove that there was no immediate intention of kicking him out of it, before he completely recovered his equanimity, and failed not speedily to address Madame de Soissonac in an accent which none of the acute bystanders could mistake either for indifference or timidity, with "Nous allons danser ensemble! N'est pas?"

Had Madame de Soissonac answered at all to this amiable invitation, it is probable that her manner would have so far responded to his as to have been at least equally free from indifference and timidity; but she knew better. Of course she did not hear him, either on that occasion or any other throughout the whole evening, on which he thought proper to address her. But as this deafness produced no change in the charming expression of her pretty face, the youth attributed his disappointment wholly to the density of the brilliant crowd which filled the rooms. And so far all was well, and led to no deeper expression of mortification than was exhaled in the ear of one of his new friends, whom he was so fortunate as to meet there, by a few such phrases as "It is difficult, I promise you, to make love in a mob. I got on a devilish deal better in a snug little *tête-à-tête* that I contrived to manage with her yesterday," &c.

But nevertheless and notwithstanding all this fair-seeming continuation of the most important acquaintance they had made, it

was unfortunate for the Robertses that this *soirée dansante* followed so closely upon the *matinée galante* of the day before; for, had the fair Parisian been left to meditate upon the subject for another day, it is highly probable that the comedy of the adventure would have become more obvious in her eyes, and its insignificant offence less so; and thus, upon the whole, it might have appeared rather a treasure than an insult, for many might have been the hours rendered gay by the *ris folâtre* which her descriptions of the young Englishman's tender passion would have been sure to produce amidst the members of her own *petite comité* But the anger which the poor youth had inspired was too recent, as yet, to be wholly lost sight of in a laugh, and therefore before the Roberts family, who always staid in every ball-room to the last, took their departure, she told them, with the very sweetest smile in the world, that unexpected circumstances obliged her to make an alteration in her manner of receiving, and therefore that she was constrained, with infinite regret, to inform them that it was not in her power to solicit the honor and happiness of their company for the following Tuesday.

As the lady gracefully bowed herself back into an inner room as she uttered the last words of this most disagreeable announcement, the startled family had no opportunity of expressing any feeling whatever upon the occasion; and, indeed, it appeared that just at that time they had none of them any great inclination to speak, for they put on their cloaks and shawls in perfect silence, which remained unbroken for at least a minute after they had driven from the door. And then it was Mrs. Roberts, who spoke first, a precedence which she might not perhaps have enjoyed had not the hearts of her daughters been at the moment too full for utterance.

"What on earth does she mean, Agatha, by '*circonstances imprèvues?*' said she, drawing up the glass of the carriage with a jerk which plainly proved she suspected something. "Do you suppose she said the same to every body? If she did not, you know it is quite plain that there must be a screw loose somewhere."

"Of course she did, mamma," replied Maria, before her elder sister could find breath to speak. "How can you possibly suppose that she meant to exclude us personally? I, for one, should be the most ungrateful creature in existence if I did not know and feel, beyond a shadow of doubt, that she has conceived an affection for me quite out of the common way. It is vastly likely, to be sure, that she should mean to insult us personally, isn't it?"

"I do not know what to think of it, mamma," replied Agatha, solemnly, as soon as her more volatile sister had ceased speaking; "but I own I cannot help suspecting that politics may have something to do with it."

"Politics, child?" replied Mrs. Roberts, with a good deal of alarm, for Mr. Roberts was a very violent tory; "politics? Who can have been such a fool as to go talking politics at the house of a Frenchman? I hope and trust, Mr. Roberts, that you haven't been such an idiot—have ye? Tell me at once, if you please, sir. It is absolutely necessary I should know."

"I am safe this time, my dear, at any rate," replied this admirable pattern of conjugal gentleness, "for how could I speak about politics, or any thing else, when I don't know a single word of their language? Except indeed just enough to say at dinner-time 'pang si vous play,' and that, you know, I am obliged to say, because that stupid fellow positively won't learn English, though 'tis as easy as breathing."

"Nonsense, Mr. Roberts, nobody suspected you of speaking French," returned his lady. "If you had not had a wife a little quicker than yourself who could have spoken for you, it is likely enough that you might not have been quite so far behindhand as you are. But though you can't talk French, we all know well enough that you can talk politics, and I do beg that you will answer me plainly and honestly. Did you say any thing in English that might have been translated to either Mr. or Madame de Soissonac about the right of Charles Dix to reign over them? Did you, Mr. Roberts, or did you not?"

"No, then, upon my life and soul, I never did any such thing, Mrs. Roberts," replied the good man, with considerable animation. "I know that I am not so clever as you are, and I never pretended to be, but I'm not such a dolt either as to run my head against a stone wall; and it would be something very like it, I think, if I were to set about preaching rebellion against King Philip in a Paris ball-room. I never did any such thing, Mrs. Roberts, and I am ready to take my oath of it if you choose it."

"You did not understand me, mamma," said Agatha, tartly. "Nothing that papa

could possibly say, good, bad, or indifferent, is the least likely to effect Madame de Soissonac's opinions or conduct towards us. She is not such a fool as that, I promise you. The politics I meant to speak of do not at all concern the opinions of papa, but the feelings of France towards England; and I am not by any means certain that all the things I read in '*Galignani*' to-day about all that quarreling in the East, you know, may not make the higher classes among the French people rather afraid to patronize the English. Any thing and every thing is more probable than that such a very elegant person as Madame de Soissonac should behave to us with such abominable rudeness for nothing: I will not believe it."

"And I will not allow that she has behaved rudely at all," said Maria, "and I must say that I think it is very ungrateful, as well as very absurd, to accuse her of it till you see whether she drops us entirely, or only means to alter the day or the hour, or the style of her parties. I have no doubt whatever but that we shall have a fresh billet of invitation of some kind or other before we are twenty-four hours older. Most likely before we get breakfast to-morrow morning."

"God grant we may, Maria!" replied her mother very fervently. "I am sure Paris would not be Paris for you girls, nor for me either indeed, if Madame de Soissonac gave us up. What is your opinion about it, my dear Edward? You don't say a word, and yet I am sure you are more likely to make a good guess than any of us." It was not because Mr. Edward Roberts had not given himself the trouble of guessing, that he had fallen into the silence of which his mother complained: quite the contrary. No man, or boy either, ever set about guessing with more eagerness and energy than he did on the present occasion; but his guesses were not of a nature to be freely communicated, and, moreover, they were exceedingly contradictory. He had listened to every word uttered by the lady of his love in her farewell speech, with ears perfectly incapable of losing a syllable; and had he understood, as perfectly as he had heard her, he at least would have been spared any further sufferings from the pangs of uncertainty. But he could not make her out at all. At one moment he thought that this prompt dismissal of his father, mother, and sisters from her society, was a measure of precaution, admirably calculated to prevent any inconveniences likely to arise from sharp-sighted domestic observations on what was going on between them.

But then he remembered that this could hardly be the case under a form of society which rendered a *liaison* such as that which he intended to form with Madame de Soissonac, a matter both of invariable custom, and fashionable necessity. No, no, it was quite impossible that she should wish all the world to know that he was at her feet. Edward Roberts assured himself, while a roguish smile distended his young mustache, that he knew French manners, and the leading principles of French society, a great deal too well, to dwell seriously, even for a moment, on so very absurd an idea; and then it occurred to him, that in order to enjoy more of his society in private, she might have determined for the present to break through all the engagements which obliged her to pass her evenings in a crowd; and this thought brought with it a delightful as well as obvious interpretation of the lady's manner to him during the evening.

"Charming Pauline!" he murmured inwardly—for he had found out that her name was Pauline, "charming Pauline! How I adore the feeling which leads her to prefer not speaking to me at all, to the insipid intercourse of a crowded ball-room!"

But well founded and perfectly rational as the young man, after several minutes meditation, felt this last mentioned conjecture to be, he did not think it right to mention it to his family; and therefore, when his mother repeated her petition that he would give them his opinion on what had passed, he only replied,

"Upon my word, ma'am, I know nothing about it. Perhaps she is tired of having so many large parties, but I do assure you she has never said a word to me on the subject. So I wish you would not ask me."

Never, in short, did a whole family lay their heads upon their pillows in a state of more harassing uncertainty, than did the Robertses that night. Mr. Edward was, however, by many degrees the best off, because he felt within himself the most delightful conviction that he was in some way or other the cause of the lovely Pauline's caprice; and for a Mr. Edward Roberts at the age of twenty, there is something very pleasant in this. Nevertheless, his pillow, like those of the rest of his race, was the witness of a good deal of restlessness—arising in his case chiefly from not exactly knowing what he should be expected to do

and say, when next he enjoyed the happiness of finding himself *tête-à-tête* with his Pauline.

The following day, too, did not pass away without its vexations, among which the not receiving any renewed invitation from Madame de Soissonac was, unfortunately, by no means the most prominent. Mrs. Roberts had really not brought her family to the continent without thinking a good deal about it. She was, as we have already seen, an ambitious woman, and had, long before she finally decided upon this important measure, become aware that neither their position nor their fortune would admit of their obtaining, in London, the place in society for which her soaring spirit yearned. Her daughters were really pretty-looking girls; and as her feelings towards them, as well as towards her peerless Edward, were, to do her justice, very heartily maternal, it is not to be wondered at that their advancement was one of the most prominent features in her schemes for rising into a higher circle of acquaintance. She had heard people, in no way superior to herself as to station, talk familiarly of "lords and dukes, and noble princes," as among their daily associates during their continental excursions; she had heard, too, from the same persons, that sixpence would go as far as a shilling. On these two statements had all her hopes and all her projects been founded. But these two statements, even presuming them to be strictly true, were scarcely sufficient in the way of information to lead her and her family safely over the continent of Europe. Yet in her case, as in a thousand others, they really formed all the information she possessed. She had heard, indeed, in addition, that multitudes of ruined families went abroad every year and found that, ruined as they were, they could *do* perfectly well upon the continent, and this, of course, gave her a very delightful feeling of confidence in the certain sufficiency of her own resources. But she had *not* heard it exactly stated how many out of this multitude had sunk, and slunk, and dwindled away, becoming absorbed, as it were, into more or less width of space, and more or less length of time, till every familiar eye had ceased to follow them, while they were finally suffered to evaporate and vanish away, like so many pins, which every body knows must be somewhere, but concerning whose disappearance from the light of day nobody thinks it worth while to inquire. Respecting this class—a much more numerous one than most of us are aware—Mrs. Roberts knew little, and cared less. With such she had nothing in common, and would have deemed it sad waste of time to have inquired after, or listened to, any of their adventures. Yet there are enough of such to fill many a stirring volume; but they could not well be divided off into romances, for all the third volumes would be wanting. They would rarely have any very striking catastrophe, ending for the most part in a cold, hopeless, helpless, cheerless, blank. But with such, as we have said, Mrs. Roberts felt that she had nothing in common, and therefore on arriving in Paris, her projects and plans took a direction as opposite as was well possible to what they might have done, had she conceived herself within the possible reach of any pecuniary difficulties. No sooner, therefore, did she find an occasional *entrée* at the embassy secured to her, than she inquired of her friend Mrs. Bretlow, the name and address of the most renowned dressmaker in Paris. The inquiry wes soon answered, and the answer was soon profited by. The carriage which, after a good deal of discussion as to what was best and most economical, had been hired by the month, speedily conveyed Mrs. Roberts and her two daughters to the fascinating apartments of Mademoiselle Amabel, and there the following conversation took place, Mrs. Roberts, for the most part, persevering in her efforts to address the dressmaker in French, and the dressmaker persisting with equal pertinacity in her efforts to reply in English—a mode of conversation by no means uncommon in Paris.

The first salutations over, Mrs. Roberts thus began: "J'ai besoin, mademoiselle, de toute votre soir pour faire des habits perfaites pour mes enfants."

For half an instant the Frenchwoman was at a loss—making coats for children was not her occupation: and the first idea that occurred to her was, that the portly lady had made a mistake in coming up her staircase, instead of that of a tailor who lived near her. But happily she heard Maria exclaim with all the genuine feeling which such subjects inspire, when selection is the business going on, "Look at this, mamma! This is exactly what we want!"

"Que je suis bête!" murmured the ele-

gant Mademoiselle Amabel. "I rejoice mine self when English laddies come to me," said she aloud, in her very sweetest tone, "for den I find mine self in the hapness of speaking de English. Langue délicieuse! Yeas, mess—you have de aye juste. Dat robe is de mos perfaite in Paris."

"Et l'argent, mademoiselle?" responded Mrs. Roberts. "Combien de prix? Non pas trop, J'espere."

"But exactly noting! absoluement noting, in comparison of its beauté. But ah! madame—it mus be bote—bote de sam! Bote des two English beauties to appear à l'ambassade et de sam moment in de sam drass. Oh, Haven! de sam etoffe, couleur, forme, garniture—hal de sam! Madame! vous n'avez pas une idée! Il vill be de perfection!"

"I should certainly prefer our being dressed alike," said Agatha. "What do you think, Maria? The effect would certainly be more striking. Don't you think you should like it best? It always gets most looked at."

"Yes, I think so," replied Maria. "We have long agreed that we both of us look best in white—so it is as fair for one as for the other. Do let us have a dress a piece like this, mamma. Will you?"

"Disez moi la prix, mademoiselle, et je fixerai ma choix," said Mrs. Roberts, in a very impressive tone, which at once conveyed to Mademoiselle Amabel such an idea of her dignity and authority, that she wasted no more time upon the young ladies, perceiving clearly that the glances which they bestowed upon every article in the brilliant collection of personal decoration displayed before them, had so much of general benavolence and affection in them, that it was evident that they would have adopted every thing they saw for their own, could they but obtain the consent of their omnipotent mamma. To this mamma, therefore, the accomplished artist now addressed herself, and in reply to her important question, said,

"Ah, madame! dat is just de most difficile question of all! For, see you, madame, de money of your contree, and de money of my contree are so much puzzle! If I say two hundred franks, you instant tink, maybe, dat I mane twenty or ten pound maybe—and all de vile I mean no such ting—but just so maney littel shabby tenpences. Oh! every ting is so cheap in France! Ven you have been live here one year, or five maybe, you will find dat out, and den, madame, you vont never troble yourself to ask about price. Always chuse the pretty, dat is safest."

"Je sais extremement bien, mademoiselle," replied Mrs. Roberts, "que tout les choses sont monstrueusement cher en Angleterre, mais cela fait non pas de tout difference, et il faut que je sais la prix—et donc je fixerai."

"Eh, bien, madame, ecoutez. I am know from England to France, and from France to England, for de justness of all my prices. It is mine most greatest pride—eh, bien, madame, you please to put yourself between my hands, and you will be safe—and if dese two beautiful young laddies will only make up their decisions to have every ting from me, and promise to mix nobody's else fashions at all wid mine, I will promise on my side, that they shall be the most elegant and admired of all the young laddies at the ambassade. Dat is what I call being fair, open, and honorable; and dat is well know to be my way."

"Well, mademoiselle, I have nothing to say against it. Your things—that is to say, vos choses sont beau, très beau—et je donnerai le permission de faire pour mes deux enfants deux habits comme cet une. Entendez-vous, mademoiselle?"

"Mais oui, madame—et croyez moi vous serez contentes. I do not have the least fear of your approbation. And one good ting is, dat I have never any hurry for de payment. I have so many custom!"

Mrs. Roberts seemed to be a good deal struck with the last observation, and having silently paused upon it for a minute, she desired mademoiselle in very good and intelligible English—for her heart was too much in the business to admit of any expositor but the clearest—to let her see the very handsomest cloak that the establishment had to boast of at the present moment.

"Is it for madame, her own self?" demanded Mademoiselle Amabel.

"Oui, mademoiselle," she replied. "Il est pour moi."

Whereupon Mademoiselle Amabel vanished for about a moment, and then returned with a benignant smile on her countenance, and bearing gracefully upon her extended arm a splendid combination of velvet, a tin, and lace. The eyes of Mrs. Roberts seemed to spring upon it, while their orbits appeared to be distended, as if to give the passionate glance free passage.

"Permettez moi!" said Mademoiselle

Amabel, with almost equal intensity of feeling; and as she spoke, she daintily and skilfully placed the cloak on the broad shoulders of Mrs. Roberts, in the most advantageous manner possible.

"Upon my word, mamma, it makes you look like a duchess," said Agatha, gazing on her parent with a charming expression of filial pride.

"N'est pas?" exclaimed mademoiselle in a sort of rapture. Mrs. Roberts, meanwhile, uttered not a word, but turning herself round first to the right, and then to the left, before the Psyche glass—an instrument that stood ever ready to present the images of all the blended wonders of art and nature who came before it to profit by *reflection* before they decided on the all-important question, "to have or not to have;" as Mrs. Roberts stood thus, her features gradually relaxed into a smile, which said more forcibly than any words could have done, "It is becoming!"

Mademoiselle Amabel had not watched the emotions produced day after day by that magic mirror, for nothing. Her experience had taught her to know, with the acuteness of a fowler watching his nests, at what moment her fluttering prey was most completely in her power. While matters were in doubt, she would patiently stand, hushed into profoundest silence, while the temptation did its work; but when such a smile as the comely face of Mrs. Roberts now displayed, broke forth, she knew the work was done, and then it was, and not before that she gave her snare a little jerk that was to conclude the business.

"Does madame wish to have this put aside? It is not encore tout à fait de time to sell it—for it have been seen almost by nobody—and, sans contre dit, it is de most perfect ting dat we have produced dis winter. Peutêtre, madame, will suffer us to keep this, and make her anoder very much like as can be?"

This suggestion was a *coup de grace* to the prudence of poor Mrs. Roberts.

"Non!" she replied, resolutely, "je ne veux pas avoir que cela. You understand? I mean to have this very identical cloak. Indeed, as I have got the carriage at the door, I dont see any reason why I should not take it away with me. Fold it up for me, if you please."

Mademoiselle sighed, and assumed rather a piteous look; however, she presently began to fold up the mantle with an air of dignified resignation, and only murmuring, as she looked at its rich white satin lining, "Vraiment c'est dommage de la vendre si tôt," laid it upon a chair, while she waited for further orders—waited, but not idly—for first a cap was taken from its stand, and then a bonnet, each being displayed to the greatest advantage before the longing eyes of the party, and occasionally put upon the ready heads of each of them.

"Have you asked the price of the cloak, mamma?" said the sensible Agatha, in a whisper.

"No, my dear, I am going to do it presently," replied Mrs. Roberts, very gently, but wishing in her heart that Miss Agatha would mind her own business. She presently added, however, in another whisper, "I have no doubt in the world that it is horribly dear; but the fact is, Agatha, that it is a sort of thing one *must* have. What good can it do my having forced your father into having a carriage, if I am to deny myself what is absolutely necessary for making a decent appearance in it?"

"Oh! certainly! You are perfectly right, ma'am," replied the young lady, in whose active mind a whole train of reasoning, awakened by her mamma's remark, was rapidly developing itself. "I know perfectly well that there is no use in the world in our straining and striving to get into society, unless you can contrive to let us all dress decently. At this very moment, both Maria and I have bonnets that we ought to be ashamed of. Don't you think so, mamma?"

The eyes of Mrs. Roberts were fixed upon the cloak while she listened to her daughter, and the breadth and delicacy of the lace, which hung over the side of the chair, gave her, for a moment, rather a disagreeable sort of sensation.

"At any rate," thought she, "if there should be any fuss or difficulty made about it, it shall not be increased by making the poor girls think that I care more for my own appearance than I do for theirs;" whereupon, turning to her daughter, she replied, "Yes, indeed, my dear Agatha, I do think so, and I have been thinking so ever since I came into the room." Then lowering her voice still more, she added, "you heard what she said about not wanting the money. There will be considerable convenience in that. You all give me credit, I believe, for being a pretty good manager, and I have too much confidence in myself on that point to feel any doubts about being able to bring every thing quite square, if I am not hurried about it; so

you have my free leave, girls, to choose a bonnet a piece—and I desire they may be both elegant and becoming; there is no economy in saving a penny upon a bonnet."

There certainly never was a more agreeable morning's shopping performed than Mrs. Roberts and her daughters enjoyed that day. Every thing went smoothly and pleasantly, as Maria observed. No preaching, no bother, no difficulty of any sort. For Mrs. Roberts, not being aware that she could so immediately obtain credit, had taken care to provide herself with a little ready money, which, to do her justice, she certainly had intended to expend in purchasing a pretty ball-dress for each of her daughters. But as the necessity for immediately paying for them had been thus conveniently removed, the twelve pounds in the purse were scattered among a multitude of shops before they returned home, in the purchase of articles, all of which, as they were mutually and severally convinced, they wanted very much indeed, although when they set out upon their expedition, they had made up their minds they must wait a little longer for them.

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On the day following the ball at Madame de Soissonac's, which had ended in the disagreeable manner already related, Mrs. Roberts and her daughters were sitting together in the drawing-room after a late breakfast, deeply engaged in discussing the unintelligible adventures of the preceding night, when their servant informed them that there was a gentleman in the anteroom who desired to speak with madame on business.

"On business? I wonder who it can be? Dites à le monsieur de entrez," said Mrs. Roberts, rousing her energies for the production of a great deal of French.

The servant accordingly threw wide the door, and a very well dressed personage entered, holding a paper packet, considerably larger than an ordinary-sized letter, in one hand, and his hat in the other.

The man, though a Frenchman, addressed Mrs. Roberts in such fluent English, that it did not occur to her at that moment that it would be necessary, either for the sake of improvement, or for the purpose of making herself perfectly understood, to reply to him in French. The conversation, therefore, proceeded in this wise:

"I come, madam," said the stranger, "on the part of Mademoiselle Amabel, who has taken the liberty of sending in her little bill; and as she has been unexpectedly called upon to make a large payment to the manufacturer who supplies her with silks, she will be obliged by immediate payment."

Mrs. Roberts became as red as scarlet; but without speaking, she held out her hand for the packet, and endeavored, not without some success, to look dignified and composed. Nevertheless, her hand trembled a little as she removed the envelope, and opened the preternaturally long-looking sheet of paper it contained. It was not on the first side, nor on the second, no, nor on the third either that the sum total she sought for was to be found—for that first visit to Mademoiselle Amabel, which has been described above, had not been the last. But on the fourth side, in exceedingly legible figures inscribed upon the broad column ruled for the sum total of franks, were to be seen a line of four figures, the first of which was the figure 2. Those which followed were, of course, of comparatively little importance; but in plain English, this milliner and dressmaker's bill for herself and her daughters during the last nine weeks, amounted to eighty-seven pounds, and an odd frank or two over.

It did not take very long to unfold the packet, or to arrive at the page bearing the record of the amount, but it sufficed to bring both the Miss Robertses to such a station behind the sofa on which their mamma sat, as enabled them very speedily to become as well acquainted with the state of the case as herself.

Mademoiselle Agatha * * * *
Mademoiselle Maria * * * *
Mademoiselle Maria * * * *
Mademoiselle Agatha * * * *

pretty frequently repeated in every column naturally attracted a good deal of their attention; but Maria was a quick and lively girl, and instead of muttering forth any phrases indicative of wonder and dismay at the frequent repetition of her own name, she exclaimed,

"Only see, mamma, how much higher your cloak comes than any other article. I always thought it would be so."

There was a sort of flint in this speech which struck against the steel of Mrs. Roberts's temperament, and made it elicit a spark which showed that she did not intend to sink under a surprise, which certainly was not agreeable. Mrs. Roberts had calculated that the bill of Mademoiselle Amabel

might amount, at the very most, to about five-and-thirty pounds, and as she supposed it would not be called for before the expiration of some months from the present time, she had calculated that by a persevering adherence to wine of four sous the bottle, instead of ten; by contenting herself with bad butter, no cream, and the total avoidance of fish, game, pastry, and preserved green peas; together with a little extra economy in the article of washing, she should be perfectly prepared to meet it, without saying a single word to Mr. Roberts on the subject. Clever as she was, however, she had now decidedly made a great blunder; and it was not very easy to see, at the first glance, how she was to get out of the scrape into which she had fallen. But, as I have said, she did not lose her courage, but raising her eyes, and fixing them on the messenger, she said,

"Disez à votre maitress."

It was now the man's turn to color, which he did, looking rather fierce at the same time. Mrs. Roberts observed it, and attributed it to displeasure at her having forgotten his rather remarkable proficiency in the English language.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, young man; I quite forgot that you knew how to speak English, which I really think I still prefer to every other language when I can make it convenient to use it. Tell your mademoiselle then, if you please, that as the bill is a good deal longer than I expected, it is absolutely necessary that I should look it over quite at my leisure. And you may mention to her also, if you please, that by her foolishly leading me into such a great error about the time when she wished to be paid, I shall not be ready with the money for a day or two—that's all. You may go now, if you please. I will see about it, and your mademoiselle shall hear from me."

The man civilly replied that he had no doubt the end of the week would suit Mademoiselle Amabel perfectly well, and then, with as low a bow as he thought necessary, left the room.

"What will papa say?" exclaimed Agatha, as the door closed behind him. "Isn't eighty pounds, mamma, a monstrous deal of money for such a short time? Don't you think it is a shocking large sum?"

"No, my dear, I do not think it is at all, considering the very elegant appearance that I have taken care you should both of you make. As to my part of it, every body knows that no girl in the world, let her be ever so handsome, or ever so elegant, can hope to get on, either in marrying, or even getting a decent partner, unless her chaperon is well-dressed, and looks like a woman of fashion. On this point, I am quite sure your father will agree with me. But I own I *am* rather afraid that he will find fault at seeing such an immense quantity of things put down to your names. Besides he never, you know, ventures to find fault with me; but I don't think it is quite clear that he will consider it necessary to be equally ceremonious about you. I am sure if he is angry, I don't know what on earth you will say to him."

"Don't you think it might be possible, mamma, to pay this horrid bill without his knowing any thing about it?" said Agatha, looking very sad. "It would be so much better, you know, if you could, for when he once gets hold of a thing, he bores one for ever with it—doesn't he?"

"He is a little in that line, Agatha, there is no denying it," replied her mother. "But you know I never get any thing worse for my share than just the tiresomeness of listening to it. You both of you know perfectly well, that he would never dream of finding fault with me for buying a cloak or any thing else. Indeed it would be very odd if he did."

"But you wouldn't like, mamma, to hear him going ding-dong, on day after day, every time that we put on any thing decent, eternally repeating eighty pounds in nine weeks! eighty pounds in nine weeks! eighty pounds in nine weeks!" said Maria, wittily putting her hands behind her back, and walking up and down the room with a step and attitude, which certainly resembled those of her papa, more than might have been expected from so light-footed and slender a young lady.—Mrs. Roberts smiled, and Agatha laughed aloud.

"It is very clever, Miss Maria," said her mother, endeavoring to recover her gravity, "but it won't go far, I'm afraid, towards paying Mademoiselle Amabel's bill; and as to doing it without making your father give me an extra check, it is impossible. Fancy me squeezing out eighty pounds out of our eating and drinking, my own little pocket expenses, and coach-hire! I have no other funds to go to, I promise you; and, into the bargain, it is to be done at three days' warning. I must ask him for the money—there is no other way of getting out of it."

"Don't mamma!" persisted the usually volatile, but now firm-minded Maria. "*Pray*

don't; if you do, you will repent it as long as you live, for you will *never* hear the last of it. You know, mamma, as well as I do, that papa is not over quick in finding any thing to say when he takes it into his head to show fight about any thing, and if you tell him of this bill, you will be putting an ever-loaded pistol into his hand, that he will go on popping in our faces to the end of time; and you will get your share of it in one way, mamma, if you don't in another, you may take my word for that; for we shall both of us be worn into peaking, pining, yellow-faced old maids in no time—at least, I can venture to answer for myself."

"I have not a word to say against the correctness of your statement, Maria," replied her mother, "except the just assuring you that it is as inevitable as it is true. If you know how to think as well as to talk, just set your wits to work, my dear, to invent a way of getting out of it."

"As to that, mamma," said Agatha, setting down the alarming bill, which she had been perusing with a heightened complexion, "as to that, you know there are, for there *must* be ways enough to manage such a matter as this, without going at the very first pinch and telling papa of it. What do you suppose all the exquisitely dressed women in Paris do when a bill happens to run up a little higher than they expected? Can you possibly believe that they all trot off to show it to their husbands? Or that things would go on as smoothly as they seem to do now, if they did? Do you really suppose the women of Paris are such idiots?"

"Then what do you suppose they *do* do, Agatha?" returned Mrs. Roberts, who had listened to this remonstrance with considerable attention.

"Oh, as to that, mamma, there may be a variety of ways and means with which, of course, I am not likely to become acquainted; and as to any of them, you know, one can but guess."

"Well, child, and what do you guess?" said her mother, rather impatiently; for Mrs. Roberts not being at all in the habit of requiring the opinions of either husband or children as to what was best to be done in any emergency, was rather restive under the process of receiving advice.

"Why, this is what I guess, mamma; when a lady finds herself, *à propos* of her milliner, exactly in the position that you are now, *à propos* of Mademoiselle Amabel, I guess, as the Yankees say, that it is to her she would apply, and not to her own husband, to ascertain what would be the easiest way of settling the affair."

"What can you mean, Agatha, by talking such abominable nonsense to me?" returned Mrs. Roberts, in a tone of great displeasure. "You may think as lightly of running in debt as you please, but I can tell you that this is no time for joking, and if you don't believe me, you may ask your papa for his opinion."

"Yes, yes, I do believe you, mamma; but it seems to me that *you* must be joking, if you mean to say that I have proposed your asking Mademoiselle Amabel to pay her own bill. But she may make the paying of it comparatively easy, without lending you the money, according to the old Sheridan plan. If I had to pay the bill, I should go to the woman this morning, and take with me as much ready money from my housekeeping purse as I could conveniently spare; this I should give her, taking good care to have her receipt for it, and I should tell her, with the most perfect frankness, that her bill having come in considerably before I expected it, I could not possibly pay it directly without taking it formally in to my husband, which was what I never did with my milliner's bills if I could possibly help it. I should then add, with a gay sort of laugh, that, nevertheless, if she insisted upon having the money directly, it should be done; but that if so, I should be obliged, though I liked her style extremely, to employ another milliner, as I did not choose to be subjected to this startling style of doing business."

Mrs. Roberts listened to all this very gravely, but with an expression of countenance not quite easy to interpret. There was a mixture of admiration and surprise in it, but in addition to this, there was an air of being half frightened. But as she remained silent, expecting, perhaps, that her young counsellor would proceed, Maria ventured to say that what Agatha proposed appeared to her extremely reasonable, and very likely to succeed.

"Upon my word, mamma, I think, that at any rate you ought to make the experiment. Just think how we were hurt and vexed last night by that horrid woman's impertinence. I quite give her up now, for it is past three o'clock, and we have neither card, note, nor any thing else to explain it. So think, dear mamma, of our vexation last night, and do not add to it by bringing down papa upon us, about these unfortunate dresses, which, after all, you know, it would have

been absolutely impossible for us to do without, if he were to take it into his head to kill us for it. Just fancy, if you please, the pretty appearance that Agatha and I should have made had we been left to our pitiful thirty pounds per annum, at Lady Moreton's and Lady Forton's—at the embassy—at that horrid Madame de Soissonac's —and in short, at all the places that have given us the least pleasure. I am sure if it had not been for Mademoiselle Amabel, we might, and we must, have contented ourselves with going to church on a Sunday, going to a play about once a week, and indulging in an occasional excursion to Versailles in a railroad omnibus. So you have just got to make up your mind, mamma, as to which you think best—the being obliged to set your wits to work for a little clever management with mademoiselle, or to see us, and yourself too, turned from being people of fashion and consequence, as we are now, into vulgar humdrums, that no soul worth knowing would choose to speak to, or even look at."

The evident *savoir faire* of both her daughters, certainly surprised Mrs. Roberts a good deal; but she felt that it might be, and at the present moment actually was, very useful.

"Where in the world did they get such clever thoughtful notions?" was the idea which first suggested itself to her mind; for in London, in her very gayest days, Mrs. Roberts had never been called upon to exercise her superior faculties in this sort of way—but the mental answer to the mental question was obvious—France had done it —Paris had done it. She herself felt a perfectly different creature in Paris, and no wonder the girls did so too. But although Mrs. Roberts very pleasantly felt the use of such ready and intelligent advisers, she had been too long accustomed to be herself the main spring of the domestic machine, to relish the idea of her children's taking it into their heads that she could not get on without their help. She, therefore, only nodded to them both, with an air of light-hearted, gay good-humour, and said,

"Well done, girls, you have not been three months in Paris for nothing. Great wits generally jump together, you know, and your scheme is not very much unlike what I have been thinking of myself all the time that you have been chattering. At any rate, when the carriage comes, which it will do directly, I suppose, I shall drive to Mademoiselle Amabel's and see what I can do with her. But before I go to put on my bonnet, girls, I shall choose to say one word to you both. You must remember, my dear children, that our happening to have fallen into particularly gay and elegant society since we have been in Paris, which I have contrived to bring about solely for your sakes, and that of your exemplary brother, you must take great care to remember that although this may have justified, and more than justified, my having permitted this little excess in the article of dress, yet, that as a general principle, I most strongly recommend economy, and the most careful avoidance of every thing like running into debt. If I did not conceive it impossible that with such a mother as myself you should ever forget this, I should be perfectly miserable, I should indeed. But I trust there is no danger of it."

As this was spoken with much solemnity, and that air of authoritative dignity which Mrs. Roberts so well knew how to assume, the two young ladies listened to her in submissive silence, and with features arranged into an expression of the most profound gravity and even deference.

The carriage did come to the door immediately, as Mrs. Roberts expected it would, but although this usually punctual lady was naturally inclined to hasten away, both because she made it a rule never to keep the coachman waiting, and because she was really very anxious to finish the business she was upon, Miss Maria detained her long enough to say, "But remember, mamma, the best way in the world to bring Mademoiselle Amabel to terms is to order something new; and if you do, dearest mamma, don't forget how very badly I want a new scarf. I have not one that is fit to be seen."

Mrs. Roberts only nodded in reply and departed; but she returned very soon, apparently in excellent spirits, and generously made a present to each of her daughters of a very splendid new scarf. No more was said at that time on the subject of mademoiselle's bill, the young ladies very wisely deciding in their own minds that if their mamma wanted any more talk about it she would take care to let them know it, and that if she did not, it would be a great pity to set her going again upon so very disagreeable a theme.

"How much would you bet, Maria," said Agatha, "that mamma never had an idea of going to mademoiselle till I put it into her head?

"If I bet upon the subject at all," replied

her sister, laughing, "it certainly would not be that she had not. In the first place, I am sure of it, from her manner—oh, I know mamma so well; and in the next, I am sure of it, because with all her cleverness, and I do not mean to deny that she certainly *is* clever in her own way, she has so very little notion of what women of real fashion do, either in this country or our own. She has never, you know, been at a modern boarding-school as we have, and therefore she has never had the advantage of hearing all the anecdotes that our admirable teacher used to recount for our advantage—not to mention all we have read, you know, in more languages than one. All this makes a great difference, and those are the sort of reasons, you may depend upon it, why old people never do know how to do any thing so well as young ones. And the fact is, Agatha, that if we hope to get on, as I know we should both of us like to do, we must contrive, somehow or other, to have our way in most things, or we shall be disappointed, you may depend upon it."

RETURN OF POLES.—We presume the following may be attributed as one good result of the visit which the Emperor of Russia recently paid to this country. Permission has been granted to the Poles, in London, to return under amnesty, to their native country, with the condition that they should pass through Holland, to Poland; and it has farther been communicated to them, through the Russian ambassador, that, as many of them are in a state of poverty, and wholly unable to meet the expenses of the journey,—a sum sufficient for the purpose is placed at their disposal by his Government. On Sunday last, thirteen of these exiles, two of whom have married in England, left London for Rotterdam. It is really worth mentioning, as a striking expression of that rapidity of movement, which is practically bringing the ends of the earth together, that the journey from London to Brussels is now performed in a single day!—the arrangements for this great object having been brought finally to bear on Sunday last. On that day the travellers left London for Dover, at half-past five in the morning, and were in Brussels at a quarter past nine in the evening,—performing the whole distance, two hundred and thirty-eight miles of sea and land, in fifteen hours and three-quarters—more than two of which were spent at Ostend!—*Athenæum.*

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE held its first general annual meeting yesterday week,—the Earl of Devon, president, in the chair. Mr. Buckingham read a report, which gave a favorable account of the progress, funds, and numbers of the society, which was approved of, and ordered to be printed for distribution.—*Lit. Gaz.*

LE PEUPLE SOURIQUOIS.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH, BY A MOUSE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MICE are a nation of very great antiquity! they crept into the world when it was but five days old, thus having precedence of the human race by full twenty-four hours.

No people ever had a loftier parentage; all their historians, from Æsop to La Fontaine, agreeing that they are descended from the Mountains. No mouse could ever see matter for ridicule in this descent, although Horace has been so merry on the subject. In consequence of their connexion with the Mountains, mice are, of course, allied to the illustrious family of the Hills, and consider themselves part of the *haute noblesse* of the kingdom.

Previously to the era of the Deluge the annals of the race are necessarily brief; but Mice are generally of the opinion that Nimrod obtained the title of the "mighty hunter" from the wars which he waged with their gallant nation. Noah paid them distinguished attention, but their antiquaries have not yet succeeded in discovering the card of invitation which Mr. and Mrs. Mouse, the antediluvians, must have received from the commander of the ark. However, they survived the Flood by that officer's courtesy, and in gratitude for so valuable a service, have adhered to the houses of his posterity from that day to this. If they were more attached to one of their benefactor's sons than to another, it was unquestionably to Ham. It has been said that a mouse of the patriarchal times was caught nibbling the venison pasty which Esau made for his father Isaac. There may be truth in the report, or there may be none. In all probability it is a sheer calumny.

The affection of mice for Ham has led to the notion that they were the inventors of mustard, which is certainly confirmed by the obvious derivation of that word from *mus*, a mouse.

Amongst the mice of the old world, those of Babylon enjoyed the first celebrity. The walls of that famous city were, in fact, nothing else than a vast army of mice with cocked tails, a curious fact which appears plainly from the description given of those walls by the poet Ovid:

Dicitur altam
Coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.

That "coctilibus muris" is properly translated "cock-tailed mice," is acknowledged by a learned writer in the "Anti-Jacobin," who, however, absurdly supposes that the mice in this case were dead.

Of all Asiatic cities Angora was probably the most unpopular with the mice of antiquity, on account of the race of cats by which that place was infested; the cat having been at all times the inveterate enemy of our name.

Like other nations, the Souriquois have had their fabulists as well as their historians, and one of their legends recounts an early and close alliance contracted with a no less illustrious personage than the Lion, to whom a mouse was once upon a time enabled to render a service of the last importance. It is natural to think that the Lion must have been only too happy to cultivate the friendship and conciliate the goodwill of auxiliaries like us.

Though a peaceful race, when left to themselves, the mice have had their wars; and they are too great a nation to have little wars. History records no such brilliant campaign as that of the Souriquois with the Frogs. Some idea of the magnitude of the quarrel may be collected from the circumstance that the greatest poet of ancient times has immortalized it in that beautiful epic of which he subseqnently wrote an amusing parody, which he entitled the "Iliad." The "*Batrachyomachia;* or, Battle of the Frogs and Mice," is indeed a stupendous poem; but no less a work would have been worthy of the theme.

Oh, fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful nine, ye sweet celestial choir!
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest and the fields of fight;
How threatening MICE advanced with warlike grace,
And waged dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers
When earth-born giants dared immortal powers.

And again:

Dreadful in arms the marching *mice* appear.

Nay, the gods decline to mix in the fight through fear of our martial prowess. Pallas thus addressed the celestial council:

Let all like me from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear.
Some daring *mouse* may meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.

Achilles shines with a faint splendour by the side of our great Psycarpax. The stone which this warrior flung at the frog, Pelobates, the poet describes as follows:

Not twice ten mice th' enormous weight could raise,
Such mice as live in our degenerate days.

Homer, however, probably underrates the mice of his own time, to exalt those of the heroic age. But more illustrious still was Meridarpax. He was indeed

The foremost mouse of all the world!

adorned with every mouseful quality, the bravest and most accomplished noblemouse in the Souriquois aristocracy.

Pride of his sire, and glory of his hole,
A warlike spirit with a heavenly soul,
His actions bold, robust his goodly frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.

It has always been a subject of just surprise to *our* critics, how the bard who sang the exploits of mice could have stooped his wing to celebrate the puny deeds of men; but it is still more curious to find that the true cause of the wars of the Souriquois with the nations of the fens has been left for a mouse of the present day to discover. The truth is this. The mice were always a melodious nation, endowed by nature with the finest ears, and it was not possible that they could always patiently endure the discordant croakings of the population of the marshes and low countries. At length the nuisance became intolerable. They convened a parliament, or mouse-mote, as it was termed, and proclaimed war to the bullrush with their untuneful neighbors. Fifty thousand mice-at-arms took the field, and every mouse behaved mousefully. In addition to our land force, they collected (which Homer has not mentioned) a powerful navy, consisting of one hundred mice-of-war, all moused with able-bodied sea-mice. The youngest midshipmouse in the fleet was fit to command an Armada. Our admiral was one of the most remarkable mice in history, and could have taught Blake and Nelson their duty. Indeed, it was from him that the latter borrowed the famous battle-cry of Trafalgar. The original was this—"Mouseland expects that every mouse will do his duty," An English writer named Southey has written "the Lives of the Admirals," and has not mentioned the name of Troglodytes! Our generalissimo by land was Troxartes. He had lived the life of a philosopher in calm obscurity, until his country required the service of his paws.

The austerity of his nature made him the strictest of martinets. A poet happily describes him as

A stoic of the hole, a mouse without a tear.

His despatches (strange to relate!) have never been published; but the original papers are in the Mouseum, and it is hoped that Colonel Gurwood, when he has leisure, will undertake to edit them. They will be found as much superior to those of the Duke of Wellington, as a mouse is to a man.

The early history of Rome teems with proofs of our renown in arms. Witness the exploits of Decius Mus. Some have supposed that Decius was a man, not a mouse; but even were this true, it would follow that he was surnamed Mus, in compliment to his warlike prowess. Certain it is that the Romans had a particular kind of crown called *mural*, with which they were accustomed to honor distinguished soldiers, and that *mural* is derived from *mus*, *muris*, is too obvious to require a word in support of it. How long we flourished in Rome is not very certain, but our destruction was in all likelihood the great object of the *Cat*iline conspiracy. Some writers suppose that, driven from Italy at or about that period, we then first migrated westward, and made our appearance in England. There, at any rate, we settled in great numbers, chiefly in Gloucestershire and Cheshire, being much attracted by the excellence of the cheeses in those counties. A distinguished tribe fixed themselves at Stilton, where their descendants are found at this day. In our progress westward, however, several of our legions took up their quarters at different places on the continent: some at Parma and Bologna (with a view to the sausages), others at La Gruyère, while many scattered themselves through Holland. The Souriquois were a French colony, but the name is now common to the entire race of mice all over the globe. That there was also a great movement at some time or another towards the north is clear, from the consequence we obtained in Russia, which was called from us *Mus*covia, or Mouseland. It may be supposed that the mice of Russia must have been uncomfortable under a Czarina of the ominous name of *Cat*herine; however, on the whole, we have had no great reason to complain of our lot in the Russian dominions, for our rights have been as much respected as the rights of men; and at this hour we are infinitely freer and happier than the unfortunate Poles.

The mouse has been distinguished in a civil as well as a military capacity. In the Record departments of most countries our labors have been very considerable. We feast upon old papers and parchments with a true antiquarian gusto. Some of our family are supposed to have devoured the lost decades of Livy, which, if true, proves our appetite for polite literature; but this, indeed, requires but little confirmation when it is recollected that the very name of the *Μουσαι*, or the Muses, indicates the estimation in which we were held by the ancient world for our intellectual and literary attainments. It is well known that Apollo derived his Asiatic name of *Σμινθευς*, or the Mouse-killer, from his jealous hostility to our family; and there is good ground for believing that Marsyas, whom he persecuted so cruelly, was the direct lineal ancestor of the "Singing Mouse" who recently astonished and delighted London.

But to return to our public functions; that we have had a decided turn for the church appears from the fact that the church-mouse is a recognised order amongst us, and it is our just pride that we alone have preserved the genuine character of the institution as founded by the Apostles, inasmuch as our poverty has passed into a proverb—"as poor as a church-mouse."—Amongst the human race, on the contrary, the proverb runs—"as rich as a church-man." It was beautifully said of one of our ecclesiastics—

A mouse he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty crusts a year.

At the same time the mouse is subject to the promptings of avarice and worldly ambition, as well as the lower animals. We have pluralists amongst us, as there are amongst bipeds, and they are apt to quote in their justification the verses of Pope—

The mouse that is content with one poor hole
Will never be a mouse of any soul.

Upon this principle will these corrupt and secular church-mice seize on hole after hole, benefice upon benefice, and dignity upon dignity, with a rapacity thoroughly and frightfully human. Some will even creep into palaces, but there is one palace which no mouse was ever known to enter with pleasure—namely, the *gin*-palace; and there is also one monkish order to which the Souriquois have invariably manifested the strongest antipathy—that of La *Trappe*.

Mice do not sit in Parliament, which is not at all to be regretted, for they might probably soon earn the bad reputation of their friends the *rats*, who have had seats in both houses from time immemorial. We have our politicians, nevertheless, as well as other communities, and are often accused of hole-and-corner proceedings, because we prefer holding little quiet meetings within the wainscot, or behind the arras, to running the risk of dispersion by their worships Grimalkin and Bow-wow, who would be only too happy if they could get us to assemble on the hearth-rug. Mice have petitioned Parliament, although they have not sat there. A petition of theirs in verse, drawn up by Mrs. Barbauld, is a composition of great celebrity. They have also a very active and extensive association, called the Anti-Corn-Stack League, and it is certain that had they a mouse-mote, and were they to legislate for the empire, they would make the trade in corn perfectly free, abolish mouse-traps, and make it felony in old maiden ladies, to keep cat or kitten.

The philosophy of mice is a subject on which much remains to be written; their taste for Bacon is decided, and that they are Minute Philosophers is beyond all question. Æsop and Horace have agreeably recorded an ancient dispute among them, whether a country or town life is to be preferred. They seemed divided upon the subject, just as men are, with the exception of the field-mouse, who would not resign his hole in a corn-field for the most sumptuous mansion in Park-lane. All that mice ask—and it is not much—is to be let alone, and their favorite maxim is "live and let live." When was a mouse known to molest a cat, or set a trap for a cook or a housekeeper? As to terrifying ladies as they do, they protest they cannot help, and are exceedingly sorry for it; they did not create themselves; it is no fault of theirs that nature has made them such formidable beings, that the smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor would put to route all the women in England, though the Queen in person were at the head of the army.

The mouse is, in truth, the most amiable of creatures, a gentle-mouse every inch of him. In the domestic circle he shines with peculiar lustre, understanding the Hole duty of mouse perfectly, and firmly believing that an honest mouse is the "noblest work of God," a saying of one of our poets, which has been stolen by Mr. Pope, and absurdly applied to the miserable race of man. Our love of poetry, let me here observe, is one of the attributes on which we pique ourselves. Juvenal, a Latin poet, has done us justice in this respect where he tells of the *Mures Opici*, an ancient Italian colony, that they actually devoured (*rodebant*) the "*divina carmina*," or immortal productions of the bards. The author of this memoir has made a remarkable discovery respecting the poet on whom the people of these countries pride themselves most. He has ascertained beyond a doubt that Shakespeare was neither a swan nor a man, but a mouse, the "Singing Mouse" of his day. The proof is that a mouse of the same name, that is importing the same meaning in the Greek language, is found amongs the heroes of the Batrachyomachia. How interesting to find a Shake-spear celebrated by a Homer, and to trace the lineage of the greatest penmouse of modern times up to a mouse of war in the romantic ages of Grecian history! In corroboration of this discovery it may be remarked that Shakespeare speaks of mice invariably in respectful and handsome terms. In one place he apeaks of a

> Most magnanimous mouse,

and we have already quoted a passage where he bestows on his fellow-mouse the complimentary epithet of "monstrous." But he really speaks of mice in twenty places where his paltry human editors have substituted the word man, and appropriated the tribute to themselves. For instance,

> I dare do all that may become a *mouse*
> Who dares do more is none!

And in "Henry VIII."

> This is the state of *Mouse;* to-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope, &c.
> * * * * * *
> And when he hopes, good easy *Mouse*, &c.

In the play of "Hamlet," there is that magnificent description of mouse which every mouseling has at the end of his paws. Fancy the presumption of applying the following to such a being as *man!*

What a piece of work is *Mouse!* How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The *paragon of animals!*

And again,

> He was a *Mouse*, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again,—

which was an allusion to an ancestor of my own, a clergymouse of Mousechester, the most learned as well as the most virtuous mouse of his age, and the author of many inimitable works, including "the Mouse of Feeling," the "Mouse's Book," the "Mirror of Mice," and a play called "The Good-natured Mouse," which was plagiarised by a two-legged penny-a-liner of the name of Goldsmith. To this wisest and best of mice we are indebted for the great maxim that

The noblest study of mousekind is mouse.

But as I propose shortly to publish his life and times in three volumes, with notices of the most celebrated clergymice and statesmice of the sixteenth century, enough has been said for the present occasion.

ELLEN MIDDLETON.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Ellen Middleton. A Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

This tale has excited great interest among an influential class of readers in the great metropolis, and its reputation is, we are told, spreading widely. The writer is just the kind of writer who may do harm by her influence or example, and to whom criticism may do good. It struck us, therefore, that the very limited space we had left, on the appearance of her Tale, could not be employed better than in pointing out her merits and demerits as a novelist—her fine spirit of observation and analysis, with the veins of thought and feeling, that ought to be worked assiduously—and her fondness for overstrained sentiment, and melodramatic situation that must be suppressed.

The plot is soon told. Ellen Middleton has been bred up by a high-principled, cold-mannered uncle, and an indulgent, imaginative aunt. They are people of fortune, residing at a country house situate on the bank of a river. When the story opens, Ellen is between fifteen and sixteen. Their only child, Julia, a cross, unamiable girl, is eight. Edward Middleton, a nephew of the uncle, and Henry Lovell, a younger brother of the aunt—young men of two or three and twenty—are staying with them. Julia takes every opportunity of quarrelling with her cousin; and at length Ellen overhears her aunt discussing the propriety of separating them, by sending her (Ellen) to school. Hurrying to a veranda overlooking the river, she gives vent to a paroxysm of grief and mortification

'No voice could then have been welcome to me, (for the voice I loved best, the voice that had ever spoken peace and joy to my heart, I had just heard utter words that had destroyed at one blow the fabric of bliss which my heart had so long framed for itself;) no voice, I say, could have been welcome to me: but when I heard the sharp and querulous tones of Julia, God in mercy forgive me for what I felt. She was again standing at the head of the stone steps that I have described as forming one of the extremities of the veranda; and, as she placed her foot on one of the moss-covered, slippery steps, she called out, "I'm going down—I'll have my own way now." I seized her hand, and drawing her back, exclaimed—"Don't Julia;" on which she said—You had better not tease me; you are to be sent away if you tease me." I felt as if a viper had stung me, the blood rushed to my head, and I struck her; she reeled under the blow, her foot slipped, and she fell headlong down the stone steps. A voice near me said—"She has killed her!" There was a plunge in the water below; her white frock rose to the surface—sank—rose again—and sank to rise no more. Two men rushed wildly down the bank, and one of them turned and looked up as he passed. I heard a piercing scream—a mother's cry of despair.—Nobody said again—"she has killed her." I did not die; I did not go mad; for I had not an instant's delusion—I never doubted the reality of what had happened; but those words—"She has killed her!"—"She has killed her!"—were written as with a fiery pencil on my brain, and day and night they rang in my ears. Who had spoken them? The secret of my fate was in those words.'

The secret of her fate was in these words, and the chief interest of the story is in that secret; which she keeps until she herself and every body connected with her have been made irretrievably wretched. In the first paroxysm of remorse and terror, she could not speak, and afterwards she would not; but goes on receiving the caresses of her relations, and enjoying the advantages of her new position (for Julia's death makes her an heiress) with unfaltering resolution; though racked by the fear of discovery, and haunted by the phantoms of remorse. Both Edward and Henry are in love with her. Edward is high-minded, true-hearted, and good; she returns his affection, and eventually marries him. Henry is unprincipled and selfish, and she knows it; but he posesses extraordinary powers of fascination; he holds the key of her destiny, having been an eyewitness of Julia's death; and by the aid of influence thus acquired induces her to to suppress the truth, tolerate his attentions, and keep up a confidential communication with him, until her husband, to whom she is all along devotedly attached, casts her off, under the belief that

Henry is her favored lover. He does not learn the real state of the facts until they are narrated by her (dying of a broken heart) on her deathbed; Henry having died of a brain fever a few days before, and most of the other prominent characters being similarly disposed of, about the same time.

This story, apparently so simple, is kept up through the three volumes principally by Ellen's struggles to avoid discovery, and Henry's expedients to retain her in his toils.

Now our objection to the plot is twofold—the inadequacy of the alleged motives, and the improbability of the facts. We assert, confidently, that Ellen neither could nor would have kept the secret. In the first place, she could not. There are such things as coroner's inquests—though ladies of quality are not bound to know of them—and others besides the housekeeper would have asked, 'Where were you when the poor thing fell?' Two persons are eyewitnesses of the deed; a third hears it from one of them; dark hints are scattered; dire threats thrown out; all sorts of rumors are abroad; she herself pursues a line of conduct that must necessarily excite suspicion; and tears, faintings, changes of voice, changes of color, and whisperings with Henry, would assuredly have precipitated the crisis before the end of the first volume.

This, however, is a comparatively immaterial objection: few novelists or dramatists could get on if they were tied down to strict matter-of-fact probability. In some of the most admired fictions, we are compelled to take for granted that no one sees or hears what no one could help seeing or hearing; and we readily grant their writers, what Archimedes asked in vain—a place beyond our living, actual, everyday world to stand on, and suffer them to move it, or turn it topsy-turvy, if they can. In short, they may do any thing short of reversing the laws of gravitation, provided they do not neglect the higher principles of art; and our main ground of difference with Lady Georgiana Fullerton is, not that the secret would have been discovered in Ellen's despite, but that she herself would infallibly have revealed it.

Persons conversant with the history of crime are aware, that the most hardened criminals scarcely ever keep their own counsel, even when there is no hope of sympathy, and communication may be death: 'murder will out' is no mere vulgar error; nor is there probably one of our readers who, in minor cases of transgression, has not felt an irresistible impulse to tell and know the worst, merely to get rid of the torture of uncertainty, though under no immediate apprehension of being found out. But let us set aside the fact, that Ellen knew of one witness at the least; and let us say nothing of the line of conduct a cunning, calculating girl would consequently have pursued. We take her, on her own showing, to have been possessed of understanding, imagination, and sensibility; to have been capable of high enthusiasm, warm gratitude, and passionate love. How would such a being have acted? Why, rushed wildly through the house shrieking out that she had killed her cousin; or started from the first stupor, to give way to an agony of self-accusation; or dragged herself to her aunt's feet, imploring, not asking, forgiveness; or flown from her to the stern uncle, and received his sentence of banishment as a boon—any thing, or every thing but remain enduring the caresses of Mrs. Middleton, the insulting attentions of Henry and the daily, hourly indications of the coming crisis. It is said that the most stringent of all tortures is the falling of water, drop by drop, upon the head—the brain maddens, and the tongue speaks. Much of the same kind is the mental torture Ellen is made to undergo for months, by the surpassing ingenuity of the contrivances for turning incident after incident, and conversation after conversation, into a sting. She loves, too—loves passionately, devotedly; her whole soul is wrapped up in Edward; and, in the fine scene, where she risks her life to save his, she pours it all out in an irresistible burst. With one reserve, however, the black secret is kept back, and with an intensity of selfishness (though perhaps the author never viewed it in that light) she keeps it still, when not only her own reputation, and the life of Alice, but her husband's happiness, might be secured by a frank and full confession. Sir Walter Scott managed these things better. Finella is proof against every other trial; but the moment the talismanic influence of love is brought to bear upon her, she betrays herself.*

Judging simply from internal evidence, it is impossible to doubt the purity of the author's mind and the goodness of her intentions; but the tendency or moral is often, at the best, doubtful. We do not much mind her reversing the good old maxim already mentioned, of *murder will out;* but it is surely hardly allowable to paint Ellen endowed with so many estimable qualities, without permitting them to bear fruit. Falsehood, habitual dissimulation, and selfishness, are not the natural products of a religious turn of mind, a frank disposition, genius, enthusiasm, and sensibility. Ellen's mode of thinking, compared with her mode of acting, constantly tempts us to exclaim (saving the lady's presence) with Sir Peter Teazle, 'Oh, d—n your sentiments!' or reminds us of Charles Lamb's character of Coleridge: 'He was a good man, an excellent man; but, somehow or other, whenever any thing presented itself in the shape of a duty, he could not perform it!'

Again, Ellen is too clever a creature to be imposed on by Henry Lovell, (who is commonplace enough in the first volume,) and she is too much in love with another to be fascinated by him. Such an interest might easily

* See the concluding chapter of *Peveril of the Peak.*

have found place in an unoccupied heart or mind; but she had paramount objects, and in her peculiar position, "that most insidious of poisons, the constant homage of a blind and passionate admiration," would have had no charms for her. As a woman of spirit, too, she would have been more likely to contract aversion for a man who persevered in compelling her to listen to him by a threat. But we hazard this opinion with diffidence; a woman must be the best judge how far a woman might be led by a demon of coquetry; and as to threats, we remember reading a French novel, alleged in the preface to be founded upon fact, in which the gentleman (a practised duellist) tells the lady that she had better accept him at once, as he is resolved to shoot every other pretender to her hand. He shoots four of her adorers, and she marries him.

It is a common subject of complaint among Lady Georgiana's most partial readers, that the general impression produced throughout by her book is a disagreeable one; and the reason is plain. It is disagreeable to see people acting foolishly without a motive; the interest, though sustained and high wrought, is always of a painful kind; there is too much mental anatomy *à la Godwin;* the introductory chapter, like an overture of church music, predisposes to melancholy; and we constaetly feel a want of relief from scenes of characters of a lighter order. This is the more provoking, because the charming sketch of Rosa Moore (worth a hundred Alices) shows how well the author could have supplied the deficiency, had it suggested itself. Indeed, these volumes teem with proof that Lady Georgiana Fullerton could produce a work capable of standing the severest ordeal of criticism; and it is the high estimate we have formed of her powers, that induces us to dwell so much on the errors of her plan. It matters little what mode of thought or style of composition is adopted by any ephemeral novelist, though he or she may happen to stimulate the jaded appetite of the London world of fashion, or afford them a topic for a week; but we feel bound to take care that no wrong notions of art, or false theories of conduct, are sanctioned by a writer so well qualified as this lady to make sterling additions to our light literature, and influence opinion in more extended circles than her own.

Ancient Coins.—The sale of the late Mr Thomas's collection by Mr. Sotheby has realised no less than £17,000, and some of the rarest coins brought immense prices: ex. gr. a unique medal of Commodus relating to Britain, £75; a unique and unpublished silver coin of Alexander, £112; a gold coin of Ephesus, £101; a gold Nicocles, £71; gold didrachm of Antiochus, £60; Ptolemy IV., gold, £175; and a gold Berenice with a unique symbol, £165.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BEAUMARCHAIS AND SOPHIE ARNOULD.

From the Westminster Review for September.

Encyclopédie du Dix Neuvième Siècle. Répertoire Universel des Sciences, des Letters, et des Arts; avec la Biographie des Hommes Célèbres. Paris. 1843.

We are going to present our readers with two brief and graphic memoirs of two celebrated persons of the last century. We select these memoirs from the Encyclopédie mentioned at the head of this article; and we select them because the work in which they appear is by its nature not likely to fall into the hands of the generality of our readers. Cyclopædias are of recognized utility; but their very size prevents their being in the libraries of ordinary readers. To such of our subscribers whose purses and shelves render cyclopædias available, we will address a few words of criticism on the present work; to the others, we trust we shall be affording some harmless amusement by the biographies of Beaumarchais and Sophie Arnould, from the sparkling pen of the indefatigable, inimitable Jules Janin.

It must be confessed that France, though the first to start an Encyclopædia, has not produced one worthy of rivalling those published in England. In the 'Britannica' and 'Metropolitana,' the majority of articles on important subjects have been laborious treatises. No French cyclopædia can stand a comparison with them; nay, not even with the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' for learning and accuracy. The Encyclopédie started by D'Alembert contained some striking articles, but as a whole it is ill digested, ill written, and deficient in accuracy. The 'Encyclopédie Méthodique,' which came afterwards, did little more than re-arrange its predecessor. The 'Encyclopédie Nouvelle,' now publishing under the editorship of Pierre Leroux and Jean Reynaud, is valuable for many of its articles and general arrangement. We have heard it highly praised, and such papers as we have consulted seemed to warrant the reputation of the work. One obstacle, however, is that it is made a vehicle for the doctrines of Pierre Leroux, which, though accepted as gospel by "les humanitaires," will receive little attention here.

The present work has a similar drawback to its success in England. It is Catholic. This, which is of course in its favor as regards Catholics, will prevent the generality

of Englishmen from becoming subscribers; for although it does not effect the articles of science, yet these alone escape its influence; history, literature, and philosophy, have a Catholic coloring which is not acceptable to Protestant readers.

Apart from these considerations, the work is on the whole a creditable and useful one. Some articles are insufficient, as is the case with all Cyclopædias: some of them elaborate and worthy of all praise. 'Alienation' is excellent; so is 'Accouchement;' so also is 'Abbaye.' Voltaire has no justice awarded him. Is M. Philarète Chasles really insensible to the greatness of that astonishing writer, or is he merely following the prejudices of the party to which he belongs? The article 'Sublime' is contemptible, being a few illustrations, without the least philosophical inquiry. The article 'Art,' by Buchez, will find great favor in the eyes of the party he addresses, but in the eyes of no other mortals.

Some of the biographies appear to us to be very nearly models of Cyclopædia articles; brief yet satisfactory. It has been well said that—

> Who narrates
> The stature of a man, his gait, his dress,
> The color of his hair, what meats he loved,
> Where he abode, what haunts he frequented,
> His place and time of birth, his age at death,
> And how much crape and cambric mourned his end—
> Writes a *biography!* But who records
> The yearnings of the heart, its joys, its pangs,
> Its alternating apathy and hope,
> Its stores of memory which the richer grow
> The longer they are hived, its faith that stands
> Upon the grave, and counts it as a beach
> Whence souls embark for home, its prayers for man,
> Its trust in heaven, despite of man—writes *fiction!*
> Get a new Lexicon."———*

And who that has ever toiled through the dull monotony of facts which most writers deem biography, can help being struck with the graphic impression conveyed by the Beaumarchais of Jules Janin in this Cyclopædia? We do not say that it is unexceptionable; we do not fancy that it could not have been still further improved by the rigorous statement of all facts and dates; but we ask, is not the image of the man clearly presented? In those seemingly careless lines there is more matter than in pages of ponderous dullness priding itself on facts. Instead of facts he gives you a distinct impression; in the place of dates he gives results. Jules Janin, who writes everywhere and on everything, on what he does as well as on what he does not understand, is hardly the sort of writer one would most trust in the pages of a Cyclopædia. One would doubt his accuracy and sincerity. One would believe nothing on his word. He could not be quoted as an authority even in Grub street; one would as soon believe the 'Quarterly Review.' In spite of this we pronounce his biographies wonderful. With a keen eye for the salient characteristics, he gives you but few details, and they all *tell*. With a rattling, somewhat wordy style, he is never dull, never obscure. Reckless enough as to facts, he is never careless as to effect. You may detect him in a hundred blunders without disturbing his effect one single iota. He does not care for dates and literal facts; he cares only for results. The life of Lesage has been attempted a hundred times; it has been written only once, and that once by Jules Janin. Compare his introductory memoir to the illustrated edition of 'Le Diable Boiteux,' with every other memoir, and the graphic force with which it is executed will call forth your admiration. So also we would ask you to interrogate yourself as to what sort of an idea you have of the author of 'Le Barbier de Seville?' Then read Janin's account of Beaumarchais:—

"Of all the fame, nay more, of all the noise which this man once made, what now remains? nothing but some long, licentious, withered comedies, which are now painful to behold; like vice when it has grown old and wretched, with no other refuge than the truckle bed of an hospital. That Beaumarchais who wore out his life in overthrowing authority, and overthrew it indeed because in his time it hung upon a breath; what has this revolution profited him? Alone amongst the revolutionists of the eighteenth century, Voltaire still lives and reigns; he is the master, the chief of that rebellion of wits whose names have been absorbed in his fame. The most famous satellites who aided him to make a name, have hardly any share in his glory; they have all fallen into obscurity, Beaumarchais as well as the rest. Beaumarchais is now only represented by an old woman, once the Countess Almaviva, by a cunning and ill-bred servant named Susanna, and by a fat, grisly, wrinkled old man called Figaro, a bad go-between without credit, living from hand to mouth by selling old clothes. Such is the intellectual, philosophical, and

* 'Gerald and other Poems.' By J. W. Marston, Esq.

moral lumber of a man who overturned as many things as Voltaire, and who perhaps made more noise than Voltaire, that is to say, made a great deal too much.

" Beaumarchais was born at Paris in the year 1732; he died in the year 1799. He thus traversed all that troubled portion of the 18th century, of which he was one of the coryphees. He witnessed the birth, growth, and extinction of the French revolution, and escaped its dangers by a miracle, and the remains of that good fortune which attended him through life.—Beaumarchais was a child of chance; his education was chance, his life was all chance, so were his wit, his talent, and his style. What he says of his Figaro might be said of himself, '*Enfant trouvé! Enfant perdu, docteur!*' And doubtless, had heaven so willed it, Beaumarchais would have been the son of a prince. Unfortunately heaven did not will it.

" Before he became a comic poet he commenced, like Figaro, by being a musician. He gave music lessons to Mesdames, the daughters of Louis XV., virtuous princesses who, without sufficient foresight, granted their all-powerful protection to this clever intriguer; Beaumarchais taught them the guitar, Figaro's instrument. And thus the musician became a courtier; the courtier soon became litigious; the litigious man ushered in the comic poet; the comic poet preceeded the sellers of guns to the American insurgents. He did every thing, he used every thing, he was by turns rich, poor, glorious, proscribed, carried in triumph, shut up in Saint Lazare, glorified, and treated like a bandit by M. Bergasse, who was an honest man. All his life is contained in his 'Mèmoires Judiciaires; he there shows himself not without art, but without paint, such as he saw himself, a little handsomer, perhaps, than he really was. In these memoirs are to be found all that the most creative and remorseless fancy can say of any one, on the spur of the moment. This affair which occupied all Europe, was originally a bagatelle. Beaumarchais, who had worked with Paris Duverney, found himself in Paris Duverney's debt at the death of the latter. The heirs claimed 150,000 francs of Beaumarchais; Beaumarchais, on his side, claimed 15,000. Whilst the cause was pending, Beaumarchais, like Figaro, endeavored to see his judges: '*A-t-il-vu mon secrètaire, ce bon-on gar-arcon la?*' One of the councillors of the *parlement Maupeou* closed his door against Beaumarchais. Beaumarchais persevered; he sent the councillor a gold watch, set with brilliants, and a hundred and fifteen louis. At this price, Goezman listened to the pleader, but when the day arrived, Goezman gave judgment against Beaumarchais, who then remembered the line from the Plaideurs: '*Mais rendez donc l'argent!*' And effectively the watch, the brilliants, and a hundred louis were returned to him. Beaumarchais claimed the fifteen louis which still remained due. The councillor Goezman, instead of returning the money, prosecuted Beaumarchais for libel. Beaumarchais defended himself valiantly. He instantly set to work, and with inexhaustible humor recited all his adventures with M. and Madame Goezman, namely, three useless visits on Friday, the 2nd of April: one useful one the next day, the 3rd of April, thanks to Madame Goezman; on the 4th of April an audience promised but not granted; on the 5th of April, the day of the report, an audience granted by the wife, refused by the husband, and a hundred louis placed in her hands, a watch set with brilliants, and fifteen louis which Madame Goezman not choosing to return, Beaumarchais is threatened with M. de Sartines and M. de la Vrillière; and Goezman like a fool laying his complaint in the hands of the president, the procureur-général is commissioned to inquire; and the sieur Baculard-Arnaud, lying, accuses the sieur Beaumarchais. And thus Beaumarchais goes on confiding all to the public, and it may be imagined how much this amused the spectators, and what pleasure they took in seeing the *parlement Maupeou* treated in this fashion. All around Beaumarchais applauded him; his irony and anger were excited; Goezman and his wife were devoted to the infernal regions; the corrupt judge was everywhere pointed at.

" There was a chapter in these memoirs entitled 'Confrontation de moi à Madame Goezman,' which was a real comedy, in which you saw Beaumarchais and Madame Goezman move, and heard them talk. But the public feared that it would end too soon; the public might certainly have trusted Beaumarchais for making the most of scandal. The unfortunate fifteen louis were never allowed to drop. They were the watchword in this great battle. And when he had replied to the wife, he began to reply to the husband; he heaped physical on moral proofs, and thus dragged the

parlement Maupeou through the mud. And when nothing more could be made out of the male and female Goezman, he allowed the *parlement* to pass sentence, and by that sentence the *parlement Maupeou* again injured itself, for it gave the right to neither party. But the public had long judged the cause in Beaumarchais's favor. The cause was heard and won; town and court sided with Beaumarchais; the Prince de Conti himself, who was extremely jealous of his prerogative as prince of the blood, invited him to dinner; he called Beaumarchais a great citizen, a new expression which was a whole revolution in itself.

"This lawsuit gave Beaumarchais a love of lawsuits. He was already accustomed to them, his style also; success had rendered him quarrelsome. He therefore considered himself very fortunate when his second lawsuit commenced against M. Bergasse the advocate, who prosecuted him in the name of the sanctity of the marriage state; Beaumarchais was accused of having aided in the seduction of Madame Kornmann. This time the accuser was not a Goezman, but an upright and honest lawyer, belonging to that courageous young bar which already foreboded the French revolution; one of those lawyers whom Fabre d'Eglantine has so spiritedly and successfully drawn in the Philinte: 'Go, fetch me a lawyer.' Moreover, since the Goezman affair, France laughed less, France at last understood she was marching to her ruin, and then Beaumarchais had to plead with a stronger antagonist, and more than once the man of wit was crushed by the emphatic eloquence of the adverse barrister. Beaumarchais no longer had so many laughers on his side.

"He then threw himself into comedy with renewed vigor. He possessed all the qualities which make, not a comic poet, but an inventor of scenes, acts, dialogues, and imbroglios; his was a bantering imagination caring little for truth. He would willingly have exchanged all dramatic improbabilities for a *bon mot*; he had a confused notion that his comedy had not long to live, and therefore wrote it in haste. To commence and finish his dramatic career (we do not reckon his melodrama of 'Les deux Amis') he had the assistance of one person, which was himself; he represented himself such as he was; daring to insolence, witty to shamelessness, skeptical to impiety, despising the world and despising himself more than any thing in it, jesting on every thing sacred; only when he placed himself on the stage, he no longer called himself Beaumarchais but Figaro.

"Once his name altered, he struts about the stage with as much freedom and impudence as if he ran no risk of being recognized. He first shows us Figaro, like Beaumarchais, the child of his own works, a poet, a musician, playing the guitar, living from hand to mouth, laughing at the great man who pays him, practising all trades, even the least honorable ones, for a living, flattering aloud the nobles whom he secretly maligns, a leader of intrigues, a chatterer, necessitous, clever, always on his guard against first impulses, for the sole reason that first impulses are almost always good; such is this newly-invented hero In order to make him more presentable and attractive, Beaumarchais gives Figaro the handsomest dress of all Spain. The Barbier de Seville is but the first act of this long story. Be patient! You will soon see all the persons whose amours, passions, hatreds, fears, ambitions, and hopes, Beaumarchais presents to you, busy in an endless drama, complicated by the strangest details.

"The 'Mariage de Figaro' is therefore the second chapter of the immortal story, of which the sieur Beaumarchais is the hero. What a chapter! what a long and incredible philippic against the whole of society! what a jesting leveller is Figaro! what wonderful audacity was required, ever to imagine that such a play should be publicly represented under a monarchy which remembered Louis XIV. and King Louis XV. And what perseverance and will of iron necessary to get such a piece performed under a king who was an honest man, to whom excesses of all kinds caused as much repugnance as terror. King Louis XVI., to whom the piece had been read, expressed himself frankly on the subject—'Be certain,' said he, 'that this piece will never be played! This man sneers at every thing. To be consistent, the Bastile should be pulled down, if such a comedy were publicly acted.' Louis XVI. was not aware of the truth of what he said. He was a weak and respectable man, who foresaw evils, but knew not how to prevent them. The king was borne down by the exacting and witty body of nobles, who thought themselves invulnerable, and who did not choose to appear to fear dangerous writings, like the common people. Moreover, after having at first authorized the

performance of the 'Mariage,' the king withdrew the permission he had granted; to which Beaumarchais replied that he would have his piece performed in the choir of Notre Dame. And Beaumarchais himself was not aware how truly he spoke. At last, in spite of the king, in spite of all the right-minded men in France, at least of all those who knew or could foresee the future, the piece was played with a scandalous success, which has no equal in the annals of the theatre. The day preceding this terrible and solemn one, the Théâtre Français was half filled with people who spent the night there. Monsieur, the king's brother, was present at the first performance in a public box. The king, however, anxiously waited for the piece to be played. He hoped, he said, that it would be damned. A vain hope. As if success did not always attend the demolishers. The piece was lauded to the skies. It was listened to with unanimous delight! 'If there is any thing madder than my play,' said Beaumarchais, 'it is its success.' The piece had all the effect of a revolution. Court and city flocked to it, and it may be imagined with what delight. Some great ladies wished to go in private boxes. Beaumarchais replied that his play was not written for *prudes*. *Prudes*, if you please; but Cherubino, half naked at the countess's feet, is hardly less immoral, seen from a public than a private box. One young man wrote to Beaumarchais to ask for a ticket, even were he to die afterwards. Yes, it is a strange and incredible thing in the annals of a civilized people, that an entire society, the patient work of eighteen centuries, the treasure of morals which nations must amass, but which they, alas! amass but seldom, should be thus remorselessly sacrificed. And sacrificed to what? To a piece of buffoonery, a scandal, an immoral story of love and adultery. Yes, that was all; on one hand, the 'Mariage de Figaro;' on the other, the monarchy of Louis XIV.; —on one hand, the wit of Beaumarchais; on the other, the genius of Bossuet. Oh! what would Bossuet have said had he been present at such a scene! Oh! what would the stern Cardinal Richelieu have said had he been told that one day, and that at no distant period, the King of France himself would not, and could not, venture in his own kingdom to prevent the performance of a stage play! A strange thing! Oh! the wondrous blindness of nations that are ruining themselves. To ruin themselves thus. All French society clapping its hands to encourage the comic poet, who dragged it through dirt, shame, infamy, and insult. All the authorities of society are compromised in this fatal drama. First appears a priest, mixed up with all this uncleanliness, flattering, cringing, a trader in love, and sneered at. The nobleman is the laughing-stock of his servant, himself ridiculing law, justice, morals, and marriage, ridiculing himself and every one else. The lady appears on terms of friendship with the servant, who is her rival, burning with a secret flame for a boy of fifteen, an adulteress in her heart before being one with her body. The judge shows himself corrupt and a corrupter, a poor foolish creature, ignoble in appearance. None are spared in this satire on the world. The peasant Antonio is drunk; his niece is a girl almost ruined by her own folly. Old Marcelina, who has lost a child, is only placed there to make us laugh at the feelings of maternity. Doctor Bartholo holds out his cheek to receive the slap aimed at science. Childhood itself, even childhood, that pure and holy innocence which Juvenal orders should be so respected, is placed there also to be the victim of immoral passions. Poor child! his heart is filled with bad passions; he is already made a vicious creature, sighing, and his heart beating for every woman, whoever she may be; Madame Almaviva, Susanna, Fanchette, he pursues them all, even old Marcelina. Poor child! they pass him from one to the other like some frivolous toy. And all these vices have been portrayed in the same drama, solely to amuse the crowd for five hours every evening.

"They all came panting, curious, greedy to be present at this immoral spectacle. And whilst these imprudent men clapped their hands at this debauch of wit, they did not hear the shaking of the falling throne; they did not hear that revolution roaring in the distance; they did not hear the murmurs of the people of '89, who meant to take these members of French society at their word: the people was coming to clutch them in the midst of this joy, this license, these ecstacies, these past vices, and to plunge them into what an abyss! into what despair! into what a revolution!"

This is a striking picture, but an exaggeration. Beaumarchais was able to overturn the monarchy of Louis XIV. and Bossuet, only because France would no longer submit to the burthen. Beaumarchais was

applauded, because he spoke out the convictions of the people. Beaumarchais was powerful, because he was applauded. There was a point in his satire; there was wit in his attack on society; but this wit would have only raised a passing smile, had not all society been in a state of fermentation and ready to applaud any and every expression of its hatred to established ideas. In the same way Siéyes became powerful, because he first put the question which all his contemporaries were endeavoring to bring into shape. What is the *tiers-etat?* he asked. To ask such a question was to produce a revolution. But if the men of our day look back upon the comedies of Beaumarchais and the pamphlets of Siéyes, we are unable to comprehend their prodigious success; the wit of the one seems forced and exaggerated; the logic of the other trivial and narrow. Comedies and pamphlets were things of the day; and passed away with the circumstances which gave them birth. Not that Beaumarchais' comedies are, theatrically speaking, contemptible; far from it. They have wit, banter, situation, and lively plots. They may be read with amusement; they will bear representation. But they seem very poor and feeble comedies to have produced such tremendous enthusiasm.

As a specimen of Beaumarchais' talent, we think the memoirs infinitely superior to his comedies. They have the same liveliness, the same audacity, the same personality, and greater force. Besides, the talent is shown to greater advantage in creating such amusing scenes out of a law suit, than in creating amusing scenes out of an imaginary story, the *imbroglio* of which is borrowed from the Spanish stage. The confrontation with Madame Goezman is alone worth all the 'Mariage de Figaro.'

"It must, however, be acknowledged that Beaumarchais' great success was not wholly unmerited. This man had wit equal to his audacity. Even in his animosity he had a certain good-humored smile, which rendered him still more dangerous. He had many kinds of courage, as he proved in Spain to a certain Clavijo, who had promised to marry his sister. In this circumstance, Beaumarchais gave proofs not only of wit and courage, but of a great deal of good feeling. He came frankly to the assistance of a poor afflicted woman, whom he protected in this struggle against the seducer who knelt before him. There are people who place this action of Beaumarchais' far above all the wit he has displayed in the 'Mariage de Figaro;' it is a pity that there is something to blame even in that.

"Beaumarchais' style, like the rest of him, is an affair of chance. He writes by chance; but when chance favors him, he often writes very well. He strains too often after the final dart; but when he has found it, he shoots against every thing with indefatigable liveliness. The speech on calumny is a masterpiece of that materialist style which embodies all things, and dresses up a thought like a living person. Had Beaumarchais come into the world twenty years later, he would doubtless have been one of the active minds of the deliberating assemblies; and no doubt, after destroying every thing on his passage, he would have stopped short like Mirabeau, like him terrified by the ruins he had heaped up. How unfortunate that those dangerous minds arrived just in time to succeed.

"What more remains to be told? Beaumarchais' literary existence terminates with the 'Mariage de Figaro.' He endeavored, it is true, to carry out this fatal history, and ended with adultery the drama he had begun with an elopement. The *mère coupable* had none of the success of *la Comtesse Almaviva*. The ladies regretted their Cherubino's being killed, the men felt no pity for the woman of a certain age bewailing with so many tears the follies of her youth; Figaro grown old and steady no longer amused any one. The style of Beaumarchais, left to himself, appeared to all, what it really was—a trick in which grammar and logic have to perform all sorts of dangerous evolutions. The secret of this dazzling wit consists in saying the reverse of things. Thus Beaumarchais had engraved on his dog's collar, '*Beaumarchais m'appartient!*' That betrays the whole man. He has also written an opera called 'Tarare.' 'Tarare' is again 'Figaro,' or rather Beaumarchais singing burlesque verses. This man soon grows old; he and all the persons he has created. The revolution, with its iron hand, crushed this mind, retaining only its venom. Beaumarchais, seeing that no one in France, not even himself, had time to be witty, endeavored to take to business again, and lost in it a large portion of his fortune. His supply of sixty thousand guns to America, which paid him only with flattery, and his edition of Voltaire's works, were deplorable speculations. And as he no longer succeeded in any thing, *ennui* seized him, and

he died because he was no longer an object of curiosity."

There are deficiencies in this biography. Dates are wanted; many facts are unregistered; the close is hurried. But in point of effect is it not an admirable piece of writing? Do you not carry away from it a distinct idea of Beaumarchais, the man, and of his position as a writer? Did you ever carry away so distinct an idea of any man from an ordinary biographical dictionary? This is the point we direct attention to, because the excellence of Janin's article is precisely the excellence needed by our compilers of biographies: whereas the faults of Janin's article are such as our writers are not likely to fall into.

The publication which is now taking place of a 'Biographical Dictionary' on an immense scale, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, leads us to lay greater stress on the graphic power of Jules Janin than we should otherwise deem necessary. That 'Biographical Dictionary' is very useful; but not half so useful as it might be. Valuable as a work of reference for any particular fact, it is almost useless for any other purpose; praiseworthy enough in its industry, it seems to have relied solely upon its exactness. But we believe this to be a misconception, not only of the nature of biography, but also of the wants of the public. The superficial exactness of dates and facts should be sustained by the greater excellences of distinct conception and graphic execution. A man's life is not made up of its events alone. It was his individuality that gave those events their significance; it is his individuality, therefore, that should above all things be distinctly conceived. In many cases, we are aware, this is not possible; the materials with which to paint such a picture are not at hand. In many cases, however, it is very possible and highly desirable.

Doubtless many persons will object to Janin's Memoirs as being superficial, deficient in information, deficient in method. Granted. We do not praise them for their information, we do not pass over their carelessness; we only insist on their graphic power.

Janin's Memoir of Sophie Arnould is not less characteristic. In it, as in Beaumarchais, there are the same evidences of carelessness, but also the same talent. Both these memoirs seem to have been written off with scarcely a thought, with scarcely an erasure. But careless as they are they fulfil their end. A distinct idea of the person is in each case represented. But the reader shall judge.

"Sophie Arnould.—On the 14th of February, 1744, at Paris, in the very room in which the Admiral de Coligny was assassinated, a little girl was born, who might serve as a representative of the most frivolous and licentious portion of French society at the close of the eighteenth century; this child was Sophie Arnould. Her wit more than her beauty, the freedom of her conversation more than her wit, have been the cause of the celebrity of this dissolute woman. Sophie Arnould was the daughter of a man who let furnished lodgings, and she was early accustomed to see all kinds of people and hear all kinds of conversation. She was, however, sent to a convent, and even there her powerful, clear, and fresh voice caused her to be remarked among the other fine voices. One Holy Thursday, at the Val-de-Grâce, young Sophie sang so well that the Princess of Modena asked to see her. In those days it was still the fashion, although decreasing daily, for great ladies to pass a few days in retirement in a convent after the saturnalia of the carnival. This was the reason of the Princess of Modena's being at the Val-de-Grâce. No sooner had she left this dull retreat and returned to court, than she announced that she had heard in the convent the most beautiful voice in the world, and as fine voices were not more common in the days of Louis XV. than in our own, there was a general desire to hear the young *pensionnaire*. She was fetched from the convent, and found herself suddenly transported into the royal chapel of Versailles, at one end of which, by the side of the king of France, Madame de Pompadour occupied the gilded seat of Madame de Maintenon. The still trembling girl sung a solo passage from one of the psalms, and the royal chapel was entranced. Louis XVth's court went to divine service as to the opera. The chapel was like every other part of the palace—a place of diversion; the preacher in his pulpit, the officiating minister at the altar, and singer in the choir, were discussed as Lekain and Mdlle Contat were discussed at the theatre. The success of this splendid voice at Versailles may therefore be imagined. Louis XV. was as much delighted as he had been by the *Devin de Village*. Madame de Pompadour, who was burthened with all the *ennuis* of an agreeable despotism, exclaim-

ed, when speaking of young Sophie—'Il y a là dequoi faire une princesse.' And certainly no princess could have been more cheaply created. There was no longer any thought of sending her back to the convent or the chapel. Now that she had sung in the profane chapel of Versailles, the next step for her was the boards of the opera; there lay henceforth her fame and fortune: thus had Madame de Pompadour decided. Sophie Arnould, therefore, made her *début* at the opera, and at once felt the importance of her new position; she always remembered having seen Madame de Pompadour sitting like a queen in the gallery of the chapel at Versailles, and believed that nothing was therefore impossible to herself. Her first appearance took place on the 15th of December, 1757, and she was at once applauded, admired, and proclaimed one of the queens of that frivolous and witty period. A year later Sophie Arnould was all-powerful on that beautiful stage, the rendezvous of the high society of these days,—the same theatre which Voltaire celebrated in such fine poetry. She thus, in twenty-two years, created all the great lyrical dramas, and especially three characters in which she was inimitable: Thelaïre, in 'Castor and Pollux;' Ephise, in 'Dardanus;' and Iphigénie, in 'Iphigénie en Aulide.' Her singing was full of passion; her acting full of energy. Garrick said of her, on seeing her play, 'Voilà notre maître à tous.' She was, in fact, all-powerful on the stage: her voice, look, gesture, and smile were irresistible. But the triumph of this woman did not stop there: another one awaited her. After amusing all this grand society on the stage, she was still expected to amuse outside the theatre by all sorts of sallies and *bon mots*, full of wit, but often worthy of Billingsgate. In the chaotic state of French society at that period, it happened that persons connected with the theatre, actresses especially, had usurped an important place. As nobody was any longer in their proper position, neither noblemen, writers, nor artists, confusion had been carried to such an extent that more than one very important drawing room in all respects was governed, directed, and regulated by either very superior or very inferior women. It was thus that Sophie Arnould at once found herself an important personage both in town and country. She had lovers, and many of them; some among the highest nobility; and she consequently held what was in those days called a *salon*, that is, a sort of newspaper party, as powerful as a printed newspaper is in our days. To her drawing-room, therefore, as to a rendezvous of dissipation and licentiousness, both nobles and wits flocked; for the good understanding which existed between men of rank and literary men at that period, is worthy of remark: the nobles to talk with and flatter the philosophers, the philosophers to doubt respecting the nobles. Imprudent as both classes were, they did not see that at no distant period the noble would be crushed like glass by the wit, and that, in his turn, the wit would lose much of his power and be seriously compromised by a life of fellowship with the noble. They therefore all clustered round Sophie Arnould; amongst the most illustrious were D'Alembert, the chief of the encyclopædia writers; Diderot, the fiery revolutionist, whose words would, at another bar, have been as powerful as Mirabeau's; Helvetius, the mystical dreamer; Mably, the bombastic historian; Duclos, *l'homme droit et adroit;* and J. J. Rousseau himself, the awkward and eloquent misanthrope. And to these men, whose names were European, these ardent prophets of the coming revolution, Sophie Arnould talked as with her equals; she seemed to say, 'We conspire together.' Those very men who, jestingly overthrew the most ancient monarchy of the universe, became the flatterers and humorers of Sophie Arnould; there was not a writer of the period without his bit of flattery for the goddess; not one poet who did not devote a few lines to her. Dorat, a poet of note in those days; Marmontel, who really was a great man; Rulhière, admired for the verses he had written; Favart, the Scribe of Louis XVth's reign, celebrated the beautiful, glorious, witty, amorous, gallant, sceptical, sneering, madcap, unfaithful, complex Sophie Arnould. Thus surrounded, caressed, celebrated, and applauded, on the stage and in the drawing room, how could this woman's head escape being turned? She felt that to reign in peace in this world of irony and calumny, of wit and sarcasm, of licentiousness and disorder, she must carry irony and calumny, wit and sarcasm, licentiousness and disorder to a greater extent than any one else, and she did so; and by this means she attracted the universal admiration of town and court. Around Sophie Arnould every one listened anxiously; what she was going to say, and what virtue she was going to

attack? what fame she was going to destroy? With her there was no means of avoiding odium or ridicule; she spared no one; she respected no one—herself less than anybody; she carried audacity to the greatest extent it could be carried. Had a writer of that period been as bold as Sophie Arnould, he would have been sent to rot in the Bastile. Hands were clapped round this woman; her witticisms were laughed at before uttered; and she talked like a clever spoiled child, who, by talking a great deal, sometimes says very clever things: the rest goes for nothing. Such was the style of this woman's success: she became in her old age sharp, cutting, ill-natured, and cruel. The *mots* of Mademoiselle Arnould have been preserved, like those of all great people, and even occupy a considerable place amongst the *ana*. Unfortunately, the witty things which were repeated and said in the best houses in Paris, could not now be repeated in a tap room. Here are some, however, which are exquisite. She said one day to a very pretty but silly woman, who was complaining of having too many admirers, 'Oh! my dear, it is so easy for you to get rid of them! you have only to speak!' Being one day found by a man of rank, her lover, but himself dissipated and faithless, *tête-à-tête* with a Knight of Malta, 'Of what do you complain?' said she; 'the knight wages war against infidels.' One of her companions, who possessed a harsh and vulgar voice, was hissed on the stage. 'This is strange,' said Sophie; 'that lady certainly has the voice of the people.' She said, on showing a snuff-box on which were painted Sully and Choiseul, 'Here is the receipt and here the expense.' To a young man who said in her presence, 'L'esprit court les rues,' she replied, 'C'est un bruit que les sots font courir.' She jested thus all her life upon the most serious subjects; and even when this society, of which she had been both slave and mistress, was broken up,—when the France of the nobles of 1740 had become the France of 1793,—when all this gay world of which she had been the plaything, and which had been hers, was scattered here and there, in prisons, in exile, and on the scaffold,—this ungrateful girl never ceased laughing. She bought at Luzarches, at no great distance from the château of Champlâtreux, a presbytery, the curé of which was a wanderer and fugitive, and established herself in this sacred house, there quietly to end a life of passions and riotousness. She even wrote over her door, 'Ite missa est; allez vous en, la messe est dite;' a profane allusion, which may be thus translated:—'Depart all members of French society, who are daily proscribed, made fugitives, or executed. You have decked me out to love me; depart, we are quits. I allowed myself to be loved by you; I made you laugh by my wit; I made you partakers in my licentiousness; I corrupted you, and you corrupted me. Depart! you are conquered by the people whose daughters you have dishonored, and I am the daughter of the people. Thus a time always comes when vice revenges itself on vice, corruption on corruption; and this is not one of the least interesting sights to a moralist.'

"Sophie Arnould died in 1802, forgotten, sad, and wondering at what had come to pass. She had witnessed the fall of ancient French society under skepticism and the nobles, and she now witnessed the rise of a new society, born of belief and the sovereign will of a child of the people named Bonaparte; and the poor woman could not understand why the church and not the opera, the sword of Bonaparte and not the wit of Sophie Arnould, were employed in this resurrection of society."

Another value of memoirs such as the foregoing is that they are pages of history as well as pages of biography. Not only is the person vividly presented to you, but the age in which he lived is brought into view. Read the Baron de Valcknaer's 'Memoires de Madame de Sévigné.' It is an ample biography; in the course of which all the history of the period—all the celebrated persons of the period—are passed in review. Many critics object to this mode of writing biograahy, as encroaching too largely on the province of history; but the objection is not valid. The celebrated persons, whose lives men are curious to read, were in a great measure the creatures of their age; in this respect it is impossible to understand their actions or appreciate their motives, without a distinct view of the spirit of their times; and by such a view we do not mean a dissertation, but a picture.

The two most important qualities of a biography are represented in the two foregoing specimens by Jules Janin. Add to them the necessary dates, and a few of the omitted facts, which would supply the wants of those who consulted them merely for reference on such points, and you have perfect biographies. A. G.

FEAST OF THE POETS FOR SEPTEMBER 1844.

From Tait's Magazine.

PART I.

BALLADS AND SONGS.

THE ANCIENT GENTLEWOMAN.*

She was a good old soul as you did ever see:
Her father was an admiral, a brave old boy was he,
Who fought upon the salt, salt sea, and many a scar he bore;
But he rests within the family vault, and he will fight no more.

She was an ancient gentlewoman, of lineage high and bold;
And they said she had a great huge chest filled to the brim with gold;
For there her rents she did lay by, that were paid most punctually,
And at her girdle, all the day, she bore about the key.

And her chambers they were richly deck't, with velvet, and with pall;
And many a portrait, dark and grim, in armor clad the wall;
And lovely ladies, too, attired in silken sheen were there,
With poodle dogs upon their knees, and powder in their hair.

And rusty armor hung around, that her greatsires had worn,
Mixed with the spoils of sylvan war, with spear, and bow, and horn:—
And paved with marble was the hall; and by the chimney there
She sat, and listened to the poor within an oaken chair.

Her rivers they were filled with fish, her pastures swarmed with kine,
And in her cellars there was store of old and generous wine:—
But though she cheered her neighbors' hearts, she drank no ether thing,
This good old country gentlewoman, but water from the spring.

And she kept a table always spread, by night as well as day,
And not a stranger ever thence was fasting sent away:—
And her fame went through the country round, and much beloved was she,
For such an ancient gentlewoman no one did ever see.

And she had a chapel in her house, and there she went each day;
She had an ancient chaplain, too—his hair was silver gray:—
Amidst her household did she kneel, upon the cushioned floor,
And many a stranger there would pray, who ne'er had prayed before.

She was a stately gentlewoman, of form erect and proud;
And though her heart was warm and kind, her voice was stern and loud:
She leaned upon an oaken staff, her face was long and thin;
And many a straggling hair appeared upon her maiden chin.

And when she paced along the hall, she was a goodly sight
And much the wondering rustics stared, she was so richly dight;
For such a hoop and farthingale, they ne'er had seen before,
And a long train of rustling silk behind her swept the floor.

God rest that ancient gentlewoman! for she hath passed away,
And the old hall where once she ruled, is falling to decay:—
She sleeps within the neighboring church, beneath the chancel floor;
God rest that ancient gentlewoman! we'll see her like no more.

August. S. R. W.

*In our August Number, the fine ballad of the Mistress of Greyling Grange was, by mistake, ascribed to Mrs. Gordon, author of "The Fortunes of the Falconers;" while we really owe it to the gifted pen of a different lady, the author of "The Ancient Gentlewoman," given above.

GALATEA.

[A Classical Ballad.]

I.

Hast heard the ancient story,
The worthy old Greek theme
Of lovely Galatea
And ugly Polypheme?
It is a tale of sadness,
As many tales there be:
Attend and I will tell it,
As it was told to me.
There lived a heathen giant
In ancient Sicily—
A son of boist'rous Neptune,
That rules the stormy sea—
A huge unsightly monster;
Beneath his shaggy hair,
(So ancient Virgil sayeth,)
One big round eye did stare.
His trunk was like a huge tree
Deep buried in a moss;

His skin was hard and horny,
Like some rhinoceros.
He was a bloody savage,
As ancient tales relate,
Each blessed day to supper
Two living men he ate;
A score of goats' milk cheeses,
And, mingled with black gore,
Red wine he drank in rivers
Till he could drink no more.
This monster was enamored
(That such a thing should be!)
Of lovely Galatea,
A daughter of the sea.
His love he plied full stoutly;
He fell upon his knees,
And swore she might command him
In all that she should please.
He filled the seas with weeping;
His big round eye was red;
His hair he tore like forests
From off his clumsy head.
He beat his breast—by Neptune
He swore, and with wild nails
He tore his cheeks; loud Ætna
He rivalled with his wails.
But the maid was cold as marble,
She would nor see nor hear,
She thought he was a spectre
From Pluto's gloomy sphere.
"What shall I do?" quoth Cyclops,
"This sin she shall atone;
And shall a sea-girl scout me,
The son of Poseidon?"
He asked advice of Proteus;
Old Proteus said, "Behold!
I change myself; but can I
Change thy lead into gold?"
He asked advice of Nereus;
The hoary god appeared;
He could not give the monster
His own white snowy beard;
The beard that charmed young Doris
More than mad Triton's eye;
But Nereus had an eye, too,
Of calm blue prophecy.
Quoth Nereus, "Son of Neptune,
If thou wilt win her love,
Eat not the flesh of mortals,
Revere the name of Jove:—
And yet thy case is hopeless,
E'en wert thou free from blame,—
She loves a gentle shepherd,
And Acis is his name."
He spake: the Cyclops bellowed,
And like a cloven rock,
His monstrous jaws were sundered;
Earth trembled at the shock.
Quoth he, "By Father Neptune,
It will be wondrous strange
If this same piping shepherd
Oust me—I vow revenge!"
And Ocean from its blue depths
Replied, "It will be strange!"
And from their hollow caverns
The rocks replied—"Revenge!"

II.

It was an hour of stillness,
In the leafy month of June,
Midway between the cool eve
And the sultry ray of noon.
Thin clouds were floating idly,
And with his changing rays
The playful sun bedappled
The green and healthy braes.
The birds were chirping faintly,
It scarcely was a song;
But the breath of green creation
And fragrant life was strong.
The lazy trees were nodding,
The flowers were half awake,
And toilsome men were basking
Like the serpent in the brake.
The Borean winds were sleeping,
Asleep was ocean's roar,
And ripple was chasing ripple
On the silver-sounding shore.
The countless ocean daughters
Were weaving from the waves
Bright webs of scattered sun-light
To deck their sparry caves;
And in her secret chamber,
Belit with emeralds rare,
The sea-queen Amphitrite
Was platting her sea-green hair.
But the chase, and the dance, and the gambol,
And the tramp of Triton war
Were dumb—for father Neptune
Had reined his billowy car.
The lovely Galatea,
Within a silent bay,
With her dear shepherd Acis,
Remote from view she lay.
High craggy rocks steep-rising
The bosomed beach enclose;
And at the feet of the goddess
The rippling ocean flows.
The shepherd sang to please her,
He piped a simple air,
And as he sang looked aye
Into that face so fair;
He drank the dew of heaven,
Deep draughts of beauty rare,
And he never could weary gazing
On the face of the nymph so fair.
He sang the shepherd of Latmos,
Endymion the blest,
He sang he sang, his sweet day labors,
And his sweeter night of rest.
His labors sweet and easy,
Beneath the sunny copes,
To watch the fleecy wanderers
That cropped the Casian slopes;
His rest more sweet when Dian,
Fleet huntress of the woods,
Came bounding o'er the mountains—
Came leaping over the floods—
Came dancing over the rivers,
That with her beauty shone,
To see in mellow moonlight
The sleep of Endymion.
She looked on the lovely sleeper,
The soul that knew no strife;
He look'd like some spotless marble
God-wakened into life.
She bended gently o'er him,
Beneath his breast of snow;
She heard the pure blood flowing
So musical below.
She smoothed the mossy pillow
Beneath him as he slept,
And a fragrant flower sprang near him
Each tear the goddess wept.

She kissed his cheeks so downy,
So beautiful, so brown,
And amid his locks so golden
She wove a silver crown.
Her breath was music round him,
And her presence fancies fair
That cradled the happy dreamer
In a winged and rosy lair.
She looked on the sleeping shepherd
And her love with gazing grew,
And the limbs of the lovely mortal
She bathed in immortal dew.
"O, happy shepherd of Latmos,
What sleeping bliss divine!
I might close mine eyes for ever,
To win one sleep like thine!"
Thus sang the gentle Acis,
And rose to pluck a bloom,
With the hair of the lovely sea-nymph
To mingle its sweet perfume.
A noise was heard—a rumbling,
A crushing sound.—"O stay!
Oh, Acis, Acis!"—Buried
Beneath a rock he lay.
The rock came from the high cliff—
A huge and pointed stone—
By the hand of the savage monster,
The bloody Cyclops, thrown.
He stood on the craggy summit,
And laugh'd with a laughter wild;
"I have slain at once, and buried,
False goddess thy mortal child!"
The lovely Galatea,
She stood in speechless fear;
On the rock that covered her Acis
She dropt the streaming tear.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By the gorgeous oriel window of an antique lofty room,
A lady sat in youth's first blush, but with a brow of gloom—
A captive in her father's hall; yet might that lady fair
Have worn the gem of England's crown among her long bright hair.

She struck her lute; it answer'd, but in sad and sighing tone;
She tried the learning which she loved,—its power to please was gone;
The rich and rare embroidery her slender fingers traced,
Seemed to her like her future lot, a wild but splendid waste.

She longing looked across the glade: a milk-maid came along,
With freedom's step and health's bright look, she sung some simple simple song.
The lady sighed Pride's bitter sigh, "Now by the rood!" said she,
'I'd give my hopes of England's crown that merry lass to be!"

* * * * * * * *

On Westminsters' time-honor'd vane the sun is sinking down,
And England's wisest Sovereign has ta'en her father's crown
Amid acclaims, a people's voice, the noblest kind of power;
Has she forgot her lowly wish, her joyless captive bower?

* * * * * * * *

In a gorgeous room a lady sat when many years were o'er,
She flung aside with discontent, the heavy crown she wore;
Oh love and hope, life's only dower, how dark when you are gone,
Is all the world may fling around the tenant of a throne!

But she pass'd on, in glory pass'd—for mortals dare not know
The solemn hours, the mystery of that lone spirit's woe.
Men saw her power, men spake her praise, but man might never tell
How she felt when Mary's son was born, or gallant Essex fell.

How often, 'mid her revelry, when seemingly most blest,
She felt as woman only feels whose heart has found no rest!
How oft proud England's Queen might dream even of youth's captive day,
How wake to weep o'er vanished hopes, it boots now to say.

Within a still and darken'd room the last proud Tudor slept,
And England's noblest, bravest, best, as for a mother wept;
And she had known in death's lone hour, how vain even prayer must be
To win another lot for us than what is Heaven's decree!

A SWISS MELODY.

Oh, sing of fair Lucerne,
Ye troubadours gay,
Its snow-covered mountains,
Where, at break of day,
The lover of nature,
Its steep ascent won,
From Righi's high summit
Stands hailing the sun.

Oh, sing of Pilatus,
Where, old legends say,
The spirit of Pontius
Doth oftentimes stray:
Where credulous peasants,
Too timid to roam,
Warn strangers to flee from
The suicide's home.

Oh, sing of wild Burglen,
Its village and dell,
Oh, crown with due honor
The birth-place of Tell—
Of him who fought nobly
His country to save:
A strain for the hero!
A song for the brave!

Oh, sing of the true hearts,
The gallant, the free,
Who perish'd in battle,
But won Liberty.

Oh, theirs be the honor,
The nobly earn'd fame,
Whose deeds have ennobled
The Patriot's name.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

A BALLAD.

The Beautiful and True, dear love,
The Beautiful and True,
Oft they meet to part, but yet
They never say, Adieu:
The stars, how gloriously they greet!
But then, as morn comes on,
Heaven's pavement to their glittering feet,
Is echoeless and lone.
Brightly they dance away, but still
Such partings yield no pain;
For ne'er they bid adieu, until
They've sworn to meet again,
Dear love,
They've sworn to meet again!

I saw two birds, like Faith on wings,
Meet o'er the waters blue;
O they could part like hopeful things,
Nor breathe a last adieu.
I saw a warrior, armed for fight,
Quit his lady fond and true
But their lips first held a meeting bright,
And *thus* they bade adieu!
I saw two ships part company,
O'er the ocean's sparkling foam,
And the "Outward Bound," a song of glee,
And the "Homeward," a song of home,
Dear love,
And the "Homeward," a song of home!

O Minnie, thy words may breathe, "Farewell!"
But thy voice hath a binding thrill,
Whose latest sound shall wreathe a spell
To keep thee present still.
The touch of thy hand, when kind and fond,
And thy smile, and thy waving hair,
And thy soft deep eyes, with their hopes beyond
The gloom of each passing care,
Shall haunt me still, and when thou art gone
I will live in a dream of thee, [on,
And with thee will rove when the night comes
Through the grove to our trysting tree,
Dear Love,
Through the grove to our trysting tree.

Banks of the Stour. J. B.

PART II.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

A PROSPECTIVE JUBILEE ON THE BANKS OF THE MERSEY.

"Was it a vision or a waking dream?"—KEATS.

While stretched beside broad Mersey's stream
One sunny winter's day,
When January's genial beam
Looked like the shades of May,
I mused myself into a dream,
But whether waking or asleep,
Suffice it not to say.
But sounds as various as the leap
Of myriad-life in summer woods,
And hues as manifold and deep
As color autumn's solitudes,
Seemed to surround my ear and eye,
And clothed the naked Cheshire side
With more than Thames' fertility!
And those low swamps that now divide
The dock-banked Mersey from the Dee,
(Perchance uniting them before
Man's daring hand walled out the sea,)
The yellow hue of harvest wore,
And in its ridged abundance waved
Among farm-yards and cottages.
Fruit trees, that had not vainly craved
Help to sustain their bending load,
Were propped in most prolific ease
Before each laborer's abode.
And mingled sounds of lowing kine
And laughing childhood rose above
Such notes and hummings as combine,
In lowlier hymns, to peace and love.
While on the noble river's breast
There was a press of pleasure boats,
And on its bank, all gaily dressed,
A joyous crowd,—such a denotes
A more than common holiday!
I joined, methought, the happy throng
That seemed in such delight to stray
With fruitful Nature, as if wrong
And homeless want had passed away—
Now laughing at the graceful freaks
Of childhood gambolling on the grass,
Admiring now the rosy cheeks
Of bright-eyed maidens as they pass,
Until my heart, its load of care
Thrown off, became as light as air!

At length arose a strong desire
To know the cause of all this joy;
While hesitating to inquire,
An old man (with a little boy
Who begged not vainly, his grandsire
To let him join the revelry
Of laughing groups) accosted me.
"I did," said he, "in my hot youth,
My utmost to prevent this scene;
But struggling 'gainst the tide of truth
A waste of strength has ever been!
'Tis strange, but 'twas a common creed
With those who loved the Church and State,
That fruitless ruin would succeed,
And England become desolate
Her unploughed fields o'ergrown with weeds;
Her every grange a ruined heap
For owls to hoot in; and her deeds
Of matchless prowess on the deep
Be only heard in idle song,
To soothe the ear of slavery.
And yet how far all this was wrong,
How very few have lived, like me,
To witness in this jubilee!"

I listened more and more perplext,
Like one (too late) who hopes in vain
The sermon may reveal the text;
But said at last: "Will you explain
The nature of this great event
I fain would learn. Astonishment
Seemed to dilate his aged eyes,
And make his reverend brow appear
A furrowed field in Autumn guise;
His lips, meanwhile, appeared to wear
A tortured shape, as if surprise
Must have its leaven of contempt
E'en with the time-subdued and wise.

Yet he replied: "Can you behold
Such celebration as is here,
Till now remaining to be told
That *this is Free Trade's Fiftieth Year?*

L. D.

THE HARP OF MEMNON.

[On the Plains of Thebes there stood, in ancient times, a statue of Memnon, the Egyptian Apollo, bearing a harp. At sunrise a breeze passed through its strings, and called from them a wild music.]

Recall ye how, in distant clime,
The silent Harp that Memnon bore—
When through its strings at dawning time,
Airs from the sun's-rise rushed once more—
Sent streams of Harmony more deep
Than Music the star-orbits keep?
I see within that sultry land,
'Neath clustering dates, an Arab band,
Young mother and her child are there,
'Mid stern sons of that burning air.
Silence is keeping watch,—no sound
Hovereth the unmeasured waste around,
Save the small bell the camel wears
Tinkleth, as up from sleep he rears.
Upon the farthest circling line,
Where seems the morning first to shine
Between the bright sky and the Earth,
As from the heights of each its birth,
Arises a resplendant form:
No earthly passion's touch may warm
That brow serene,—that glorious face
May sully with its lightest trace.
He looks upon the silent plain,
As that were safe beneath his reign;
Yet catching from its sons of fire
No restless aim, no fierce desire.
The earthly image of the Sun,
Who through the calm skies speedeth on,
Shedding all splendor,—but who takes
Impress from nought he glorious makes.
Resteth a lyre in those still hands;
But whence the impulse that commands
From those hushed strings the descant high
Should to their master's look reply?
No mortal hand from those strong chords
May rouse a speech more sweet than words;—
No human touch from them may pour
Music that unto heaven should soar.
Only the breeze, with its pure wings,
May reach the treasures of those strings,
And loosen from their slumber deep,
The charmed melodies they keep.
Gone is the hour of midnight rest,
The faint Moon sinketh in the west,
And, making bright the horizon dun,
Upsoar thy mighty rays—thou Sun!
The Sun's beams dart across the plain;
Hark! whence may come that answering strain?
Far as the horizon circleth round
Extend those mighty waves of sound—
Joyous as though the sun-light, turned
To song, within their music burned;
Wild—as if ether-born they seem;
Changeful—as melodies we dream;
Yet deep—as if the notes were sung
By watching Power o'er Earth that hung.
Are they from chorus round his Throne?
When has such lay on Earth been known?
Come they from chambers af the Night,
To greet his step who wakens Light?
The Babe within its sleep has smiled
As o'er it streams that influence mild;
Nay, springs it up, with look of love
As mounts that harmony above.
'Twere dangerous then should Cairo's Lord
Claim tribute from those chieftains' sword;
Yet were there peril round his throne,
Resistless aid from them were known.
But now that small band mingled there,
Are kneeling towards the Sun in prayer,
And hail the sign they deem is given
From that bright watcher of their Heaven.
O Harp of Memnon! 'tis from thee
Those glorious harmonies may be!
Though feeble prototype, thy Lord,
Of Him through Egypt's land adored,
Yet influences on Him that wait
An hour of life for thee create;—
Enough of sympathy maintains
Between ye,—that this desert ground
Is vocal with responsive strains
Through Him, *thou* shedd'st around.
The dream is past,—from childhood's hour,
O'er me the tale holds charméd power,
And ever hath its emblem shown
Power waked by sympathy alone.

E. H.

STANZAS.

BY MISS GEORGINA MUNRO.

From the Metropolitan.

The air is heavy with the breath of flowers,
And music floats around me like a dream;
I see the smile of beauty in her bowers,
And clustering lamps like stars above me gleam;
I hear the voice of merriment sweep by,
But wake no echoing gladness in my breast;
I know that light and happy hearts are nigh,
But feel mine own with heaviness oppress'd
There is a thought all gladness overpowers,
And renders beauty dim unto my sight—
O! where are they, whose smiles in former hours
Have filled my soul with happiness and light?
Go, ask the deep!—the wanderers o'er it range—
Go, ask the earth!—for it hath claim'd the dead—
Go, ask the winds!—like traitor-friends they change—
The true were taken!—and the false are fled!
'Tis ever thus!—the flowers we pluck must die!—
And those we love must perish, or forget!—
To think of other hours, is but to sigh—
And memory, but a title of regret!
'Tis ever thus!—or earth would be too bright,
And hearts would love to linger in its bowers
But who would mourn eve's coming, when the light
Of day hath gleam'd alone on blighted flowers?

SCIENCE AND ART.

Old Paintings.—A dozen of old paintings, on a small scale, are now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, and attributed (or at any rate eight or nine of them) to Giotto. Their history is, that they had lain two hundred years as lumber, in the house of an individual near Bristol, and were accidentally brought to light by a sale of his effects. They are on copper, and six represent the life of Christ from the annunciation to the crucifixion; the other six are scriptural and classical subjects. It is hardly possible to imagine the series to have been painted by one hand; nor can we think that either Giotto or Breughel (to one of whose names several are ascribed) have had aught to do with these productions. The *Annunciation* is a beautiful piece, finely drawn, and possessing a degree of elegancy quite inconsistent with the condition of the arts at the early period of Giotto; and its companions, though widely different in character, certainly neither pertain to that artist nor his age. As for the three Breughels, "the old," "the velvet," and "the hellish," there is no mark of the pencil of one or another in any of these subjects. Whose they are, we cannot tell; but they are curious performances, and merit the inspection of amateurs. In some there are parts of admirable coloring; in others high talent of design; other portions, again, are ludicrous and grotesque, full of deformity in limb, and burlesque in feature. The costumes, oriental, Roman, &c., are strange and antique, and, in most, the general effects of an artist-like description.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Wollaston Pile.—A Wollaston pile, with a concentrated solution of sulphate of zinc for the exciting liquid, and a little sulphate of copper and sulphuric acid added, maintained the same intensity for several days together; and not only required no cleaning, but the more it is used, the more regular its action becomes, the solution of zinc concentrating itself more and more at the expense of the elements which compose it. When the current begins to be weaker, it is sufficient to add again a small quantity of sulphate of copper and sulphuric acid. This pile may be thus used up with renewing the exciting liquid.—*Ibid.*

The Durham Monument.—The monument to the memory of the late Lord Durham, a Grecian temple on the summit of Painshaw-hill, in the county of Durham, is to be commenced on the 28th, with great masonic ceremonies. The foundation-stone is to be laid by the Earl of Zetland; and the stone for the building has been generously given by the Marquis of Londonderry, from a neighboring quarry on his estate.—*Ibid.*

Electric Fluid.—M. Thilorier and M. Ch. Lafontaine have submitted for the opinion of a committee of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, experiments which appear to them to prove *the existence of a new imponderable fluid* analogous to electricity or to magnetism. The committee to examine and report are MM. Magendie, Chevreul, and Poncelet.—*Paris Letter.*

Mode of putting new Roots to Old Trees.—It appears to consist in cutting off a tap root and grafting fibres all round the stem, which shoot out (like grafts in the ordinary manner on trees above), and draw the nutriment to the plant, as if they had formed its original parts.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Lach.—Several German journals give an account of an extraordinary phenomenon which took place a short time since in the lake near the convent of Lach. While the weather was perfectly serene, the waters of the lake rose in a few minutes, and overflowed the banks on all sides. They after a short space again subsided, and retired to a point far lower than their original level, exposing several extensive abysses which had been hitherto unknown. A loud subterraneous noise was at the same time heard; the trees on the banks were torn up by the roots, and large crevices formed in the banks. A sulphurous vapor arose, and a great number of fish were observed to float dead on the surface of the water. Many birds were also suffocated by the odor.—*Athenæum.*

Observations were made at the Observatory in Paris during the eclipse of the moon on the 31st ult. On this occasion the light of the moon, although under what is called a total eclipse, did not entirely disappear; but at the height of the eclipse gave forth a dull red light. This light used to be attributed to phosphorescent emanations from the moon, but the modern astronomers ascribe it to the solar rays refracted by the terrestial atmosphere. The light, however, at the eclipse of the 31st ult. presented too frequent and rapid variations of intensity to have any connexion with the changes that were possible at the same time in the earth's atmosphere. The well-known but curious phenomenon of the appearance of two moons at one period of the eclipse added to its grandeur.—*Athenæum.*

Explosion of Gunpowder.—M. Piobert has ascertained that gunpowder will not explode unless the grains be compact, and that if the interstices between them be filled up with finely-powdered charcoal, the gunpowder, if set fire to, will not explode, and will fuse slowly. When the powder is removed from the magazine for use, all that is necessary to restore the explosive property is to sift it. M. Piobert made a communication on this subject to the government, but it does not appear that his plan was put to the test. In Russia, however, it has been tried, and there has been received from M. Fadeioff an account of the numerous essays made by the members of a commission, appointed to report on the discovery. M. Fadeioff states that the trials were successful. —*Ibid.*

Silicic Ethers.—M. Ebelmen, the discoverer of boric ether, has just succeeded in obtaining silicic ethers by the action of alcohol on chloride of silicium. He described the process, and announced farther interesting reactions of alcohol on the chlorides of titanium, tin, phosphorus, arsenic, and sulphur; the details will form the subjects of future communications.—*Lit. Guz.*

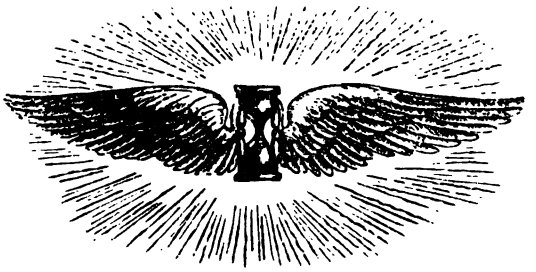
A Chronological Chart of Anglican Church-Architecture.—Has just been published* on a small sheet of paper (stretched and folding up on canvass), about 22 inches by 14, and got up in the neatest style, so as to be quite a picture, as well as a capital index to the various periods of Anglican church-building. It is divided into the Anglo-Saxon, 600 to 1066—Anglo-Norman, to 1154—transition, to 1189—early English or lancet, to 1272—decorated, 1377—perpendicular, florid, or Plantagenet, 1485—Tudor, to 1547—and debased, to 1640—epochs as accurately fixed as the subject would admit, and with examples of each from existing specimens, well engraved, and running transversely across the page to printed descriptions of the various characteristics. To have so much in one point of view is a great desideratum, and the convenience of the plan is heightened by its gay antique and many-colored typography.—*Ibid.*

Falling Stars Prognostics of Weather.—M. Coulvier Gravier thinks that all the changes which take place in the terrestial atmosphere have their origin in the upper regions. If, says says M. Gravier, we watch at night the direction, number, and changes of color of the falling stars, we shall be able to predict with certainty the wind that will prevail, and the rain, storms, &c., that will take place on the following day. M. Gravier declares that he has for several months passed entire nights in observing the falling stars, and that every morning at seven o'clock he delivered to M. Arago, at the Observatory, his prediction for the day, without having been once in error!—*Athenæum.*

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—The visitors of Normandy may be glad to hear that a small work has been lately published on some curious Roman remains at Etretat. It is entitled *L'Etretat Souterrain*, and contains a description of the various objects and remains found there in 1835 and 1842, with views of the Roman buildings, vases, and tombs—the whole from the pen of the Abbe Cochet.—The *Institut Catholique*, an ecclesiastical and archæological journal, published at Lyons, is becoming daily more esteemed in the French antiquarian world. All the mediæval antiquities of that part of France are successively noticed in this periodical, and some valuable contributions are made by architects and professors of archæology in the ancient primatial metropolis of Gaul. There is a project on foot for rebuilding, in one of the suburbs of Rheims, the celebrated abbatial church of St. Nicaise. The prefect of the department and the archbishop of the province take much interest in the undertaking, and funds are collecting for the purpose. The new edifice will be rather smaller than the old one; but the same plan, decorations, &c., will be adhered to.—*Ibid.*

Ancient Church-Music.—M. Jouannet, librarian of Bordeaux, has presented to the Comite Historique a facsimile copy of an ecclesiastical chant of the tenth century. The original forms the termination of a New Testament, a MS. on parchment of that date, and coming originally from the abbey of La Suave. The notation and the lettering of this MS. are exactly similar to those of the *Mystere des Vierges folles*, from a celebrated MS. once at Limoges, but now in the Bibliotheque Royale, and from which a facsimile extract has been published in the volume of instructions issued by the Comite on the subject of ecclesiastical music.—The restoration of the Gregorian chant in many parochial churches of Paris has been attended with the best effects. None but male voices participate in them; and from seven to eight hundred men of the working classes may now be seen at vespers in some of the larger churches, joining in this solemn ancient spiritual exercise.—The Comite have authorized M. Bottee de Toulmon to publish three masses of music, chosen from among the most interesting of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. The music is to be printed with movable types, not engraved, and the original notation is to be accompanied by a transport into modern notation. A short explanatory notice is to accompany each mass.—The learned Dom Guersuger is making rapid progress with his collection of ancient ecclesiastical music, already mentioned as intended for publication. It will consist, when complete, of 6000 pieces of plain chant selected from all epochs down to the sixteenth century; the whole accompanied by the modern system of notation.—*Ibid.*

* Sunter, York, and various publishers in London, Oxford, and Cambridge.



OBITUARY.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—At Florence, aged 76, Joseph Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers, the elder brother of Napoleon, and formerly King of Naples and King of Spain.

He was born in 1768, at Corte, in the island of Corsica; and attended his brother in his first campaign of Italy in 1796. Having been appointed a member of the legislative body, he was distinguished for his moderation and good sense, and gave proofs of generous firmness, when he undertook to defend General Bonaparte, then in Egypt, against the accusations of the Directory. Under the Consulate he was member of the Council of State, and one of the witnesses to the treaty of Luneville. On the accession of Napoleon to the empire, the crown of Lombardy was offered to, and refused by him. A few days after the battle of Austerlitz he assumed the command of the army destined to invade the kingdom of Naples, penetrated, without striking a blow, to Capua, and, on the 15th of February, 1806, he made his entrance into Naples, of which kingdom the Emperor appointed him Sovereign. The government of Joseph, as King of Naples, though short, was not sterile. In the space of less than two years he drove the English from the kingdom, reorganized the army and navy, and completed many public works. In 1808 he proceeded to occupy the throne of Spain; which he abandoned after the battle of Vittoria. On his return to France he took the command of Paris, and, faithful to the orders of the Emperor, he accompanied the Empress regent to Chartres, and subsequently to Blois, after the invasion of the Allies, and assembled around her all the disposable troops. After the abdication of Fontainebleau, Prince Joseph Napoleon was obliged to withdraw to Switzerland. He returned to France in 1815, the same day the Emperor arrived at Paris. After the battle of Waterloo he embarked for America, where his brother, whom he was never more to see, appointed to meet him. In 1817 the State of New-Jersey, and in 1825 the legislature of the State of New-York, authorized him to possess lands without becoming an American citizen.

The Count de Survilliers did not return to Europe until 1832. He then came to England, where he resided several years. A painful malady, which required a milder climate, obliged him to demand permission of the foreign powers to fix his residence at Florence, where he breathed his last. He was attended on his dying bed by his brothers, Louis and Jerome. There remain of the Emperor's brothers but the two latter princes—Louis, formerly King of Holland, and Jerome, formerly King of Westphalia.—*Gent's Mag.*

DEATH OF THE GRAND DUCHESS ALEXANDRA, OF RUSSIA.—It is our painful duty to announce the death of the youthful Princess Alexandra Nicolaewna, fourth daughter of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, and Consort of the eldest son of the Landgrave of Hesse, the Prince Frederick, to whom her Imperial Highness has been married not quite a twelvemonth. It may be doubtless remembered that the departure of the Czar from our shores was considerably hastened by the alarming accounts received here of the young Princess's declining health. Since that period the disorder has gained such rapid ground that all hope of ultimate recovery had been for some time abandoned.

Her Imperial Highness was born on the 24th of June, 1825, and was consequently only just turned nineteen. The accounts of the demise of the Grand Duchess, which came from St. Petersburgh, reached the Russian Embassy in this capital on Thursday morning.—*Court Journal.*

We regret to announce the death of LADY ANNE ELIZABETH SCOTT, eldest sister of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. The melancholy event took place on Tuesday morning, at Leamington Spa, where her ladyship had been residing for some time past for the benefit of her health, which had long been in a declining state. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch left Montagu House on Friday, for Leamington, in order to be in attendance upon their noble relative. On their Graces arriving at that place, her ladyship was found to be in a very precarious state. The unfavorable symptoms increased until an early hour on Tuesday, when death put a period to her ladyship's sufferings. Lady Anne Scott was the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch, having been born on the 17th of August, 1796. Her ladyship's remains will be removed for interment to Boughton, Northamptonshire. By the death of her ladyship, several noble families are placed in mourning, among whom may be mentioned those of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Courtown, the Earl of Brownlow, the Earl of Romney, the Dowager Marchioness of Bath, &c —*Ibid.*

SAMUEL DRUMMOND, the head of a family long and indefatigably distinguished in the cultivation of the art of painting, and the author of numerous works of very considerable merit, died at his residence in Soho on the 6th, at the age of 79.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The Duke d'Angoulême.—At Goritz, in Austria, aged 68, Louis Antoine Duc d'Angoulême.

He was born Aug. 6, 1775, the elder of the two sons of Charles Philippe Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., by Maria Theresa, daughter of Victor III., King of Sardinia.

The youthful Dauphin, Louis XVII., having, as it is tolerably well ascertained, perished in the dungeon wherein the ruffians of the revolutionary government had immured him, and the Salique law prohibiting the descent of the crown to the the Princess Royal of France, she was united on the 10th June, 1709, to the Duc d'Angoulême. Louis XVIII. ascended the throne on the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, in the year 1814; and dying without issue in 1824, the succession devolved upon the Comte d'Artois, who reigned as Charles X. In 1820 he was placed at the head of the army which made a demonstration, rather than a campaign, in Spain. His exploits, however, were the subjects both of the French painters and sculptors of that period.

The events of 1830 are too well known to require even a cursory notice. An unsuccessful attempt was made on the third of the "great days of July," by M. Jacques Laffitte, and the leading members of the newly-elected Chamber of Deputies, to induce a withdrawal of the obnoxious ordinances which had been issued by the ministry of the Prince de Polignac. The government hesitated, and when their misguided sovereign became willing to accede to the proposal of the deputies, M. Lafitte declared that it was then too late. Ultimately Charles X. signed an abdication at Rambouillet, and his son the Duc d'Angoulême resigned his right of succession in favour of his young nephew, the Duc de Bordeaux, whose father, the Duc de Berri, was assassinated in 1820.

The Duc d'Angoulême seems to have been a harmless character, of no marked talent, and of no decided propensities. During the government of Charles X. he was content with doing what he was bid—at the revolution of 1830 he was content with doing nothing—and during the exile of his house he was content with being nothing. In private life he appears to have been an amiable man.

When he perceived his death approaching, he sent to the archives of the War Department at Paris an important work which he had got executed during the Restoration, giving, in folio, plans, drawings, and full descriptions of all the fortified places in France, showing their weak points, the best modes of attacking them, and the proper manner of defence.

The cause of his death was a cancer in the pylorus. On the 8th of June his funeral was celebrated in the cathedral of Goritz, and thence proceeded to the chapel of the Franciscan convent, situated on a height at the west of the town. The Duc de Bordeaux followed the car on foot, in a mourning cloak. Count de Montbel, Viscount de Champagny, and the Duke de Blacas, also in mourning cloaks, walked behind the Duke; next came the French now at Goritz, the authorities, and the inhabitants. The body was placed in the vault where the mortal remains of Charles X. rest.—*Gent's. Mag.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Times of Claverhouse, or sketches of the Persecution. By the Rev. Robert Simpson.

The Psychologist; or, Whence is a knowl- of the soul derivable? A Poetical, Metaphysical and Theological Essay. By F. S. Thomas.

Tour in Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land, in the Years 1841-2. By the Rev. H. L. Measor.

Biblical Criticism on the First Fourteen Historical Books of the Old Testament; also, on the First Nine Prophetical Books. By S. Horsley, Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, 2nd edition, containing Translations by the Author, never before published.

The Ajax of Sophocles, with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By T. Mitchell.

Dr. Prichard's Physical History of Mankind, Vol. 4.

My Churchyard, by a Pastor, 12 mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Jerusalem the Centre and Joy of the whole Earth. By W. Cresson.

Protestant Missions in Bengal illustrated. By J. J. Weitbrecht, 2d edit.

Dr. Wordsworth's Greek Grammar, new edit.

GERMANY.

Der Brief Pauli an die Römer, entwickelt von Rasmus Nielson, Prof. in Kopenhagen. Deutsche Bearbeitung von Alexander Michelson, Pred. in Lübeck.

Origenis Opera omnia quæ Græce vel Latine tantum extant, Edid. C. H. E. Commatzsch, Tomus XVI.

Leben des Feldmarschalls, Jackob Keith. Von K A. Varnhagen von Esne.

FRANCE.

Histoire d'Angleterre, depuis les temps les plus reculés jusq' à nos jours, par M. M. De Ronjoux et Alfred, et Mainguet. Nouvelle édition augmenteé de plue d'un tiers.

Histoire Elementaire et Critique de la Littérature, par Lefranc.

Voyage dans l'Inde et dans le Golfe Persique, par l' Egypte et la mer Rouge. Par V. Fontanier, Vice-Consul de France à Bassora. Prémière Partie.

THE

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CAMPBELLIANA.

From Frazer's Magazine.

I WISH to write about Thomas Campbell in the spirit of impartial friendship: I cannot say that I knew him long, or that I knew him intimately. I have stood, when a boy, between his knees; he has advised me in my literary efforts, and lent me books. I have met him in mixed societies—have supped with him in many of his very many lodgings—have drunk punch of his own brewing from his silver bowl—have mingled much with those who knew and understood him, and have been at all times a diligent inquirer, and, I trust, recorder of much that came within my immediate knowledge, about him. But let me not raise expectation too highly. Mr. Campbell was not a communicative man; he knew much, but was seldom in the mood to tell what he knew. He preferred a smart saying, or a seasoned or seasonable story; he trifled in his table-talk, and you might sound him about his contemporaries to very little purpose. Lead the conversation as you liked, Campbell was sure to direct it in a different way. He had no *arrow-flights of thought*. You could seldom awaken a recollection of the dead within him; the mention of no eminent contemporary's name called forth a sigh, or an anecdote, or a kind expression. He did not love the past—he lived for to-day and for to-morrow, and fed on the pleasures of hope, not the pleasures of memory. Spence, Boswell, Hazlitt, or Henry Nelson Coleridge, had made very little of his conversation; old Aubrey, or the author of Polly Peacham's jests, had made much more, but the portrait in their hands had only been true to the baser moments of his mind; we had lost the poet of Hope and Hohenlinden in the coarse sketches of anecdote and narrative which they told and drew so truly.

Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777, the tenth and youngest child of his parents. His father was a merchant in that city, and in his sixty-seventh year when the poet (the son of his second marriage) was born. He died, as I have heard Campbell say, at the great age of ninety-two. His mother's maiden name was Mary Campbell.

Mr. Campbell was entered a student of the High School at Glasgow, on the 10th of October, 1785. How long he remained there no one has told us. In his thirteenth year he carried off a bursary from a competitor twice his age, and took a prize for

a translation of *The Clouds* of Aristophanes, pronounced unique among college exercises. Two other poems of this period were *The Choice of Paris* and *The Dirge of Wallace.*

When Galt, in 1833, drew up his autobiography, he inserted a short account of Campbell. "Campbell," says Galt, "began his poetical career by an Ossianic poem, which his 'school-fellows published by subscription, at two-pence a-piece;' my old school-fellow, Dr. Colin Campbell, was a subscriber. The first edition of *The Pleasures of Hope* was also by subscription, to which I was a subscriber." When this was shown to Campbell, by Mr. Macrone, just before the publication of the book, the poet's bitterness knew no bounds. "He's a dirty blackguard, sir," said Campbell; "and, sir, if Mr. Galt were in good health, I would challenge him; I feel disposed to do so now, the blackguard." "What's to be done?" said Macrone; "the book is printed off, but I will cancel it, if you like." Here the heading of the chapter "A Two-penny Effusion," attracted Campbell's attention, and his thin, restless lips quivered with rage. "Look here, sir," said Campbell, "look what the dirty blackguard's done here!" and he pointed to the words, "A Two-penny Effusion." Two cancels were then promised, and the soothed and irritated poet wrote with his own hand the following short account of his early efforts:—"Campbell began his poetical career by an Ossianic poem, which was published by his school-fellows when he was only thirteen. At fifteen he wrote a poem on the Queen of France, which was published in the *Glasgow Courier*. At eighteen, he printed his Elegy called *Love and Madness;* and at twenty-one, before the finishing of his twenty-second year, *The Pleasures of Hope.*"

Before Campbell had recovered his usual serenity of mind, and before the ink in his pen was well dry, who should enter the shop of Messrs. Cochrane and Macrone, but the poor offending author, Mr. Galt. The autobiographer was on his way home from the Athenæum, and the poet of "Hope," on his way to the Literary Union. They all but met. Campbell avoided an interview, and made his exit from the shop by a side door. When the story was told to Galt, he enjoyed it heartily. "Campbell," said Galt, "may write what he likes, for I have no wish to offend a poet I admire; but I still adhere to the *two-penny effusion* as a true story."

On quitting the Glasgow University, Mr. Campbell accepted the situation of a tutor in a family settled in Argyllshire. Here he composed a copy of verses, printed among his poems on the roofless abode of that sept of the Clan Campbell, from which he sprung. The Lines in question are barren of promise—they flow freely, and abound in pretty similitudes; but there is more of the trim garden breeze in their composition, than the fine bracing air of Argyllshire.

He did not remain long in the humble situation of a tutor, but made his way to Edinburgh in the winter of 1798. What his expectations were in Edinburgh, no one has told us. He came with part of a poem in his pocket, and acquiring the friendship of Dr. Robert Anderson, and the esteem of Dugald Stewart, he made bold to lay his poem and his expectations before them. The poem in question was the first rough draft of *Pleasures of Hope.* Stewart nodded approbation, and Anderson was all rapture and suggestion. The poet listened, altered, and enlarged—lopped, pruned, and amended, till the poem grew much as we now see it. The fourteen first lines were the last that were written. We have this curious piece of literary information from a lady who knew Campbell well, esteemed him truly, and was herself esteemed by him in return. Anderson always urged the want of a good beginning, and when the poem was on its way to the printer, again pressed the necessity of starting with a picture complete in itself. Campbell all along admitted the justice of the criticism, but never could please himself with what he did. The last remark of Dr. Anderson's roused the full swing of his genius within him, and he returned the next day to the delighted doctor, with that fine comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of happiness which imaginative minds promise to themselves with all the certainty of hope fulfilled. Anderson was more than pleased, and the new comparison was made the opening of the new poem.

"At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;

Thus from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there."

There is a kind of inexpressible pleasure in the very task of copying the Claude-like scenery and repose of lines so lovely.

With Anderson's last *imprimatur* upon it, the poem was sent to press. The doctor was looked upon at this time as a whole Wills' Coffee-house in himself; he moved in the best Edinburgh circles, and his judgment was considered infallible. He talked, wherever he went, of his young friend, and took delight, it is said, in contrasting the classical air of Campbell's verses with what he was pleased to call the clever, home-spun poetry of Burns. Nor was the volume allowed to want any of the recommendations which art could then lend it. Graham, a clever artist—the preceptor of Sir David Wilkie, Sir William Allan, and John Burnet—was called in, to design a series of illustrations to accompany the poem, so that when *The Pleasures of Hope* appeared in May, 1799, it had every kind of attendant bladder to give it a balloon-waft into public favor.

All Edinburgh was alive to its reception, and warm and hearty was its welcome. No Scotch poet, excepting Falconer, had produced a poem with the same structure of versification before. There was no Sir Walter Scott in those days; the poet of *Marmion* and the *Lay* was only known as a modest and not indifferent translator from the German: Burns was in his grave, and Scotland was without a poet. Campbell became the Lion of Edinburgh. "The last time I saw you," said an elderly lady to the poet one day, within our hearing, "was in Edinburgh; you were then swaggering about with a Suwarrow jacket." "Yes," said Campbell, "I was then a contemptible puppy." "But that was thirty years ago, and more," remarked the lady. "Whist, whist," said Campbell, with an admonitory finger, "it is unfair to reveal both our puppyism and our years."

If the poet's friends were wise in giving the note of preparation to the public for the reception of a new poem, they were just as unwise in allowing Campbell to part with the copyright of his poems to Mundell, the bookseller, for the small sum of twenty guineas. Yet twenty guineas was a good deal to embark in the purchase of a poem by an untried poet: and when we reflect that Mundell had other risks to run—that paper and print, and above all the cost of engravings, were defrayed by him—we may safely say, that he hazarded enough in giving what he gave for that rare prize in the lottery of literature, a remunerating poem. We have no complaint to make against the publisher. Mundell behaved admirably well, if what we have heard is true, that the poet had fifty pounds of Mundell's free gift for every after edition of his poem. Our wonder is, that Dr. Anderson and Dugald Stewart allowed the poet to part with the copyright of a poem of which they spoke so highly, and prophesied its success, as we have seen, so truly.

I have never had the good fortune to fall in with the first edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but learn from the magazines of the day, that several smaller poems, *The Wounded Hussar*, *The Harper*, &c., were appended to it. The price of the volume was six shillings, and the dedication to Dr. Anderson, is dated "Edinburgh, April 13, 1799."

I have often heard it said, and in Campbell's life-time, that there was a very different copy of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in MS., in the hands of Dr. Anderson's family, and I once heard the question put to Campbell, who replied with a smile, "Oh dear, no; nothing of the kind." The alterations which the poem underwent by Anderson's advice, may have given rise to a belief that the poem was at first very unlike what we now see it.

It was said of Campbell, that by the time

"His hundred of grey hairs
Told six-and-forty years,"

he was unwilling to remember the early attentions of Dr. Anderson. He certainly cancelled or withdrew the dedication of his poem to Dr. Anderson, and this is the only act of seeming unkindness to Dr. Anderson's memory which we have heard adduced against him. But no great stress is to be laid on this little act of seeming forgetfulness. He withdrew, in after-life, the dedication of *Lochiel* to Alison, whose *Essay on Taste*, and early friendship for Campbell, justified the honor; and omitted or withdrew the printed dedication of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, to the late Lord Holland.

As soon as his poems had put money in his pocket, an early predilection for the German language, and a thirst for seeing some of the continental universities, induced him to visit Germany.

He set sail for Hamburgh, where, struck with the sight of the many Irish exiles in that city, he strung his harp anew, and sung that touching song, *The Exile of Erin*, which will endear his name to the heart of every honest Irishman. On his road from Munich to Linz, he witnessed from the walls of a convent the bloody field of Hohenlinden (Dec. 3, 1800), and saw the triumphant French cavalry, under Moreau, enter the nearest town, wiping their bloody swords on their horses' manes. But he saw, while abroad, something more than "the red artillery" of war; he passed a day with Klopstock, and acquired the friendship of the Schlegels.

He was away altogether about thirteen months, when he returned to Edinburgh, to make arrangements with Mundell about the publication, in London, of a quarto edition of his poems. Mundell granted at once a permission which he could not well refuse, and Campbell started for London by way of Glasgow and Liverpool. At Liverpool he stayed a week with the able and generous Dr. Currie, to whom he was introduced by Dugald Stewart. Currie gave him letters of introduction to Mackintosh and Scarlett.

"The bearer of this," Dr. Currie writes to Scarlett, "is a young poet of some celebrity, Mr. Campbell, the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.' He was introduced to me by Mr. Stewart, of Edinburgh, and has been some days in my house. I have found him, as might be expected, a young man of uncommon acquirements and learning, of unusual quickness of apprehension, and great sensibility.

"He is going to London, with the view of superintending an edition of his poems, for his own benefit, by the permission of the booksellers to whom the copyright was sold before the work was printed; and who, having profited in an extraordinary degree by the transaction, have now given him the permission above-mentioned, on condition that the edition shall be of a kind that shall not interfere with their editions. He is to give a quarto edition, with some embellishments, price a guinea; the printing by Bensley. You must lay out a fee with him; and if you can do him any little service you will oblige me and serve a man of genius."

Currie's letter is dated 26th February, 1802, so that we may date Campbell's arrival in London (there was no railway then) on or about the 1st of March.

"When Campbell came first to London," said Tom Hill, to the collector of these imperfect 'Ana,' "he carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*. He was then a poor literary adventurer, unfitted with an aim. Perry was so much pleased with him that he offered him a situation on his paper, which Campbell thankfully accepted. But what could Campbell do? he could not report, and he was not up to the *art* of writing *leaders*. At last it was agreed that he should receive two guineas a-week, and now and then contribute a piece of poetry to the corner of the paper. He did write, certainly," said Hill, "but in his worst vein. We know what newspaper poetry is, but some of Campbell's contributions were below newspaper poetry—many pieces were not inserted, and such as were inserted, he was too wise to print among his collected poems." Tom Hill's means of information were first-rate; he was, moreover, the intimate friend of Perry, and Campbell's neighbor for many years at Sydenham.

The quarto edition of his poems, which Campbell was allowed to print for his own profit, was the seventh. This was in 1803. The fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, was printed in Glasgow in 1800. His own edition is a fine specimen of Bensley's printing; but the engravings are of the poorest description of art.

In 1803, and before the publication of his subscription quarto, he printed, anonymously, at Edinburgh, and at the press of the Ballantynes, his "Lochiel" and "Hohenlinden." The title is simply "Poems," and the dedication is addressed to Alison. "John Leyden," says Sir Walter Scott, "introduced me to Tom Campbell. They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated 'Hohenlinden' to Leyden, he said, 'Dash it, man, tell the fellow I hate him, but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.'" Scott knew "Hohenlinden" by heart; and when Sir Walter dined at Murray's in 1800, he repeated at the table, as Wilkie tells us, Campbell's poem of "Lochiel."

What Campbell's profits or expectations were at this time I have never heard. When a poet is in difficulties, he is sure, said William Gifford, to get married. This was Campbell's case, for I find in the Scotch papers, and among the marriages, of the year 1803, the following entry:—"11th Oct., at St. Margaret's Church, Westmin-

ster, Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' to Miss Matilda Sinclair, daughter of R. Sinclair, Esq., of Park Street."

The fruit of this marriage, the most prudent step the poet could have taken at that time, was a son, born at Edinburgh on the 1st of July, 1804, Thomas Telford Campbell, a helpless imbecile, still alive. If there was any one point in Campbell's character more amiable than another, it was his affection for his son. They were much together; and, before his imbecility became confirmed, it was a touching sight to see the poet's fine eyes wander with affection to where his son was seated, and, at any stray remark he might make that intimated a returning intellect, to see how his eyes would brighten with delight, and foretell the pleasures of a father's hope.

In the volume of *Johnson's Scots Musical Museum* for 1803, there is a song of Campbell's, addressed to his wife, when Matilda Sinclair. It is in no edition of his poems that I have seen, and can make no great claim for preservation, beyond any little biographical importance which it may bear.

"O cherub Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign;
I would part with ambition thy votary to be,
And breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

"But thy presence appears from my pursuit to fly,
Like the gold-colored cloud on the verge of the sky:
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favor to me.

"In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my youth slow departing I see;
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

"O cherub Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptur'd I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee."

This is poor poetry, after the passionate love-songs of Burns, in the earlier volumes of the same publication.

On the 28th of October, 1806, Campbell had a pension granted to him from the Crown, payable out of the Scotch Excise, of one hundred and eighty-four pounds a-year. It was Fox's intention to have bestowed this pension upon Campbell, but that great statesman died on the 13th of the preceding month. His successors, however, saw his wishes carried into execution, and the poet enjoyed his pension to the day of his death, a period of nearly eight and thirty years.

He now took up his residence in the small hamlet of Sydenham. Here he compiled his "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens." Forty years of eventful history, compiled without much accuracy of information, or any great elegance of style. This was a mere piece of journeyman's work, done to turn a penny. Few have heard of it, fewer seen it, and still fewer read it. The most intelligent bookseller in London was, a week ago, unaware of its existence.

Some small accession of fortune about this time, and the glorious certainty of a pension, enabled him to think seriously of a new poem, to outstrip his former efforts, and add another stature to his poetic height. As soon as it was known that the celebrated author of "The Pleaures of Hope" was employed upon a new poem, and a poem of length, expectation was on tiptoe for its appearance. The information first got wind in the drawing-room of Holland House. Then the subject was named—then a bit of the story told by Lord Holland, and a verse or two quoted by Lady Holland; so that the poem had every advertisement which rank, fashion, reputation, and the poet's own standing, could lend it. The story was liked—then the metre was named and approved—then a portion shown; so that the poet had his coterie of fashion and wit before the public knew even the title of the poem they were trained up to receive with the acclamation it deserved.

Nor was public expectation disappointed, when it became generally known that the poet had gone to the banks of the Susquehanna for his poem—had chosen the desolation of Wyoming for his story, and the Spenserian stanza for his form of verse. The poet, however, was still timidly fearful, though he had the *imprimatur* of Holland House in favor of his poem. I was told by Tom Hill that Campbell sent the first printed copy of his poem to Mr. Jeffrey (now Lord Jeffrey). The critic's reply was favorable. "Mrs. Campbell told me," added Hill, "that, till he had received Jeffrey's approbation, her husband was suffering, to use his own expression, 'the horrors of the damned.'"

A Whig poet was safe in those days, when in the hands of a Whig critic. He had more to fear from the critical acumen of a Tory

writer; but only one number of the *Quarterly Review* had then appeared. If Gifford had dissected "little Miss Gertrude," he might have stopped the sale, for a time, of a new edition; but no critical ferocity could have kept down "Gertrude of Wyoming" for more than one season. But Gifford was prepossessed in favour of Campbell; he liked his versification and his classical correctness; so the poem was intrusted to a friendly hand—one prepossessed, like Gifford, in his favor—the greatest writer and the most generous critic of his age—Sir Walter Scott.

No poet ever dreaded criticism more than Campbell. "Coleridge has attacked 'The Pleasures of Hope,' andall other pleasures whatsoever," writes Lord Byron; "Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly *rowed* by the lecturer. Campbell will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive;—what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can *he* fear from criticism?"

His next great work was the "Specimens of the British Poets," in seven octavo volumes, published in 1819. This was one of Mr. Murray's publications, and one of his own suggesting. His agreement with Campbell was for 500*l.*, but when the work was completed he added 500*l.* more, and books to the value of 200*l.*, borrowed for the publication. Such fits of munificence were not uncommon with John Murray; he had many dealings, and dealt fairly, straightforwardly, beyond the bounds of common liberality. We wish we could say the same of Campbell in this transaction. No second edition of the "Specimens" was called for before 1841; and when Mr. Murray, in that year, determined on printing the whole seven volumes in one hansome volume, he applied to Campbell to revise his own work, and made him at the same time a handsome offer for the labor of revision. Campbell declined the offer, and set his face at first against the publication. What was to be done? There was a demand for a new edition, and it had been a piece of literary madness on Mr. Murray's part if he had sent the book to press with all its imperfections on its head—not the imperfections, be it understood, of taste and criticism, but of biographical and bibliographical information. Good taste can never change—it is true at all times; but facts, received as such, for want of better information, may be set aside by any dull fact-monger who will take the pains to examine a parish register, a bookseller's catalogue, or a will in Doctors' Commons.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, at the eleventh hour, was called in by Mr. Murray to superintend the reprint, and correct the common errors of fact throughout the seven volumes. Various inaccuracies were removed; some silently, for it had been burdening the book with useless matter to have retained them in the text and pointed them out in a note; while others, that entangled a thought or gave weight, were allowed to stand, but not without notes to stop the perpetuity of the error. A quiver of rage played upon the lips of the poet when he was informed that any one had dared to revise his labors: but when he saw what was done, and knew the friendly hand that had gone with so much patient care through the whole work, he expressed his unfeigned pleasure, and, as we have heard, thanked Mr. Cunningham for his useful services.

The Essay is a charming piece of prose, fresh at the fiftieth reading, and the little prefatory notices abound in delightful criticism, not subtle and far-fetched, but characteristically true to the genius of the poet. He is more alive to beauties than defects, and has distinguished his criticism by a wider sympathy with poetry in all its branches, than you will find in any other book of English criticism. Johnson takes delight in stripping more than one leaf from every laurel—he laughs at Gray—Collins he commends coldly, and he even *dares* to abuse Milton. Dryden and Pope, the idols of Dr. Johnson's criticism, are the false gods of Southey's:

> "Holy at Rome—here Antichrist."

Campbell has none of this school of criticism; he loves poetry for its own sweet sake, and is no exclusionist.

The great fault of Campbell is, that he does not give the best specimens of his authors; but such pieces as Ellis and Headly had not given. Of Sir Philip Sydney he says, "Mr. Ellis has exhausted the best specimens of his poetry. I have only offered a few short ones." No one will go to a book of specimens for specimens of a poet in his second-best manner, or his third-rate mood. We want the cream of a poet, not the skimmed milk of his genius. A long extract from Theodoric would not represent Mr. Campbell's manner in the fiery Hope, or the more gentle Gertrude. Specimens are intended for two classes of people—one who cannot afford to buy, and the second who do not

care to possess, the British Poets in one hundred and fifty odd volumes. The poor want the best, and the other class of purchasers want surely not the worst.

In the year 1820 Mr. Campbell entered upon the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted, we are told, "with a spirit and a resource worthy of his reputation, and of the then palmy estate of periodical literature." We doubt this. He drew his salary regularly, it is true, but contributed little of his own of any merit. The whole labor, and too much of the responsibility, rested on the shoulders of the assistant. The poet's name carried its full value; the Magazine took root and flourished, and the pay per sheet was handsome. He soon drew a good brigade of writers around him, and placing implicit confidence in what they did, and what they could do, he made his editorship a snug sinecure situation. "Tom Campbell," said Sir Walter Scott, "had much in his power. A man at the head of a Magazine may do much for young men; but Campbell did nothing, more from indolence, I fancy, than disinclination or a bad heart."

A series of articles appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* when Campbell was its editor, entitled *Boswell Ridivivus*—a catchpenny name, given by Hazlitt to a collection of Northcote's conversations and sayings, uttered, as was urged, by Northcote, in all the confidence of friendship. An ill-natured saying or two brought the painter into trouble, and Northcote wrote to Campbell, complaining of their appearance, in a letter in which he calls Hazlitt a wretch who had betrayed him. Campbell's answer is a striking illustration of the system he pursued in editing the *New Monthly*.

"I am afflicted beyond measure," says the poet, "at finding my own inattention to have been the means of wounding the feelings of a venerable man of genius. Dictate the form and manner of my attempting to atone for having unconsciously injured you, if I can make any atonement. The *infernal* Hazlitt shall never more be permitted to write for the *New Monthly*. I mean not to palliate my own want of watchfulness over the magazine which has occasioned such a paper being admitted. I only tell you the honest truth, that a crisis in my affairs, which is never likely to occur again, fatally tempted me this last month to trust the revision of some part of the number to the care and delicacy of another person; that person, like myself, has slept over his charge."

This want of watchfulness was, we fear, a monthly failing, not, as is here set forth, a rare occurrence.

The success of *Gertrude* induced him in 1824 to put forth another poem, a dramatic tale, entitled *Theodoric*. A silence of fifteen years put expectation upon tiptoe, but when *Theodoric* appeared it was much in the condition of Jonson's *Silent Woman, there was no one to say plaudite to it.* The wits at Holland House disowned the bantling; the *Quarterly* called it "an unworthy publication," and friend joined foe in the language of condemnation. Yet Campbell had much to encounter, he had to outstrip his former efforts, and fight a battle with the public against expectation and the applause awarded to his former poetry. There is a conscious feeling throughout the poem that the poet is fighting an unequal battle; he stands up, but his play is feeble, he distrusts himself, and is only tolerated from a recollection of his bygone powers.

"I often wonder," says Sir Walter Scott, "how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late." Scott is writing in 1826. "The magazine seems to have paralyzed him. The author not only of *The Pleasures of Hope*, but of *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, etc., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation." * * * "What a pity it is," said Sir Walter to Washington Irving, "that Campbell does not write more and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. The fact is, Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself; the brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*"

In 1827 he was elected lord-rector of his own mother university at Glasgow. He was elected by the free and unanimous choice of the students, and was justly proud of his election.

"It was a deep snow," writes Allan Cunningham, "when he reached the college-green; the students were drawn up in parties, pelting one another, the poet ran into the ranks, threw several snow-balls with unerring aim, then summoning the scholars around him in the hall, delivered a speech replete with philosophy and eloquence. It is needless to say how this was welcomed."

When his year of servitude had expired, he was unanimously re-elected, the students presenting him at the same time with a handsome silver punch-bowl, described by the poet in his will as one of the great jewels of his property.

On the 9th of May, 1828, he lost his wife. This was a severe blow to him. She was a clever woman, and had that influence over him which a wife should always have who is a proper helpmate to her husband. I have heard him say, and with much emotion, "No one can imagine how much I was indebted to that woman for the comforts of life."

In 1829 and 1830, he quarrelled with Colburn, threw up the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and lending his name to another publisher, started a magazine called *The Metropolitan*. A Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in two octavo volumes, was advertised, with Campbell's name to it, about the same time. The Life was soon abandoned, and the new magazine, after a time, transferred to Saunders and Otley, with two editors instead of one, Tom Campbell and his friend Tom Moore. The after history of the magazine is well-known—the two poets retired, and Marryat, with his "Peter Simple," gave it a swing of reputation which it had not before.

The sorrows of Poland, and the ebullitions of bad verse, occupied much of Campbell's time when editor of *The Metropolitan*. He lived in the Polish Chambers, and all his talk was Poland. Czartoryski and Niemciewitz were names everlastingly on his lips. A tale of a distressed Pole was his greeting when you met, and an alms or subscription the chorus of his song. Boswell was not more *daft* about Corsica than Campbell about Poland. Poor Tom Campbell, he exhausted all his sympathy on the Poles, and spent all his invectives upon Russia. Yet he did good—he was the means of assisting many brave but unfortunate men, whilst his ravings against Russia passed unheeded by, like the clamorous outcries for liberty of Akenside and Thomson.

In 1834, he published, in two octavo volumes, the "Life of Mrs. Siddons." Our great actress had constituted Campbell her biographer, and Campbell has told me, more than once, that he considered the work a kind of *sacred duty*. No man ever went to his task more grudgingly than Campbell; and no man of even average abilities ever produced a worse biography than Campbell's so-called "Life of Mrs. Siddons." The *Quarterly* called it "an abuse of biography," and its writer "the worst theatrical historian we have ever read." Some of his expressions are turgid and nonsensical almost beyond belief. Of Mrs. Pritchard he says, that she "electrified the house with disappointment." Upon which the *Quarterly* remarks, "This, we suppose, is what the philosophers call negative electricity."

Since Mr. Campbell's death, Mr. Dyce has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, disclaiming any partnership in the composition of what he calls "that unfortunate book." There was a rumor very rife, when the book appeared, that Mr. Dyce had had a main-finger in the pie; but the gross inaccuracies of the work gave the best answer to the rumor. Mr. Dyce's accuracy deserves to be proverbial, and no one could suspect that he could have had a hand in any thing like "a very large portion" of the unfortunate performance. However, in disclaiming the share assigned he lets us a little behind the scenes on this occasion. We see Mrs. Siddons in Tom Campbell's *tiring-room*.

"Soon after Campbell had received the materials which Mrs. Siddons had bequeathed to him for her biography, he wrote to me on the subject; informing me, that, as he had a very slight acquaintance with stage-history, he dreaded the undertaking, and offering me, if I would become his coadjutor, one-half of the sum which E. Wilson was to pay him for the work. I refused the money, but promised him all the assistance in my power. He next forwarded to me his papers, consisting chiefly of Mrs. Siddon's memoranda for her life, and a great mass of letters which she had written, at various intervals, to her intimate friend Mrs. Fitz-Hughes. Having carefully gone over the whole, I returned them with sundry illustrations; and subsequently, from time to time, I sent him other notes which I thought might suit his purpose. As, on one occasion, he had spoken slightingly of the letters to Mrs. Fitz-Hughes, (calling them 'very dull,' and saying that 'the mind of Mrs. Siddons moved in them like an elephant,') and was evidently inclined not to print them, I strongly urged him by no means to omit them, since they appeared to me, though a little pompous in style, extremely characteristic of the writer.

"While he was engaged on the biography, a report reached him that Mrs. Jameson was about to publish Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, and that Miss Siddons (now Mrs. Combe) had furnished her with many anecdotes. At this he was excessively angry; and showed me a letter which he had written to Miss Siddons, indignantly complaining that she should

patronize Mrs. Jameson's work, when she must be aware that he had been specially appointed her mother's biographer. As the letter in question was perhaps the most extraordinary ever addressed by a gentleman to a lady, I entreated him to throw it into the fire; but he positively refused. Whether it was eventually sent or not, I never learned: if it was, Mrs. Combe cannot have forgotten it. He had afterwards some communication with Mrs. Jameson, in consequence of which she abandoned her design."*

I have heard Campbell say that a little girl of eleven would write better letters of their kind than any half dozen addressed by Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. Fitz-Hughes. The poet was introduced to the actress by Charles Moore, the brother of Sir John Moore.

With the money which the publication of a bad book brought him, Mr. Campbell set off for Algiers. He told on his return more stories than Tom Coryatt, and began a series of papers upon his travels, for his old magazine, the *New Monthly*. These papers have since been collected into two volumes, entitled, "Letters from the South."

His subsequent publications were a "Life of Shakspeare," a poem called "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," the very dregs and sediment of his dotage; "The Life and Times of Petrarch," concocted from Archdeacon Coxe's papers (a sorry performance); and Frederick the Great and his Court and Times," a publication far below any thing which Smollett's necessities compelled him to put his name to, and only to be equalled by the last exigencies of Elkanah Settle.

In 1837, he published his poems, in one handsome octavo volume, with numerous vignettes, engraved on steel, from designs by Turner; but Campbell had no innate love for art, and his illustrated volume, when compared with the companion volume of Mr. Rogers, is but a distant imitation. Mr. Rogers, it is true, had a bank at his back, and Campbell had little more than Telford's legacy of 500*l.* to draw upon; but this will not account for the difference which we are to attribute altogether to an imperfect understanding of the beauties and resources of art.

When Mr. Campbell accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, he forsook his favorite Sydenham, and leased the house No. 10, Upper Seymour-street West. It was in this house that Mrs. Campbell died. His next remove was to Middle Scotland Yard. Here he gave a large evening party, and then grew tired of his house. Milton's biographers pursue their favorite poet through all his garden-houses, and tenements in London: I am afraid it would be no easy task to follow Campbell through the long catalogue of his London lodgings, for the last fifteen years of his life. I recollect him lodging at No. 42 Eaton-street; in Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico; in Sussex Chambers, Duke-street, St. James; at 18 Old Cavendish-street; in York Chambers, St. James-street; and at 61 Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. In November, 1840, he again set up house, for the sake of a young niece, to whom be has bequeathed the whole of his little property. The house he chose was No. 8 Victoria-square, and here he made his will.

The last time I saw Mr. Campbell was in Regent-street, on the 26th of September 1843. He was dressed in a light blue tail coat, with gilt buttons, an umbrella tucked under his arm, his boots and trowsers all dust and dirt, a perfect picture of mental and bodily imbecility. I never saw a look in the street more estranged and vacant; not the vacancy of the man described by Dr. Young, "whose thoughts were not of this world," but the listless gaze of one who had ceased to think at all. I could not help contrasting to myself the poet's present with his past appearance, as described by Byron in his Journal. "Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dressed to *sprucery*. A blue coat becomes him, so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo had sent him a birth-day suit, or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." This was in 1813, in Holland House. He has drawn a picture of himself in the streets of Edinburgh, when the "Pleasures of Hope was a new poem; "I have repeated these lines so often," he says, "on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of coachmen know me by tongue as I pass. To be sure, to a mind in sober, serious, street-walking humor, it must bear an appearance of lunacy, when one stamps with the hurried pace and fervent shake of the head, which strong, pithy poetry excites." *

Mr. Campbell died at Boulogne on the

* *Literary Gazette*, 22d June, 1844. Mr. Dyce's letter is dated the 18th, three days after Campbell's death. After ten years of possessing his soul in peace—he might have waited a little longer.

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, i. 342.

15th of June, 1844, and on the 3rd of July, was buried at Poets' Corner, about one foot above the ground, and over against the monument to Shakspeare. I have heard that he had a wish to be buried in the Abbey—a wish which he expressed about a year before he died, at a time when a deputation of the Glasgow Cemetery Company waited on the poor enfeebled poet to beg the favor of his body for their new cemetery. Who will say that Campbell lived unhonored in his native city?

Mr. Campbell was in stature small but well made. His eyes were very fine, and just such eyes as Lawrence took delight in painting, when he drew that fine picture of the poet which will preserve his looks to the latest posterity. His lips were thin, and on a constant twitter—thin lips are bad in marble, and Chantrey refused to do his bust because his lips would never look well. He was bald, I have heard him say, when only twenty-four, and since that age had almost always worn a wig.

There was a *sprucery* about almost every thing he did. He would rule pencil lines to write on, and complete a MS. more in the manner of Davies of Hereford than Tom Campbell. His wigs, in his palmy days, were true to the last curl of studious perfection.

He told a story with a great deal of humor, and had much wit and art in setting off an anecdote that in other telling had gone for nothing. The story of the mercantile traveller from Glasgow, was one of his very best, and his proposing Napoleon's health at a meeting of authors because he had murdered a bookseller (Palm), was rich in the extreme.

Campbell was very fond of forming clubs—he started a poets' club at his own table at Sydenham, when Crabbe, Moore, and Rogers were of the party. "We talked of forming a poets' club," writes Campbell, "and even set about electing the members, not by ballot, but *viva voce*. The scheme failed, I scarcely know how; but this I know, that, a week or so afterwards, I met with Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who asked me how our poets' club was going on. I said, "I don't know—we have some difficulty in giving it a name; we thought of calling ourselves *The Bees*. "Ah," said Perry, "that's a little different from the common report, for they say you are to be called *The Wasps*." I was so stung with this waspish report,, that I thought no more of the Poets' Club." Whatever merit is due to the foundation of the London University, I believe belongs by right to Campbell: he was the founder, moreover, of the Literary Union, an ill-regulated club which expired in the spring of the present season,

"Unwilling to outlive the good that did it,"

like the Ipswich of Wolsey, as described by Shakspeare.

It is well known that Campbell's own favorite poem of all his composition was his *Gertrude*. "I never like to see my name before *The Pleasures of Hope*; why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that when young I was always greeted among my friends as 'Mr. Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*.' 'Good morning to you Mr. Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*.' When I got married, I was married as the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*; and when I became a father. my son was the son of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*." A kind of grim smile, ill-subdued, we are afraid, stole over our features, when standing beside the poet's grave, we read the inscription on his coffin:—

"Thomas Campbell, LL. D.
Author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,'
Died June 15, 1844.
Aged 67."

The poet's dislike occurred to our memory—there ws no getting the better of the thought.

There is a vigor and swing of versification in *The Pleasures of Hope* unlike any other of Campbell's compositions, the *Lochiel* excepted: yet it, carries with it as Sir Walter Scott justly observes, many marks of juvenile composition. The *Lochiel* has all the faults and all the defects of his former effort, and, as if aware of a want, he sat down, when busy with *Gertrude of Wyoming*, to amend the poem. The four last lines originally ran:—

"Shall victor exult or in death be laid low
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

A noble passage nobly conceived; but hear how it runs as appended to the first edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming*:

"Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,
Or look to yon Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

The poet restored the original reading on the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott:

he had succeeded in squeezing the whole spirit from out the passage.

I remember remarking to Campbell, that there was a couplet in his *Pleasures of Hope*, which I felt an indescribable pleasure in repeating aloud, and filling my ears with the music which it made;—

"And waft across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaskai's shore."

"Yes," he said, "I tell you where I got it—I found it in a poem called *The Sentimental Sailor* published about the time of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*." I have never been able to meet with this poem.

Campbell deserves a good biography and a good monument. His own works want no recommendations, but his friends may do much to perpetuate the memory of the man. Surely his letters deserve collection, and his correspondence should not be suffered to perish from neglect. There is a subscription on foot to erect a monument to his memory in Poets' Corner. This is as it should be—but let it be something good. We have more than enough of bad and indifferent in the Abbey already.

SOUTHEY'S MONUMENT.—The Committee for erecting the Monument to the memory of Mr. Southey, have altered their original plan. Instead of a Tablet with a Medallion, they now propose a Shrine, with a recumbent figure of the poet upon it, from a design by Mr. P. G. Lough, of which a lithographed copy will be sent to each subscriber; among whom are already to be found the late Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Kenyon, Lord Ashley, Lord Mahon, the Earl of Leven, Viscount Melville, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Gloucester, the Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Justice Coleridge, Mr. Justice Patteson, Mr. W. Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, Mr. S. Rogers, the late Mr. T. Campell, Professor Sedgwick, &c. —*Athenæum*.

LORD BYRON.—Among the objects intrusted to the care of the banker Caccia, who was declared a bankrupt last month (May), was a box containing the MSS. of Lord Byron. The box, belonging to the Countess Guiccioli, to whom the great poet bequeathed his most precious *souvenirs*, was claimed on the 19th from the Syndic of the bankruptcy by M. Micard, the attorney for the countess. Besides the MSS. of all the printed works of Lord Byron, there are a few unpublished poems and critical notes written by himself in his own publications.—*Revue de Paris*.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.

BY A GERMAN OFFICER IN THE SWEDISH SERVICE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WHEN I saw King Charles John for the first time, he was in his sixty-fourth year; but, from his glossy black hair, his fine figure, retaining all the vigor of his prime, and the vivacity and agility of his movements, he might have passed for a hale man of fifty. His angular, marked, but extremely pleasing features, his beautifully formed mouth, and his large, brilliant eyes, composed a whole, the highly intellectual and, at the same time, amiable expression of which was extremely fascinating. The gaze of his eagle eye, which fixed upon and penetrated any one who was conversing with him, had such a spell, that I think it would have been very difficult to tell the king to his face an untruth, without confusion or trepidation. I have seen courtiers and placemen, whose consciences might not be perfectly clear, stand abashed and confounded, as if thunderstruck, by that piercing look, which seemed to read the inmost recesses of the heart. Bernadotte appeared to be aware of this effect of his looks, and he is said to have formed beforehand an unfavorable opinion of those who could not bear their scrutiny.

The expression of that searching eye changed with inconceivable rapidity. On my return to Stockholm, after a long journey, which I had performed, as the bearer of despatches on matters of great importance, with such expedition that it was noticed as an extraordinary circumstance both in the German and French newspapers, I waited immediately upon the king, and, being admitted to his presence, had occasion to observe the expression of the kindliest benevolence in his face suddenly changed into the flashing look of indignation. He had laid upon the table the despatches which I had brought, and, while he carelessly sprinkled me from a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, as he frequently did, to take off the smell of tobacco to which he had a strong aversion, he put various questions, to which I gave satisfactory answers. At last, he inquired in what time I had performed the journey. When I mentioned the precise number of days and hours, his eyes, till then all kindness, all at once darted at me an annihilating look. "Monsieur," he thundered forth, "souvenez vous que c'est à moi que vous parlez, et que je ne souffre pas les mauvaises plaisanteries." I assured him most respectfully that nothing was further from my intention than to take such a liberty; but it was not till he opened the letters, and found the truth of my statement confirmed by the date of them, that his good-humor returned.

For the rest, there was nothing whatever in his manner that tended to intimidate; on the contrary, he possessed in the highest degree the talent so useful to a sovereign, of saying to every one what was most likely to be most

agreeable to him, and of so prepossessing by his conversation all who approached him that they went away delighted. Of his extraordinary power of persuasion, and the great effect of his personal appearance, I will give a remarkable instance. When on one occasion (I forget in what year) the Norwegian Storthing, which, as every body knows, is always in opposition to the government, had again rejected all the propositions of the latter, and a formal breach was anticipated, the king, on receiving this intelligence, attended by a single aide-de-camp, hastened to Christiana, where he arrived quite unexpectedly. He spoke the same evening with some of the leading members, went the following day to the assembly, harangued it, and in a short time produced such a change of sentiments that the ferment subsided, order and tranquillity were restored, and the measures proposed by the government, which were in reality fit and moderate, were adopted.

This faculty of rendering himself beloved, not by words alone, but by real kindness and beneficence, contributed not a little to raise him to the throne of Sweden. Other French marshals had acquired as high military reputation as Bernadotte, but by his longer residence at Anspach, and subsequently in Hanover, he had gained the character of a good, just, and clement governor, and, by his humane treatment of the Swedes taken prisoners by him near Lübeck, in the campaign of 1806, that of a noble and generous enemy. In this Swedish corps were several officers belonging to the most influential families in Sweden, who, fascinated by the amiable disposition of the marshal, and by the lively interest with which he inquired concerning the state of their country, carried home with them a high idea of his acute, comprehensive mind, and profound gratitude for his favors. The influence of these officers and their families contributed not a little to the election of the marshal as Crown-Prince of Sweden at the diet of Oerebro, in 1810.

The opinion which has prevailed that the object of the Swedes in electing a French marshal was to flatter Napoleon, who was then all-powerful, is erroneous. The Swedes knew, as well as every one who was at all acquainted with the state of things at the French court, that for a long time past the emperor could not endure Bernadotte, and that he was even in some respects afraid of him. Napoleon neither wished nor favored the election of the Prince of Ponte Corvo as Crown-Prince of Sweden. He knew the character of this man, who had on several occasions openly and boldly opposed him, and was but too well aware that Bernadotte would never stoop to the subordinate and degrading part of a French prefect, to which the emperor doomed his brothers and relatives whom he invested with European sovereignties. Experience showed that he was not mistaken, for he soon received the strongest proofs that his former marshal had become in heart and soul a Swede, and that, as might be expected of such a man, he preferred the interest of the country which had adopted him to that of the country in which he happened to be born.

The continental system, that fixed idea of the emperor, to which he sacrificed so much, and by which he plunged into misery and estranged whole nations, who might otherwise have been and remained devoted to him—the continental system was the rock upon which the good understanding hitherto kept up, apparently at least, between these two extraordinary men, suffered shipwreck. The introduction of the continental system required unconditionally by Napoleon, would have been a death-blow to the commerce of Sweden: the Crown-Prince wrote to this effect to the emperor; and when the latter persisted in his unreasonable demand, flatly refused to comply. I have myself had occasion to peruse great part of this correspondence, which is stamped, on the part of Napoleon, with the character of despotism and irritability; and on the part of the Crown-Prince, with that of a firm, dignified resistance, of a bold, noble independence, and a perfect consciousness of the duties which he owed to his new country. The emperor, in his letters, calls the Crown-Prince a traitor, a rebel; and the latter replies that he should deserve those names, if, unmindful of his oath and his engagements, he should sacrifice the interests of Sweden to those of France. The conduct of Bernadotte on this occasion was as prudent as that of Napoleon was impolitic.

I have frequently heard it alleged as a ground of reproach against the Crown-Prince of Sweden, by Prussian officers more especially, but also by Swedish, that his conduct during the campaign of 1813 was not frank and straightforward—that he was not to be trusted—that he let slip several opportunities of beating the French, and, on the other hand, seized every occasion to spare them, and that, on this account, he led his own troops, the Swedes, into action as little as possible. This imputation is not quite just. The Crown-Prince of Sweden could not have a real interest in sparing the French, or, to speak more correctly, Napoleon: on the contrary, it was decidedly to his interest to annihilate him, for he knew his former commander too well not to be thoroughly convinced, that if he should come off conqueror from the conflict for life and death, he would never forgive the conduct of Bernadotte, nor forego his revenge. If he took the field against his countrymen without ardor, nay, with a certain lukewarmness, or even repugnance, this, in my opinion, rather redounds to his honor, and the more so as, from the very first, he communicated his views to his allies, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and not only advised them to drive the French out of Germany, but insisted that there could be no question of peace with Napoleon while a single French soldier remained on German ground. It is true that he strove also to persuade the

two sovereigns not to enter France, frankly declaring that, though he was ready to co-operate in the first-mentioned object with all his might, he would not contribute in any way to the occupation of France.

About this period, he wrote several times, with the knowledge of the monarchs of Russia and Prussia, to Napoleon, earnestly exhorting him to peace, strongly and clearly representing to him the impossibility of any long resistance in his situation, and accurately predicting what must befall him if he would not lend a hand to peace. As this advice proved fruitless, Bernadotte cheerfully and honestly assisted in clearing the German territory of the French. If, in so doing, he manifested no hatred, no personal enmity to them, this is as natural as the animosity of the Prussians, who had great outrages to revenge; and I will take leave to add that these latter, perhaps, conceived themselves authorized to censure with the more severity this coolness of the commander-in-chief, because they could not help recollecting that this was the same general who, in 1806, had proved to them near Halle that he was not deficient in energy.

The rather remarkable supineness of the Crown-Prince at Grossbeeren, where he placed his whole Swedish corps, with the exception of the artillery, which, under General Cardell, contributed materially to the victory, in the reserve, and would not suffer it to take part in the engagement, proceeded from the motive already touched upon—his reluctance, unseasonably indulged, it is true, to permit his own troops to act against the French.

"The point," said he, "was to save Berlin. It was but just that the Prussians should fight in first line for their capital, and that the Swedes should be there to afford assistance only in case of defeat. Thanks to my dispositions, to the ability with which they were executed by the Prussian generals, and to the enthusiasm and valor of their troops, that assistance was not necessary."

These sentiments I have heard Charles John himself express more than once, if not in the same words, yet in others of precisely the same signification. After the battle of Leipzig, the Crown-Prince separated from the allies, operated with his army against the Danes, and subsequently against the French in Belgium; and, adhering to his principle, halted his Swedish corps on the French frontier, which he would not allow it to cross.

Bernadotte's way of living was extremely simple. To his established habit of temperance, he owed the astonishing conservation of his person and his robust health. Very often, indeed generally, he passed great part of the forenoon in bed, where, however, from eight o'clock, he gave audience and transacted business. About two, he generally rode out in fine weather, and frequently repaired to his favorite retreat, the elegant little palace of Rosendal, built by himself, in the park, and tastefully fitted up and furnished, where he sometimes dined. He rarely visited the table of the queen, who regularly dined with the gentlemen and ladies in attendance on her. In general, the king dined in company with only two or three men, courtiers of distinction, high officers of state, scholars, foreigners, or other interesting persons, with whom he wished to converse. He seldom went to the theatre, chiefly because he was not sufficiently conversant with the Swedish language. The last hours of the day he spent either in writing, or in the family circle.

With pleasure and with just pride, the thoughts of Charles John dwelt upon his earlier career, and he frequently spoke with fondness of the time when he held the very lowest military ranks. "Lorsque j'étais sergeant," or, "A cette époque je venais d'être nommé officier,"—were expressions which I have often heard him use. He had an astonishing memory for old comrades and acquaintance, and when I was first introduced to him, I had to give him all the information I could concerning a great number of his old companions in arms. On many of them, who fell into distress, he conferred substantial favors, but he adopted the prudent resolution not to permit any of them to come to Sweden. On this point he has been so consistent that he had about him but a single Frenchman, his foster-brother, General Camps, and that, as far as I know, none of his relations, who are people of good property, ever came to Sweden. Had not the king adhered so firmly to this principle, a great number of Frenchmen, dissatisfied with the government of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, would gradually have found their way to Sweden to importune their former general with applications for appointments, the granting of which would have been mortifying to the Swedes.

Though the king, as I have already observed, generally lay long abed, he was attentive to his health, rarely rode on horseback, scarcely ever went a-hunting, and in general exposed himself to as little fatigue as possible, still he could upon occasion, in spite of his age, endure more than even the younger of his attendants liked to encounter. In great manœuvres, I have seen the king for several successive days, passing eight or ten hours on horseback, and distinguished by his noble military bearing, and the great simplicity of his dress, among the brilliant uniforms of his numerous staff. His frequent journeys to Norway were often performed with the utmost celerity, in winter, in the most intense cold, and on roads which in that season are not always the best.

I shall here introduce one trait from Bernadotte's life, which does him great honor, and attests as well his integrity as his powers of persuasion, and the influence which he always exercised upon those around him. At the breaking out of the Revolution in 1789, Bernadotte had recently been appointed sergeant by his captain. This captain, a native of the same province as himself, and who wished him well, had often reproved him for his fondness

for the revolutionary ideas which were gradually gaining ground, assuring him that they could not lead to any good; and declaring that he was "une mauvaise tête," and, in spite of his superior education and acquirements, he would come to nothing. When the troubles actually commenced, and order and discipline were banished from the army, several regiments deposed their officers, or refused to obey them, and elected others out of their own midst. The regiment to which Bernadotte belonged followed this example, arrested its colonel and its officers, and unanimously chose Sergeant Bernadotte for its commander.

Having accepted this new dignity, he assembled the regiment and thanked his comrades for their confidence, of which, he said, he felt and would prove himself worthy.

"Above all," he thus concluded his speech, "I must impress it upon you, that without discipline no military body can subsist, and if I am to command you, and to operate efficiently for your welfare, you must promise me absolute, implicit obedience."

"That we will," cried the men, with one voice.

"It follows of course then," resumed the sergeant-colonel, "that whoever does not instantly obey my orders, shall be punished according to the laws of war. Do you swear this?"

"We swear it!" responded the soldiers.

Bernadotte immediately took a company—the one to which he belonged, and on which he could reckon implicitly—put himself at its head, led it to the prison, and brought out the officers, with whom he proceeded to the front of the still assembled regiment.

"Soldiers," said he, taking the hand of the colonel, "you have, of your own accord, conferred on me the command over you, and sworn obedience to me: I now command you to recognise again your former colonel and officers. Let us not disgrace a good cause by rebellion and disorder. My command is at an end—I resign it to our former chief."

The latter, however, had seen too much, and was too well informed of what was going on in Paris, and throughout all France, to accept the proffered command again. He declined it, and with most of the officers quitted the regiment, of which Bernadotte then assumed the command.

In process of time, when he came as Marshal of France and Prince of Ponte-Corvo to Anspach, he there met with his former captain, who had emigrated and made that place his residence. He received him with great cordiality, offered him his services, invited him to his table, and introduced him to his officers as his old chief, by whom he had been made subaltern.

"Vous voyez," said he to him, smiling, "que, malgré ma mauvaise tête, et vos prédictions, je n'ai pas trop mal fait mon chemin."

But, notwithstanding his good-nature and amiable disposition, Bernadotte knew perfectly well how to refuse importunate petitioners in an indirect way. After he had become marshal, he had an aide-de-camp, who had done him good service, but for which he had already been rewarded with the rank of lieutenant-colonel and the cross of the legion of honor. Not content, however, he seized every opportunity to urge his chief to propose him for colonel. One evening, after this officer had, even in the presence of his comrades, taken the liberty to make palpable allusions to unrequited services, slow promotion, and the like, the marshal related the following apologue:

"When I was still a subaltern, I once went with some of my comrades to see the performances of a company of dogs. I was delighted, and still more astonished at the dexterity of these animals, and asked the proprietor how he contrived to bring his pupils into such admirable training.

"'If,' said he, 'you will come to-morrow about noon, you will comprehend at once my system of education; it is extremely simple.'

"I did not fail to attend at the appointed hour, and the master began with one of the older dogs, and which was already trained, but which, it seemed, needed another lesson. Showing to the animal a large tempting piece of meat, he held it up in his hand: the dog danced capitally, and did all that was required of him. When this had continued for some time, I begged the man not to make the docile brute wait any longer for his reward, and to give him the meat.

"'Oh, no! not yet,' he replied; 'you don't understand it. So long as I show the dog the meat, he works hard in the hope of getting it; but as soon as he has obtained the object of his wishes, he flings himself down, and will not stir without driving.'"

The greatest and cleverest of men have their weaknesses. Peter the Great could not touch a lizard; Marshal Saxe almost swooned if a cat came too near him; and it is well known that King Gustavus Adolphus had a particular antipathy to spiders. Charles John is said to have felt an invincible repugnance to dogs, partly arising from the circumstance that a friend of his died from the bite of a mad dog, and partly from his having seen, on the field of battle, the corpse of another friend torn in pieces by dogs, among which was the deceased officer's own dog. Whether this is true or not, I cannot tell: but the king's aversion to dogs was well known at court. The Crown-Prince had a very beautiful hound, which had been trained, as soon as the king was seen at a distance, or whenever he heard the words, "The king is coming," to run away; or, if this was not possible, to hide himself under the furniture, where he lay quiet while the king remained in the room.

Several biographical accounts of Charles John have appeared, some of which, especially that by Touchard Lafosse, though considered somewhat romantic, is said to be tolerably faithful. It is, however, to be hoped that the

memoirs of this remarkable man, which he is reported to have dictated to one of his orderly officers, will be given to the public. They must furnish the most interesting elucidations of many still dark points in the history of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire.

The private life of Charles John, as husband and father, was irreproachable. Even busy Fame, with her thousand tongues, has nothing but good to relate, and the *chronique scandaleuse* is silent. Particularly praiseworthy was his behavior towards his adoptive parents, Charles XIII. and his consort, born Princess of Holstein, the latter of whom, it is said, could not endure him. The Crown-Prince has the reputation of having uniformly paid them all the attentions of a dutiful son, and all the respect of an obedient subject; and of having always spoken of his adoptive father with reverence and affection.

If the king was an imposing character, as well on account of the glory which he had acquired, and the grand recollections attached to his person, as on account of that person itself, you can scarcely meet with a handsomer and more interesting couple in every respect than his son, the present king, and his consort. King Oscar combines expressive features, of extraordinary beauty, with a fine manly figure. His eyes are of that dark black, which a French lady once described as "des yeux de vélours noir doré de feu:" and their looks attest superior understanding, firmness, and resolution, united with a kindliness which there is no mistaking. In a certain respect, the character of Oscar may be better suited to the Swedes than that of his father. The chief fault found with the latter is, that he always promised more than he could or meant to perform. In his desire to render himself beloved, and to satisfy every body, it happened not unfrequently that he granted petitions, though he well knew that the thing was impossible in the execution. Hence arose many disappointments, much ill blood, and want of confidence in the royal word. Oscar, on the other hand, has hitherto promised but little and rarely: he listened to people quietly and sympathisingly, investigated their rights, their claims, and the greater or less probability of the success of their efforts and wishes, frankly expressed his opinion on the subject, assisted when it was in his power, but took good care not to excite false hopes. For the rest, Oscar, as a member of the council of state, as commanding general, as chief of the artillery, and high admiral, has always proved himself an efficient man of business, an accomplished officer, a just and paternal chief. He is beloved by the people, the army, and the fleet; and it is alleged that the frequent manifestations of this love and attachment were rather displeasing to his predecessor, and that this was the real cause why the prince had recently withdrawn from almost all business, and relinquished almost all direct influence, in order to occupy himself with the sciences, the fine arts, and the education of his highly-gifted children. In the opinion of all who know him, an opinion to which I cheerfully subscribe, Oscar must be numbered among the most distinguished sovereigns of Europe. With a lively sense for all that is good and true, with calm, manly courage, with a sincere aspiration to what is excellent, he unites a highly cultivated mind and strong natural talents. He is said to be, in particular, a clever mathematician and a good astronomer, and I have myself often had occasion to admire his abilities as a musician and composer.

"Quel dommage," once exclaimed an old French lady, when I was describing Prince Oscar to her, "quel dommage, que tout cela ne soit pas légitime."

The present queen, a daughter of the noble Duke of Leuchtenberg, not only surpasses the ladies of the court in beauty and grace, but sets them a pattern of every female virtue. She has hitherto abstained from all influence, immediate or mediate, on public affairs. For the rest, amiableness is innate and inherent in the whole family of Leuchtenberg. With all the most amiable traits of French mind, "solide dans le serieux, et charmant dans les bagatelles," the members of this house combine the noblest and most valuable qualities of the German national character; and they have thereby acquired, wherever Providence has called them, the attachment of their subjects, or the love of those around them.

NELSON.—The ball which inflicted Nelson's death-wound—preserved by the late Sir William Beatty, who was principal medical attendant on board the Victory, at the time of the fatal event—has been presented by his eldest surviving brother, Captain Beatty, as an interesting national relic, to the Queen, and will, it is said, be deposited in Windsor Castle. Greenwich Hospital would seem to be its more appropriate place of deposit. The ball, with the particles of the coat and epaulette that were forced into the body, has been set within a crystal case, which is appropriately mounted with a double cable of gold around its circumference, and opens like a watch.—*Athenæum.*

THE MADONNA OF LORETTO.—The treasure of Our-Lady-of-Loretto has just vanished. The event has thrown the Court of Rome into consternation. At the time the French conquered Italy, the Pontifical Government removed to Rome the Madonna's rich coffer, in order to shelter it from the profane covetousness of the conquerors. Since the restoration it has been conveyed back to Loretto, and new offerings had increased its richness. Count Rocchi, Receiver-General of the province of Ancona, to whose custody the coffer of holy Loretto was intrusted, had embarked in an Austrian steamer proceeding to Trieste, and carried off the contents of all the coffers, the keys of which he had in his possession.—*Revue de Paris.*

THE LEGEND OF ZAHRINGEN.

From the Court Journal.

THE following sketch of the ruins of Zähringen, the cradle of the house of Baden, may not be uninteresting, now that the delicious watering-place of Baden-Baden has become so familiar to most of our readers.

The Dukes of Zähringen were once the most powerful lords of Suabia; they originally lived in the castle of Limburg, which was the cradle of the family, but of which there is now little to be seen. This castle was built upon a jut of the Alps called Lynsburg, not far from the little town of Weitheim on the Neckar. In the year 1080, Berthold, the proprietor of Lynsburg, or, as it is now called, Limburg, left his paternal mansion, and emigrated into Brisgau; and at a short distance from the town of Freiburg, upon a mountain in the Black Forest, at the foot of which the village of Zähringen stood, he built a castle which, after the fashion of those days, he called by the name of the village below.

The popular origin of the house of Zähringen is, perhaps, too romantic to be believed. The forefathers of Berthold were nothing more than common charcoal-burners, who dwelt in forests and mountains, and existed on the sweat of their brow. It happened that one of these wood-burners, after having collected together his pile of wood, covered it over with earth, in order to prevent the heat from expanding itself into flame, and thus evaporate. When the wood was reduced to the requisite condition and removed, he found to his great astonishment, at the bottom of the pile, among the ashes, an immense mass of silver, which the heat of the fire had extracted from the earth. His fortune was now made, and he continued extracting silver, when it happened that a king (the legend does not tell us his name), who had been driven from his country, came with his family, and took refuge in the neighborhood of the hut, where he announced to the world that he would make a duke of that man, and moreover give him his daughter in marriage, who would assist him in regaining his crown. This offer reached the ears of the wood-burner, who, ignorant as he was, had instinct enough to know that money must be the first object necessary to attain this end; accordingly he left his hut with a bag full of the precious metal on his shoulders, and presenting himself before the dethroned monarch thus addressed him, "Sire give me thy daughter in marriage, and make me duke of the country around my hut, and I will give thee such a treasure in silver as will help to bring thee back thy kingdom." And he cast the bag of silver at the feet of the astonished monarch, who, seeing himself already reinstated in his dominions, made him immediately his son-in-law, and created him duke of the land he coveted. After this, his wealth went on increasing to such a degree, that he was enabled to build castles and towns, and among others those of Zähring and Freiburg. But among the ignorant and low-born a rapid excess of opulence often begets a sensual and depraved taste; and this was the wood-burner's lot. He became tyrannical and cruel, and forgot that he once existed upon dry bread and water. His taste grew so corrupted that he yearned to know the relish of human flesh, and, to satisfy his horrible desire, he ordered his cook to roast him an infant. Unwillingly did the servant follow his cruel master's orders, and when the roasted baby appeared upon the table, the inhuman Duke was so horror-struck, that he instantly repented his cruelty, and by way of atoning for it, elected two cloisters in the Black Forest, which he called the holy Ruprecht and the holy Peter, both of which exist to this day.

The castle of Zähringen was originally small, but strong. When the house of Hohenstaufen, however, made its way to the throne of Charlemagne, and Conrad the Third, one of the members of that family, was elected Emperor of Germany, the Duke Conrad of Zähringen refused him his allegiance, upon which the Emperor despatched his brother Frederick of Suabia to exact it by force, and so closely besieged the Duke, that he compelled him to surrender both himself and castle to the besiegers. The Emperor acted generously towards him, and reinstated him in his possessions. From this period the power of the Zähringen family increased, but the Burg ultimately came into the possession of the Counts of Freiburg, and afterwards often changed masters, until it finally fell into the hands of the monks of the cloisters of St. Peter's in the Black Forest. The ruin is now very insignificant; but the view from it is magnificent, and extends as far as the mountains of Alsace and Lorraine.

The Dukes of Baden still take their second title from this castle, and whatever may be the fabulous tales attending their earliest history, it is well authenticated that this illustrious family springs from the same source as the houses of Austria and Lorraine, Hohenzollern and Prussia. Ethico I. Duke of the Allemani, was their common ancestor.

IMPROVED OMNIBUS.—An improvement in the mode of egress to and from this carriage, now so general in London use, has been patented by a Mr. Hayman, and a model shown. Instead of the steps coming down directly behind from the door, their place is supplied by a platform railed off, and protected in the rear, whilst the steps are placed laterally towards the side pavement. There are other amendments of form, and the whole appears to be very ingeniously devised. —*Lit. Gaz.*

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ANOTHER, and another, and another day passed away, but no more was heard of Madame de Soissonac. The high spirit of the Roberts family, on which they particularly prided themselves, rose to a pitch that required, especially in the more easily exploding bosoms of the ladies, the safety-valve of vituperation, to preserve them from bursting. They had also another motive for wishing to discuss the subject with some one of their acquaintance whom they had been in the habit of meeting at the assemblies of the fair but perfidious French woman, in order to discover beyond the possibility of mistake, whether others had received the same affront as themselves. They doubted, however, for some time, as to the person to whom they should first open their hearts on the subject. Mrs. Bretlow would have been in many respects the most eligible person to whom they could have addressed themselves on this occasion, inasmuch as she was really intimate with Madame de Soissonac, and was therefore likely to know the real cause of her abominable behavior. But then, this real intimacy had always appeared to be accompanied by a great deal of real affection, and it was not well to talk to any body on the subject, who was likely to be so strongly prejudiced as Mrs. Bretlow.

"No, indeed, mamma," said Maria, "if you go to Mrs. Bretlow, in order to ask her opinion of Madame de Soissonac, I will not go with you. I don't know how the rest of the family may feel, but I have too much English spirit to go any where on purpose to hear the praises of a person who has used me ill."

"Well, then, who shall we go to?" returned the mother, who immediately felt the truth of this sensible observation. "I, for my part, don't care who it is, so that it is an English person, who will have common sense enough to understand what one says. The French are certainly unaccountably slow of comprehension in conversation. I find perpetually from their answers, that they have not understood one word in ten that I have said to them. It is no good to talk to them."

"Why should we not call on Lady Moreton and her cousin?" said Agatha. "There cannot be two more charming people to talk to on any subject, and as they visit every body in Paris almost, they will certainly be able to tell us, if any one can, the reason for this French woman's conduct, and at the same time, you know, we may be quite sure that our natural ladylike feelings on the occasion will be properly repeated every where."

"To be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, eagerly, "I am surprised I did not think of them at first. They are the very people for us. I wonder whether Edward would like to go with us? They always seem so delighted to see him. Do go to his room, Maria, and ask him to come into the drawing-room before he goes out. I should so like him to go with us! He grows handsomer and more elegant every day of his life. I would defy any mother not to be proud of such a son."

The young man obeyed the summons instantly, having just completed his morning costume for the Boulevards, and looking, as his mother said, like a Parisian angel, only with a lovely English color in his cheeks.

"Edward, dearest, if you have no objection," said the respectful parent, "I should like you to go with us this morning to call on Lady Moreton and Lady Forton. Though they are, both of them, always kindness itself, they are never so delighted to see us as when you are of the party. You *will* go, won't you? We are going on purpose to talk to them a little about the impertinent behavior of that extraordinary Madame de Soissonac, and I should like that you should go with us. What do you say to it, my dear?"

"Why, no, ma'am, thank you, I think I'd rather not. For, to say the truth, the Soissonacs are, in my opinion, a vast deal too absurd to talk about; and of all people in the world, I am the last who ought to enter upon the subject," said the young man, coloring. "I would rather not go, thank you."

"Good gracious, why?" said Agatha. "What can you have to do with it, Edward?"

"What can you mean, Edward?" cried Maria. "For goodness sake, speak out."

"Upon my word, my dear, you must not go till you have explained yourself," said his mother. "Perhaps, Edward, you know a great deal more about them than we do. Do tell us every thing that you have heard, my dear, dear Edward. It is cruel to keep us in the dark if you *do* know any thing. I must beg that you will hide nothing."

"Really, mother, I know very little about her, for I can't say I have ever given myself the trouble to inquire. But if you won't talk too much about it, I will tell you what I have reason to suspect; and one or two fellows of my acquaintance, who know old Soissonac a great deal better than I do, say they are quite sure I am right. The fact is, my dear ladies—it is very absurd, you know, but I can't help that—the fact is, that Monsieur de Soissonac, the tiresome old husband of our pretty friend, has taken it into his head to be jealous of me."

"Jealous!" exclaimed all the three ladies at once. "Jealous of you, Edward?"

The young man replied to them all, at one and the same instant, by a low and graceful bow, and then turned round, and, by the help of the mirror over the chimney-piece, re-arranged a curl upon his left temple, which the playful profundity of the salutation had displaced.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed his mother, after a pause, and looking at him with an eye that seemed to say, "No wonder!" And then she sighed very deeply, and in an accent that visions of *crim. con.* trials, and tremendous damages, rendered both solemn and melancholy, she added, "For Heaven's sake, set my heart at ease, and tell me that he has no reason for it!"

"Nonsense, ma'am!" returned the young man, in a tone of very spirited indignation. "How can you suppose that I should so far commit myself as to answer such a question as that? I alluded to the circumstance, merely for the sake of doing justice to poor Madame de Soissonac. Of course you must perceive from what I have said, though I have not violated any confidence of any kind—but of course you must perceive that *she* is not to blame. It was my duty to show this, but you must please to excuse my saying any thing more on the subject. It is very wrong to ask me."

"It is very shocking, I am sure, altogether," said Agatha, looking very grave. "But I don't understand exactly how her warning us off her premises in so very impertinent a manner, can do any good in the business."

"Don't you, my dear?" returned her brother demurely, casting his eyes upon the carpet.

"No, certainly," said Maria; "on the contrary, if she is behaving as she ought to do, her best security against the injurious suspicions of her husband, would be the cultivating an intimacy with us. I think she is exceedingly wrong, indeed."

"Do you, my dear?" said the young man, again profiting by the vicinity of the mirror. "I am sure I am exceedingly sorry for it."

"Upon my word, Edward," said his mother, "this obstinate reserve on your part is exceedingly ill-judged, to say the least of it. How can we know, for instance, how we ought to conduct ourselves, in case we meet Madame de Soissonac accidentally? If, as Maria says, she is behaving as she ought to do, there is every reason in the world that we should treat her with kindness, feeling, as we must all do, that whether right or wrong, as to judgment, her declining our visits must be from the very best and most virtuous of motives, poor dear young woman! But if, on the contrary, Edward, there should be unhappily any real cause for her husband's suspicions, just think of the incalculable injury you may do your sisters, by letting them be seen to speak to her. For mercy's sake, my dearest Edward, trust to our discretion sufficiently to enable us to judge fairly how we ought to act."

"I would recommend you, ma'am, not to push yourselves into any further intimacy with Madame de Soissonac—you really must excuse my not being more explicit," returned Mr. Edward Roberts, looking greatly displeased with them all. "Your questions are not fair."

"How very horrid!" cried one sister.

"Detestable woman!" exclaimed the other.

"I am sure that the sooner we leave Paris the better," ejaculated the mother.

"I shall not, ma'am, oppose your departure," said her son, "you may depend upon it; nor, whatever my inclinations may dictate, will I distress my family by remaining behind them, and all I require in return for this concession is, that I may not be embarrassed by any more questions."

Having pronounced these words with much more gravity than was usual with him, the young man walked out of the room.

"Oh, goodness gracious! have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes towards the ceiling. "Is it not enough to break one's heart to find one's only son exposed to such temptations? So shocking, too, for his sisters to listen to it! Abominable hussy! How dreadful it is that a hand-

some young Englishman can't show himself in Paris, without having the married women behaving in this way! It really is perfectly horrible."

"It is no good to fret about it, mamma, in that way," said Agatha. "We all know that Edward is particularly handsome, and it will be lucky for him if this is the only French woman that attacks him. I believe in my heart that they are one and all capable of it."

"Yes, yes," returned Mrs. Roberts, in a tone of less profound despair, "we all know but too well, I am afraid, what depraved creatures French women are—nor will I pretend to deny that if one could bring one's mind to say that any man's perfections could be an excuse for such abominable conduct, my son Edward is the man. But I beg you both to observe, my dears, that I don't say this with the least atom of a thought towards meaning that any such thing can be excused. We English know better. But here, to be sure, the case is altogether different. God forbid I should ever be unjust to any woman. And upon the whole, I can't say but what I think it might be, as Maria says, the surest way to stop such a report, if we, that is, without Edward, of course, but if we three were to keep going on to all her balls as long as we do stay here; and perhaps the best thing I could do, after all, would be to get Lady Moreton or Lady Forton to give Madame de Soissonac a hint about it. I am sure I don't know what use it was to have those last new dresses if we don't go there—for the embassy people still mean to go on in the same impertinent way, that's quite clear. We shall never get there above once in a month at the very most. So that, on the whole, I think we owe it to ourselves not to give up Madame de Soissonac."

"At any rate," observed Agatha, "the best thing we can do now is, to try and get a good talk with Lady Moreton and her cousin. We shall be sure to find out something, and it is very possible, I think, that it may end by our going without poor Edward to the Soissonac ball on Tuesday. Come, Maria! let us put on our things—the carriage will be here directly."

On reaching the splendid mansion in the Rue de Rivoli, in which the titled cousins had their very showy apartment, the Robertses had the satisfaction of being informed that they were both at home. Nevertheless, on entering the spacious drawing-room, they found no one in it, save a young girl in deep mourning, whom they had never seen before, and who seemed almost lost in its ball-room-like extent. She looked a little frightened, as if unaccustomed to the task of receiving strangers, but she rose, and begged them to sit, in a manner which showed that she considered herself at home, and bound to do the honors of the saloon, till the mistress of it appeared.

She was very young for such an office—certainly not more than seventeen, and looked younger still, from the great simplicity of her dress, and the almost childish manner in which her pretty brown hair was combed away from her face, and suffered to hang with its closely curled ends behind her ears. Perhaps it would be impossible to hit upon a less becoming mode of arranging a young head than that exhibited by the dark-eyed stranger. The regular features and delicate complexion, the large and brilliant eyes,—nay, even the reddest lips and whitest teeth that ever were seen, could scarcely atone for the look of naked boldness which this merciless exposure of the fair and ample forehead produced.

"La! what an ugly girl," whispered Agatha to Maria. "Did you ever see such a fright?"

"Never!" was the satisfactory reply. "Never since I was born!"

"I will go and tell my aunt Moreton," said the young stranger, leaving the room as soon as the party had seated themselves. The moment her slight young figure had become safely invisible by the closing of the door behind her, the mother and daughters exclaimed in chorus,

"Who in the world can this be? I never heard she had a niece."

"Isn't she ugly?" whispered Maria.

"Humph!" returned her mamma, to whom the question was addressed; "I am not quite sure that she is absolutely ugly. She is quite a girl, you know, as yet, perfectly a child; but when she is grown up, I should not wonder if she were to be called handsome. Those eyes will tell, you may depend upon it. They are absolutely magnificent."

"Grown up, ma'am!" returned Maria, "why she is as tall as a house already! She is taller than Agatha, take my word for it."

"Nonsense, Maria!" said the eldest sis

ter. "She is as thin as a whipping-post, but I am positive she is not so tall as I am. I agree with mamma, however, now I have given her a second glance. I don't think she *would* be so very ugly if her hair were not strained off her forehead so. And I'll tell you what, she has the prettiest foot I ever saw in my life. Did you look at it?"

"Yes, I did look at it," replied her sister, with a sneer. "That is so like you, Agatha. You fancy every foot that is small must be pretty, which, as I often tell you, is the greatest mistake in the world. Any artist would tell you so. I can't endure those little unmeaning Chinese feet. They always strike me as being much more like a deformity than a beauty. I can see no beauty in her feet, I confess."

Perhaps, as "Bailey junior" would say, Miss Agatha had not rather small feet, and her sister rather the contrary, "Oh, no!"

Before the elder Miss Roberts could reply to the artistic observation of the younger, the drawing-room door was re-opened, and Lady Forton entered.

"My cousin will be here directly," said her ladyship, courteously extending first one hand, and then the other to receive the offered salutations of the Roberts family; "but at this moment she is under the hands of a mantua-maker, and cannot stir an inch."

Either because Lady Moreton was the widow of a peer, whereas her cousin, Lady Forton, was only the wife of a baronet (from whom she was separated on account of a recently discovered incompatibility of temper), or because the income of the widow was treble that of the wife, the former lady was considered as so much the principal person in the establishment, that all visits were presumed to be made to her in the first instance. But now Mrs. Roberts hastened to assure the elegant Lady Forton, who was always by far the most elaborately dressed person of the two, that she hoped Lady Moreton would not hurry herself on their account, for that the pleasure of seeing Lady Forton made them all much too happy to permit their wishing for any other. And then the weather having, as a matter of course, received its daily offering of observation, Mrs. Roberts, assuming a tone of easy intimacy, said, "Who was that charming young person, Lady Forton, whom we found here when we came in? I do not think we ever saw her before, did we? And, if I mistake not, she called Lady Moreton her aunt."

"No, Mrs. Roberts, I do not believe you ever saw her before; she has only been with us about a week," replied Lady Forton.

"A niece of Lady Moreton's, is she?" returned the curious visiter.

"Yes, she is a niece of my cousin's," was the reply. "Her sister's daughter."

"Do you not reckon her very handsome, Lady Forton? May I ask her name?" resumed the persevering Mrs. Roberts.

"Her name is Bertha Harrington," replied Lady Forton, coldly, and without deeming it necessary, as it seemed, to enter upon any discussion concerning her beauty. Mrs. Roberts had discernment enough to perceive that whether handsome or ugly, the young lady had not the good fortune to be a favorite with her aunt's cousin, in consequence of which she proceeded to observe (as Lady Forton was rather plump), "that to be sure it was a pity the young lady should be so lamentably thin, a defect which, in her opinion, was quite enough to destroy the effect of any beauty in the world, for that there could be no softness, no roundness of con——"

But ere she could finish her speech, Lady Moreton entered, followed by the thin young niece herself. Lady Moreton was not only the nobler and richer lady, but she was also by much the most chatty and conversable, being, in fact, one of the greatest gossips that ever lived, and caring but little, at this period of her career, who was the listener, provided always that it was some one who thought it worth while to listen patiently. Mrs. and the two Miss Robertses were great favorites with her; for the gossip of a peeress was, in their estimation, so greatly superior in interest to any *commoner* gossip, that they all three hung upon her accents, as if they flowed from the lips of a Siren. It was not, indeed, uncommon for her ladyship to find among the travelling English a good many who evinced the same species of partiality; but "use lessens marvel," and it not unfrequently occurred that the halo which her dowager coronet threw round her conversation, evaporated after a few months' acquaintance with her, so that in general, it was her last made friends and intimates that she liked the best. And this flattering pre-eminence the Roberts family had not yet lost. It was therefore with very fascinating cordiality that their visit was welcomed by her.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Roberts? How

d'ye do, my dears. Pretty bonnets, upon my word. Here, you see, I have got a young niece come to visit me—Miss Bertha Harrington is her name. I don't know whether your young ladies will like her. She is rather dull by way of a companion just now, that's the truth. She has just lost her mother," she added in a half whisper to Mrs. Roberts. But if it was intended to be unheard by poor Bertha the purpose failed, which was made evident by the rush of tears which filled her eyes, and by the suddenness with which she rose from the chair in which she had placed herself, and left the room. "There she goes again, Sophy," continued Lady Moreton, now addressing herself to her cousin. "Upon my honor I shall be worn to death if she goes on so! Her mother was my own sister, the only sister I ever had, and therefore, of course her sudden death has, naturally, almost broken my heart; and then just think, my dear Mrs. Roberts, what it has been for me, in addition to my sufferings as a sister, to have to bear with this poor weak-spirited girl, who positively never passes an hour of the day without shedding tears, more or less; does she, Sophy?"

"Most assuredly she does not," replied Lady Forton with a sneer, which spoke plainly enough the sort of sympathy which she was in the habit of bestowing on the motherless girl.

"How long we shall be able to endure it Heaven knows," resumed Lady Moreton. "Poor Sophy bears it better than I do, for her temper is perfectly angelic; and every one knows, I can't charge myself with being particularly ill-tempered neither. I can assure you, Mrs. Roberts, that I have suffered enough in my time. Poor Lord Moreton, who was old enough to be my father, would certainly have been the death of any woman who had *not* had a good temper. But from my earliest childhood I have always loved nothing in the world so well as being gay and happy; and, Heaven knows, I managed to have my little private theatre, and my public breakfasts at Richmond, and my pretty balls, kept up constantly through it all. I couldn't have had a bad temper with such a husband as mine, to have managed in this way for years before he died, and never to have disappointed any of my friends of a single fête; not one, I give you my honor. I could not have had a bad temper, could I?"

"Why, no, no!" exclaimed both the Miss Robertses in a breath, while Mrs. Roberts, after a moment's meditation, which must have greatly increased the value of her opinion, gravely replied, "I really do think, Lady Moreton, that you too, as well as your cousin, Lady Forton, *must* have had the temper of an angel, I do indeed."

"Well, to say the truth, that is exactly what I have been very often told; and I leave you to judge, Mrs. Roberts, what a person with my gay, happy temper must suffer from having this poor dismal girl for ever and for ever before my eyes! I do assure you that I believe it is killing me by inches."

"But, my dearest Lady Moreton, this must not be!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts warmly, and delighted beyond measure at the confidential tone in which the dowager countess addressed her.

"All Paris ought to make a remonstrance!" cried the equally touched Agatha.

"O dear me, it is quite shocking," moaned the sentimental Maria.

"It *is* very bad, isn't it?" resumed her ladyship, looking from one to the other, and seeming greatly inclined to laugh, as if to prove how totally unfit her happy temper was for such dismal companionship. Lady Forton sighed deeply, and pressed her forehead with her delicate hand.

"Ah! there it is, you see. Poor Sophy has not the strength of mind to bear it as I do. It will kill her, my good friends, it will positively kill her. And then just think of the utter impossibility of finding what to do with her when we go out! Though the child is sent here already, my sister has not been dead above a fortnight, so that for the present moment you see I lose nothing, because I have no full dress mourning made; but the dress-maker tells me that every thing will be ready by to-morrow night; and then I should like to know what is to be done with Miss Bertha! It is enough to drive one wild!"

"Indeed, indeed, my dearest Lady Moreton, I must blame you for inviting her!" said Mrs. Roberts, encouraged by this confidential communication to assume the tone of reproving friendship. "Knowing your own charming character and constitution, how *could* you think of undertaking such a charge?

"God bless you, my good woman, I never did think of it," replied the dowager countess, warming in her turn into a forgetfulness of etiquette.

The Miss Robertses were a good deal shocked at hearing their mamma called a "good woman;" this feeling, however, was soon conquered, not by the feigned interest which had hitherto been their usual offering at the dowager's footstool, but, from genuine curiosity, which was thoroughly awakened as she proceeded.

"Heaven knows," said she, "I might have lived a hundred years before I had ever dreamed of such a thing. But by all I can learn from this poor blubbering girl, my sister died very suddenly—very unexpectedly indeed, and Sir Christopher Harrington, that's her husband, you know, was so horribly shocked and frightened at it, that, as well as I can understand, he gave orders to have mourning made for the child (Bertha is his only child) without an hour's delay, and as soon as she was fairly covered with bombazine and crape, he sent her off with his lawyer, and an elderly female servant, who has always waited on her, with orders to bring her to me! I am sure his grief must have made him mad, poor man, or he never would have thought of doing any thing so distracted."

"Distracted and distracting!" murmured Lady Forton, again applying her hand to her forehead, as if ready to sink.

"There it is, you see," resumed Lady Moreton, "my poor dear cousin Sophy, who has devoted herself to me, and who is the greatest comfort to me, and who sets off all my parties delightfully, looking so divinely handsome as she does when she is dressed—just think what it must be to such a temper as mine to see her overcome in that way! I *must* give a fancy ball the week after next. Every body expects it, and I am sure I hope that your daughters will come, Mrs. Roberts, and your son also; he is really a fine-looking young man. Well, as I was saying, just imagine what my cousin Sophy will be fit for, if she is to live with this unlucky girl before her eyes from this time to that. The whole thing will be as flat as ditch-water, I know it will!"

"Would that I knew how to help you, my dear lady," said Mrs. Roberts, mournfully.

"Well, you see, that would be bad enough, wouldn't it?" resumed Lady Moreton; "but what's that, I should like to know, compared to what we have got to look forward to afterwards? It is perfectly clear, from what the lawyer said, that Sir Christopher expects we should keep her here, for he coolly mentioned, just as if it could be any object to me, you know, that her father had settled five hundred a year on her, four of which was to be paid for her board; as if I should care three straws whether she paid or not. If she were a fine, handsome, lively girl, that could help us on with our parties, she might spend the whole five hundred upon her dress, and welcome, for we should both of us, I am sure, be glad to have her. But such a girl as that! I really do feel that she is killing me by inches."

"My poor dear lady! I am sure my heart aches for you!" said Mrs. Roberts, wringing her hands together, and looking as dolorous as if all her own family were condemned to death by inches also.

"You are a very kind-hearted woman, Mrs. Roberts," resumed her ladyship, "and it really is a comfort to open one's heart to you; but I can't help laughing either, at the thoughtful slyness of Sir Christopher. What do you think of his ordering his lawyer to tell me that *in case* he did not marry again (and he is just forty years old, observe), but in case he does not marry again, this girl will have the whole of his unentailed property, amounting, the man said, to at least three thousand a year. Now I know perfectly well that this message was sent in order to tempt me to keep her for the pleasure of having an heiress to take about with me, which every body in this country knows is exactly the same thing as having a fine piece of preferment in one's gift. But I am too well off, and stand too well in Paris to care a farthing about it. It was cleverly thought of, too, for most people would give a great deal for it, though I would not give a button."

Hitherto, Mrs. Roberts had continued to listen to her illustrious friend with a well-sustained air of affectionate, yet respectful interest, which really did her great credit, being precisely the aspect most likely to obtain what she wished, namely, the continuation of her ladyship's condescending familiarity, which not only gratified her feelings at the moment, but gave her a treasure of noble anecdotes, which she determined carefully to hoard up for future use. But as Lady Moreton drew near to the conclusion of the speech above quoted, the eyes of Mrs. Roberts began to wander. First, they ceased to meet those of the noble speaker, and then they appeared to avoid her face altogether, till at length they finally settled themselves on the carpet, and she

remained unconsciously a perfect model of meditation, and as silent as a statue.

For some time after this alteration took place, the dowager countess continued to harangue, but at length she paused to take breath, a variation which seemed to rouse Mrs. Roberts from her reverie, for she instantly rose, and in rather a hurried manner began to take her leave.

Both Agatha and Maria, meanwhile, had been endeavoring in a very praiseworthy manner, to keep on something of a conversation with the elegant Lady Forton, but this, though it was very hard work, had not so completely occupied their attention, as to prevent their keeping their ears on the alert, to learn in what manner their mamma would introduce the subject of Madame de Soissonac's delinquency, and what degree of information she would obtain in return. But when she rose thus suddenly without having alluded to the subject at all, they exchanged glances, knit their brows, and looked exceedingly angry; but perceiving that their negligent parent was actually backing towards the door, they exchanged another glance, and then Agatha said, in rather a louder voice than she usually deemed proper in the presence of a countess,

"Stop one moment, mamma! I should so like to ask their ladyships if they are going to Madame de Soissonac's on Tuesday next, because we want so particularly to know."

"On Tuesday next?" returned Lady Moreton. "Yes, to be sure we are, child; we always go there every Tuesday. She gives some of the best parties in Paris, and I don't care a straw for the looms. What made you ask the question, mademoiselle?"

Agatha felt that she had got herself into a scrape. She did not at all like having to say that Madame de Soissonac had warned them off, but she could not now avoid it, and therefore replied with a little scornful laugh,

"That Madame de Soissonac appeared to have taken offence at something they had said or done, for that she had distinctly told them the evening before, that she was going to make some alterations in her parties, which would prevent her being able to receive them on Tuesday, and yet it was plain that she had not said the same to other people."

"Really!" said Lady Moreton and Lady Forton in chorus. And the eyebrows of both ladies gradually raised themselves considerably higher than usual on their foreheads. Their look and manner altogether, were indeed exceedingly disagreeable to the Robertses. Their two ladyships evidently received it as a fact which admitted of no contradiction, that Madame de Soissonac intended to affront them.

"Is it not very strange?" said Agatha, her cheeks glowing with indignation.

"I don't know, I'm sure, my dear," replied Lady Moreton. "Perhaps she did not like the look of your dresses last night? That would be quite enough, I promise you. She never can bear shabby dresses."

"Not like the look of our dresses!" were the words which most assuredly would have risen to the lips of each of the Robertses, had they not all been too well-behaved to repeat the words of a countess in her presence. For a moment they were all silent, and then Mrs. Roberts articulated, but with a great deal of gentleness, "I don't think it could have been that."

And the poor lady remembered, not without a disagreeable twinge, that all their dresses were both new and costly, and, alas! that none of them had been paid for. The two young ladies, also, were a good deal disgusted, and very naturally so, at the suggestion, but they only smiled, upon which Lady Moreton rejoined,

"Well, I don't know—I am sure I can't tell—it is impossible to say," concluding these satisfactory remarks with a condescending nod to each of them, adding, "Good by—good by—don't let us keep you standing," which of course meant, "Don't keep me standing." A hint sufficiently well understood to induce Mrs. Roberts and her daughters to retreat without further ceremony.

The two young ladies re-entered their carriage with feelings a good deal irritated; but Agatha's first words, which were, "Horrid old woman;" and Maria's first words, which were, "How I do detest that sort of pride and condescension mixed up together, so that it is impossible to tell which one is going to have!" did not receive so sympathetic a return from their mamma, as they might naturally have expected; but the fact was, that at that moment Mrs. Roberts's faculties were so completely absorbed upon a speculation that concerned the future, that she had little

or no attention left to bestow upon the present.

In a general way Mrs. Roberts was far from being reserved towards her daughters, and since their arrival in Paris, this unreserve had decidedly increased, rather than diminished. The phrase by which in England she was wont to express her intention of taking or rather of hearing an opinion, had almost invariably been, "Of course the father of a family ought to be consulted whenever it is possible to do so;" it was now generally changed for, "Young people have eyes in their heads as well as their elders," a difference which displayed a very judicious power of distinction on the part of Mrs. Roberts; for whereas Mr. Roberts was very likely to agree with her, in days of yore, upon most subjects of economy and expenditure, the young ladies were morally certain to do so now; which must already have become obvious to the reader, from sundry little traits which have been cited, relative both to mother and daughters. But now, this delightful unreserve seemed to have vanished, for all that the poor girls could get in return for repeated bursts of the most confidential openness on their part, was this,

"I beg your pardon, my dears, but I really was thinking of something else, and I don't quite know what you are talking about."

"What is it, mamma?" said Agatha.

"What is it, mamma?" said Maria.

But this question, direct as it was, did not help them a bit, for though Mrs. Roberts did not look the least angry, the smile which she gave first to one, and then to the other in return, was of so vacant and unmeaning a character, as more to increase their uncertainty, than to remove it. However, they behaved with great good sense on the occasion, merely giving each other a little kick, which was made perfectly intelligible by the words, "It's no use;" which they uttered without restraint, and, in fact, without the least wish that Mrs. Roberts would notice, or even hear them.

But whatever the young ladies might think of it, their mamma did not deserve to be accused of caprice. She really had a great deal to think of, and that too of an extremely important kind.

The situation of Mrs. Roberts at this time was certainly one of some difficulty and embarrassment. Though the ready wit of her daughters, acting upon her own sagacious judgment, had relieved her from the sudden difficulty produced by the demand of Mademoiselle Amabel, Mrs. Roberts had received and paid too many bills in the course of her life, not to feel, in the very midst of her triumph at getting rid of the dun, that the relief was but temporary. Moreover, though she did not think it necessary to tease the poor girls by talking about it, Mademoiselle Amabel's account was not the only one which lay concealed in the recesses of her writing-desk. The elegant Edward had not reached the pinnacle on which he stood, as one of the best-dressed Englishmen who walked the Boulevards, without having been obliged to ask his proud mother for a little assistance, which assistance had been given, not only in the shape of all the ready money she could spare, but also by her telling him that if he would leave *one* of his tailor's bills with her, she would take care somehow or other, to get it paid before very long. Moreover, though such trifles were not of sufficient consequence, seriously to torment any person with so respectable an income as she had the command of, she could not help recollecting sometimes, with rather an uncomfortable consciousness, that the butter and cream bill had been suffered to run on a good while; and also that Mr. Roberts had given her money expressly to pay a wine-bill, which she had quite forgotten, and suffered the money to melt away out of her fingers, she really did not know for what.

But there was something a great deal worse than all this, which weighed upon the mind of Mrs. Roberts. She had been for above twenty years in the habit of assuring her husband, children, and as many people as would listen to her, that she was one of the best managers that ever lived; and the consequence was that a great many people consulted her in a very flattering manner upon points of economy, and that her husband trusted all domestic affairs to her without reserve. Could she quietly have gone into prison for these troublesome little debts, without any body's knowing any thing about it, she would have suffered absolutely nothing, in comparison to what she sometimes endured now, when she thought what little chance there was that she should ever get clear of them, without confessing their existence to Mr. Roberts. This idea tormented her perpetually, and the more so, of course, because she would not indulge herself with the relief of confiding it to her daughters. Why was it then, that

although nothing in the world had occurred to alter this position of things, and although she had all the vexation of Madame de Soissonac's offensive conduct, and the unceremonious commentary of the Ladies Moreton and Forton upon it, to add to her annoyances—why was it that her countenance expressed so very benign a degree of satisfaction?

It was not for nothing, gentle reader. Mrs. Roberts had that morning heard enough to occupy her mind by night and by day for some time to come, without leaving her any leisure to recur to her trumpery little debts; excepting just to remember, perhaps, what a great pleasure it would be to get rid of them.

"Why," thought Mrs. Roberts, "why should not I step forward at this critical moment, and offer to relieve my excellent and most flattering confidential friend Lady Moreton of the troublesome guardianship of her niece? As to her mourning and her moaning, it could not possibly produce the slightest inconvenience to me. I should not be called an unfeeling sister because I did not mourn and moan with her. Four hundred a year! More than half as much again as we have got now! It would be perfectly impossible that we could go wrong with that—perfectly! And then the contingency! Let any woman look at Edward—any woman in the world, rich or poor, old or young, and see if she can do it without feeling at her heart that he is the handsomest man she ever saw. Living with him, too, actually living under the same roof with him! I will defy her to help herself, poor girl; there can be no doubts or fears about that part of the business. And even if her father, Sir Christopher, *should* marry, and it *should* turn out that she would never have any thing beyond her present five hundred a year, I should still be delighted with the match. The connection, with our high spirit and superior sort of feeling on those subjects, would perfectly reconcile us all to the marriage, even though her father were to have half-a-dozen sons. Our calling on that proud old woman to-day, was perfectly providential!"

Now then who will wonder at Mrs. Roberts looking pleased despite all the troubles which beset her? Or who can blame her if, with such occupation for her thoughts, she did not pay any great attention to what her daughters were talking about?

Few women, in any station of life, had ever attained a more thoroughly independent situation in their domestic circle than Mrs. Roberts. Nobody, not even Edward, unless he pretended to be half in joke, ever ventured to contradict her. Mr. Roberts, as far as he was concerned, knew that he had a great deal better not. His life, as he managed it, was by no means a very uncomfortable one, though he hated being scolded as much as most men; for, without absolutely yielding up the power of seeing, hearing, and guessing from day to day, what was going on around him, he managed so cleverly to bow and to bend, to twist and to turn, in order to avoid falling under the displeasure of his wife, that, notwithstanding her strictly sustained authority, they very rarely appeared to disagree. Neither were her daughters at all more restive under the yoke which her principles of domestic discipline led her to put upon them, than she was at all times ready to forgive upon due submission on their parts. It may, indeed, always be remarked, that where the conjugal part of an establishment is carried on upon a system resembling that of Mrs. Roberts, the children of the family are found to restrain all symptoms of natural and hereditary vivacity of temper to their intercourse with their papa; feeling, from a sort of intuitive logic, that he who has been brought to declare, without a murmur, that black was white, every time his lady and mistress required the concession, was not likely to make any great difficulty about allowing that pale pink was dark crimson, when his offspring particularly wished that he should do so. Yet, notwithstanding the admirable simplicity of the machinery which regulated all the more important movements of the Roberts family, by which one main spring did every thing, without any perplexing complication of action from minor ones—notwithstanding this admirable arrangement, there were now and then circumstances which, like the present, required the acquiescence of the titular master of the family to be publicly expressed in order to bring the business to perfection.

But not for this was the heartfelt contentment of Mrs. Roberts the less perfect. She knew her power, and if there was something of almost nervous hurry in the manner in which, on returning home, she sought her husband, it was not from any agitating doubt as to how her proposal might be taken, but solely from eagerness to be *doing* in a business, from the accomplishment o

which she anticipated such delightful results.

Mr. Roberts had an old English newspaper before him when she entered the room where he was sitting, but he was more than half asleep over it, and started when roused to consciousness by his wife, who laid her hand upon his shoulder as she approached him, giving him a gentle shake.

"Oh! is it you, my dear?" he exclaimed. "I do believe I was dreaming, for I fancied I heard old Smithson, our head clerk, complaining that the balance sheet did'nt show off so so well as it ought to do. Only think of my dreaming that, my dear!"

"But you must be wide awake now, Mr. Roberts, to listen to what I have got to say to you," said his wife, in an accent which showed plainly enough that the promised communication was to be received as extremely agreeable. "And most thankful you ought to be, Mr. Roberts," she added, solemnly, "that neither your prosperity, nor that of your family depends longer upon Mr. Smithson and his balance sheet. I think I have something to tell you that will convince you at last, my dear, that the wisest thing you ever did in your life, was letting me have my own way about giving up that terribly slow coach, the banking concern, and coming to a country where my knowledge of the world, and my unceasing anxiety to improve the position of my family, can be turned to account."

"Have either of the girls had an offer?" cried Mr. Roberts, eagerly. "Nonsense, Mr. Roberts! You really need not trouble yourself to be in any fuss about their marrying. Such girls as mine, with a mother to take care of them, who tolerably well knows what she is about, are not very likely to encumber their father's house too long. No, sir, I have something better than that for you," said Mrs. Roberts, seating herself in an arm-chair opposite to him, resting her elbows on its arms, and looking at him with a countenance perfectly radiant with satisfaction.

Had not Mr. Roberts several times, since his arrival in Paris, heard his lady announce an invitation, or even a call from some titled absentee, with an appearance of triumphant delight as remarkable as what she displayed now, he might have been more moved by her exulting manner; but although no secret accumulation of debts had as yet been disclosed to him, the worthy gentleman had begun to have a painful sort of misgiving about their expenditure. The carriage, the gay dresses of the whole family, particularly in the case of his son, of which naturally he was in some degree a better judge, altogether made him feel doubtful whether the economy of this continental scheme was quite as much to be depended on as its gaiety. And now he only expected to hear the name of some French, German, Polish, or British grandée, whose visiting card had produced the exhilarating effect on his lady's spirits, which he witnessed.

"Well, sir," began Mrs. Roberts, as soon as she had finished her jocose examination of her husband's grave face, "though you do look so very solemn, I suppose you do not intend to deny that we are living with a great deal more enjoyment, and amongst a very much better set of acquaintance, than we ever did before?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," replied the husband, "it is quite certain that we none of us ever went out into company so much before; and as to titles, and all that sort of finery, of course there is no comparison. I am only afraid sometimes, my dear, that there may be a little too much of it—not for pleasure I don't mean, for I am sure it is quite delightful to see you all enjoying yourselves so—talking French all of you, like natives, which must be such an improvement. So of course I am not afraid of all that. But I can't help thinking sometimes that it must be impossible for you, my dear Sarah, to save quite so much money as you intended. The table is certainly very economical, I can't deny that, and it does you great credit, I am sure, very great credit; but it is the carriage, which you know is always going on, and the beautiful dresses, all of which it is quite a pleasure to see, if it was not that I do sometimes feel half afraid, my dear, that you must be putting your good management to some inconvenience about it. But though this does sometimes come into my head, I soon satisfy myself again, by recollecting how quite impossible it is that, with your management, you ever should get into any real trouble about money."

Mrs. Roberts did certainly feel uncomfortable for about half-a-minute as she listened to this very civil speech, but she rallied again directly, and replied,

"Keep yourself easy, sir, I beg, about money matters; as long as you choose to confide them to me, they can never go very far wrong, you may depend upon it; and

what I am going to say now is a proof of it. You are not altogether out, Mr. Roberts, in fancying that a handsome carriage, like ours, is not kept for nothing. Neither can I dress my girls, as I do, in a style that gives them such a decided superiority over almost every body they meet, without paying for it. Edward, too, dear fellow, can't go naked; and you must know as well as I do, that it is not his little morsel of an allowance that can enable him to keep himself decent; and heaven knows that it is not the scrimping mite of an income which was all that you could contrive to squeeze out of your stupid business, that can do to keep up things as they are now—it is IMpossible to form intimate friendships with peeresses and that sort of people, and yet go on dressing like a kitchen-maid. You may put the question yourself to any body you like."

"Then what can we do, my dear Sarah?" cried the worthy man, exceedingly alarmed. "If the income won't do, what is to become of us?"

"Why, really, sir, I believe you would find it rather difficult to get out of the difficulty if you had not a wife to help you. But if you will have the condescension to give me leave, I will tell you what you must do. My friend, Lady Moreton, has been opening her heart to me respecting her charming niece, the daughter of Sir Christopher Harrington, his only daughter and heiress, you know. Dear Lady Moreton has been all but asking me if we will take her with an allowance of four-hundred-a-year for her board and other expenses. Now this, you see, my dear, would not only make every thing perfectly easy on the score of money—for four hundred a-year makes an immense difference—but it will be such a monstrous advantage to the girls in point of connexion. And who knows, Roberts, what may be the end of it? Who knows whether Edward and Miss Bertha Harrington may not like one another? She is quite young, in fact quite a child almost, and therefore it must be, in a great measure, in our power to make her understand by degrees that Edward is not only the handsomest, but by far the most amiable and excellent young man she can ever hope to meet with. And just think, my dear—only fix your mind for a few minutes upon the real facts of the case, Roberts. Five hundred a-year, certain, and she the daughter of a baronet. If this were all, it seems to me that we might really be pretty tolerably contented. What do you think about it, Mr. Roberts?"

"Think about it Sarah? Why I think that if I could live to see him make such a marriage as that, I should be contented to die the day after."

"Then what should you say, I wonder, if I was to tell you that this five hundred a-year, certain, is no more than the sixth part of what this young lady will have, in all human probability? What would you say to that, my good man?"

"What would I say to it? Oh! my dear Sarah, I am afraid that I should say it was too much—too much for us to hope that we could have any thing to do with it. But, nevertheless, my dear, I should like, if you please, to hear every thing about it. That, you know, can do no harm to any one."

"No, Mr. Roberts, I should think not. I never found that knowing and understanding every thing, which is my general way of going on, ever did me, or any body connected with me, harm; but rather the contrary. as I flatter myself you will allow. I have taken care, sir, to know and to understand every thing in the least degree important, about this young lady and her fortune. She has five hundred per annum, at present, Mr. Roberts, four of which her father has arranged for her, poor, young, motherless thing! shall be paid for her accommodation in any family where she may happen to reside. The fifth hundred will be left in her own hands for dress, washing, travelling, doctors' bills and other incidental expenses."

"Bless my soul, Sarah! What a wonderful woman you are, to be sure!" exclaimed Mr. Roberts, in a burst of genuine admiration. "Not one single thing, as you truly say, but what you have contrived to find out—that is, I mean, not any single thing that signifies. Now all that about the washing and the doctors' bills is so really important, and puts every thing on such a clear footing, that it is worth almost any money in a business of this kind."

"Of course it is, Mr. Roberts, or I should never have given myself the trouble of remembering it," replied the lady.

"But I think, my dear, you were going to be kind enough to explain all about that six times five hundred. Five sixes are thirty; three thousand a year that is. What were you going to say about that, Mrs. Roberts?"

"I was merely going to mention the fact

that Bertha Harrington will have three thousand a-year at the death of her father, for she is his only child; and that if his death should take place without his happening to marry again, she might certainly be considered, in point of fortune as well as birth, as an excellent match for Edward."

"An excellent match for Edward!" repeated Mr. Roberts, raising his spread hands towards the ceiling, "how cool and quiet you do talk of it, to be sure! Why, my dear, just think what it would be, returning to England after such a match as that! Think how the Pearsons would look, and the Rigtons! Oh, the Rigtons, Sarah, would be better than all, because they did use to come over us so, about their cousin, Lady Thomas! Should you not enjoy going back to England in such an event as that, Mrs. Roberts?"

"Certainly, Mr. Roberts, it would be highly creditable to us, there is no doubt of it; nor much doubt either, in my opinion, that if she does come to live with us, the thing will take place. I know what Edward is, and that if he is but allowed to make the best and the most of himself, by our contriving to let him have money enough to dress decently, and now and then to show off his beautiful figure on horseback, the girl will be no more able to resist him than you were able to resist me, Mr. Roberts. I know Edward, and, indeed, for that matter, I know myself too, and that what I may have lost in youthful looks since I was the beauty of Fulham, I have gained in knowledge of the world. Between you and I, Mr. Roberts, it would be rather a remarkable thing if a young girl like Bertha Harrington could live in the house with Edward, and his mother into the bargain, and leave it in any other way than as his wife. But of course, my dear, you must not say a word about the marriage, just at present; not even to Edward himself, remember. The first object must be our getting her to become a member of our family. That is all we have to think about now."

Mr. Roberts, his eyes fixed upon his lady's face, and opening wider and wider at every word she spoke, paused for several seconds after she had ceased to speak, as if fearful of losing a syllable, and then exclaimed, "Mrs. Roberts, if you do really manage to get this high young lady to lodge and board in our family, I shall truly think, and truly say, to the very last hour of my life, that you ARE one of the cleverest women, if not the very cleverest, that ever lived. For now, my dear, without cockering ourselves up too much with your sort of certain hope and expectation that our Edward will marry her,—even without this beautiful conclusion, I can't but say that I should consider the securing of such a boarder just now as about the very best thing that could happen to us. It would, I do think—indeed I am quite sure it would be the saving of us. Such a boarder as that, Mrs. Roberts, would be the saving of us."

"Such a *boarder!* For goodness sake, sir, leave off that horrid vulgar phrase. A boarder indeed! I do really believe that if all preliminaries were actually settled, and the day fixed on which this dear young creature was to enter our house as a member of our family, Lady Moreton and Lady Forton would both feel so dreadfully disgusted at the word *boarder*, that the whole negotiation would be broken off."

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" cried Mr. Roberts, closing his fists, and raising them on each side to the level of his head, as if they were two hammers with which he was going to execute justice upon his offending brains, "oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! You must gag me, Mrs. Roberts, you must indeed."

"Mr. Roberts," replied his lady, with a degree of dignity that to do her offended husband justice he really felt from head to foot—"Mr. Roberts, it will not do for any body in the situation in society which my husband ought to fill, and, indeed must fill, it will not do for him, sir, to live with a gag upon his mouth. But if you really wish not to undo every thing that I have done, you will be pleased to speak of this young lady as a beloved guest. Her name is Bertha, Mr. Roberts, and we may, and indeed we must, all call her Bertha, for unless we immediately assume this sort of style with her, our position in society will be altogether lost, and I would not give a single farthing for Edward's chance of marrying her, or for our two poor girls' chance of marrying any body. Every thing depends upon this, sir, and I should think that even you might have wit enough to see it. What becomes of the advantage of our intimacy with all her titled relations, if every body that sees her with us is to be told that she is our boarder? Answer me only that one question, Mr. Roberts, if you please."

"My dear I can't answer you," replied Mr. Roberts. "No man, I will venture to say, could answer such a woman as you are,

in any words having the appearance of sense in them, unless they agreed with every word you said. There is one thing, however, that I will say, because in that nobody can contradict me—I will say that though I often talk like a fool, there was once in my life that I acted like a wise man, and that was when I married you, my dear. I hope nobody will put a gag on me when I want to say that."

Mrs. Roberts acknowledged this civility by a bow, and a smile, and then went on to explain her intentions for the future. "As soon as this matter is settled, Roberts, I shall be for leaving Paris and going to Baden-Baden. The season here, you know, must be very soon drawing to a close, and no people of real fashion ever stay any where after invitations begin to grow slack. Besides, as I could easily make you understand, if I had time, there are many other reasons which would make our leaving Paris desirable, when we have got dear Bertha Harrington with us. In the first place there would be something extremely disagreeable in having Lady Moreton and Lady Forton for ever spying to find out whether Edward was beginning to be attentive to her, and all sorts of curious peeping besides; and, in the next place, Roberts, it will be quite as well after we leave Paris that you should call her your ward. This sounds respectable in every way, and when there are no people near who are likely to know much about her, or to ask any troublesome questions, there cannot possibly be any objection to it. But, let us be where we will, Mr. Roberts, don't, for mercy's sake, go about talking of our having engaged a young lady to come and board with us."

"No, my dear, I will not," replied Mr. Roberts, with the unmistakeable air of being very much in earnest. "You may quite and entirely depend that I will not; for I give you my word that now you have pointed it out to me, I see perfectly well what you mean, and I am altogether of your opinion about it. I see as plain as possible that it does not sound as it ought to, and I ought to be thankful for always having one near me who can so well set me right when I am wrong. But do tell me one thing more, my dear, will you? Did her ladyship, downright and *bonâ fide*, as we say, did she *bonâ fide* propose that this rich young lady, her niece, should come and live with us?"

Although Mrs. Roberts was at that moment in a very particularly good humor, she could not prevent a slight degree of scorn from showing itself both in her look and manner, as she prepared to reply to this question. She had, however, not the least inclination to quarrel with Mr. Roberts, quite the contrary, and she therefore conquered her feelings sufficiently to answer without any appearance of rudeness.

"No, sir, she did not; and to tell you the truth, my poor dear Mr. Roberts," she added, after pausing a moment, "to tell you the truth, my dear, I certainly think that if she had, I must in justice to myself have refused her flatly, however well I might like the arrangement if brought about in a proper, ladylike manner. But for Lady Moreton to have addressed such a proposal to me, would have been taking a most unwarrantable liberty—a liberty which I truly believe she would not have ventured to take with me for any consideration that could be offered her."

"Now, then, my dear love, I must beg you to have the kindness to explain all this to me," replied Mr. Roberts, looking, as he felt, poor man, most completely out of his depth. "I cannot comprehend why her ladyship should be afraid of paying you such a very flattering compliment."

"A compliment, indeed! But it is no good to be vexed at such nonsense. Now don't fancy I am angry, Mr. Roberts; I do assure you I am not; only it is impossible to help being surprised at such very odd notions. The truth I suspect is, my dear, that you do not yet quite appreciate the place I hold in society. It is not merely the being this man's wife, or another man's wife, which settles this point for one. It may do so indeed when the woman is a mere ordinary sort of character, with no particular abilities to distinguish her from the rest of the world; but I should have thought, Roberts, that you had known me well enough by this time to be aware that I lay claim to other sorts of distinction besides that of being your wife, my dear."

"To be sure, Mrs. Roberts, I do know it, and I don't see very well how I could help knowing it," he replied, with the very least little twinkle of a smile in his eyes; "but spite of that, I don't quite catch the reason why your dear friend, Lady Moreton, should be so terribly afraid to speak to you, especially when what she had got to say was so very agreeable."

"It is quite in vain, my dear friend,"

returned Mrs. Roberts with a sigh, "totally and entirely in vain, to attempt making you comprehend all the little niceties of high-bred manners and of high-bred people. Lady Moreton's *proposing* to me that her niece should come and make part of my family, would be something absolutely insulting. No, sir, if we do make up our minds to think such a thing desirable, the only possible way in which it can be brought about will be by my offering to do them this great and most important service as a friend; confessing however, frankly, at the same time, that one great reason for my doing so, independent of my affection for them, arises from my wish of securing for my own dear girls so eligible a companion. This is the way, sir, in which these sort of things are always done among real ladies and gentlemen."

"Yes, to be sure, my dear, I see it all now," replied Mr. Roberts, laughing. "There's a proverb, you know, that goes to it exactly, 'the truth is not at all times to be spoken.' Do it exactly in your own way, and then, of course, I know it will be well done. Upon my word and honor I would not interfere with your management of the business for any thing that you could give me. Do it your own way, my dear, from first to last."

"That is all that I ever wish or desire, my dear Mr. Roberts," said she, with a pleasant, good-humored smile, "and depend upon it I will set about the negotiation with all convenient speed, and, if nobody interferes with me, I don't feel the least doubt but that I shall bring it to a favorable termination. Meanwhile, my dear, I must trouble you to give me another check for a hundred pounds. There are a good many little things that dear Edward and the girls cannot do any longer without, besides several small housekeeping bills that the people neglected to send in last week. Here's your check-book, dear, and here's the pen and ink."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Roberts, this is the seventh. It is, upon my word and honor, Mrs. Roberts, this is the seventh hundred I have drawn for since we left London," replied the frightened husband. "It is a great comfort, to be sure, the knowing that you pay ready money for every thing, but yet, my dear, you must see that it will be impossible for us to go on in this way. I can't bear to refuse you, as long as I know there is any money left. But, upon my word and honor, we must not go on so."

"And pray, sir, what have I been saying to you for the last hour? Have I not been showing you as plain as that the sun is in the heaven, that I do *not* mean to go on in this way; or, in other words, that what I do mean is to make your poor little income half as much again as it is at present? Have you understood me, Mr. Roberts, or have you not?" said his wife, with some appearance of displeasure.

Mr. Roberts sighed; but he took up the pen, did with it as he had been desired to do, and only said as he presented the check to his lady, "I hope, my dear, that it won't be inconvenient to my lady to let the young heiress come to us immediately."

LOWELL OFFERING.

From the Athenæum.

Knight's Weekly Volume—No. 1. *William Caxton: a Biography.* By Charles Knight.—No. 2. *Mind among the Spindles: a Selection from the Lowell Offering.*—No. 3. *The Englishman in Egypt.* By Miss Lane.—Nos. 4 & 7. *Tales from Shakspeare.* By Mr. and Miss Lamb.—No. 5. *The Textile Manufactures of Great Britain.* By G. Dodd.—No. 6. *The Chinese.* By J. F. Davis. Vol. I.

We shall hereafter treat separately of the third volume of this rapidly-growing library. The first treats of a subject too familiar to our readers to call for critical examination. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 again, are old friends, and need no more than a word of welcome. There remains, then, but the selection from 'The Lowell Offering;' and this, as we had already dealt with its matter (*Athen.* No. 722), must have been passed over, but for a letter from Miss Martineau, which, as a cordial recommendation, and a pleasant piece of writing, must be advantageous to the publication, and not without interest to the reader:—

"Your interest in this Lowell book can scarcely equal mine; for I have seen the factory girls in their Lyceum, and have gone over the cotton-mills at Waltham, and made myself familiar on the spot with factory life in New England; so that in reading the 'Offering,' I saw again in my memory the street of houses built by the earnings of the girls, the church which is their property, and the girls themselves trooping to the mill, with their healthy countenances, and their neat dress and quiet manners, resembling those of the tradesman class of our country. My visit to Lowell was merely for one day, in company with Mr. Emerson's party,—he (the pride and boast of New England as an author and philosopher)

being engaged by the Lowell factory people to lecture to them, in a winter course of historical biography. Of course the lectures were delivered in the evening, after the mills were closed. The girls were then working seventy hours a-week, yet, as I looked at the large audience (and I attended more to them than the lecture) I saw no sign of weariness among any of them. There they sat, row behind row, in their own Lyceum—a large hall, wainscoted with mahogany, the platform carpeted, well lighted and provided with a handsome table, desk, and seat, and adorned with portraits of a few worthies; and as they thus sat listening to their lecturer, all wakeful and interested, all well-dressed and lady-like, I could not but feel my heart swell at the thought of what such a sight would be with us. The difference is not in rank, for these young people were all daughters of parents who earn their bread with their own hands. It is not in the amount of wages, however usual that supposition is, for they were then earning from one to three dollars a week, besides their food; the children one dollar (4*s.* 3*d.*), the second-rate workers two dollars, and the best three; the cost of their dress and necessary comforts being much above what the same class expend in this country. It is not in the amount of toil; for, as I have said, they worked seventy clear hours per week. The difference was in their superior culture. Their minds are kept fresh, and strong, and free, by knowledge and power of thought; and this is the reason why they are not worn and depressed under their labors. They begin with a poorer chance for health than our people; for the health of the New England women generally is not good, owing to circumstances of climate and other influences; but among the 3800 women and girls in the Lowell mills when I was there, the average of health was not lower than elsewhere; and the disease which was most mischievous was the same that proves most fatal over the whole country—consumption; while there were no complaints peculiar to mill life. At Waltham, where I saw the mills, and conversed with the people, I had an opportunity of observing the invigorating effects of MIND in a life of labor. Twice the wages and half the toil would not have made the girls I saw happy and healthy, without that cultivation of mind which afforded them perpetual support, entertainment, and motive for activity. They were not highly educated, but they had pleasure in books and lectures, in correspondence with home; and had their minds so open to fresh ideas, as to be drawn off from thoughts of themselves and their own concerns. When at work they were amused with thinking over the last book they had read, or with planning the account they should write home of the last Sunday's sermon, or with singing over to themselves the song they meant to practise in the evening; and when evening came, nothing was heard of tired limbs and eagerness for bed; but, if it was summer, they sallied out the moment tea was over, for a walk, and, if it was winter, to the lecture-room, or to the ball-room for a dance, or they got an hour's practice at the piano, or wrote home, or shut themselves up with a new book. It was during the hours of work in the mill that the papers in the 'Offering' were meditated, and it was after work in the evenings that they were penned. There is, however, in the case of these girls, a stronger support, a more elastic spring of vigor and cheerfulness, than even an active and cultivated understanding. The institution of factory labor has brought ease of heart to many; and to many occasion for noble and generous deeds. The ease of heart is given to those who were before suffering in silent poverty, from the deficiency of profitable employment for women, which is even greater in America than with us. It used to be understood there, that all women were maintained by the men of their families; but the young men of New England are apt to troop off into the West, to settle in new lands, leaving sisters at home. Some few return to fetch a wife, but the greater number do not, and thus a vast over-proportion of young women remains; and to a multitude of these the opening of factories was a most welcome event, affording means of honorable maintenance, in exchange for pining poverty at home. As for the noble deeds, it makes one's heart glow to stand in these mills, and hear of the domestic history of some who are working before one's eyes unconscious of being observed or of being the object of any admiration. If one of the sons of a New England farmer shows a love for books and thought, the ambition of an affectionate sister is roused, and she thinks of the glory and honor to the whole family, and the blessing to him, if he could have a college education. She ponders this till she tells her parents, some day, of her wish to go to Lowell, and earn the means of sending her brother to college. The desire is yet more urgent if the brother has a pious mind, and a wish to enter the ministry. Many a clergyman in America has been prepared for his function by the devoted industry of sisters; and many a scholar and professional man dates his elevation in social rank and usefulness from his sister's, or even some affectionate aunt's entrance upon mill life, for his sake. Many girls, perceiving anxiety in their fathers' faces, on account of the farm being incumbered, and age coming on without release from the debt, have gone to Lowell, and worked till the mortgage was paid off, and the little family property free. Such motives may well lighten and sweeten labor; and to such girls labor is light and sweet. Some, who have no such calls, unite the surplus of their earnings to build dwellings for their own residence, six, eight, or twelve living togther with the widowed mother, or elderly aunt of one of them to keep house for, and give countenance to the party. I saw a whole street of houses so built and owned at Waltham; pretty frame houses, with the broad piazza, and the green Venetian

blinds, that give such an air of coolness and pleasantness to American village and country abodes. There is the large airy eating-room, with a few prints hung up, the piano at one end, and the united libraries of the girls, forming a good-looking array of books, the rocking chairs universal in America, the stove adorned in summer with flowers, and the long dining-table in the middle. The chambers do not answer our English ideas of comfort. There is there a strange absence of the wish for privacy; and more girls are accommodated in one room than we should see any reason for in such comfortable and pretty houses. In the mills the girls have quite the appearance of ladies. They sally forth in the morning with their umbrellas in threatening weather, their calashes to keep their hair neat, gowns of print or gingham, with a perfect fit, worked collars or pelerines, and waistbands of ribbon. For Sundays and social evenings they have their silk gowns, and neat gloves and shoes. Yet through proper economy,—the economy of educated and thoughtful people,—they are able to lay by for such purposes as I have mentioned above. The deposits in the Lowell Savings' Bank were, in 1834, upwards of 114,000 dollars, the number of operatives being 5000, of whom 3800 were women and girls. I thank you for calling my attention back to this subject. It is one I have pleasure in recurring to. There is nothing in America which necessitates the prosperity of manufactures as of agriculture, and there is nothing of good in their factory system which may not be emulated elsewhere—equalled elsewhere, when the people employed are so educated as to have the command of themselves and of their lot in life, which is always and everywhere controlled by mind, far more than by outward circumstances. I am, &c. H. MARTINEAU.

Could more be said without weakening the cheering impression of the above?

MEHEMET ALI.—Since the Emperor Charles V. retired to the monastery of St. Just, the world has scarcely witnessed so singular and unexpected an act of voluntary abdication as that of Mehemet Ali, which has just been announced by the French telegraph. Although the retirement of the Pasha of Egypt from public affairs to the precincts of the Holy Cities, cannot be compared, in political importance, to the seclusion of the august head of the House of Austria in the 16th century, yet as an instance of individual force of character, it is not less remarkable; and it would seem as if the most signal renunciations of political greatness were to crown the lives of those men who had been most eager in the pursuit of it.—Mehemet Ali will occupy a conspicuous position in the history of oriental nations, as one of the greatest, and probably the last, of those men who rose by the sole energy of their natures and the capricious influences of Asiatic manners, from the lowest orders of society to all but the supreme dignity of the Mussulman empire. Like Hyder Ali, or the low-born heroes who, in past ages and in various countries, disputed the ascendency of the cross over the crescent, Mehemet Ali found within himself resources equal to the pressure of the most eventful times, and superior to the declining tendencies of his race and of his creed. But, unlike any of the other heroes of Mahommedan history, he was resolute without fanaticism; and he combined to a remarkable degree the habitual exercise of arbitrary and absolute power with a true respect for more civilized countries and a practical tolerance of other forms of religion. If we attempted to sum up his character in one word, it would be in that of "self-possession." The most cruel and violent acts of his life, such as the destruction of the Mamelukes, were performed with a coolness and design quite distinct from the ordinary excesses of oriental vengeance. The administration of Egypt was conducted with the same stern indifference to all but the steady growth of that power which the Pasha was laboring to establish. During the events of 1840, when a less prudent or a more timorous man might have compromised his existence by an act either of defiance or of submission, he kept his temper, and therefore he kept his pashalik. To his immortal honor, he forwarded the British mails to India whilst our fleet was attacking Syria and menacing Alexandria; and on no subsequent occasion has he betrayed the smallest resentment for conduct which, on the part of certain high servants of the Crown of England, was harsh, impolitic, and unjust. Indeed, we may here allude with peculiar satisfaction to the very marked reception given by the Pasha to the present Governor-General of India, when he passed through Egypt a few weeks ago; and we trust that the treaty which was rapidly negotiated at that interview, will afford a permanent and effectual protection to our overland communications with India. Lastly, as if even death itself was not to find him unprepared, or as one who is anxious to witness at least the commencement of his own posterity, the old man retires from the shores of the Nile, which he has once more opened to life and to a second greatness, and betakes himself in meditation, if not in devotion, to the consecrated City of the Prophet. It is, however, premature to assume that his career is already closed. His life is probably even now better than that of Ibrahim; and in the vicissitudes which are now crowded on the surviving members of the Ottoman empire, it is impossible to foresee any secure repose but in the grave. Some uncertainty, indeed, still hangs about the actual fulfilment of this great and sudden determination. Within a few weeks, and by the last accounts from Egypt, the Pasha was in all his usual vigor of body and mind—full of projects and active designs which seem calculated rather to prolong the duration of his life and power, than to forestall the close of them; and at no time was the abrupt cessation of his interest in public affairs more unforeseen.—*Times.*

THE SUNIASSIE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

One of the most extensive provinces in the Deccan—as that portion of India is termed which is situated between the rivers Nerbudda and Kistna—is the Goandwanna, a wild, mountainous, and unhealthy district, though the care and culture of the few Mahratta families from Nagpore, that are found in certain parts, have rendered them fertile and productive. The general aspect of the country, however, is unfavorable; and where occupied by the native Goands, almost an entire sheet of jungle. This wretched tribe, perhaps the very lowest in the scale of all the natives of India, though Hindoos of the Brahminical cast, profess peculiarities that are at variance with the tenets of Brahma, permitting themselves the indulgence of animal food, and abstaining only from that of the cow. For many years the tradition popular among the natives of Lower India, that among the Goands there were certain sects that offered annual human sacrifices to the destroyer, was ridiculed by the European community; but later investigations, and the testimony of an intelligent and inquiring officer, Captain Crawford, of Bengal, whose intimate knowledge of the habits and customs of the east has seldom been equalled, have proved, beyond all doubt, the prevalence of this revolting and terrible practice. It was in the year 1819 that a singular chance, or rather a series of rare events, confirmed my own belief in the existence of a crime, which was then darkly hinted at, but which was only credited by the sepoys and natives of Madras.

The regiment to which I was at that period attached, was *en route* from Bengalore, in Mysore, to Chanda, in Berar, a distance of no less than six hundred miles; when one morning, after reaching our encampment for the day, I sallied out into the jungle, with a brother officer, whose fowling-piece made frequent and welcome additions to our common-place marching fare. Calvert Montford was a gay-hearted, handsome, generous fellow, and the favorite of the whole corps, from the bluff old commandant to Meer Ali, the flugelman; though, in truth, he was apt, in the exuberant hilarity of youth, to commit vexatious solecisms in the serious matter of military etiquette. Our kind, but stern commanding officer, Major Beckett, was frequently obliged to check, with a severity that was sometimes half assumed, the heedless gamesomeness which too often led Montford into dilemmas that, by compromising the credit of the corps, might have provoked graver punishment if subjected to the pitiless analysis of higher authorities. Not that a single grain of vicious or dishonorable feeling could be sifted by even malevolence from the volatile matter which formed the faults of my friend; but he was ever and anon offending the gravity of official ceremony—insulting, out of mere schoolboy fun, the prejudices of the native population—and erring against the common discipline of the service. Complaints were constantly being brought against him by the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which we passed; now the house of a surly Mahommedan had been forcibly entered, now a sacred pigeon had been shot at while roosting on the very pinnacle of a pagoda; yesterday half-a-dozen palmyra-trees had been pilfered of their tari-pots;* and to-day some nameless offence had been offered to the idol of Vishnoo itself; while once upon a time he was likely to have fared still worse for having dared to pursue one of the dancing girls belonging to the temple into the very precincts of that prohibited edifice. But to proceed. We had traversed a considerable quantity of the ground with various success; a few hares and green pigeons had been bagged and confined to the care of Calvert's *kootay-walla* (dog-keeper), and the day beginning to heaten into true Oriental fervor, we were on our return when we came unexpectedly upon an old grey pagoda in ruins, and so completely hugged in by trees, that we saw it not until we were close upon it. A sharp bark from Calvert's dog attracted our attention towards it, and running round the corner of the building, we beheld a huge brown monkey, squatted on an arch of the temple, and indulging in a series of facial contortions. Montford raised his gun.

"*Mut màro, sahib!*" (do not fire, sir!) cried the dogboy, in evident alarm, "it is a sacred monkey, and the Brahmins will be displeased."

But scarcely had the warning passed his lips ere Calvert fired, and down at his feet fell the poor animal quite dead.

At the same moment forth from the dismantled pagoda there rushed a being of so appalling, so spectral an appearance, that

* The pot, suspended from the cocoa-nut, date, and palm-trees, to receive their sap, or viny juice, for which at certain seasons, they are pierced.

had it not been familiar to us, we might have questioned its claims to humanity. But for the ten days before, the Suniassie, who now leaped forwards uttering the most frightful yells and imprecations, had followed our camp. I have since then frequently lamented that the art of the painter was not mine, for the whole scene would have made a striking picture. The Suniassie was a gaunt, muscular man, in the decline of life; wrapped in a scanty, but close-fitted tunic, of many-colored patchwork, which extended scarcely to his knees, leaving his nether limbs entirely naked;—his long grizzled hair, matted in greasy folds, fell down his shoulders to the waist, from which, tied by a girdle of rope, hung a gourd to hold his arms, while in his hand he carried a bunch of peacock feathers. His face was smeared with white ashes, and his natural ugliness was increased by the deformity of a nose which had been slit—whether in penance, or as a punishment for some former offence, is unknown.

Pointing to the still quivering body of the monkey, he poured forth the grossest revilings of which the Hindostani language is capable, against the English in general, and my friend in particular. Flinging his arms up to the sky, he called down curses upon the destroyer of the monkey, which made the dogboy cower in very terror; and while we stood gazing in silence, as we might have done at a play, he sprang suddenly towards the shrine, lifted a huge stone, dipped it in the blood of the animal, and ere we could fathom his intent, flung it with all his force at the head of Calvert. It struck him on the temple, and he fell, stupified for the moment, but not materially injured. In my rage I darted towards the Suniassie, but ere I could reach him he plunged amid the ruins of the pagoda, and in another moment was seen high up on the crumbling parapet, whence, shouting the words, "*Dawa! Dawa!*"* he disappeared.

The revengeful nature of the Hindoo religious mendicant is well known; but though frequently displayed in the upper provinces of India, is seldom outwardly expressed nearer to the seat of government. Of these hypocritical and bigoted beggars there are four sects; consisting of the Gosains, or Suniassies, who are followers of Siva; the Byragees, disciples of Vishnu; Udassies, attached to the Seik creed; and Jogies, who are distinguished from the others by the burial instead of the burning of their dead. The Suniassie, who is the unworthy hero of my present sketch, had appeared suddenly in our camp; where he was an object of fear to the generality of our sepoys, who were neither allied to him by country nor connexion, for he was a native of Bengal. More than once he had interfered in disputes with which he had nothing in common, and had been ordered from the camp in consequence of his insolent and malignantly-expressed detestation of the English.

Meanwhile Calvert Montford recovered to feel little ill effects from a blow which had been too slight to cause other results than a headache and a bruise; but as he had so often incurred the reprimands of his commanding officers for offending the superstitions of the natives, the death of the monkey, and its attendant punishment, were concealed from Major Beckett until after many days, when, having seen nothing more of the Suniassie, the whole matter was freely talked over at the mess-table. A general laugh was raised at the expense of Calvert Montford by the juniors, but there were others who expressed astonishment that no complaint had been made about the destruction of the sacred monkey, while the disappearance of the mendicant served equally to puzzle all.

"I am glad he is no longer with us," observed the major; "but, young man, should you meet him again, excite not his ire, he is a dangerous playfellow, and it is seldom that such creatures forego their purposes of vengeance."

* * * * * *

We had been about nine months at Chanda—a dreary old city, some eighty miles south of Nagpore, surrounded by woods which were infested by tigers, and in the unwholesome fastnesses of which, bidding defiance to malaria and fever-mist, Montford found frequent relief from the *ennui* which is almost sure to assail the tedious hours of an inert military life. Chanda, with its ruinous ramparts, six miles in circumference, its heterogeneous population of Mahomedans, Mahrattas, and Brahmins, of all denominations, contained no Europeans but the officers of our own regiment, and at that period we had not a married man amongst us; so that the charms of female society being denied us, alack for him who found not in his gun or his book, his pen or his pencil, that relaxation which, in sta-

* Revenge! Revenge!

tions less lonely, he looks for in the social circles and the crowded company. Several of the officers, too, were detached, and I was ordered to Wurra, a village some twelve miles from Chanda, where my duties were to protect it and the adjoining hamlets from the aggressions of bands of marauders, then ravaging the whole country on the banks of the river Wurda, close to which my little party were pleasantly encamped. Montford, at the same time, obtained a month's leave to roam the jungles, and spent two days with me; after which, crossing the Wurda, and attended by his three servants and a favorite sepoy, in plain clothes, he commenced his knight-errantry. The month had nearly slipped by, when one morning, as my solitary drum and fife were blending their *reveillée* sounds with the lowing of a newly-roused kine, the crowing of cocks, and the tinkling bells of a flock of sheep, I was surprised by the appearance of a doly, or litter, such as is used by the better class of natives up country, which, attended by a horseman, was fording the stream in front of my tent.

"*Dekho, jee!*" cried a sepoy near me; "*Montford sahib ata hie;*" (look, sir, Mr. Montford is coming;) and so it was. In another moment we were shaking hands, and my eyes were asking a hundred questions about the *doly* before my tongue had uttered one. But I will skip the unlading of the sweet freight which that vehicle bore, the arrangements made for its comfortable accommodation, and proceed to give my friend's narrative in, as nearly as may be, his own words.

"After I left you, I had a glorious week's sport before I reached Dewelmurry, where in my perambulations, I learned that farther on, at Bustar, the Goands were at such hot feud with each other, that it would be folly to visit the place. I liked the neighborhood of Dewelmurry, but fate would have it that, in spite of all my resolutions, I should be enticed some twenty miles nearer Bustar than I intended. Ali Homed (the sepoy before alluded to) is a fine intelligent fellow, and by him I was informed that he had 'made *dowstee*' (formed friendship) with an old Puthan in the town, whose only child, a young and lovely girl, had lately been dragged from their cottage during his temporary absence, the only person who was with her at the time being a decrepid old woman, their servant. That plunder was not the object of her abductors was evident, for nothing was touched in the house or garden, and the old woman, who had fainted in her terror, could only recollect that, amongst the party who tore the poor girl from her arms, there was one in the garb of a common Hindoo mendicant. Interested by Ali's recital, at my desire he introduced me to his new acquaintance. He was a fine, venerable old man, on the verge of eighty; and, in answer to my queries, declared that he was convinced his daughter—his sweet Azeeza—had been carried off by the Bustar Goands for their annual human sacrifice.

"'I dare not utter such words aloud, Maharajah,' said he, 'for there is neither law nor learning, faith nor fidelity, in this idolatrous country of Satan; but this atrocious custom prevails here as surely as Mahomed is the prophet of Alla! Every one knows, though none dare say, that the Gosains and Jogies of Bustar offer a human being in annual sacrifice to the goddess Kali; and of all others they prefer one who does not belong to their own accursed creed.'

"Horrorstruck, I asked him if he had no friends in authority,—no kindred from whom to demand counsel in such a strait.

"'None, sahib,' he answered; 'nor is there any course to pursue but to sit silently on the musnud of submission, and weep over the invisible ashes of my lost child. I have no relative here, and had gone to make arrangements at Chanda for a removal thither, when the rose of my life was taken from me by those infidel dogs. May their graves be defiled!'

"'But can nothing be done to save her?' cried I, indignant at his passive submission to what he called destiny.

"'Alla Kereem! God is merciful, but what can I do?' was the reply. 'The sacrifice always takes place at the new moon—in three days I shall be childless.'

"'Nay,' returned I, 'lead me to the suspected spot, provide me and my attendant with such disguises as you may deem most likely to favor such an enterprise, and let me try what can be done.'

"The old Mussulman clutched at the unexpected hope which my words conveyed, with a desperate joy; but Ali, knowing my rashness, and alarmed for the consequences of such an undertaking, endeavored to reason us out of it. But the strong desire I had to fathom the whole affair, to satisfy my doubts regarding the mystery of human sacrifice, and to restore a child to her father's arms, stimulated me to higher

thoughts; and, for once in my life, I resolved on adopting as my coadjutors Caution and Prudence, two assistants in the pursuit of adventure which the boldest man may wisely enlist. Suffice it to say that the venerable Puthan, Meer Khan, myself, and Ali, reached a public *choultry*, or caravanserai, in the dense woods that surround Bustar, on the very day before the new moon. We were disguised as soldiers of the Nizam, and it was not long ere we discovered the principal pagoda of the place, which was situated in a thick grove of banyan, peepul, and date-trees. Meer Khan felt assured that the interior of this temple was the place allotted for the sacrifice; nor was it with any difficulty we learned, by mingling with the crowds that attended a *haut* (fair) in the town, that a great festival was to be solemnized at midnight in the pagoda.

"Constructed with a power of resistance that would have repelled an army, the temple was to us a destruction of almost all hope. What, then, could we do? nothing. But fortune, chance, *Providence* did all. I had left the old Puthan sitting in despair beneath a tamarind tree, near which Ali was cooking an extempore currie, and as the twilight began to creep greyly over the earth, sauntered around the pagoda. As I stooped to pick up a wild flower that sprung from a heap of stones, a large snake, alarmed at my approach, issued from behind the tuft of datura that covered the rubbish, and directing its progress towards the wall of the temple, entered a fissure where it disappeared. What induced me to pursue it I know not, for I have an unconquerable terror of serpents, but I did so; and with my stick strove to guage the depths of the aperture, which was larger than I at first apprehended. The stick struck against some substance which emitted a metalic sound, and on approaching closer to examine it, I found that there was a small wicket, deeply buried in the stonework of the wall. I could perceive that, with slight toil, the mortar and rubbish which now almost curtained it from sight, might be cleared away, and, this effected, I had not a doubt but that an entrance to some part of the pagoda could be obtained. I flew rather than ran to the tamarind-tree, and related my discovery; nor lost we a moment before we acted upon it with the expedition and resolution that are sometimes engendered by despair.

"There was not a creature in sight, as, with our swords hidden below our robes, and a torch in case of need, we reached the pagoda. We soon got rid of the lime and clay that jammed up the wicket, which, when wrenched open, admitted us to a small vaulted cell. A glimmering light, shining through a crevice in one corner, warned us of more habitable places in our vicinity; and as Meer Khan, who had advanced toward it, stooped down and looked through it, he saw that which proved too great a trial for his shattered nerves, for, with a groan that terrified us for the results, he fainted. I whispered Ali to remove him into the open air, and there to detain him till I gave a certain signal. No sooner had they left me than I applied my eye to the aperture, and beheld the most lovely creature I ever looked upon. A young and graceful girl, whose beauty shone in the glare of many torches, stuck in the walls of an immense saloon, lay bound hand and foot on a mat.

"In one corner was a huge image of Vishnu, at least seven feet high, with a pyramidal cap, closed eyes, and canopy overhead of seven-hooded snakes, peculiar to that deity; in another, with its sepulchral garland of skulls round the neck, was the hideous idol of Kali; and in the centre of this large, and, no doubt, interior chamber of the temple, a group of Brahmins, almost naked, with shaven heads and sacerdotal cords flung across their shoulders, Jogies, Suniassies, and grotesquely-attired Udassies, were busily engaged in chanting a lugubrious chorus around a blazing fire. I could not hear a word that was uttered, though I could plainly distinguish the most remote nook; but I cared not, even at that moment, to keep my eyes from that sweet and beautiful creature, who lay, panting in her pallid fear, almost within reach of me. A heavy smell of frankincense, aloes, and benzoin, penetrated to where I knelt, and I felt that the moment was at hand when *she* was to be saved or *I* was to perish.

"Suddenly an overwhelming noise of gongs, kulera horns, tom-toms, and bells struck up outside the chamber, and the whole mass of bigots withdrew. At that moment I could have willingly cut off my hand for admittance to that hall of sacrifice, but I saw no means of entering it. I ran round the little stifling vault that held me —I heard the hiss of the startled snake, yet paused not—I felt every crevice and cranny with my fingers—and, at length, when in utter despair, I was mad enough

to dash my fist against the opposing wall, a bolt, or a bar, or a secret spring, had given way, and down I fell on my face within three paces of the victim. For the first time I heard her voice—she uttered a faint shriek—but the continued din without prevented its being heard. In five minutes she was free from cord and chain—in five more she was in her father's arms—and ere half as many hours had passed we were on our way to Dewelmurry.

"But we did not leave Dewelmurry next morning unnoted. Meer Khan and Ali were in advance of me as we left the town, and as the old man had resolved on preceeding us to Chanda, he was bidding his dear restored treasure farewell, when out from the jungle started an odious-looking creature, who, giving one keen glance at the terrified Azeeza, and a vengeful look at me, retreated to the woods, while the word 'Dawa!' yelled out, recalled a hated voice. It was no other than the Suniassie! And Azeeza remembered him well, as being one of the foremost among her tormenters."

* * * * * *

Do we not sometimes, in our wanderings, fall upon certain spots which, without possessing any striking beauties of scenery, have yet a power of arresting the attention, —a fascination constrains us to linger there, nor seek for brighter vistas beyond? Do we not pause there, where the grass is of dearest Leigh Hunt's sort,—'*lie-downable*;' where 'the buttercups smear the land with splendor;' where there is a bird's song on a green bough, but no human voice; a flower's breath, but nothing less sweet: do we not pause, and fear to go on, lest by losing these we lose all that is lovely? So it is with me in my tale. I care not to proceed. I care not to leave the short year of quiet, dreamy loveliness which rewarded Calvert Montford for his preservation of Azeeza's life by that most sweet creature's clinging affection! I care not to overstep that tranquil space to recount, as I must now do, her worthy old father's death, our subsequent march to Nagpore; and at Nagpore the sudden illness and, must I say, death of Montford? So unexpectedly fell this stroke upon his gentle companion, that for several hours she could not credit that life was extinct; and so quietly, after a short fit of heavy agony, had the "life-want" crept over him, even in her very arms, that the medical man at first supposed he had only fainted. But a day passed, and the preparations for burial—always, and necessarily, a matter of haste in India—were completed. Azeeza was led to her own range of apartments, whilst I saw him dressed for the grave, and helped to carry his corpse, extended on the couch on which he had ceased to breathe, to a small bungalo which stood unoccupied at the bottom of the garden, whence the funeral procession might pass, on the morrow, unnoted by the mourning Mussulmans. Early in the morning the coffin was brought; so, leaving the body in that lonely room, after lighting the lamps which hung round it, fastening the window, and locking the door, we withdrew. I returned to the house, placed a guard of sepoys over the store-rooms; and, determining to pass part of the night in sealing up the letters and papers of my friend which had been consigned to me for that purpose, I called for lights, dismissed the servants, and seated myself in his room.

The casements were all thrown open to admit the cool air of evening, which, sweetened by the rich odors it had collected from a clump of henna* close by, breathed refreshingly upon me. I was sorrowfully examining a sketch, the work of my friend, when a soft, stealthy footstep aroused me. I turned round and beheld Azeeza standing between me and the window; the moonlight which fell in silvery showers upon her person, giving her almost a spectral appearance; her veil was flung back, and her hair, usually cared for with that classic taste which is evinced by most Mahomedan women of a certain rank, in the arrangement of their tresses, was unbraided, falling in rich, wild masses, over her finely formed neck and shoulders.

"Friend of the dead one!" said she, in a low, calm voice, that yet sounded as if it were full of tears, "I must see *him* once more ere he is wedded to the worm!"

"Azeeza," I cried, "you cannot mean it! You could not bear it."

"Hush, hush, sahib! you were his friend —you are mine; I am not a woman to quail at the sight of him, lifeless, whom I loved living! Lead me to the dead, and leave me with it for one brief hour."

I saw that there was a fixedness of purpose in her that would admit of no denial, nor, indeed, did I deem it kind to oppose her wishes; so, making her wrap a veil around her, I led her unobserved to the

* Henna, the *Lawsonia inermis*, whose leaves contain the pink dye with which the Indian women tinge their nails.

bungalo, and, unlocking the door, left her with the dead, promising to return in an hour. The lights which burned in the death-chamber shone through the venetians as I passed; and I would have looked within, but a feeling that told me it would be a species of profanation, withheld me. As I sauntered round to that side of the building which was the most remote from the entrance, I came upon a little door which led to a bath-room attached to the bungalo, and which we had entirely forgotten. This bath-room opened into the corpse-chamber, and I now remembered that we had neglected to look into it, or fasten the door. Afraid of alarming the mourner by the noise it might occasion, I refrained from examining the place until she had departed, and was moving away, when a sound of feet and the whispering of voices near me, on the other side of a thick and almost impassable hedge of aloes and cactus which divided Montford's compound* from a tope or grove of wild date-trees, arrested my attention. I listened, and presently heard two voices, whilst I could understand that the owners of them were debating on the feasibility of overcoming the fence.

"By Nanuck Sha!" said one, whose exclamation proved him to be a Seik, "if you lead me into any accursed Feringhy (European) trouble I'll slay you with my *chukkur*."

Now I was aware that the chukkur was a sort of quoit sharpened to the keeness of a razor, and employed in warfare by the Seiks.

"Idiot!" answered the other, "they have abandoned their dead to the care of four walls and four lamps. If you now retract, the curse of Kali will blench your flesh with leprosy till you become as white as the *moorda* (corpse) of the sahib. The holy unguent must be ready by the new moon, and within our reach is the only ingredient that is now wanting to make it fit for the purposes of the pagoda. My knife is keen, and you have but to remain silent whilst I repeat the *muntrum* (incantation), and to hold the body firmly while I cut the heart from its side."

"And the entrance?"

"Is through a bath-room, which must be close to us. Wrap the leather well about your legs and thighs, and mind not a few thorns."

"But," rejoined the first speaker, "the proverb says, '*Juhan khār wuhan mār*'" (Where there is a brake there may be a snake).

"*Be-wukoof!* (fool!) whilst you utter such loads of filth I pant for the Feringhy's flesh. Twice he has foiled me living; he shall not foil me dead. *Dawa! Dawa!*"

And the last two muttered words betrayed the speaker. It was the Suniassie! But ere they had managed to penetrate one fourth of a high and thick barrier, spiky with frightful thorns, I had planned and acted on my plans. I rushed to the door of the bungalow, gave a warning knock, and entered. Azeeza was rising from her knees; I interrupted her as she was about to remonstrate against my quick return, and in a brief whisper explained the matter to her. With that mute masterdom over her feelings which only the strong-minded woman can command, she acted according to my wishes without a word. I conducted her out, and in less space than it takes to tell it, I had placed six sepoys behind the bungalow, ready at a moment to fall upon the intruders when my signal —a pistol fired off—should terrify them into flight from the death-chamber.

* * * * * *

All was silent around the couch of the dead, as I entered the large empty room, in which, with the exception of an old palanquin and a chair or two, there was not an article of furniture. Behind the palanquin, which stood near the door and opposite to the bath-room, I contrived to crouch down, and had barely done so, before, stealthily and softly, from the expected quarter, crept the squalid figures of the Suniassie and his accomplice. The eyes of my forbidding acquaintance glared like a tiger-cat's, as, with fiendish delight, they rested upon the lonely corpse of my friend; and giving a quick, sharp glance round the apartment, he muttered,—

"Udassie-jee, speak not; but when I have recited the *muntrum*, seize the hound's body, and hold it firmly." Drawing a large knife, two-edged and bright of polish, from his vest, he knelt down, sprinkled some ashes, taken from his gourd, upon the floor, and commenced a sort of low chant, in a dialect to which I was a stranger.

Narrowly I watched his movements, in readiness to discharge over his head the signal pistol, when, as he motioned his comrade to advance towards the body, and arose himself, knife in hand, to commence the horrible deed, my arm, raised in act to fire, was

* The space inclosing a mansion.

suspended by a spectacle that, for the moment, made me doubt the evidence of my senses. Slowly—slowly—slowly, as one might do who arises unwillingly from a bed of rest, the corpse began to raise itself on the couch, and, while the Suniassie, awed into motionlessness, stood before it, slowly, still slowly, but steadily, it attained a sitting posture, its eyes wide open, and staring with glazed eyeballs!

At that moment, overcome by wonder, perhaps by terror, I lost command of myself and discharged the pistol. There was a yell—a rush towards the bath-room—the clash of arms—the sounds of conflict and seizure, and in my ears a soft, sweet voice, a woman's, and I became insensible. That soft, sweet voice, no longer full of tears, was in my ears when I awoke to consciousness; and when it said, in gentle, happy accents, "*Ai! bhaeebund mera!*" (Oh! my brother friend) "*jeeta hie!*" (he is alive), the whole truth flashed upon me. The whole truth? Yes! Calvert Montfort lived, he was restored from a death-like syncope to the arms of Azeeza; and for the nature of the punishment that awaited the Suniassies, I refer the inquisitive reader to the orderly books of the 1st of May, 1821, at Nagpore, in which he will find that they were provided for in a manner effectually to prevent them from assisting at any future human sacrifice, or from procuring unlawful ingredients for the composition of unguents dedicated to the goddess Kali.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.—[The following most important intelligence comes to us in a private letter from Paris. We have every reason to rely upon the authority of the writer, whose position justifies us in accepting and publishing any information reaching us under such a sanction It is scarcely necessary to say, that this news is too important, in the influence it is likely to exercise, not merely over France, but over the whole present policy of Europe, not to require from us an explicit assurance that we should not give it a place in our Journal if we did not confidently believe it to be true.—ED. C. J.]

Paris.

"The King of the French is coming;" such is the hope which is causing amongst you in England, those vast preparations, which, though they will not have the advantage of accomplishing their object, have at least that of leading captive public attention, and of forming a stimulus to industry. Your populace, always ready to be led away by a spectacle, are doubtless delighted at the idea of this Royal visit, and one would be sorry to undeceive them; but you, my friend, must be made aware of the real and insurmountable obstacle to the proposed meeting between the Majesties of France and England.

In the first place, be assured that there are no political feelings interposed to render less cordial the relations of the two countries, or to cause the abandonment of the expected visit. No; but there is a consideration before which all hopes must vanish—a consideration which it is endeavored to shroud in the most profound secresy—but one which, nevertheless, forces itself vividly upon the attention of all in "high places"—*the health of the King*. This terrible secret, which is still sought to be imprisoned within the walls of the palace, may be expounded to you, and it is indeed no longer a secret for those who, like myself, have opportunities of seeing and judging the danger. *His Majesty has already suffered under several fits, similar to those which* * * * * * * * * *, and secresy in vain attempts to conceal the events which terrified the palace of the *Tuileries* and *Whitehall;* indeed, secret transactions in St. James's Palace are revealed by enchantment to the master of *the Tuileries*, and in return you have information of the fatality which has fallen upon us—upon *us*, do I say? upon the whole of Europe.

The King is ill; his courage, his intellect, his powerful will, struggle in vain; he is not yet stricken down, but he is wounded; a physician leaves him neither by day nor night, but watches incessantly over his invaluable life. The King struggles; but will his faithful counsellors permit him to risk himself in the voyage which now occupies the minds of your populace? *Non, cent fois non!—Court Journal.*

POLAND.—Nature would seem to be in conspiracy with man, for the chastisement of unhappy Poland. The accounts from that country are filled with the most distressing narratives of the devastations occasioned by the rising of the Vistula, and her other rivers. At Schwetz, situate at the junction of the Schwarzwasser with the Vistula, it seemed as if the rivers had been turned through the streets for their destruction. One-third of the town lay in ruins among the waters; and of the houses still standing, the roofs only were visible above them,—from whence the inmates were calling for that help which human power could not give. A furious storm had arisen to aid the work of destruction, which dashed the waters of this deluge in mighty waves against the remaining buildings, shaking them to their foundations. From Kulm, the accounts are of the same fearful character. At Kirlin, the Vistula had risen higher than at any time during the last hundred years. "It is impossible to say," one account expresses itself, "how many thousand villages may be inundated by the mighty river, in its long course from Cracow to Dantsic. Above and below Calon, a hundred towns and villages are as in a sea." The last accounts from Warsaw, to the third of this month, just received, mention that the waters are subsiding.—*Athenæum*

HISTORIC FANCIES, BY THE HON. SYDNEY SMYTHE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

TALK of an M. P.'s maiden speech! far more interesting is the virginity of his volume. Delightful task, to mark the roseate hue tinging its bashful pages; to watch the delicate bud blushfully unfolding its leaves in mild and modest developement—sweet symbol, just washed by a shower, which already methinks we see

"Mary to Anna convey"

through the medium of the circulating libraries; a thing fragrant, fresh, nor yet fruitless, but rather bursting like a pomegranate in the garden-courts of Al Hambra; a thing of soothing gentleness, like the mystic dulcimer in the hands of an Arab maid "sitting on Mount Abora;" a gushing thing, to quote Leigh Hunt—and glad are we, parenthetically, that *he* has of late got some bread and butter to his jar of honey from Mount Hybla. 'Tis welcome to our worldly wearied sense as the spring-dove's earliest cooing; or, to speak more seasonably, welcome as the first fleet of oysters at thy gates, O Billing!

Confined per force to our last metaphor, such is the book before us; a bushel of the freshest Fevershams sent to us, with his compliments, by the young member for Canterbury. Bland must be our reception of these tender, unsophisticated natives, which now, as we ope them with ivory knife, seem, dumb things though they be, to court at our hands the accustomed alternation from the pepper-castor of praise and the cruet of criticism.

But, ere we broach the gift, a word anent the donor. The Hon. Sydney Smythe, who in parliament represents the above-said old cathedral-town, and in literature a young constituency of later growth, is no mere casual child of the muse. He is the eldest son of a coronetted poet, who appeared as a somewhat free translator of Camoens* about the beginning of the Peninsular war, and who on that occasion broke through the Portuguese lines with a freedom not given to the French in their attempts on those of Torres Vedras. Hence the gallant Irish peer got somehow mixed up in Byron's promiscuous mob of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," where he is apostrophised as

"Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue!" κ. τ. λ.

He is now, we believe, a retired diplomatist. We know not whether he has cast his eyes (*γλαυκωπις*) over this production of his boy; but if, and even so, we see no reason to fancy the venerable viscount looking a shade less blue than usual.

Shakspeare somewhere expresses a wish to know—

"Where was fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;"

and we are thus particular as to the genealogical origin and idiosyncracy of *these Fancies*, lest the ignorant public, and more particularly the drab-colored population of Pennsylvania, should confound our author with an elderly writer whose name is nearly similar, but whose phantasies, generally of a droll, are lately of a querulous and arithmetical description. It is a coincidence, that both these fanciers, the honorable as well as the reverend, should enjoy the melodramatic prefix of Sydney—an ornamental appendage shared by Lady Morgan, also by a seaport in Botany Bay—nevertheless, the house of Smythe has "no connexion" with that of Smith whatever. As a matter of mere spelling, the distinction may seem trifling, yet is there more in it than strikes the *i*. Folks have sneered at the homoousian controversy, and at its victims (how erroneously we need not demonstrate), as *les martyrs d'une dipthongue*. A single vowel may be reconditely significant, nay, make all the difference imaginable.

The letters I and Y are *not* æquipollent, nor *ad libitum* convertible. In an æsthetic sense they are, in truth, with reference to each other, quite at variance. Even to English ears the I conveys a notion of intense selfishness and egotism; but among the Latins it was suggestive of much worse, for it had an actual patibulary import; at the aspect of its lank configuration, a gallows rose in the imaginary landscape, and LITERAM LONGAM EACERE was an undoubted slang term for the ceremony performed *sive intra sive extra pomœrium*, whenever a Roman

"Larry was stretched."

Far otherwise in point of symbolism is the vowel Y,—y *Grec*, as the French call it. It is styled the Pythagorean letter by the

* "The things given to the public as the poems of Camoens, are no more to be found in the original than in the Song of Solomon."—BYRON (*Notes*).

grammarye writers of the middle ages; its structure was curiously considered as figurative of a high moral teaching—no other lesson than that conveyed in the choice of Hercules. Its lower part, or stem, depictured to the initiated the common highway of life; that broad and easy road turning off to the left, leading, as do all sinister paths, to perdition; while yon slender, narrow path, branching off to the right and trod by the chosen few, typified and illustrated a whole parable to the simple understanding of mediæval mankind.

Next to an author's proper identification, follows, in every well-ordered review, a scrutiny into his previous associations, or, as the French tribunals have it, *ses antecédens*. Much of this trouble has been taken off our hands. For who has not read Mr. D'Israeli's *Coningsby; or, the New Generation?* Are not the incidents of his nonage chronicled therein under that transparent pseudonyme for our guidance? We and the public have gratefully received that wisdom-breathing narrative. Of old, for a similar work on the youth and education of Cyrus, all Greece shouted applause, and crowned with laurel the thoughtful brows of Xenophon. Three editions have testified our sense and appreciation of Mr. D'Israeli's Smythopædia.

In that wonderful performance the most instructive details are afforded of the preparatory pursuits and exercitations which have eventuated in the production of the volume before us. Mental discipline at Eton is, we apprehend, somewhat altered from what it was in Gray's elegiac times, when schoolboy aspirations soared no higher than to "enthrall the captive linnet," "snatch a fearful joy beyond the bounds of silvery Thames," or "chase the rolling circle." The quadrature of the latter is now sought to be achieved, and vigorous attempts are made to ignite the former. To accomplish this purpose, as is wisely observed by one of the juvenile interlocutors of the novel, "It takes a deuced deal of history, and *all that sort of thing*," being a palpable allusion to this work, then *in embryo*. Yet of Eton, and its antique towers and time-honored observances, we hope no one will suspect us of speaking in disparagement. Our sentiments cannot be misunderstood. Last spring we went with the crowd to the *Montem* celebration at Salt Hill, so interesting did we deem Mr. D'Israeli's enthusiastic description of that academic mysterie. We paid our due portion of muriate of soda like the rest, and at our return were loud as the oldest wiseacres at our club* in praising both the unprecedented concourse and splendid aggregate of the plunder—

"Et numeros, et
Laudavere sales, nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulté."

The youth of England must be encouraged, and a fine-spirited set of lads are growing up at Eton, even though they do manifest a precocious determination to "push us (old fellows) from our stools" a little prematurely. Something of this kind was apprehended in the time of Burns, when

"Reverend greybeards raved and stormed,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were informed
Than their auld daddies."

Yet in those days it came to nothing. We confess we find nothing particularly alarming in the doctrines of the "new generation," whether as they are adumbrated in the mystic incidents of the brilliant youthhood of Coningsby, or ultimately revealed in these *Fancies*. By some, indeed, whose memory supplies them with the narrative of "Sir Balaam," in Pope's epistle, and who possess the inward consciousness of having pursued a similar political career, an approaching catastrophe may be apprehended—the name is ominous; the hour is come—and the man

"Coningsby harangues,
The ccurt forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs."

"Old Toryism" is clearly demolished; but how many other humbugs and worn-out "conventualities" of our social system are to follow, we still look to learn on a more diligent perusal of the novel, when at its fourth edition. We only wish Mr. D'Israeli would, in that edition, make himself a little more explicit, and also, perhaps, give us details, not merely of the youth, but also of the infancy of our hero. We like to trace things from their *primordia*. No doubt, the nursery-maid, if interrogated, will state his refusal, when a child, to use the ordinary go-cart, in which toddled the previous generation; perhaps, also, that while other urchins, admitted to the basin of St. James, fed the ducks, he pelted those aquatic fowls as typical of *quackery*.

Alas! alack! heu, φεῦ! this latter element of social life is, we fear, not to be put

* The Senior University.

down. The old birds may hide their heads for a moment before the pelting storm of eloquent raillery from these writers of a new generation; they dive but to rise again, and even under water keep up a cacophonous outcry against their young assailants.

"Quanquam sub AQUA, sub AQUA maledicere tentant,"

as fully related in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

After these preliminaries we may proceed:—a graceful and ingenuous preface ushers in the table of contents, from which we are at once made aware that the volume is not homogeneous, but made up of prose and poetry in alternate strata. This is no new arrangement, being observable in the oldest work extant, the Book of Job. The reader should, nevertheless, proceed cautiously, as the quiet amble often breaks into a full trot without marginal notice, and he may often find himself on the back of a winged "*onager*," careering into the wilderness, when he thinks he is prosaically bestriding a more domestic animal.

It opens with an able essay on "The Aristocracy of France." The putting forth of such a topic in the van, and the fervor with which hereditary rank in the abstract is extolled, is most satisfactory. Tired and nauseated with the Radical slang of Mechanics' Institutes, we find ourselves sitting once more round the good old fire-side of the vicar of Wakefield, proud and happy to talk about "Lords and ladies, and knights of the garter." This is quite natural; a periodical fit of reverence for nobility is sure to occur whenever the opposite feeling has been prevalent too extensively or too long; and this particular organ of veneration has been so long depressed, that 'tis time it should shew itself intumescent into *alto relievo*. "Down with the lords!" was a popular cry ten years ago; and an Irish gentleman, now "in trouble," was then traversing England denouncing them as a nuisance, and advocating, to not unwilling ears, their total abolition. We have some indistinct recollection of his calling them "soaped pigs." Reaction set in very soon. Their "house" stood the blast of Billingsgate, and even Cobbett was heard to thank God for it, much in the style he would beg a blessing over his Hampshire bacon. If we look among the Greek democracies, we may observe similar fits. At one time Pindar, soaring into raptures on the topic of pedigrees and reviving the Homeric feeling about ancestry, at another the tragic moralist repudiating it as a worn-out prejudice:

Εις τ' ευγενειαν ολλ' εγω φρασαι καλα
Ο μεν γαρ εσθλος ευγενης εμοι γ' ανηρ
Ο δ' ου δικαιος, καν αμεινονος πατρος
Ζηνος πεφυκη, δυσγενης ειναι δοκει.
EURIP. *in Dyct.*

Such alternate phases of opinion occur not only in the national but even the individual mind, as in the case of the late laureate, whose tragedy of *Wat Tyler* (1795) we all know preceded his *Vision of Judgment* (1811). If its literature be a safe index, the last century seems to have closed in a very peevish ill-humor against all aristocracy. A Scotch exciseman (1791) got plenty of people to chorus in full tune—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp':
The man's the gow'd for a' that;'

while much more forcible language was in vogue among our French neighbors, who, in a Pindaric composition of theirs called *Ca Ira*, made very free with the upper classes, adding, as a climax, something about a

"Lantern,
On which they often made a wicked man turn."

So Byron, with his accustomed levity, reprehensibly remarks. How abhorrent from such practices, and how antagonistic in his theories, is our author, 'twere superfluous to point out. Has he not dedicated this work to his friend, Lord John Manners? "in whom gentleness of blood but illustrates and guarantees still gentler conduct," and whose late aspiration in a published volume of poems,—

"Give us back our old nobility!"

so much laughed at by Corn-Law-Leaguers, rick-burners, and universal-suffrage-men, if "pondered fillingly," highly became the "descendant of Sir Philip Sydney." He, too, is one of the brotherhood; and may exclaim, ET EGO IN ARCADIA.

"The aristocracy of France is the most illustrious the world ever saw. There may be more ancient titles in Scotland or in Germany, more arrogance of descent in Italy or in Spain, more gentle blood in our own old manor-houses of Northumberland or Lancashire; but no aristocracy can compete with hers in sustained and European illustration. The very vice of the system was the cause and continuation of its brilliancy. The nobleman of the ancient *régime* was born to the high places of the army and the state, as with us he is born to his hereditary possessions. The baton of a marshal,

the seals of a minister, the government of a province, devolved almost as surely as the heraldic quarterings upon a shield or the seignorial rights of an estate. The doctrine of the aristocratic succession, was upheld with a religious pomp and a more than religious intolerance. It was not so much an order as a hierarchy."

Such is the appropriate exordium of a truly magnificent dissertation which follows. Such is the bugle-key note of the strain in which our author discourses music most eloquent, no doubt, in the ears of the noble Faubourg St. Germain, where we are permitted to gather, from subsequent passages of his work, he has been, in *salon* as well as *boudoir*, deservedly well received. Now we do not blame him for reciprocating their politeness in the dulcet sounds of blandishment. He may be sure of finding his auditory over the water, fully alive to the harmonious accents of such high-toned flattery; nor will the French *noblesse* in their present decay treat him as they did an unlucky composer in the days when they formed a court:—

"La cour negligé tes talens,
Le peuple applaudit tes merveilles;
Gretry! les oreilles des grands
Sont souvent de grandes oreilles."

But we are simply apprehensive of a storm of jealousy from other quarters of the Continent, and, being sober men, have an eye to the peace of Europe. We happen to know pretty accurately, what will be thought of Mr. Smythe's proclaimed preference for French escutcheons throughout the whole length and breadth of the Holy Roman Empire, in many a frowning Schloss of *hochgeborn* Rhineland, in many a noble chapter of canonesses on the Danube, many a castellated *berg* in Bohemia, many a Hungarian keep, unpronouncable, but ending in *stein*, and bearing over its portcullis the cognisance of Swartzenberg or Esterhazy. Knowing all this, we fain would have suggested more moderation in the setting forth of this Gallic claim to superiority in blood, and we suspect the Herald's College would be of our opinion. In mere wanton compliment to our vain and volatile rivals, we would not willingly let slight or slur be thrown on the elder branches of European nobility; and there be names, beyond Alp and Pyrenee, quite as familiar to Fame's trumpet,—households as prolific of chivalry as any within the circuit of France, be they Montmorencys, Noailles, Tremoilles, or Grammonts.* Italy, we submit, produced greater and more illustrious races in every department of historic distinction; and we can well imagine the shrug of surprise with which her sons would list to any muster-roll of transalpine nomenclature, announced as to supersede in "sustained illustration" the names of DORIA, COLONNA, PICCOLOMINI, VISCONTI, SFORZA, GONZAGA, FARNESE, BORGHESE, STROZZI, MEDICI, SPINOLA, &c. Mr. Smythe will at once perceive that we have not brought forward a single patronymic from the golden book of St. Mark, not summoned one of those merchant princes, those planters of the lion, who were in their day fully what England is now, viz. the arbiters of Europe. They were, in sooth, to use his own happy phraseology, the seigneurs of the seas—*dove signoreggiavano davero*,—and,

"Oh! for an hour of blind old Dandolo,"

to read (or have read to him) the pretensions of any gasconading French *casata* to take precedence of those whose names glittered for 800 years on the *libro d'oro* of Venice.

As for Spain, God help her, her nobles, and her bygone glories! We are in the mood of melancholy Jaques thereanent at this present writing, and not even the championship of Peter Borthwick can fling a dash of merriment into that subject. But more grievous, even than Peter's advocacy, is the blow just dealt by D'Israeli on the pride of her grandees. He has declared, in the face of that sun which once could never set on their empire, that they were all so many muffled Jews; he has detected, an occult synagogue in the old cortes of Castile and Arragon,—in the Golden Fleece itself, a remnant of the passover. Can such things be? Back, then, to your *ghetto*, noble line of MEDINA SIDONIA! Ay, if there be any truth in a book called the *Bible in Spain*, from which, we fear, this untoward discovery was borrowed, let her haughtiest *hidalgos* hide their heads, let Spain quickly devour the remainder of her own children, reckless even of infant-*a*-cide.

Mr. Smythe may think it a mere matter of taste to announce his partiality for the French aristocracy, treating it as a mere article of *vertù*. He may deem nobility to

* The *very old* French houses might be known by an odd practice of spelling their names without capital letter,—de rohan, de noailles, de montmorency. The late Bishop of Autun always signed, maurice de talleyrand.

be a kind of porcelain among the varieties of human clay, and suppose himself at liberty to suit his fancy in selection. Hence the *fabrique de Sèvres*, with its pretty shepherds and shepherdesses, may please him most, more than the *fayence* of Dresden; while some prefer an Etruscan jar, or rejoice in older specimens of *terra cotta*. To this we demur; and though our own earthenware were but homely Wedgewood, we would still feel bound to give it a decided preference before all foreign crockery. What! is Young England to tell us that the nobles of our land must yield in "sustained illustration" to the French, whom we have been thrashing for the last 700 years? This won't do. Our fathers were so far wise in not suffering any fallacy like this to be broached, or, if broached, to go unrebuked. To do them justice, such hardihood of assertion was unheard of on this side of the Channel. For them Hogarth painted his "Gate of Calais." Smollett for them drew "Strap," the barber, in the strut and ruffles of Comte d'Estrappade. Frogs and frippery, sabots, *soupe maigre*, with accompaniment of garlic and pill-boxes, were sedulously associated with a traditionary *Marquis of Carabas*. For them Shakspeare asserted that on one pair of English legs there walked the substance of I know not how many Frenchmen. Every schoolboy knew how high was the precedence of an English Prince of Wales over a French dauphin.

"Quantum delphinis *balæna* Britannica major!"

And these were wholesome inculcations.

We have, in truth, among the annals of England, domestic memories of undying lustre; there are hearth-stones in our land on which the hallowed embers have glowed with that sustained and steady fire, which may have flashed elsewhere, but never so as to eclipse ours. We can count name for name. Let France exalt her horn, we, too, have our illustrations; of lineages of renown, PERCYS, NEVILLES, HOWARDS, TALBOTS, CECILS, CLIFFORDS, STANLEYS, SPENSERS, we hold a well-stocked Cornucopia. France has no Doomsday Book to lay alongside ours, nor, for genuine worth, can her best men match ours at all. Where is her Raleigh, the shepherd of the ocean? True, he shone singly, and was soon extinct. Yet not so with our Digbys, Cavendishes, Stanhopes, Sydneys, Russells, Napiers, Ashleys, Comptons, Cowpers, and innumerable more in all the walks of fame in every human pursuit. "Certain French families became," says our author, "proverbial for hereditary qualities; *ex. gr. l'esprit de Mortemar*." Were we not told by Shiel in the Commons t'other night, that "humanity had become a Shaftesbury characteristic?" If they had their *familles de robe*, how many of our own peerages may not boast of origin forensic? To their grave De Thou our Clarendon may equiponderate. If one of their nobles planned the canal of Languedoc, one of ours dug a much longer watercourse during his life, to be followed by treatises almost as lengthy, when no more. If their Count Buffon shone in natural science, have we not the great Boyle, who, besides being uncle to the Earl of Cork, was the father of chemistry?

Of the narrative entitled *Venus and Adonis*, suggested by a painting in our National Gallery, we must needs admire the pleasant ingenuity, while for once we take exception to the teaching it conveys. If Young England is to be our ethical *cicerone* in our walks through halls of art and pinathothecks we expect higher inculcations. It was after a very different fashion that the old philosopher, Cebes, illustrated a fresco on the walls of the temple of Saturn, though his πινακ τις was probably as deficient in point of perspective as it was replete with morality. The whole sisterhood of ἑταιραι, so leniently treated by Mr. D'Israeli in his novel, and by our author both here and in a subsequent passage ("New Athens," p. 254), are rather roughly dealt with by that stubborn sage. The picture illustrated by Mr. Smythe is certainly remarkable in its way, and the features of Philip II. attitudinising on canvass as a youthful hunter, are undeniable. It is, nevertheless, true, that the grim widower of Mary Tudor was, in 1570, when he first met Anna, princess of Eboli, just forty-three years old, and, therefore, not particularly qualified *pour s'adoniser* in this allegorical way. That, however, the court painter, even Titian, could scarce have ventured on suggesting to his patron in the country of Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Grenada. Furthermore, on attentively considering the masterpiece, we may glean a bit of circumstantial evidence as to the fair original's identity. By an adroit arrangement of the lady's profile in the group, her right eye alone is visible: left eye, in fact, she had none; hence the well-known lines about her and her son which went the rounds at the time, and are,

we suppose, a fair sample of contemporary witticism:—

"Lumine Acon dextro capta est Ebolina sinistro,
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque Deos,
Blande puer! lumen quod habes concede parenti,
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

The gist of which, as being interesting to the sex, we must fain communicate, viz.—

"Fair EBOLI hath one (b) right eye, but then it hath no fellow;
Her boy bereft is of the left, yet a model for Murillo:
Sweet child, resign that eye of thine! give mother all thy share in't;
Be thou to men blind CUPID then, be VENUS she, thy parent."

There follows a "Dialogue between a Protestant Missionary and a Hindoo Priest," which, we presume, must be read in connexion with two subsequent articles, the "Catholic Cavalier," and "Toleration," to make out a clear view of what our author and his friends think on topics of theology. Vague and incoherent their notions have been pronounced by grave authorities, and it is not our province to decide how far the "liberty of prophesying" has been over-indulged in on their side, or infringed on by their censors. At any rate, it is the first time for many a century that a sect has appeared divested of presumptuous arrogance, without a curse in its mouth, or uncharitableness in its heart. This *neo-Anglican* belief has a blessing for all. "Ever think good of others, ever wish good for others, ever do good to others." So much for its practical enactments; its creed will be found equally comprehensive, and certainly not in the least dogmatical. "QUID EST VERITAS?" was the great question once put in the judgment-hall; and we read that Pilate did not wait for the reply.* Whether the proconsul propounded his query in the sneering tone of the Pyrronist, or with the accent of a sincere inquirer, is still a matter of conjecture; the former seems more probable, but for ages the same interrogatory has at times arisen in the human breast. Are we, then, at last, to take from the mouth of this young author a tardy, but final solution of so vast a problem?—

"TRUTH is MULTIFORM, and BENEVOLENCE is the DISCIPLINE of TRUTH."—P. 379.

Such is the significant epitome of his views, ushered in with the oracular admonition, "*Doubt not!*" and delivered *ex cathedrâ* for self and fellows. Such their BELIEF, condensed to the capacity of a nutshell.

Whether the kernel of this theological filbert be sound or otherwise, we shall not stop to investigate. Mallebranche, Bayle, or Descartes, would quickly come at the core of the mystery, and make short work of it as a metaphysical proposition; shallow Arouet would crack it as a joke, but his sneer would disgust all thinking men, and we would look on shocked, as at a fancied emblem of his profanity, "a monkey *mingens* in a cathedral." We are loth to undeceive our author in his, we presume, honest conviction. Why obtrude polemics on an ingenuous mind, if the result most probably would be to shut him up in "Doubting Castle, the owner whereof is DESPAIR," or set him loose to wander over the great Zahara of unbelief? Rather let us hope with Mr. Smythe for a "new generation" of true-hearted religionists, who, adopting as much as they can of his theories, may practically abjure all asperity, and avoid mutual incrimination. What are, in this respect, his aspirations may be gathered from page 65:—

"I have in the foregoing ballad purposely made no distinction between the Churches of Rome and England, because if I had done so I think I would have been untrue to the character and feeling of the Roman Catholics of the time. The limits which separated the Churches could not have been thought by such men as Sir Kenelm Digby very broad, or the obstacles to union very strong."

And again, page 95:—

"The design of James II. (to any one who will consult his autobiography this will, I think, be clear) was not so much to establish Roman Catholicism as to reconcile the churches. Vain dream! in our time it might serve to stimulate the hopes and sympathies of some enthusiasts; in his it excited universal alienation."

"Vain dream!" Said you, so? *An qui amant ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?* Yet did the mighty minds of GROTIUS and BOSSUET dream it unblamed. So dreamt also Archbishop Laud in olden days; so dreamt Bishop Doyle, whose titular crosier swayed

"Kildare's holy shrine;"

and not a few sincerely pious men of our elder university are dreamers in the same sense, indulging in a soft nympholepsy of the brain for which we ourselves have been

* EST VIR QUI ADEST is the *anagram*matical answer suggested by some commentator on the Vulgate.

compelled to rebuke them. For, alas, it is now, as it was even in more simple and patriarchal times, the fashion for worldly-minded and sordid men to cry down the gentle enthusiast who has benevolent visions, and who cannot refrain from communicating them. Even so

"Joseph dreamed a dream, and *he told it* to his brethren, and *they hated him;* and they said to one another, 'Behold this dreamer cometh; come, therefore, let us slay him, and *cast him into some pit*, and we shall see what will become of his dreams."—*Gen.* xxxvii. 5–20.

We trust nothing similar will occur to the author of these gentle *Fancies*, whose resemblance to Joseph is indeed so far remarkable, that his "multiformity of truth" may be typified in the many-colored garment of the Hebrew boy. Instead of "Tractarian" pamphlets by clergymen, the impropriety of which needs no indication from us, we may, perhaps, concede to such juvenile writers as Mr. Smythe, an indulgence in speculative divinity always refused to the professed theologian, whatever be his church.

"For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In 's mouth, lest Truth should stammer through his strain."*

The kindly sympathies of "Young England" are not alone for the wide-spread flock that obeys the crook of that old shepherd on the Vatican, but also for the 180,000,000 of our fellow-men who turn to Mecca in the hour of prayer. This is a very distinct feature of neo-Anglicanism. It is not confined to Mr. D'Israeli, whose partiality might be traceable to some ethnological crotchet about Mount Caucasus and the Mosaic Arabs, but is recognisable in young writers of undeniable Saxon or Norman blood, such as Lord John Manners, Baillie Cochrane, and Monckton Milnes. In truth, it is nowhere more perceptible than in the strange out-speakings of that deep-mouthed Caledonian Carlyle,† who is a whole sect in himself,—

"Apart upon a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate,"

and who might embody a "Young Scotland" in his single capacity, if the idea *Scotch* could attach itself to any sort of juvenility.

These philo-Ottoman feelings are manifested in a vision of Mr. Smythe's, page 379:—

"And as I drew nearer to the throne, methought it was the Great Prophet himself who sat thereon; the maiden bowed down her head with folded arms and humble attitude. But lest I should be thought to kneel and worship, I *crossed myself in sign of my own western faith*, and stood upright before the Prophet; and he came down the steps and looked earnestly into my face and smiled kindly; and he said, 'Thy heart has been stirred within thee at the glories of Islam.'"

In these sentiments he is ardently supported by a co-opinionist of no ordinary intellect, Richard Monckton Milnes, poet, M. P., whose book is entitled *Palm-Leaves*, and whose borough is a town in Yorkshire, which, had it risen from a Saxon hamlet, men would call Cracktbridge, but being a Roman station, writes itself Pontefract; it elected John Gully in 1832 by an overwhelming shew of fists, and was, we believe, subsequently about choosing Charley Waterton. Like this latter gentleman, Mr. Milnes has been an early traveller, his wanderings being chiefly in the Levant; like him he has an expansive soul, and battles stoutly for œcumenical humanity. Hear *his* Turk:—

"Let us return across the fatal strait:
Our fathers' shadows welcome us once more,
Back to the glories of the Khaleefate,
Back to the faith we loved, the dress we wore,
When in one age the world could well contain
HAROON ER RASHRED and your CHARLEMAGNE.
Palm-Leaves, p. 13.

Listen to him again, doing but simple justice to the prayerful spirit of Eastern monotheism:—

'Most honor to the men of prayer,
Whose mosque is in them every where,
Who amid revel's wildest din,
In war's severest discipline,
On rolling deck, in throng'd bazaar,
In stranger lands however far,
Will quietly their carpet spread,
To Mekkeh turn their humble head,
In ritual language God adore,
In spirit to his presence soar,
And in the pauses of the prayer,
Rest as if rapt in glory there!
Palm-Leaves, 22.

Read his calm, dispassionate poem, the *Hareem*, and also the *Tent*, for a defence, each good in its way, of these two Oriental institutions. The latter, indeed, should be

* Prophecy of Dante.

† See his glowing apotheosis of Mahomet, in that wonderous rhapsody, "Hero-worship."

reprinted by Mr. Edgington, the marquee-maker in Piccadilly, as a strong provocation to picknicking under canvass. Eastern patriarchs, who

> "In tents thus often entertained
> The angels unawares,"
> *Palm-Leaves*, 131.

might be held out as an example to West-end bachelors; be it "Richmond" or "Norwood," *déjeûner* or dance, noon or the cool of the evening.

Reverting to our author, his "Cabinet Dinner," and "Opposition Scene," both of the last century, if they do not intimate deep insight into the intrigues of the Walpolean era, are certainly made the vehicle of some splendid sentiments on general policy. In a fragment entitled the "Question," in allusion, we suppose, to Hamlet's soliloquy, much blame is flung on the poor maniac, Rousseau, not for committing suicide, but for not antedating its perpetration, and not doing the deed "while yet fresh with the sunny feelings of his youth," whereas he held back till seventy, "when he had reached a cold, mean, false, old age." Really we can't afford to lose Mr. Smythe so soon, and we trust, if bent on something dreadful, he will defer it to his grand climacteric, like that same melancholy Jean Jacques. But by far the largest portion of the volume is devoted to biographical and critical essays on the leading characters of 1793 in France,—personages most suggestive to an ardent mind; and we must admit that much shrewdness, much eloquence, and high-toned feeling have been exhibited by our author in his successive appreciation of each individual celebrity. He has selected twelve of the leading republicans, as if to shew that in that form of society a dozen men might be found to match in every excess the *duodecim Cæsares* of Suetonius. But has not the subject been overdone? From the contemporary author of *Les Actes des Apôtres* to Thiers and our own Carlyle, have not writers innumerable accumulated on the leaders of that revolution a sufficient heap of eulogy and denunciation? After life's fitful fever, might not they be allowed at last to sleep? No! blessed babes in the wood! here comes Mr. Smythe, tardy redbreast, to cover ye over with additional leaves.

We have scarcely room to notice the poetry of the volume. No praise of ours can be so flattering to the writer as the instant popularity his ballads have obtained,—quoted in provincial newspapers, and ventilated far and wide. It is unfair to say, as some have said, that he is a copyist of Macaulay; he is fully his equal, and cannot be impugned if, out of the same glowing materials of impassioned history, he builds the lofty rhyme on one common principle. Durham Cathedral is no copy of York Minster. Byron made the same charge against our author's father, whom he accused of imitating Moore,

> "Cease to deceive! thy pilfered harp restore," &c.,

but with equal injustice. Lord Strangford's amatory poems must necessarily, from the subject, have something in common with those of his little contemporary; yet there is to the connoisseur a very perceptible difference between

> "High-born Hoel's harp and soft Llewellin's lay."

The truth is, that ballad poetry is no longer the domain of untaught, untutored minds, but has fallen into the hands of skilled and disciplined manipulators. A few years back, at Cambridge, Macaulay, Praed, and Fitzgerald, after much intercommunion at various intellectual *symposia*, having duly commingled their several notions, then and there founded a systematised *school* for this branch of versification. Adopting as rule of faith the old authorised ποιητικης of the Stagyrite, and not rejecting the vulgate epistle of Flaccus to the Pisoes, they admitted the Codices of Bishop Percy as deutero-canonical, recognising thus a combined theory of classico-Gothic inspiration. The learned lyre of the south was brought to harmonise in their services with the wild bagpipe of northern Europe, both obtaining most felicitous results from the interchange. It was a similar bright notion that first suggested the application of Moorish algebra to the geometry of Greece. The "*lays* of ancient Rome" were but a final manifestation of this hidden doctrine, by which the minstrelsie of our septemtrionic tribes was made applicable to classic themes in return for the importation of taste and pure principles of composition derived from southern exemplars. Our own LL.D. Maginn acknowledged the Cambridge discovery by his "Homeric Ballads," which in his latter days he put forth in our columns; nor could he be laughed out of his experiment by the simultaneous apparition of the "Songs" of Horace, or the "Pindarics" of Blarney. As to Praed,

we lost him in the very noon of his fame; but the fragments he has left, sufficiently evince his persuasion that a certain Horatian subtlety was an improving element when skillfully mixed up in the structure of ballad poetry. Of Fitzgerald, the pococurante humor has been to fling to the public some of the most admired things of the day; and he is only distinguishable from the other fathers of this ritual, by the more versatile and jovial character of his unpremeditated song. We have often begged of him, in vain, to assert his claim of an originator in this goodly improvement, by printing his "Conquest of Norman William," an effusion synchronous in point of conception, and perhaps more tersely executed, than Macaulay's *King Henry of Navarre;* so might he add a most glittering link to the *catena aurea* of ballad patrology at Cambridge. As for Oxford poetry, that has long since gone to the dogs, the loudest being Montgomery the deep-tongued.

To the school so founded by the men of Cam, Mr. Smythe undeniably belongs. He has, moreover, this advantage over Macaulay, that he can enter with intense spirit into the feelings of men most opposite in their views, and do full justice to both: witness his "LOYALIST OF LA VENDEE," *versùs* his "JACOBIN OF PARIS." Now, Macaulay is essentially a Whig, puritanical even in his poetry, and cannot for the life of him feel a warm impulse or a glowing sentiment that is not traceable to Clapham Common, and the haunts of Huguenots or Roundheads. To fright him from his propriety, you have but to strike up

> "High for Cavaliers! ho for Cavaliers!
> Rubadub, rubadub, have at old Belzebub;
> Oliver quakes in his bier!"

No fibre of his can thrill to such antagonistic strains. Such is *not* the neo-Anglican spirit, as we have shown; an universal comprehensiveness, a sympathy with true-hearted men of every war-cry, a generous recognition of chivalry in the foe. Who would expect such fervid lines as these from the champion of French aristocracy?

THE JACOBIN OF PARIS.

"Ho! ST. ANTOINE—ho! ST. ANTOINE, thou quarter of the poor,
Arise with all thy households, and pour them from their door;
Rouse thy attics and thy garrets, rouse cellar, cell, and cave,—
Rouse over-work'd and over-tax'd, the starving and the slave!

'*Canaille!*' ay, we remember it, that word of dainty scorn,
They flung us from their chariots, the high and haughty born;
Canaille—canaille! ay, here we throng, and we will shew to-night,
How ungloved hand, with pike and brand, can help itself to right.

It was a July evening, and the summer moon shone fair,
When first THE PEOPLE rose in the grandeur of despair;
But not for greed, or gain, or gold, to plunder, or to steal,
We spared the gorgeous TUILERIES, we levelled the BASTILE.

A little year, we met once more,—yea, '*Canaille*' met that day,
In the very heart of his VERSAILLES to beard the man CAPET;
And we brought him back to PARIS, in a measured strain and slow,
And we shouted to his face, for BARNAVE and MIRABEAU!

Ho! CONDE, wert thou coming with thy truant chevaliers?
Did they swear they would avenge the Austrian wanton's tears?
Ho! ARTOIS, art thou arming for ENGLAND'S ceaseless pay,
Thy BRUNSWICKERS, and HESSIANS, and brigands of VENDEE?

Come, then, with every hireling, SCLAVE, CROAT, and COSSACK,
We dare your war, beware of ours!—we fling you freedom back;
What, tyrants! did ye menace us? now tremble for your own,
You have heard the glorious tidings of VALMY and ARGONNE!

How like the Greek of olden time, who in the selfsame hour
At PLATŒA and at MYCALE twice crush'd the invader's power;
So we had each victory, and each our double fray,
DUMOURIEZ with the stranger, and we at the ABBAYE.

Oh, but it was a glorious hour that vengeance that we wreak'd,
When the mighty knelt for pardon, and the great for anguish shriek'd;
But we jeer'd them for their little hearts, and mock'd their selfish fears,
For we thought the while of all their crimes of twice five hundred years.

Ho! ST. ANTOINE, arouse thee now—ho! brave SEPTEMBRISTS all,
The tocsin rings as then it rang: arise unto its call;
For the true friend of the PEOPLE, ay, and our own PERE DUCHENE,
Have told us they have need of that same PEOPLE'S arm again.

For the GIRONDE hath turn'd traitor, and the *Moderates* have sold
The hard-earn'd rights of HOCHE's fights for promise of PITT's gold,
And the Pedant and the Upstart, as Upstart only can,
Have dared deride in lettered pride the plain and working man.

What, we! who burst the bondage our fathers bore so long,
That OPPRESSION had seem'd sacred in its venerable wrong,—
What, we! who have outspoken, and the whole world obeyed,
With its Princes and its Monarchs on their high thrones, afraid?—

What, we! who broke that mighty yoke, shall we quail before BRISSOT?
Shall we bow to him as lowly as he would have us low?
And shall we learn the courtier's lisp, and shall we cringe and sue,
To the lily hand of fair ROLAND, like love-sick BARBAROUX?

No, by GREAT HEAVEN! we have not riven the mighty chains of old
Of STATECRAFT and of PRIESTCRAFT, the Grandeur and the Gold,
To be ground down by Doctrines—to be crushed by Forms and Schools—
To starve upon their Corn-laws, but to live upon their rules.

No, if we must have leaders, they like ourselves shall be,
Who have struggled, and have conquered, with single hearts and free,
Who do not ape the NOBLE, or affect the NOBLE's air,
With TALLIEN for a RICHELIEU, or LOUVET for VOLTAIRE.

No, we will have such leaders as the ROMAN TRIBUNES were,
COUTHON, and young ST. JUST, and simple ROBESPIERRE.
Now, glory to their garrets! it is nobler far to own,
Than the fair half-hundred palaces, and the CARLOVINGIAN throne.

And glory to the thousand proofs that day by day they give,
Of some great END to which they tend, those solemn lives they live;
When the MONARCH and the ANARCH alike shall pass away,
And MORN shall break and MAN awake in the light of a fairer day!"

To understand the difference between the ballad school of poetry and the mere commonplace rant it is born to supersede, peruse the *Marseillaise Hymn* (divested of its music), and compare its pompous generalities with the plain, outspoken, individual allusions here. Proper names in times of excitement are the true trumpet-tones to stir men's souls. Hence Macaulay's ballad of the *Armada* is almost a bare nomenclature, yet how suggestive! Nor was this secret unknown to Pindar, or him who sang—

"Quid debeas o Roma *Neronibus*
Testis *Metaurum* flumen et *Asdrubal*," &c.,

mere abstract propositions being to true poetry most antipathetical. But we must leave to professor Keble the task of becoming prosy on the precepts of the divine art, and would rather rejoice our readers by another specimen of our author's handicraft. Where can we find more graceful or more touching lines than these,—capable of drawing ferruginous tears down the cast-iron cheeks of old Knox himself?

"MARY STUART'S LAST PRAYER.

"A lonely mourner kneels in prayer before the Virgin's fane,
With white hands crossed for Jesu's sake, so her prayer may not be vain.
Wan is her cheek, and very pale, her voice is low and faint,
And tears are in her eyes the while she makes her humble plaint.
Oh! little could you deem, from her sad and lowly mien,
That she was once the bride of France—that she was Scotland's queen.

Oh, Mary Mother! Mary Mother! be my help and stay!
Be with me still, as thou hast been, and strengthen me to-day!
For many a time, with heavy heart, all weary of its grief,
I solace sought in thy best thought, and ever found relief;
For thou, too, wert a queen on earth, and men were harsh to thee!
And cruel things and rude would say, as they have said of me!

Oh, gentlemen of Scotland! oh, cavaliers of France!
How each and all had grasped his sword, and seized his trusty lance,
If ladye-love, or sister dear, or nearer, dearest bride,
Had been, like me, your friendless liege, insulted and belied!
But these are sinful thoughts and sad, I should not mind me now,
Of faith forsworn, or broken pledge, or false or fruitless vow!

But rather pray, sweet Mary, my sins may be forgiven,
And less severe than on the earth, my judges prove in heaven:
For stern and solemn men have said, 'God's vengeance will be shown,'
And fearful will the penance be, on the sins which I have done!

And yet, albeit my sins be great, oh, Mary, Mary dear!
Not to cruel Knox, nor false Moray, the Judge will then give ear.

But it was wrong and thoughtless, when first I came from France,
To lead courante, or minuet, or lighter, gayer dance;
Yes, it was wrong and thoughtless, to while whole hours away
In dark and gloomy Holyrood, with some Italian lay.
Dark men did scowl their hate at me, and I have heard them tell
How the just Lord God of Israel had stricken Jezebel.

But thou, blest Mary, Mary mine! hast ever looked the same,
With pleasant mien, and smile serene, on her who bore thy name;
Grant that whenever I must go to death, I may not see
Nor axe, nor block, nor headsman, but Thee and only Thee!
Then 'twill be told, in other times, how Mary gave her grace
To die as Stuart, Guise, should die, of Charlemagne's high race!"

In dismissing this volume, we need not repeat the gratification its perusal has given. Its general scope, its tone, its topics, have our warmest approval. We delight to find our well-born youth applying their leisure to such blameless performances, and rejoice that in our time so many instances can be pointed out of similar devotion to the humanizing pursuits of literature. The question put by old Milton, in whose days the "Muse" was "thankless," viz.,

> "Were it not better done as others use
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

is now satisfactorily answered. As old men, we rejoice at the spirit which has gone forth among these youngsters, of praiseworthy emulation in such walks of honorable distinction; as housekeepers, we are glad while they burn the midnight oil, that our hall-doors will be no further despoiled of their appendages. If Young England had accomplished nothing more, we think it entitled to the thanks of the parish. But it has renovated the whole surface of things, both in politics and literature, when both appeared blank, sterile, and unprofitable. This new guano has refreshed the field. For this we have chosen to devote so much of our space to these *Historic Fancies*, and also partly because we think justice has not been done them by a surly hebdomadal, the Whig *Athenæum*, where a vain attempt has been made to demolish this work altogether, and to knock, *quod absit*, the Hon. Mr. Smythe to smithereens.

TRADE EXHIBITION AT PARIS.—There is, just now, in Paris, a congress of delegates, from different European states, to the number of twenty-two, severally commissioned to examine into the proceedings of the great Trade Exhibition there going on, and the various productions exhibited, and meeting and consulting with one another at the house of one of their colleagues, the Belgian commissioner. It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of such an assembling for such a purpose, the awakened and spreading intelligence which it indicates, or the spirit of justified pride and generous emulation in which the whole affair of this exhibition has been planned and conducted. The entire proceedings are well worthy of notice, as significant of a new era. If there has been in them something of that display so dear to the French heart, it has, at least, been for an object so sound, as to bear almost any amount of decoration without losing its character of solidity; and if the nation be a lover of shows, it is well they should be provided for it in connexion with such substances. The people have been made the heroes of a long festival in their own metropolis, the grand materials of whose pageantry was furnished by their own various skill and honest toil; and honors and rewards have been freely given, by the hand that distributes military crosses and political ribbons, in acknowledgement of past mechanic merit, and incitement to future. The trades' festival given by the King at Versailles, too, well deserves another word of notice. The ambassadors of foreign powers were invited to be present; and *this* mode of presenting to Europe the spectacle of a nation's vast resources, true wealth, and substantial power is so *new*, as to look almost like a *discovery* of this clever king. It is the discovery of a grand truth, however; and we know not if the substantive greatness of a kingdom was ever so successfully brought under the eyes of foreigners before. In what other aspect could the nation's power—which is its knowledge, and its skill, and its strength—so visibly present itself as in this assembled representation of all its producing classes? This the first time in history, that the people were ever the guest of kings, in virtue of their own inherent, positive, and recognized greatness; and we scarcely remember any expression of the change which has passed over the world since the days of Louis XV. and his scented courtiers and courtesans, which has struck us so strangely, as this picture of humble mechanics wandering as the honored *convives* of a crowned Bourbon through the gilded saloons of Versailles, and artisans in fustian jostling the nobles of France on the benches of *its famous theatre*. Why, the very *ghosts* of the past must be dead—or some *petit marquis* would have surely risen up to avenge this last incredible desecration! But the age of the *petits marquis* is gone, to join the age of Chivalry; and the *petits marquis* themselves would be more of shadows in this living and stirring world, than they are even in the dim vaults to which they have all crept—and only just in time. —*Athenæum*.

THE MODERN BABYLON.

ORIGIN—PROGRESS—PRESENT CONDITION—CONTINUED RAPID EXTENSION—AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF LONDON.

From the Metropolitan.

In proposing a series of papers under this title, illustrative of the wonders and mysteries of the greatest city in the world, it may be proper to devote an introductory chaper to the origin, progress, and present condition of London.

The origin of London, like that of most of our European cities of note, is lost in the mists of antiquity. Nor is it within the pale of probability, that the mystery in which the foundation of our mighty metropolis is enshrouded, will ever be cleared up. Geoffrey of Monmouth dates the origin of London so far back as the year 1108 before the Christian era. He tells us, with a gravity and confidence of manner which show that he entertained no doubt on the point, that it was founded in that year by Bruto, a lineal descendant of Æneas. He adds, that its first name was New Troy; being so called in memory of the wondrous exploits performed at the siege of Troy. This would give London an antiquity of nearly three thousand years. The idea of its having been founded upwards of a thousand years before the birth of Christ, and under the circumstances which Geoffrey of Monmouth mentions, is so exceedingly improbable, that no subsequent writer has referred to it, except for the purpose of exposing it to ridicule. Other authors speak of London as having been founded so far back as seven hundred years before the Christian era; but they have not been able to adduce any feasible reason for their belief. The only thing certain is, that it did exist before the birth of Christ, and that it was then the capital of the Trinobantes—a people generally supposed to have recently come from Belgium, and constituting one of the numerous small nations which then inhabited Britain. Some surprise has been expressed that Julius Cæsar should not have noticed London in his "Commentaries." The conclusion has been come to by several writers, that the reason of his silence is, that London was not in existence at the time of his mention of this country; which, as the reader is aware, was in the middle of the century immediately preceding the Christian era. The inference is not warranted by the facts of the case. The presumption rather is, that the Roman conqueror, though he must have passed it, did not visit London in the course of his hasty invasion of Britain. Several intelligent writers even doubt whether he ever crossed the Thames at all within many miles of London, there being then no bridges over the river, as indeed there could not be; for its waters, instead of being confined by embankments as at present, spread over the greater portion of the extensive tract of flat ground lying between Wandsworth and Greenwich. But though there can be no question that London existed for a considerable time before the invasion of Cæsar, it could only then have been a place of very inconsiderable importance: had it been otherwise, Cæsar would not have failed to visit and mention it. Besides, it is agreed on all hands, that the abodes of its inhabitants consisted of miserable huts constructed of wood and mud.

The site of the original London was the elevated ground on Ludgate Hill, and eastward of St. Paul's. The station which the Romans first occupied, was in the well-known locality called St. George's in the Fields. At what time they passed over the river, and took possession of London, which they called Londinium, has not been satisfactorily ascertained. It must, however, have risen rapidly into importance, after having fallen into their hands; for Tacitus, the first accredited writer who takes notice of it, describes it in his "Annals" as having been, in the year 62, in the reign of Nero, a "place of the first distinction for the number of its resident merchants, and its traffic with other places." It is supposed to have been taken possession of by the Romans under the emperor Claudius, about a century after the invasion of Julius Cæsar. The commercial eminence to which it so soon attained under the Romans, was in a great measure to be ascribed to the circumstance of its conquerors not converting it into a military colony, but giving it the advantage of many of the most valuable of their own institutions, and encouraging the pursuits of trade and commerce in every possible way. The Romans treated the Britons with the greatest generosity; never doing any thing which could have a tendency to perpetuate the remembrance of their being a subjugated people, but doing all in their power to obliterate from their minds the recollection of so mortifying a circumstance. They met

the Britons on a footing of perfect equality, studiously taught them the arts of civilization, and sought to raise them to a level with themselves.

London was thus rapidly improving in civilization and rising in commercial importance, when, in the year 64, Boadicea, queen of the Britons, with a boldness and spirit unparalleled in the history of female heroism, attacked and captured the city. It would have been well had her clemency been equal to her courage; unhappily her cruelty was as great as her bravery. She massacred the whole of the inhabitants who did not succeed in escaping by flight, showing no mercy either to innocent children or to those whose heads were gray with years, and were already tottering into their graves. And to aggravate the horrors of the scene, the most ingenious modes of inflicting torture which could be devised were resorted to—those of her own sex seeming to be the objects of her special cruelties. The number of individuals, inhabitants of London, who were thus put to death by Boadicea, has never been satifactorily ascertained; but it is supposed to have been not less than from fifty thousand to sixty thousand. If this be so, the fact shows what an important place London must have been even at that remote period, especially as many thousands who were in the prime of life, must have effected their escape. Nor did this cruel though courageous woman content herself with the massacre of the inhabitants; she followed up her slaughter of the citizens by setting fire to, and destroying, the last vestige of the city. And here it may be remarked, that at this time London could not have been a fortified place; had it been environed by walls, it would not have fallen so easy a prey to the fury of Boadicea.

The Romans speedily recovered possession of London, though at what precise period has not been ascertained. It was not, indeed, likely that such a people as the Romans—at that time, and for centuries before, the military masters of the world—would allow any long period to elapse before they wiped away the reproach of being dispossessed of one of their favorite locations by a few thousand barbarians, under the command of a woman. Still less probable was it that they should rest satisfied until they had been revenged on those who had slaughtered so many thousands of their people, and their attached allies. They accordingly returned with a numerous and formidable army, and marched at once into the heart of London. They scarcely met with any thing worthy the name of resistance, in consequence of the dismay and consternation which the imposing appearance of their soldiers struck into the minds of Boadicea and the Britons. Of the latter it is computed that not fewer than from seventy thousand to eighty thousand perished in one day and on one spot. The loss of the Romans was trifling as compared with the numbers that had fallen under their sword. Only about four hundred of their soldiery were killed, and about a similar number wounded. Boadicea escaped from the scene of slaughter; but, finding her cause to be wholly hopeless, and anxious that the Romans might not be able to make her their prisoner, she took a quantity of poison, and very soon afterwards expired.

History is silent for a considerable period after this, respecting the condition or extent of London. That it speedily recovered its civil importance and commercial prosperity, under the same institutions which had so rapidly raised it to greatness before, there is no reason to doubt. The first mention made of it after this time, occurs in the life of the emperor Severus, by Herodian. That writer, speaking of it in the beginning of the third century, represents it as being "a great and wealthy city."

Considerable diversity of opinion exists among antiquarians as to the time at which London was first surrounded by a wall. A very general impression prevails that it was first enclosed in the time of Constantine the Great, in the end of the third or beginning of the fourth century. This is undoubtedly the traditionary account of the time at which the wall of London was constructed. It is supposed to have been built at the request of Helena, his mother; an impression strengthened by the fact that coins of that celebrated woman have been found under the wall. Be this as it may, it is not questioned that before the close of the fourth century, London was surrounded by a wall. The extent of the city at this time may be inferred from the locality of the seven great or double gates by which it was entered. These are understood to have been Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, and the Posterngate near the tower. The wall was one of remarkable strength. Its foundation was eight feet deep, the height was ten feet, and its thickness about nine feet. It was composed alternately of layers of broad flat

bricks and of rag-stone. At a subsequent period an addition was made to the height of the wall, making its altitude about twenty feet. The circuit of the wall was about two miles and a furlong. It had two grand forts and thirteen smaller towers, conjectured to have been each about forty feet in height. The principal street of Roman London is supposed to have been the Watling street of the present day. Cheapside is also supposed to have been then, as now, another of its leading thoroughfares.

From the time of Constantine the Great until the departure of the Romans from Britain, which event is supposed to have taken place in the second quarter of the fifth century, our information respecting London is exceedingly scanty. One fact, however, of considerable importance, as indicating the commercial prosperity of London in the middle of the fourth century, has been ascertained. It is, that in the year 359, the very large number—large for that remote period—of eight hundred vessels, were employed in the exportation from London of corn alone.

For a considerable period after the Romans had abandoned our shores, London continued rapidly to decline, both in grandeur and in commercial importance. The Saxons, whom the Londoners had sent for to protect them from the incursions of the Scots and Picts, began, soon after they had acquired a footing in the country, to attempt bringing the Britons under subjection to themselves. The Britons resented as long as they were able, these efforts to subjugate them to the Saxon yoke. At last they were compelled to relinquish the unequal contest. The decline of the trade and commerce of London, which had been gradually going on for nearly a hundred and fifty years, was now followed by its almost entire annihilation. Ethelbert, king of Kent, whose sovereignty was acknowledged by all the Saxon nations south of the Humber, transferred the seat of government from London to Canterbury. From this period down till the year 827—being a period of nearly two centuries and a half—scarcely any thing is heard of London, excepting the fearful visitations which befel it in the form of fire and pestilence. In the year last named, Egbert, who had just established the Heptarchy, chose London as the seat of his sovereignty. Fortune again, therefore, began to smile on it. In six years thereafter, namely, in 833, a Parliament was held in it. Scarcely, however, had the prospect of recovering at least some portion of its former grandeur and commercial greatness, begun to break upon it, than it was overclouded by the results which followed the invasion of the Danes. One of the first of these results was the expulsion of Egbert from his adopted capital. This was followed by the massacre of the great majority of the inhabitants, and the destruction of nearly the whole city by fire.

The name of London was, for about half a century after this, scarcely heard of, excepting in connexion with its past history At the end of that time, namely, in the year 884, the celebrated Alfred, having previously vanquished the Danes, and expelled them from Britain, ordered the city of London to be rebuilt. He was the first to introduce houses of stone and brick The circumstances of the people, however, were not such as enabled them to construct many of their houses of these materials; though, as London again advanced in the path of prosperity, the number continued to increase. He encouraged trade and commerce in every possible way, and instituted a municipal system for the local government of the place, which proves him to have been as great a statesman and philosopher, as his brilliant victories had before proved him to be a distinguished warrior. London continued to make steady progress in trade and commerce, and civil and political importance, for more than a century, when it was again doomed to meet with disasters, owing to the pusillanimity of Ethelred the Second, the reigning monarch. He ingloriously fled from London, leaving the citizens to defend their walls as they best could, when exposed to the assaults of the united armies of Denmark and Norway, headed by the monarchs of these two countries. The citizens made a brave defence, repeatedly repulsing the invaders with great loss, and compelled them, at last, to raise the siege. The Danes, assisted by the Norwegians, continued, however, to harass other parts of the country, until the cowardly and feeble-minded Ethelred was induced to abdicate his throne, and retire into the province of Normandy. This was in the year 1013. Unable to hold out any longer, the citizens of London were obliged to open their gates to the army of Sweyn, the Danish king, and to submit, with the rest of the inhabitants of England, to his sceptre. That monarch's reign, however, was not of long duration; he died in three

years afterwards, and was succeeded by his son, the celebrated Canute—a name made familiar to every school-boy, by means of the anecdote respecting his vain attempt to arrest the progress of the waves by commanding them, with kingly authority, not to approach the place where he had seated himself on the shore. The citizens of London promptly and bravely rallied around the standard of Edmund Ironside, the son of Ethelred, in the effort which the Saxons, under his command, then made to release themselves from the Danish bondage, in which the latter were held. Prospects of a successful rising looked remarkably bright for a time. Canute was compelled to flee from the capital, and Ironside, his rival, was crowned king of England. Three several times in the course of the year 1016 did Canute return to London and lay siege to it, but as frequently was he repulsed with a very heavy loss. Both princes, finding their army so alarmingly reduced, and their forces so equally balanced, that it was impossible to say which of them should ultimately triumph, entered into a compromise. The condition on which they agreed to lay down arms was, that there should be an equal division of territory between them. The agreement was carried into effect; the division of territory was made, and peaceful relations seemed to be established between the rival princes, when Ironside was assassinated by his treacherous relative, Edrick Streon. The Saxons, thus deprived of their leader, were obliged to resign themselves to the sole sovereignty of Canute.

At this period of the history of London, it is only from incidental hints in the writings of those who refer to that era, that we can form any idea of its wealth and commercial greatness. That it must, at this period, have been a place of great opulence and commercial importance, is evident from the fact, that on Canute succeeding to the entire and uncontested sovereignty of England, he called on the citizens of London to pay more than than a seventh part of a tax of £82,000, which he imposed on the whole country. Canute died in 1036. His death was followed by serious disputes as to which of three claimants to the throne should be his successor. Edward, son of Ethelred, had a large and influential body of partizans; who, failing him, resolved to declare in favor of Hardicanute, son of Canute, by queen Emma. Harold Harefoot, another son of Canute, by queen Elgiva, of Northampton, had also a formidable body of adherents. Among his friends were the citizens of London; a host in themselves. It was eventually agreed, for the sake of peace, that the two brothers should equally divide the kingdom between them. It was while these disputes were going on that the citizens of London, for the first time, sent representatives to Parliament. On the death of Hardicanute, the Danish line of succession ended, and Edward the Confessor, a prince lineally descended from Alfred the Great, was chosen to the throne of England. His reign is remarkable on many accounts: a new era in the history of London is to be dated from his accession to the throne. The privileges which that city had enjoyed for so long a period, but which seem to have rested on no better foundation than that of mere usage, were now, for the first time, recognized by special act of Parliament. What those privileges were, is a point on which we are left in doubt; but there can be no question that they were very important ones: that, indeed, may be fairly inferred from the frequent incidental allusions made to them by the chroniclers of that period. One important fact which is clearly ascertained is, that London had from time immemorial enjoyed the right—a right confined to itself—of conferring liberty on those slaves or vassals who had fled to it, and had remained within its walls for a year and a day without being claimed by their lords. This was one of the privileges which received a statutory recognition and confirmation on the accession of Edward to the crown. It is supposed, and with reason, that in this privilege of the city of London is to be found the origin of that great constitutional doctrine—a doctrine which is the boast and glory of Englishmen—that the moment a slave sets his foot on the soil of England, that moment his fetters burst asunder, and he stands erect in all the conscious dignity of a freeman.

The only circumstance to which it is necessary to allude, connected with the accession of William the Conqueror—the next important epoch in the annals of London—is, that the citizens only consented to submit to his sway, on the condition that he would, by special charter, ratify certain privileges they had before enjoyed, and confer upon them new ones. The most important of the privileges before possessed, but now guaranteed to them in all time coming, by express charter, was, that they

should be "law worthy;" meaning, that in all matters affecting their persons or property, they should be entitled to a legal trial. This privilege was first conferred on them in the time of Edward, and is supposed by some to have been the origin of trial by jury, though in a much ruder state than that in which the institution is developed in modern times.

From this period until the reign of John, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, nothing definite is known respecting the military resources or commercial greatness of London. That the citizens must have been a courageous race of men, and deeply imbued with the military spirit in the reign of John, is evident from the fact, that though exempted by special charter from being liable to be called to serve in war, they were, as William of Malmesbury assures us, always ready to assert their rights at the point of the sword, and that for warlike purposes they constantly maintained twenty thousand armed horsemen, and forty thousand footmen. As, however, the population of London could not at this period have furnished so great a number of fighting men, it has been supposed that a considerable proportion of the above sixty thousand must have consisted of the vassals or followers of the barons residing in different parts of the country, but who were, in some way or other, connected with the city. The extraordinary military resources of the city of London at this time, satisfactorily accounts for its being able to defend itself against the assaults of king John, though all other parts of the kingdom had been reduced by him.

The naval power also of the city of London must have been very considerable at this period, considering the rude condition in which shipping matters must then have been placed. The citizens sent out a fleet against the numerous pirate vessels which then infested the mouth of the Thames, and which had well nigh totally destroyed the commerce of London, and nearly ruined its merchants. What the strength of this fleet was, is not mentioned by any of the historians of the time; but that it must have been very great, is matter of fair inference from the fact, that, after an engagement with the combined forces of the pirates, it captured and destroyed no fewer than sixty-five of their ships.

Of the commercial greatness of London at this period, the writer, whose name has been already mentioned, thus speaks:—"London is a noble city, renowned for the opulence of her citizens, and crowded with merchants who resort thither with their various commodities."

In the commencement of the reign of Henry the Second, John's successor, a striking proof of the opulence of the city of London was exhibited. On the occasion of his queen, Eleanor, being crowned, she rode in state fron the city to Westminster, at that time, and for a long period afterwards, quite detached from London. The most distinguished citizens, three hundred and sixty in number, anxious to show their loyalty to their queen, went out, preceded by an imposing band of trumpeters, to meet her majesty. They were all attired in garments of the finest silk, richly embroidered with gold, and severally mounted on horses caparisoned in a style of dazzling splendor. Every citizen in this imposing procession bore a gold or silver cup in his hand; and having joined the train of her majesty, they served the wine out of their golden and silver cups at the banquet which followed the coronation. In a few years afterwards, the necessities of Eleanor's husband became so great, through his reckless extravagances, that he was compelled to pawn the crown jewels in order to raise money. None but the citizens of London could advance the needed sum. Chagrined that they should have accepted these jewels as security for the repayment of money, Henry exclaimed in a rage: "Were the treasures of Augustus Cæsar exposed to sale, the city would buy them. These fellows, who call themselves barons, are wallowing in wealth and every species of luxury, while we (the king and royal family) labor under the want of common necessaries."

About this time the office of lord mayor begins to occupy a prominent place in the history of London. Until now the chief magistrate had been called the "portgreve," or "bailiff" of London. It seems to have been then, as now, an office of great importance, and one which was filled only by very opulent citizens. The first great display of civic profusion in the way of feasting, was made by Henry Picard, who was lord mayor in 1363. He gave a magnificent entertainment in his mansion in Cheapside, to four sovereigns, Edward the Third, of England; John, of France; David, of Scotland; and the monarch of Cyprus. The example thus set of civic feasting by

the lord mayor, was speedily followed by the aldermen, who vied with each other in the sumptuousness of their entertainments. Turtle soup being at the time unknown, the favorite aldermanic dish was one of eels, served up in a peculiar way, and so expensively, that each dish cost about eighty pounds of our money. Nor were the sheriffs behind the aldermen in the article of feasting. It has been ascertained, that towards the close of the fourteenth century, the annual consumption of wine at one of their feasts, was not less than from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand bottles. City feasting, indeed, at length became an enormous evil, which it was found necessary to attempt to put down. For this purpose, the corporation—after stating that owing to the immense expenditure at these entertainments given by the mayoralty and shrievalty, it was with great difficulty that citizens could be induced to accept either office—proceeded to pass a by-law, limiting the mayor, sheriff, alderman, and commoner to one course at dinner or supper, and the course to six dishes. This by-law of the corporation was passed in 1554, but seems to have been made only to be broken; for we find, in 1573, that excessive and sumptuous feasting had again reached such a height, that the corporation felt themselves called on a second time to interfere, and to attempt to put it down. The attempt proved ineffectual: the city never forfeited its festive character. It still retains it, and probably will continue to do so for centuries to come. What, indeed, would the office of lord mayor be, without the association of Mansion House entertainments! Turtle soup is as necessary an element as ever in the constitution of the aldermanic character.

Of the extent of the population of London at the different intervening periods from the time of the Norman invasion down till the great fire of 1666, we have no certain knowledge. Now and then, it is true, we are enabled, from some incidental references in writings of those who have treated of particular periods, to form a conjecture on the subject, but it is only conjecture. So late as four centuries ago, the general impression of those who have paid attention to the matter is, that the population of London did not exceed fifty-five thousand. In the middle of the sixteenth century its population is understood to have been about two hundred and fifty thousand. It is a well-ascertained fact, that in the year 1666, the year of the great fire, the number of houses was sixty-six thousand; which, giving eight individuals to each house, would have made the population five hundred and twenty-eight thousand. That the population of London did not increase more rapidly previous to the thirteenth century, is a circumstance which may be partly accounted for from the frequency with which it was visited by the plague and pestilence in the previous centuries. In 664, a plague broke out, which carried off nearly all its inhabitants. In 1348, a dreadful plague, which originated in India, and, marching westward, devastated every country through which it passed, reached London, and committed fearful havoc among its population. The ordinary burying grounds were not sufficient to contain the dead bodies. It was found necessary to open a new place of interment in the neighborhood of the Charterhouse; and there alone upwards of fifty thousand persons were buried. This terrible plague lasted eight years, though it raged with less violence after the first few months. In 1497, London was again visited with the plague. It broke out in September, and lasted for six or seven weeks. Immense numbers fell victims to it, but the details are not known. In six years after this period, a disease, called the sweating-sickness, attacked the citizens, and carried off many thousands during the nine months it lasted. It appeared in a most virulent form, seldom taking more than twenty-four hours to destroy its victim. In 1528, the same dreadful disease reappeared, under still more alarming circumstances than before; for it now did its work in five or six hours. In less than forty years, and while the memory of the visitation just alluded to was yet fresh in the minds of many of the inhabitants, London was again doomed to endure the devastating effects of another plague. This was in 1563, when no fewer than seventeen thousand five hundred individuals fell victims to it—a very large number, considering the limited population of London at that period. In 1592, it was yet once more the fate of the metropolis to be visited by a fearful plague—one which swept away from ten thousand to twelve thousand of its citizens. Another plague, which visited London in 1602, carried off upwards of thirty thousand of its inhabitants. But the most terrible visitation in this shape which London ever had to encounter, was the great plague of 1665. It broke out in Long Acre, in December. It was partly

checked by the excessively cold weather of January, February, and March; but broke out with renewed violence in April and May. In June it had reached its climax, and did not abate till October. About seventy thousand persons fell victims to it; and had not all who were in circumstances to do so, quitted the place, there can be no question that myriads more would have perished on the occasion. Such frequent and destructive visitations satisfactorily account for the fact of the population of London not increasing with that rapidity during the periods referred to, which might otherwise have been expected. How striking the contrast between London with its present population of upwards of two millions, and its seventy-five thousand, four hundred years ago!

The frequency with which fires occurred in London between the eighth and seventeenth centuries, and their generally destructive character, must also have contributed, in no small degree, to arrest its extension during the intervening period. The first great fire in London of which we have any authentic accounts, took place in 764. What the extent of its destruction was, we have no means of ascertaining. In thirty-four years afterwards, namely, in 798, London was visited by another and still more frightful conflagration; more than one-half of it was destroyed on that occasion. In 893, it was subjected to a repetition of the calamity, which was nearly as extensive as the conflagration of 798. The historians of the period do not express themselves in sufficiently definite terms to enable us to say what the extent of the devastation was; but there can be little doubt that, as in the previous case, a full half of the city was burnt to the ground. The next great conflagration occurred in the year 1077, when the greater part of the city was again consumed. This destructive visitation was followed by another of a similar kind, in the short space of nine years, when, according to the chroniclers of the period, "the greater and best part of the city was consumed," including the cathedral of St. Paul's. That cathedral, however, was immediately afterwards rebuilt, on a much more extensive scale, and in a far more magnificent style, than before. In 1093, another dreadful fire broke out in London, but no clue is given us as to the extent of its devastations. The next great metropolitan fire—great as well for the destruction of life which ensued, as for the destruction of property—occurred in the year 1212. The conflagration began on the south side of Southwark bridge; but in some mysterious manner or other, another fire broke out simultaneously on the city side of the bridge. The immense concourse of persons who had assembled on the bridge to witness the progress of the devouring element, and, if possible, to aid in extinguishing it, were hemmed in. The bridge, being built of wood, was soon itself enveloped in flames. The only chance, therefore, of escape, was in throwing themselves over the bridge into boats on the river. Many thousands were in this way saved, but it was computed that, in the hurry, and confusion, and crowding into the boats, not less than three thousand persons fell into the river and perished. How affecting the thought, that in thus escaping from the destructive fury of one element—fire, it was only to meet immediate death by its opposite element—water. The amount of property, too, destroyed by this conflagration, was very great; it burnt down a number of houses on either side of the river.

In the space which intervened between 1212 and the great fire of 1666, London was visited by many conflagrations, but none of them were of sufficient magnitude to require a particular reference. The frequency of fires down to the close of the seventeenth century, is easily accounted for. It is to be ascribed to the fact of the houses being, until the commencement of the seventeenth century, nearly all built of wood. The frequency of fires had induced the mayor and aldermen of the city to pass a resolution that all houses should, with the view of preventing the recurrence of fires, be built of stone. The resolution, however, was not acted upon to any great extent. The much greater expensiveness of the materials was, probably, the principal reason why the resolution was not more generally adopted. Be this as it may, there were comparatively few houses of stone until the commencement of the seventeenth century.

In that century, in the year 1666, occurred the most terrific and most destructive fire, not only which had ever been known in London, but which had ever taken place in any part of the world. It broke out in a baker's house in Pudding-Lane, at the back of the Monument, and destroyed, during the three days it lasted, eighty-nine churches, St. Paul's, the city gates, the

Royal Exchange, the Custom House, Guildhall, Zion College, and a great many other public buildings. The number of streets it laid in ruins exceeded four hundred, and the number of houses consumed was upwards of thirteen thousand. The ruins of this colossal conflagration covered nearly four hundred and fifty acres. It extended from the Tower to the vicinity of the Temple Church, and from the north-east gate, in Bishopsgate Street, to Holborn Bridge. Even then its further progress was only arrested by the blowing up of a number of houses. Estimates have been made of the value of the property destroyed on that memorable occasion, and in round numbers it has been supposed to be about £12,000,000, which, according to our standard of value, would be equal to £50,000,000 or £60,000,000. All the fires to which reference has been made, were attended by the destruction, to a greater or less amount, of human life. The narowness of the streets, conjoined with the circumstance of the houses being mostly, except at the time of the great fire of 1666, built of wood, enabled the flames to spread with a fearful rapidity. The consequence of this destruction both of property and life, was, that the progress of London in commercial greatness, and the extension of its size, was frequently arrested. Between the frequent fires and plagues with which London was visited during the periods which have been referred to, it is indeed a matter of surprise that it should have continued to retain its importance as the first city in Europe.

Those who are conversant with the history of London in the dark ages, must feel the contrast between what it then was and what it now is, to be curious and striking. At that time the city, extending from Ludgate Hill, eastward to the Minories, was surrounded by forests and water. A few miles north of the Thames there was an immense forest; it extended for many miles from west to east. The district now known by the name of Finsbury, was a large lake, whose waters washed the north-east wall of the city. Westminster was wholly separated from London by an immense tract of water, the communication between the two cities being carried on by boats. A river of considerable size ran, so late as two centuries ago, along Farringdon street, and emptied itself into the Thames. At a still later period, there were large and beautiful gardens attached to many of the houses in the Strand. In the time of Elizabeth, Holborn, which was then only built as far westward as Gray's Inn Lane, was called a village, and was not connected with London. In the now gigantic borough of Marylebone, there was not then a single house. St. Pancras, Pentonville, Islington, the City Road, Hoxton, &c., were all open fields, through which it was dangerous to pass, in consequence of the number of robbers by which they were infested.

To those who are fond of comparing the past with the present, it would be a very interesting exercise to compare the external aspect of London four or five hundred years ago, with its external aspect at present. Then, the houses, with very few exceptions, were built of wood, their roofs being covered over with thatch similar to what is still to be seen in many farmsteadings in different parts of the country. The streets were narrow and irregular, and the city generally had a very heavy, repulsive appearance. The streets were not paved; they first began to be so in the year 1533. The inhabitants, in wet weather, were generally, when walking along the leading thoroughfares, ankle deep in mud; and, to aggravate the evil, vehicles for the conveyance of the public from one part of the town to another, were then unknown. Indeed, at so late a period as the year 1625, there were only twenty hackney-coaches in London. Even those who, before the streets of London were paved, could afford to keep their carriages, could not, in very rainy weather, pass from one part of the town to the other without great difficulty and danger. The carriages often stuck fast in the mud, and in the endeavor to extricate them, the horses became restive, and often upset the vehicles. A curious illustration of the soft nature of the leading thoroughfares in London before the idea of paving them occurred to the citizens, was given in the year 1091. In that year occurred the most terrible tempest with which London was ever visited. No fewer than six hundred houses—probably a tenth of the whole—were blown down. The Tower suffered greatly from the effects of the storm, and many of the most strongly-built churches were entirely destroyed. Among others, the church of St. Mary-le-bow (our present Bow Church), fell a partial victim to the fury of the tempest. Four of the rafters on the roof, each of them thirty feet in length, were blown off, and, falling into Cheapside, so great was the softness of the soil and

such the force of the storm, that twenty-six feet out of the thirty were buried in the earth. Only four feet of the rafters were visible above ground. Handsome squares and ornamental parks were then wholly unknown; there were no places of public promenade. Such a thing as walking for pleasure was altogether unknown. Fine shops or fine houses of any kind, were also unknown. The streets were not lighted at night; the little light that guided the feet of the pedestrian, was emitted from the shops and the windows of the houses. It was dangerous, owing to the numerous robberies then committed after dark, to go out at night; no one, indeed, left his own abode who was not obliged to do so. How altered the aspect and state of London now! But I dwell not on its present condition; I leave that to the reader himself. Suffice it to say, that it is now one of the most healthy and comfortable towns in the kingdom.

It were improper to close this introductory chapter without some reference to the recent rapid extension of London, and what it is likely to attain to ere the lapse of many years. Astounding as is the magnitude which it has already attained, it is increasing in extent with a rapidity to which there is no parallel either in its own annals, or in the history of any other city in the world. In little more than twelve years, no fewer than twelve hundred streets have been added to the number previously existing—being at the rate of a hundred new streets every year. The statement will surprize our country readers; many of them will, doubtless, regard it as an experiment on their credulity. It is, nevertheless, strictly true. It is given on the authority of a return recently made, not to the legislature, but to the government. These twelve hundred new streets consist of forty-eight thousand houses, most of them built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superior comfort. It is a fact which is worthy of being recorded, that of late years the new houses which have been built, are, in the majority of cases, of a superior class as compared with the houses previously erected. The resident in the metropolis is less liable to be struck with amazement at the rapid rate with which it is, in all directions, extending its boundaries, because almost daily additions to its magnitude come gradually on him; but it requires no great effort of the imagination to form some idea of what must be the measure of that man's surprise, who now surveys its suburbs after an absence of ten or twelve years.

The question has often been asked, "Is London likely to continue for any length of time to increase its dimensions in the same ratio as it has done for the last fourteen or fifteen years?" Absolute certainty on such a point is necessarily out of the question. No man can speak oracularly on the subject. The presumption, however, undoubtedly, is in favor of an affirmative answer. The probability, indeed, is, that not only will it go on extending its proportions at the same extraordinary rate, but that it will do so at an accelerated pace. The disposition to build is every where prevalent. A few months only have elapsed since a great effort was made to obtain the sanction of the legislature to erect houses on Hampstead Heath. Had this sanction been given to the parties applying for it, there cannot be a question, that before twelve months had elapsed, that extensive common would have presented the aspect of a moderately sized country town.

In confirmation of the opinion that this mighty metropolis will go on, for many years to come, enlarging its dimensions, in as great if not a greater ratio than during the last fourteen or fifteen years, it may be right to refer to the fact, that the demand for houses, instead of diminishing, continues to increase. From all parts of the country we hear, at short intervals, of the number of unoccupied houses in particular towns. No such complaint ever greets the ear in reference to the metropolis. Not only are there few untenanted houses in the more central parts of the town, but the most careless observer who passes through any of the suburban districts, must have been often struck with the fact, that scarcely is a new street finished, than almost every house in it is fully occupied.

This very extensive and rapidly increasing demand for houses, is susceptible of easy explanation. The extraordinary facilities for travelling afforded by the numerous railways now intersecting the country, induce myriads to visit the metropolis, who, but for these facilities of transit, would have remained contented in the provinces: many thousands of these settle permanently among us. It need hardly be remarked, that increased facilities of intercourse between London and the country towns, necessarily increase the trade and commerce of the former, and that as trade and commerce increase, the demand for houses must con-

tinue to grow, and the metropolis, consequently, continue to extend. As an illustration of the influence which the railways have in bringing persons from the provinces to the metropolis, who otherwise would not have visited the latter place, the fact deserves to be mentioned, that the daily influx of individuals to London is five times as great now as it was only fifteen years ago. Let any one only visit the termini of the great trunk railways—the London and Birmingham, the Great Western, the London and Southwestern, the Eastern Counties', the Dover, the Brighton, &c.; let any one only visit the termini of these great lines of railway and he will be overwhelmed with amazement at the thousands of persons which the provinces daily pour into the metropolis. As railways are multiplied and extended throughout the country, London, already so overgrown, must needs continue to swell its dimensions. When or where the enlargement of its boundaries is to stop, no one can tell; not even a confident conjecture can be formed on the subject. There is not, assuredly, anything improbable in the supposition that ere many years have elapsed, Blackwell, Stratford, Greenwich, Hampstead, Highgate, Hornsey, Hammersmith, Fulham, Brixton, and other places around London, will, by the filling up of the intervening open space with houses, be all brought within the comprehensive embraces of the metropolis. In the supposed case, instead of being, as at present, about forty miles in circumference, its circumference would be little less than a hundred miles; while the population would be from three millions five hundred thousand to four millions. The mind feels appalled at the contemplation of so colossal a place; it is overpowered as it reflects on the probability that so vast a number of human beings will ere long, be permanently congregated together, as if all belonged to one great family. London is already regarded as a little world of itself. The author who, half a century hence, shall write on so fruitful a theme, may with a special propriety, choose for his book the title of "The Modern Babylon." E. H. E.

THE MANCHESTER PARK.—Public Parks have been called the lungs of towns. In the animal economy the lungs are among the earliest developments, and are at first disproportionately large, the other parts of the system expanding in bulk at a later period. In old-fashioned towns—towns which have been founded or have come to their full growth before the era of manufactures—the progress of development has been analogous. Except where a close and jobbing corporation has been at work, such towns generally enjoy large and healthy lungs.

In the towns begotten of manufactures it is different The old towns were built to be towns, and at a time when land was plentiful in proportion to the population; so a competent quantity was allotted to them. But the manufacturing-towns have grown by accident. Mills and factories were planted in convenient situations; houses were built for the persons employed in them; nobody thought of a town, until it was found that the people and houses had increased in numbers and closed in upon each other so they had actually made one. Every man was too busy thinking of himself and his own concerns, to spare a thought for his neighbors, until the crowd became so great that they were unintentionally treading on each other's toes, driving their elbows in each other's sides, making each other uncomfortable in all manner of ways.

At a period characterized by increasing consideration for the public, and more especially for that which must under all circumstances be the most numerous portion of the public—the poor, and those who, if not exactly poor, are most certainly not rich—such an anomaly could not escape observation. A good deal of talk there has been of late about establishing public parks in the large manufacturing-towns; and, fortunately, the business has now got beyond the talking stage—in Manchester it has been fairly begun.

As might have been expected from the popular sympathies and appreciation of the innocent amenities of life, not only of himself but of his whole kith and kin, Mr. MARK PHILIPS, Member for Manchester, was among the first to open his purse liberally to promote so important an object; and Sir BENJAMIN HEYWOOD of course kept pace with him. Sir ROBERT PEEL was applied to; and his contribution was munificent, and gracefully offered: "Considering Manchester to be the metropolis of a district to the industry of which I and my family are under very deep obligations," is the Premier's proem, and the conclusion is "set me down for a thousand pounds." Lord FRANCIS EGERTON, on subscribing the same amount, observed that he "was in arrears to the inhabitants of the town, and was only paying an instalment." This manner of giving doubles the value of the gift. Lord FRANCIS EGERTON and Sir ROBERT PEEL, in recognizing what they owe to the industry of Manchester, have spoken the simple truth: but to remember it and utter it at the right moment shows the wise, liberal spirit, the high mind, that gratifies those they are assisting even more by recognizing their claims, than by the assistance actually given. The admission that the Park to be purchased and laid out for the use of Manchester by those and other subscriptions is their just right, no eleemosynary grant, will immeasurably increase the gratification of the people in using it, and correspondingly their kindly feelings towards the subscribers. It is by words and deeds like these that society is cemented. Words and deeds like these are in a Christian society the substitute for the religious rites with which the classical nations would have inaugurated such a field. The work in Manchester is begun in a right spirit—*quod felix faustumque sit.*—*Spectator.*

OSWALD HERBST'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

From Tait's Magazine.

LETTER I.—TO CARL FRÜHLING.

Penrith.

I AM in England. After an easy voyage, I arrived in the town of Newcastle a fortnight ago. The entrance of the Tyne is noble, and crowded with vessels of merchandise. Shall I confess that the first sensation I had upon landing in this town, was something of Heimweh? (they have no name for it here.) When I walked out into the crowded streets of this commercial place, I felt my own insignificance to a painful degree. In that quiet little town of Franconia, where I spent last summer, the very air seems favorable to philosophic contemplation. One feels there as if one's thoughts were of some importance to the world, which seems to lie passive and recipient around one; but here, how different is my feeling! What can gentle thoughts do here! Can you make these money-seeking crowds of men stand still long enough, or hold in the breath of eager desire, while you instil into them lessons of unworldly wisdom? How the clergymen feel in these great commercial towns, I can hardly imagine. Perhaps they are pleased if they get new churches erected and well-attended on Sundays; but I should be very discontented in their situation. But then I am a dreamer. Well: I already feel that if I came hither for mere immediate pleasure, for objects exactly accordant with all my predilections, I have made a wrong choice of ground for travel; but if I wish to try my patience with a stout opposition to my ruling fancy, or to enlarge my mind by the contemplation of a wide diversity, here I am right; for I already feel that England is the antipodes of our fatherland. And, after all, the disagreeable is, perhaps, as essential to the improvement of the mind as the agreeable. We must have the hard as well as the soft, the ungenial as well as the congenial, or we fall into a weak and sickly self-sameness, instead of a large and healthy unity of mind.

We cannot always live upon the food which we have already well digested and assimilated; but must take fresh nutriment from the outward world, though the process of digestion may cloud the head a while. I am sure I shall find plenty to try my digestive economy in this great, busy England. But I will leave this subjective mode of speaking. I cannot say that I would see the diversity which I find existing between England and our well-loved Deutschland destroyed. I would not have England assimilated to Germany; and I am sure I would not have Germany conformed to the present condition of England: no, not for all the advantages (so far as I undertand them) of a free press and representative government. But of politics I shall write when I get to London.

For want of a companion, I suppose, I soon exhausted the objects of interest in this town. Here is a good literary institution styled the Athenæum; but I have heard no lectures there. The town has been greatly improved of late years, by the building of several streets of splendid shops and respectable houses; but the work seems to have proceeded (as such matters often do in England) too rapidly; as many of the houses remain unlet, and give the town a rather depressed appearance.

Soon after I arrived I devoted a very rainy day to the study of the counties of Northumberland and Durham. The result of this study was a determination to cross the Tyne, and see the old city of Durham, with its cathedral, and other spots of interest in its neighborhood. Accordingly, one rainy morning, I set out by railway, and in the course of a little time, arrived in the city. The speed of travelling, and the level line, allowed me only hasty glimpses of the country, which seemed rather bare. Its most striking features were the chimneys of steam-engines, and the long line of coal-wagons travelling rapidly upon the colliery railways. We passed over a very noble stone-bridge named after the Queen. It crosses the river and the valley of the Wear; but it seemed to me a great inconvenience that the entrance upon the bridge on both sides of the river was made at a very sharp angle for railway-travelling, so that the engine's speed had to be considerably diminished in passing over it. The neighborhood of the city of Durham abounds in picturesque situations; but the city itself is, on the whole, mean in its interior appearance. On a considerable eminence from the river, whose banks are steep and thickly wooded, stands the ancient cathedral, grand and heavy. My first business was to climb up a steep and narrow street, from which the entrance into the large square in front of the cathedral is fine and imposing. The north front of the pile first struck my view. It is exceedingly grand. There is nothing particularly lightsome or beautiful about it, nothing apparently designed for effect; but the vast building has throughout an expression of venerable grandeur mingled with something of antique gloom. The organ was pealing as I entered. The enormous round pillars, (I should say of between seven and eight yards in circumference,) adorned with zig-zags, lozenges, and spirals; the heavy Norman arches; the two rows of galleries, with their diminished arches above; all pointed out the thoughts from which arose such a structure—thoughts not of the pleasure or convenience of men, but of the solemn dedication of men and all their works to the honor of superior powers, heroic angels, and gigantic saints. By such efforts, with ponderous buildings, painful offerings, and costly services to conciliate superior powers, did the human soul betray its want of peace and contentment within; and, while putting forth such stupendous powers over the material world,

sadly confessed its feebleness in the more awful realm of thought and the invisible. Such a pile is exactly adapted to make every individual feel little and insignificant, and to endow the unknown beings to whose honor it was erected, with all the attributes of power, majesty, and grandeur.

At present it must be conceded to the Romanist, that the actual services but ill accord with the sanctuary. It is evident that such a structure was erected for something more than a simple daily service, which might be celebrated in a plain room of no very large dimensions. The whole consideration of the origin, history, and present condition of these vast structures, and their occupants, forms a most complex riddle—one of those discords which old times and antique institutions have left for the poor, bewildered nineteenth century. I confess I do not feel the interest or admiration which many feel, or affect to feel, in their visits to these monuments of the olden time. German as I am, I love the intelligible; but here I am out of it altogether. This is the land of mystery. There is no statuary of remarkable elegance or beauty in this cathedral: indeed it would look out of place here. The statue of a former bishop, Shute Barrington, is in an amiable style and becoming a place of worship, which is rather remarkable for modern English sculpture. That of Van Mildert, the late bishop, is quite the reverse; it occupies an enormous chair, and looks very clumsy.

I entered the choir to hear the service, which was thinly attended. Two or three only of the prebends were present. The chanting was tolerably harmonious; but, of course, defective in spirit and emphasis, from perpetual repetition. Surely the original idea of these services might be more fully developed. How pleasant would it be to hear the children of many surrounding schools, educated out of the resources of this great establishment, joining their voices in the daily services! Then I would disband all the singing men, and have the organ to do all the *hired* work. But it is of no use spinning such theories in England. How grand would be such an institution as a cathedral, were it indeed what it professes to be, a metropolitan symbol of the perfection and harmony of human souls united in a Catholic religion! But the bond of union between the symbol and the life from which it arose, has decayed, and all the wealth and learning of the Church cannot restore it.

There is a rage among some parties just now for what they call the revival of Gothic Architecture—they mean only the mask-taking from the features of the dead. What! is this age doomed to have no soul, no mind, no life of its own? How did your Gothic architecture arise, Mr. Pugin?—from such slavishness of copying as you recommend, or from the spirit? Why may not *we* also have minds?

The city of Durham is in ill accordance with the monument of antiquity which makes it remarkable. Its general aspect is low and degraded. Between the populace and the aristocracy of the cathedral, there is a deep gulf; and it seems to me a singular phenomenon that so little of ameliorative influence should flow from that great religious institution into the abodes of the people.

There is fine scenery all around Durham, and especially on the banks of the winding Wear. Next morning, after my visit to the cathedral, I walked several miles to see the ruins of Funchals Abbey. Here the scenery is very beautiful, and affords many a nook for monastic contemplation, closed in by the thickly-wooded banks of the river; but even here, you cannot escape the encroachments of the commercial activity of England; for the works of coal-mining surround you on every side, and you are awakened from your dreams of the olden time by the harsh jarrings of the iron-wheeled wagons upon the colliery railroads. I never passed through places more devoid of animation and interest than these dark-looking colliery villages about here. The cottages are but one story high, of one uniform pattern, and that the meanest possible; a black road of ashes or coal-dust runs between the rows of cottages, and no church-spire, no tree breaks upon the dullness. Some of the cottages, however, I could see were comfortable inside, and not destitute of that good cheer in which the poor miner finds solace after his toil. A few years ago these men earned high wages, and their cottages still show signs of the taste for luxury cultivated in the days of prosperity. In many of their dwellings you see the handsome clock, the large bedstead, and the chest of drawers all of polished mahogany. Among these villages I could hear very little of musical meetings, or reading societies. Here and there, the pious may possess a few books of devotion; but I suspect the majority are sadly destitute of cultivation. The aspect of the people seemed to me to possess less of freedom and sprightliness than even that of our own peasantry. I am sure I have found more marks of good feeling among the lower classes in Bohemia than here. It may be my fancy; but the men I meet seem sullen and ill-tempered. I had rather see them employed in cheerful games and exercises, than lounging about as they do in their hours of leisure. Here and there a few are collected together for the game of quoits; but this is the utmost extent of their playfulness. However, I hear it generally said, that a great improvement in many respects has taken place in the moral condition of the miners during the last twenty years. No doubt when they earned higher wages they consumed more liquor; but that they have improved in good feeling towards their superiors, during the days of sobriety, I doubt. At present, from all that I hear, much discontent prevails among the mining population of the northern part of England. The distance between the working men and their employers has been greatly ex-

tended of late years; as, indeed, has been the case between the very rich and the very poor generally in England. The more the agents employed in superintending the mines have aspired to the character of gentlemen, the more the working men have felt disposed to regard their own interests and those of their employers and superintendents, as inimical. I hear that large but sober and orderly meetings of the miners are held occasionally upon the moors in the neighborhood; but their proceedings are kept in secrecy. The more I read and hear of the condition of the immense classes of working people, both in the rural and in the manufacturing districts of England, the more I am convinced that a great revolution awaits this wealthy and industrious country; and I only hope and pray that it may be a peaceful one, as, indeed, *it still may be.* I say it still may be, if not thwarted by unhappy, one-sided, and partial legislation, a gradual, true, and peaceful revolution. The very life and activity of society depends upon the development of oppositions of interest, as the stability and repose of society depends upon the timely and fair reconciliation of such oppositions. Unhappily, the English seem to me, from what I read and hear of their newspapers and political or so-called religious debates, an obstinately one-sided people. The Liberal is all for the new, and nothing but the new; the Tory, or Conservative, is all for the old, and nothing but the old. He never will believe that a tree may change its leaves, and still remain the same tree. To the Churchman, Episcopacy and church authority are every thing; to the Independent they are nothing.

It strikes me that the working classes and their employers, in this part of the country, have two different religions, (if I may use that sacred word in the plural.) The Establishment, certainly, does not seem here to be, as it is sometimes styled, the religion of the poor. The greater number of the respectable people—the superintendents of the pits, called viewers, etc.—go to church; but many are the pit-villages, with numerous inhabitants, without a church, and supplied with preaching by the itinerants of several sects sprung from the body of Methodists. I have heard it generally allowed, that a considerable increase of sober and orderly habits among the people, may be fairly attributed to the efforts made by these voluntary teachers; though, of course, their means fall greatly short of supplying the wants of the population.

I could heartily desire to see the clergy insisting less upon their official claims and dignity, occupied less with arguments of exclusiveness and negation; but coming out to take their fair chance on the ground of what they can do for the people. Let them teach the poor children to sing and be happy; the poor men to work and to suffer religiously; the poor women to make something more like heaven of home. Let them leave what is truly *good* to take care of itself—only do it, and it will stand. Let them lead the people from the unknown, the abstract, the unintelligible, to love, reverence, and regard the known, the real, the intelligible truths and duties of human life. Let them insist on Christian charity and unity, for its own sake, and not merely because a few so-called fathers of the church happened to see the beauty of it. It is a derogation from its honor to commend it on the authority even of a St. Augustine. After all, be it descended from the fathers of the fourth century, or from the apostles, the church *is* just what it *does*, and nothing more. It is only Christian so far as it works out Christianity. It is *second*, and not *first*: it is the *tool*, the instrument, and not the *work* itself: it is the *means*, and not the *end*. But pardon this digression into controversy: this country, just now, is full of it. I have some hope that it cannot take a very long time, even for such an unwieldy and slow-moving body as the Church of England, to grow weary of the worn-out, traditional, complex, antiquated, and never conclusive argument for unity and peace, and come forward to the present, plain, evident, and intelligible mode of argument. If it be evidently good and reasonable that I should live on charitable terms with my neighborhood, why recommend the practice *solely* because Mr. So-and-so said it was good, even though Mr. So-and-so was a sensible man or an eminent saint. All this, my dear Frühling, will be dull commonplace to you; but here, I assure you, it almost amounts to original thinking; but will assuredly be condemned, with every thing else charitable, under the long but insignificant nickname of latitudinarianism. However, it is nothing of the kind. I would contend for the very niceties of truth, in their proper time and place. I would insist on the full carrying out of every sound principle: but I would keep every limb of the truth in its due place; and no more deny a man the inner motive because he has not the *full* outward development, than I would deny the existence of a soul in a man, because he has a speck on his eye.

This is all declamation, instead of a description of my travels; but I assure you, that when I turn from the superficial view of the aspect of this country to consider the interior life of the people, the first great evil that strikes my eye, is intense sectarianism. Perhaps my disadvantages in some respects, as a tourist, may turn out advantages for the acquisition of correct information. My hap-hazard acquaintances and conversations may serve me better to gain a fair view of the state of society here, than if I had come over with recommendations to any one class of society, and so had been cast into one narrow line of observation. I shall do very well without introductions to the nobility, the *literati*, etc.; for they would never help me to discover things which I shall find out very well without them. I am surely one of the most unbiassed men in Great Britain.

But to return to my travels. I came west-

ward through the county of Durham, leaving behind me the mining district, and passing through a land of rich verdure on the banks of the Tees. At Bishop-Auckland I strolled through the noble park which surrounds the episcopal residence. There is a piece of bad taste, however, in the middle of it: a structure somewhat in the church style, surrounded with stalls for deer. At a distance, it may call up the idea of worship; but as you approach it, you find it a sham, with no reasonable motive.

Along the green and beautiful banks of the Tees, I journeyed to Barnard castle, where the river rolls, a brown rapid flood, between lofty rocks and thick woods.

The whole appearance of the country in this neighborhood is indescribably charming. There is a freshness and variety that I can hardly find in the scenery of the greater part of Germany. Though I will not hear a word detracted from the praises of the Rhine, still, I must confess, that there are beauties in the courses of these less-famed English rivers, which you will hardly discover in our own noble river, or in the more majestic Danube. Shall I mention a few of the leading traits in these beauties? See the banks of the almost perpetual green! and mark the variety of trees! the oaks, the beeches, the limes, the chestnuts, the elders, the ashes! Now we come to an open spot. See that green pasture, daisy-sprinkled, with two or three ancient hawthorns in the middle covered with snowy blossoms; symbols of old age reposing in the sunshine of a good conscience. How very comfortable are those sleek cows (all evidently *pets*) standing dewlap-deep in the clear stream! A little further on, we find a village, with its old church and churchyard full of white tombstones; the parsonage and its garden, the white-washed cottages, and the village green. We pass by a few more turns of the river, and behold the lordly, old, gray castle, with its ancient woods and spacious park. More of lovely and interesting variety might be found, surely, in this country than among the mountains of Switzerland. I can well imagine, as Garve says in his essay on mountain scenery, that the first view of Mont Blanc, rosy with morning or evening light, while the valleys lie in darkness all around, must be striking and impressive; but come, build your cottage and *live* in sight of the mountain: then you will see if such scenery will last, for a life-time, as well as this of a humbler character, where, by following the windings of a river, or crossing over hills of moderate altitudes, you may, every day, meet with some sweet surprise in the discovery of some sequestered beauty. I should already say that, in the proportion of various scenery to the extent of the country, England excels Germany, and, indeed, every country on the Continent of which I know any thing. And, as yet, I have seen nothing of the south. I know nothing of the rich plains in the midland counties—nothing of the gently-swelling hills of Kent and Surrey—nothing of the rich valleys and bold hills of Devonshire.

As I came along, the blue hills of Westmoreland, which Wordsworth has made the most poetical of the English counties, invited me westward, and now I am in Penrith, a town clean and neat. Here I am, with fine weather and blue mountains around me, wishing that you were with me, dear Frühling. I am busy in the inn studying a "Guide to the Lakes," and making out for myself a little map (not mathematically correct you may guess,) as I can always remember what I have *done* better than what I have merely *seen*.

And now health and peace to you all in Dresden and thereabouts: and believe me, the thought that will give a charm to my solitary rambles through this country is, that I shall, some day, meet you again in Bambergh or in "friendly Mannheim," as Goethe calls it. Adieu! OSWALD HERBST.

BI-MONTHLY INTERCOURSE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND INDIA.—A bi-monthly overland intercourse between this country and India has been finally arranged, and is to come into operation in January next. The East India Company are to continue the conveyance of one mail a month hence to Bombay, from whence it will be distributed over the several presidencies. The second mail will be conveyed from Southampton to Madras and Calcutta, dropping Bombay letters, &c., at Ceylon, and also a mail which is to be transmitted from thence *via* Penang, Malacca, and Singapore, to China. For this latter service, which includes both the Calcutta and China lines, the Peninsular and Oriental Company have obtained a contract for £160,000 per annum; of which sum the East India Company contribute £70,000, or, what is much the same, give £20,000 a year, and relinquish the annual grant of £50,000 voted by Parliament for the promotion of steam-navigation in India. In order to be in a situation to undertake the line from Suez to Calcutta at the time specified, the Peninsular and Oriental Company intend despatching immediately the *Precursor*, of 1,800 tons, and 520 horse-power, to be followed by the *Lady Mary Wood*, of 650 tons, and 250 horse-power, as soon as she can be prepared for the voyage. They also propose building an iron vessel, of 1,800 tons, and 520 horse-power; and, for the China line, three vessels of 1,000 tons and 400 horse-power each, which will probably run between Bombay and Hong-Kong, touching at some ports on the Malabar coast, and taking up the China mails at Ceylon. Till these vessels are ready, the China mail will probably be conveyed by her Majesty's steamers, and by vessels in the service of the East India Company. The overland communication is likely to be further improved, as regards the intercourse through Egypt, which engaged the attention of Sir Henry Hardinge during his brief sojourn in that country. Mr. J. A. Galloway, the civil engineer, says that Mehemet Ali is ready to undertake the construction of a railway from Cairo to Suez at his own expense, provided the British government will pay a specified sum for the conveyance of their mails; and that if it be completed, the transit of passengers, baggage, &c., between these points, which now occupies on an average 24 hours, at a heavy expense, will be accomplished in four hours, at a trifling cost.—*Asiatic Journal.*

DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE.

From the Spectator.

Dr. Durbin is a Wesleyan minister, and the President of Dickenson College in the United States. He has travelled, with what particular object does not appear, over Great Britain, the European Continent, Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, and Asia Minor. The present account of his travels only embraces a journey through part of France and Italy, *viâ* Havre, Paris, Lyons, Chambery, and Geneva; a Swiss tour in search of the picturesque; a descent of the Rhine, with a visit to Waterloo; and a railway run from London, by Birmingham and Manchester, to Sheffield, which was followed by a more ramified journey through Scotland and Ireland. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, are to appear upon some future occasion.

The character of the work is correctly conveyed by its title. Remark or disquisition founded on "observations," predominates over narrative and description. The topics that employ Dr. Durbin are various, solid, and important in themselves, though not always appropriate to a divine, or well adapted to his handling, at least according to English ideas. In Paris the author investigates morals and religion with considerable sense, fairness, and acumen. He then takes up Louis Philippe; censuring the art by which poor old La Fayette, with his "throne surrounded by Republican institutions," was duped, and the manner in which the King's government is carried on, and making some just remarks in a comparison between French and English liberty. The journey to Italy affords opportunity for some observations on the agriculture of France, Geneva and Switzerland, for various remarks on politics and religion; but as the facts were only gathered *en route*, they are not very remarkable. The Rhine and Holland is little more than the narrative of a rapid journey; but at Waterloo the President and Doctor of Divinity shows off in that peculiar style which the reader may imagine by superadding the self-satisfied sufficiency of an American Democrat to the infallibility of an anti-State Church divine. He gives an account of the battle, and sets all right. "Even at this time," some time between five and seven, "notwithstanding the addition of Bulow's corps of thirty thousand men to the Allied Army, it appears clear that Napoleon would have gained the battle"—but that he lost it. Waterloo, however, is not the only subject Dr. Durbin settles. In gratitude to "Heaven, that made him with such large discourse," he looks "before and after;" beginning with the French Revolution and ending with the Holy Alliance, the present time, and a slight infusion of prophecy. The intermediate parts are the rule of Napoleon, and the consequences of Waterloo—which the Doctor pronounces mischievous to the best interests of mankind. He does indeed admit that the rule of Napoleon was somewhat stringent, especially in the conquered nations; but the poor soul was forced to it; and when he returned from Elba, he was going to govern quite constitutionally. The Ethiop had not changed his skin, but he would have done it; we have the Professor's word for that. The tone of all this part is Dr. Durbin's, but the matter is old and pretty nigh obsolete—drawn from Whiggery of five-and-twenty years old, and Voices from St. Helena.

The discussions on England relate to religion, chiefly among the Wesleyans, and to the political or social condition of the people. The account of the religious world, so far as Dr. Durbin saw it, is succinct and informing; though his bias for the Voluntary principle, and the overturning of all churches opposed to that view, (which scarcely seems a sequence of the Voluntary principle,) is plumply if not needlessly put forth. He traces the evils of the social condition of England to the aristocracy and the law of primogeniture, and mainly looks to a more equal division of land for their removal. The moral results of primogeniture for good or evil, are fair matter of argument, though not so easily settled as the Doctor supposes: the economical consequences, which, in an earlier stage of society, might follow from an equal division of property, are also a moot point: but the idea of making an old society such as ours richer by redistributing its wealth, shows that the President of Dickenson College has not yet conquered the whole range of human knowledge. His position that Great Britain will henceforth have to rely upon her Colonies, mainly, for her foreign trade, and that we should encourage a large annual emigration, is sounder.

Although observations, such as we have indicated, give the distinctive character to the work, there is still a great deal of narrative. Some of this, though interesting to Americans, is commonplace to European readers, because it merely consists of an account of public places, substantially the matter of a guide-book, or of things with which one is familiar either in reality or in description: and as Dr. Durbin scrupulously avoids any personal sketches or accounts of private society, the principal source of attraction in his narrative is the interest which the remarks of an observing stranger always possess. The narrative parts, however, are not trite; for Dr. Durbin is rapid, and has the art of rejecting all common accounts of every-day occurrences.

It is in these narrative parts that Dr. Durbin is seen to the best advantage; because the faults of his character are national or professional, not individual. Between man and man his opinions are fair and candid; as indeed they are generally where Democracy or a State Church does not enter into the question. Even on religious topics, and on such a form of religion as Popery, which he denounces—and, we think, on the true ground of its tendency to subvert all freedom of thought—he can form an unprejudiced judgment, and even

a hearty approval of its merits, when he is carried into Alpine solitudes. Hear the Wesleyan Doctor on the monks of St. Bernard and mass:

"We found the monks pleasant and agreeable men. After a very comfortable meal and an hour's chat by the fire, we were shown to our chambers, and slept well, after a fatiguing day, on the good clean beds of the convent. Next morning we rose early, in time to attend mass in the chapel. Within, the tones of the organ were sounding sweetly, while without, the wind was howling over the snow-clad mountains as it does on the wild December nights at home. How beautiful it was—the worship of God on this dreary mountain-top! I *felt* its beauty, as I listened to those deep organ-tones, and heard the solemn chant of the priests in the mass; and I honored in my heart these holy men, who devote themselves to this monotonous and self-denying life in order to do good, in the spirit of their Master, to the bodies and souls of men. Nor did I honor them the less that they were Romanists and monks of St. Augustine; for well I knew that for a thousand years Romanists and monks of St. Augustine had done the good deeds that they were doing—and that when none else could do them. A man must be blinded indeed by prejudice or bigotry, that cannot see the monuments of Catholic virtue and the evidences of Catholic piety in every country in Europe; and worse than blind must he be that will not acknowledge and honor them when he does see them."

It will be seen by the following that Dr. DURBIN is a "Teetotaller," and was unprepared for the "friendly bowl" he found mingling with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" amongst

SERIOUS SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

"Although, in general, there is more ceremony in society than is usual with us, it never becomes troublesome, and, being in keeping with the usages of society generally, is not out of place. Precedence in age or office is rigidly observed. Office claims more respect than age; the President and Secretary of the Conference being as commonly addressed by their titles as the Bishops among us. Young persons are less obtrusive and more attentive than in America.

"Breakfast-parties at ten o'clock are very common, and afford opportunities of less ceremonious and more agreeable intercourse than at dinner; the ladies remaining all the while in the room. Those which I attended concluded with prayer by some aged minister, and with (what I had thought antiquated) subscribing names in the ladies' albums. The tone of conversation was generally lively and pleasant; the dinner-talk being varied by discussions on political, religious, and social topics—not often heavy, and always good-humored. The junior members of the company would listen to the conversation of the nearest group, and hardly ever spoke except to cry, 'Hear, hear!' when some especially good thing was saying. * * * * *

"There is one feature in which these parties differed from any we have in similar circles at home, and which recalled to my mind my earliest visits to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, when sparkling wines graced the table and circulated freely even among Methodist preachers. So it is still in England. It sometimes required a little nerve to decline the request of the lady whose guest you were, to 'have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you,' especially when, according to usage, you should have made the request of her. After the ladies retire, the cloth is removed, and the wine moves round the table freely. I do not recollect ever to have preached a sermon in England, without being offered a glass of wine afterward in the vestry. Wine was frequently distributed in Conference during its active session. The Temperance movement has not taken hold of our brethren in England; and they see wine-drinking, not as we do now, but as we did twenty years ago."

ENGLISH STAGE-COACHES AND LANDSCAPES.

"At Darlington, for the first time, we embarked in an English stage-coach. All that I had read of the superiority of English roads, coaches, and cattle, was fully realized. The coach is a neat affair, not by any means built on scientific principles, for the centre of gravity is alarmingly high; but yet, such is the excellence of the roads and the skill of the drivers, that this is a matter of no account. * *

"The inside of the coach was fully taken up, so that we had to take our places outside: no loss, however, as it afforded us an opportunity of seeing one of the finest districts in England. There is no rural scenery in the world like that of England. The fields, as we passed, were ripening for the harvest, and groaning under the precious grain; the pastures, with the same deep, luxuriant growth that I have before noticed, were covered with herds of the finest cattle; and now and then appeared one of the noble mansions of England imbosomed in its magnificent park. Well may an Englishman be proud of his native isle when he travels through her unrivalled agricultural districts."

SUEZ.—We are assured that a treaty, the origin of which may be referred to 1840, is on the eve of being concluded, by which England will obtain possession of the port of Suez, free passage from Alexandria to that port, and other advantages of importance in Egypt and Syria. This treaty, to which France is said to be no party, is guaranteed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia. We know not by what intrigue the King of the French has been prevented from participating in it, but have reason to believe that England has had nothing to do with her exclusion.—*Morning Herald.*

THE MERIA GROVE; A TALE OF SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

From the Asiatic Journal.

It was a deep grove in the Alpine region of Orissa. The roots of the aged trees were so thickly knit together, that they rendered the pathway rough and difficult to tread, while their branches, which had never been touched by woodman's axe, grew in such grotesque forms, that the fanciful and timid Hindoo of the lower country might well be pardoned for the fear that seized upon him, as, in the still moonlight, he hurried forwards to the open plain by a route more circuitous, indeed, but less terrible to his imagination, than this grove of the Loha Pennee (god of arms).

At the time of which I write, however, a youthful band of warriors were grouped about the entrance to this grove, while beneath the shade of a widely spreading mango-tree a few aged men, among whom were the priest and patriarch of the village of Ruttibarri, stood alone, as if engaged in some religious sacrifice. Before them lay the symbol of the war god, fashioned by the cunning worker in brass and iron, and sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice; a vessel filled with the juice of the palm-tree was in the hand of the priest, and as he poured his libation on the ground, scattering grains of rice around the rude altar as he did so, the elders besought the presence of their deity, and the power of his might, upon the arms of their young men. Invoking, then, the power and favor of all the war gods of the neighboring mountains, the priest seems suddenly possessed, as if by the actual presence of Loha Pennee; he flings his arms wildly into the air, and with dishevelled locks, and eyes flashing with the excitement of phrenzied passion, springs towards the entrance of the grove; the young men receive him with shouts of joy, while the priest, seizing the arms they bear, piles them hastily together, sprinkling them with pure water. But ere he had waved the cusa grass on high, or could invoke again the presence of the war gods; ere he could distribute again the arms of the young men, or wound with his sacrificial axe the tree nearest to the hostile village, doomed to their attack, a warrior sprung from the group, and, with impassioned gestures, stood before the priest.

"Brethren," he cried, "and elders, hear me! Again has the priest of Ruttibarri left in my hand the sword of war, nor sought to lay it with those of her warriors on yonder pile. In silence will I no longer bear this scorn; but now I ask why I, of all my tribe, am alone denied the rights of vengeance? Why sacrifice you to the war god, and yet forbid that I, your patriarch's son, should go forth to battle with my tribe? Say you not that from my youth I have been favored by the gods; that not alone the god of arms, but even the great goddess Komeswari (Kali), of whom men speak not but with fear, bestows her choicest gifts upon me, so that my very presence blesses every house I enter? Am I not the only son of your abbaya (patriarch), and do not my companions love me as their brother? And yet now—now, on the eve of battle, you again deny me a warrior's right. But as I live, even by the sacred name of Loha Pennee, whom you now propitiate, not a sword nor an arrow shall be lifted from yon pile until you swear that none but the chieftain Khourou shall lead his tribe to battle, or prove that one among you has an arm stronger than his!" The youthful speaker paused, looking sternly around him for a reply, while his hand grasped more firmly the weapon which from him alone the priest had not required. So full of dauntless courage was his mien, so noble his words and action, that a stranger would have thought that, among all that warrior band, none was so fitted for heroic deeds, and that his appeal would have found sympathy in soldiers' hearts: but it was not so. The priest silently stretched forth his arms towards the speaker, then raised them, as if in prayer. The young men seemed as if they heard him not, but glanced impatiently, first to the piled arms and then to the distant village, while the abbaya alone, in a calm tone, replied:

"My son," he asked, "why urge thy request at such a time as this? Am not I an aged man, requiring the strong arm of youth for my protection, and art thou not so beloved among us, that, didst thou fall, the wrath of the gods would surely descend upon our houses? Why, therefore"—"Hold, my father," called Khourou, with impatience; "I can listen to this no longer. Twice have I weakly yielded to arguments so unfit for you to urge or for me to hear; again have I been exposed to the insulting distinction of Loha Pennee's priest; but I will endure the contumely no more."

The youth waved his sword above his head, and placed himself between the warriors and their arms, with a front of bold defiance; but ere he opened his lips, a galloping of horse was heard, and a party of armed men burst into the inclosure.

"Haste! haste!" they cried; "the guards of the daughter of Dora Bissye, of Goomsur, have been attacked by the people of Daspallah; they have made a desperate resistance, but are unable again to rally; all our irregulars have fled, and the force is now too small to afford hope that we can long sustain the fray; seize your arms, then, and speed through the grove, or ere long the princess will be their captive."

Khourou sought not to hear more, but darting through the mounted band, he threaded with speed the tangled path of the sacred grove, and gained the border of the plain. The chieftain was alone; his sword and bow his only arms, while the enemy, strong in number, surrounded the small party of Goomsur, who were falling before them. For a moment, the warrior paused; but, as he did so, a piercing shriek rang upon his ear, and through an opening he noted the hand of their leader laid upon the closed litter of the hapless princess. Springing forward, Khourou loosed an arrow from his bow, that laid the Daspallah at his feet, while, striking down all who opposed his way, he shouted loudly, as if to encourage those who followed. The warriors of Daspallah, alarmed at their chieftain's fall, and the expected rescue, fled over the plain in disorder, while Khourou, ere the guards of Dora Bissye had returned, lifted from her litter the beautiful daughter of Goomsur's chief, and had enjoyed the first triumphs of conquest in the blush and smile which played over her fair cheek, in a trembling effort to thank him for her deliverance.

"And is it not strange that, in such a land as this, which the gods bless so abundantly, man is not merciful!" As the fair daughter of the Goomsur chieftain thus inquired, she turned a countenance beaming with the softest expression, towards the companion who stood beside her, gazing upon the magnificent landscape that stretched over the Alpine region of Orissa. He, whom the sweet Sidruja thus addressed, was of a princely presence and richly attired; but that which most distinguished him, was an expression of pensive and high intelligence, marking a character that had long made Dora Bissye the friend and companion of the helpless, the scourge and terror of the cruel and unjust. And now, as he listened to the words of his daughter, and viewed with her the lovely landscape that nature spread before them—the foaming torrent that swept below his castle-walls, the towering ghauts of the rich district of Rodungiah, and the dark forests which bounded the wide and lofty plateaux of rock on every side—these features of the grand and beautiful produced upon the mind of the chief an influence which, though possessing more judgment, yet assimilated so much to that experienced by his daughter, that the look of the father and the daughter was so similar, that a stranger might readily have guessed that between the Goomsur chieftain and his sole child a sympathy existed very unusual in the families of the East, and gentle as were her counsels, they met, even in that blood-stained land, with ready acceptance by the father she so loved and honored.

"My child," was his reply to the brief inquiry, "God is great, and it is impossible for man to judge of what are his rightful symbols. We see, indeed, around us the forests, the mountains, rocks, and torrents, and we know the great spirit to have been their bountiful creator: but the uneducated and illiterate cannot see through nature unto nature's cause, and thus we give them symbols, which they call gods; and for each of nature's benefits and functions, cause personifications of his bounty to become the means of fixing the attention of men who must have a sensible object of adoration."

The girl gazed upon her father as he spoke with an eye of kindling wonder and admiration, and then she laid her hand gently upon his robe, and as he turned upon the action, he saw that tears were upon her cheek, and that her lip quivered with emotion. "My child," the chieftain anxiously inquired, "tell me what agitates thee thus? the matters of which I spoke grieve thee, perhaps, and are fitter for the ear of learned priests than of gentle maidens; I am wrong so to agitate thy mind with things too deep and painful; yet so full of interest are they to me, that I am wont to speak much of what have long been subjects of deep thought." "Ah, my father!" exclaimed Sidruja, now clinging

to the chieftain's arm, and speaking rapidly as she did so, with earnestness in every gesture, "if indeed you feel and think thus, why not exert your power and influence against this dreadful sacrifice to Juggernath in the Orissan plain? why not teach our neighbors, the Khond zemindars, that they commit murder the most terrible, when, sacrificing their human victims to the goddess Komeswari, with yells of triumph, which, echoing over the deep waters of the Salki, reach my ears even in the harem of our palace? Oh, my father! can it be that sickness, death, and famine can be averted by the blood of man, shed by his brother's hand; the blood of the young, the innocent, the helpless, and the betrayed? Oh, no; never; and I do beseech thee, my dear and honored father, to save and protect these helpless victims."

As Sidruja spoke, tears chased each other over her cheeks, and she bowed her head, as if exhausted by emotion, on the chieftain's shoulder.

"My child," replied her father, gently soothing her as he spoke, "you little know these Alpine Khonds. Believing as they do in the efficacy of sacrifice, and offering oblations continually to the personifications of nature's attributes and the inferior deities, to the god of arms, the god of fountains, the god of showers, and even to their deceased ancestors, it follows, that, for the earth god, the great origin, as the Khonds believe, of good and evil, of fertility and famine, of disease and health, they should deem that none but the worthiest sacrifices would be accepted, and while the blood of goats and fowls proves libation great enough for the inferior deities, the life of man alone can propitiate the earth god. You know, my child, how often I have given shelter to victims whom chance has saved from their unhappy fate; even the poor idiot Mala, as you know, was one of these, stolen from the plains in childhood; wife and lands were given him, and he grew in ignorance of his fate, till the time drew near, when they seized him, whom they had bought with a price for sacrifice; but as it proved that one of his kindred had been offered at the tree before, Mala was deemed unworthy, and escaped the axe of the priest to become an innocent maniac for life, forgetful of all but the sacrifice, whose horrid ceremonies seem to have been stamped with characters of fire upon his brain. Grievous and terrible do I feel such things to be, but Dora Bissye stands alone, and has little power against the opinions of his people. But enough, my child; hither comes our honored guest, and 'twere well to greet with smiles thy deliverer."

The maiden turned, and as she did so, drew close round her graceful form the embroidered veil that, until now, had hung loosely from her brow; but, could one have glanced beneath it, a smile might have been seen to steal over that lip, a light of tender happiness beam from that eye, which would have told how soon pleasure succeeds to pain with the young, the loving, and the innocent, and how needless, too, was the suggestion of the Goomsur chieftain to his child. Long, then, did the maiden and the patriarch's son linger in that fair scene, and the chieftain suffered it to be so, wandering onwards to the castle, for well did he love his child; and to him who had so lately saved her, what could the tender father venture to refuse? The chieftain saw, too, in the abaya's son, a man of rank, of honor, and of undoubted courage, his noble bearing had won upon the father little less than it had done upon his daughter, and had Khourou sought Sidruja's hand, the chieftain could not have refused the boon. But the stranger sought it not, at least in form; yet his step was slower than of old, his voice lower in its tone, his love of arms abated, his desire for conquest less; and now, as they stood together gazing on the rapid waters of the Salki, the maiden's words were few, and tremulously spoken, while Khourou seemed to half regret that he had ventured here at all. And yet, when he had seen the fluttering veil of the chieftain's daughter from the distant steep, he had mounted in haste, nor checked his steed until resting by her side. Courage came at length, however, to both; and when it was almost time to part, they chatted rapidly of Rodungiah and her tribes, and then Sidruja's thanks came forth again amid tears and smiles, while, as the young warrior closer drew, words of deep and truthful love dropped from his lips, such as a woman should hear but once, pledging her faith in answer, and dying in that faith.

As the young chief spoke, he had taken Sidruja's hand in his, nor had he yet relinquished it when the poor maniac, long cherished by the castle lord, sprung suddenly through the brushwood, and with wild and mirthful gestures came dancing on towards the lovers. Sidruja felt no alarm, for from a child she had been accustomed

to chance encounters with this unhappy being; but now, as he noted the clasped hands of the fair daughter of his protector with the strange chief, his eye flashed, his brow knit, and bounding forward with a loud cry, he violently disengaged them. "No!" shouted the maniac, "not so, lady! the stranger is not for thee; why hast thou not fetters?" he cried, addressing Khourou; "go, seek them out, they will need thee soon—ha! ha! yes, thou art the favored of the goddess, and men will honor thee to the last; see, the Meria, does so even now," and bending down, he kissed the chieftain's foot, then fled swiftly towards the castle, shrieking as he went—"They have bought me with a price! They have bought me with a price."

Sidruja uttered a faint cry, clung to the patriarch's son. What can this mean?" she asked, in trembling accents, still gazing on the receding figure of Mala. "This is terrible indeed. I have noted at times a sense of truth, break like the lightning's ray from a storm-cloud, across the darkened mind of this poor creature, but never did I see him in mood like this. What said he, Khourou? What danger could he mean to thee, and why severed he our hands with such wild violence while even he, poor grateful fellow, wept tears of joy when learning the escape of his protector's child from the attack of the Daspallah hordes?" Sidruja, as she pondered, grew yet more pale and troubled; but Khourou sought to reassure her, for knowing less than her he loved of this wild being, he saw little in his manner but the result of one of the many strange illusions likely to occupy a mind whose powers had thus been shaken. And as Khourou spoke, and soothed the object of his love, she grew more calm, and happy hopes, while yet he rested near, played in sunshine over the thoughts of the innocent girl; but when Khourou left her, as soon as he did, to join a hunting party of the neighboring Sourahs, a strange anxiety gathered on her thoughts, and though she sought to chase away the new-born care, by memories of the sweet words so lately murmured in her ear, and by girlish anticipations of a blissful future, yet still, again, dread, like an armed man, forced away all other objects, and the threatening words of the wild maniac came ever and again to terrify and appal her with fears, the greater, perhaps, in their effects, because their forms were vague and shadowy.

At length, a heavy sigh burst from the maiden's lips, and bending down she plucked one of the wild but brilliant blossoms which enamel her native land, and gazed on it as if in admiration of its beauty; but it was not so, for in a moment more the flower fell upon the tangled verdure at her feet, and the eyes of the chieftain's daughter, streaming with tears, were lifted towards her father's fort. "Dora Bissye," she sighed forth, "is the noblest in his land, and powerful to save; what then can we have to fear? I will tell my dear father all, and never can he refuse protection to the deliverer of his child. The great zemindars of Orissa may war against each other, and struggle as of old to cast off the authority of the Delhi sovereignty; destruction and anarchy may harass and lay waste the lesser districts, and Rodungiah, with the rest, fall in the struggle; but what is that to us? Khourou in yon walls has a defence against them all." As the maiden spoke, a light of triumph shone in her dark eye; but in a moment more, her brow was shadowed, and her countenance marked by despondency. "Alas! not so," she sighed, "not so. The danger seemed present of which Mala spoke. He asked why he had not fetters, and said they would need him soon. Alas, alas!" she cried, clasping her hands in half-phrenzied emotion, "how little did I know till now, the power, the *misery* of love! But let the worst arrive, danger, aye *death*, I will share all with him, to whom I have pledged my faith. The torrent flows swiftly that courses its way from yonder ghaut, but Sidruja may find in its cold waters surer protection than within her father's fort."

Alas! this was the first thorn that had been planted in that young and innocent heart, and in anguish it bent beneath it.

"Doubt you that the time is come, or are not the signs visible enough for thy dull brain? Pestilence is among us; our harvests of tumeric and rice have failed; the only child of my brother Singa was carried off from my father's fields, last night, by the tiger that has so long, as the form of Komeswari, harassed the neighborhood of our village, and can you *yet* doubt that the earth god cries aloud for sacrifice?" The speaker was a Khond, of middle age, a powerful and active man; to his dependents he was merciful, to his family kind and tender; yet the expression of his eye would have told one little experienced in physiognomy, that

Silenda seldom wavered in his decision, or failed in carrying out any purpose he desired.

"How can we know?" was the reply made by a calm-eyed and aged man, to whom the observation was addressed; "it is, my brother, as you say; and, moreover, the time has come for sowing our autumnal crop, and yet I doubt what offerings of sacrifice we can command. True, at the late feast of Juggernath, our Tukhis (weavers) brought up captive, from the Orissa plains, two victims to the patriarch's house, mere infants—but yet—" "Enough, enough," exclaimed Silenda; "we live as did our forefathers, and may our children hereafter live as we do! These are matters for the patriarch and the priest; let us seek the house of Pedda Dehri, our wise abbaya, and fear not but he will order the sacrifice aright."

The patriarch of Rodungiah was readily found, and the Kuttagotaree, or priest, was also there. It seemed that some charms or incantations had been lately made, and those, too, in favor of the sick, for on a low charpoi was stretched an aged man, as if engaged in the last struggle for existence, and by his side sat the priest, surrounded by little heaps of uncooked rice. Each pile was dedicated to a particular god, and as Silenda entered, the priest had balanced a sickle by a fine cotton thread, with a grain of rice at either end, and was repeating the name and attributes of the gods to whom they had been dedicated. The sickle was now slightly agitated, the effect, as was believed, of the presence of the god alighting near his grain of rice, to declare his will. The face of the priest became at this crisis wildly agitated; he shrieked forth sentences in an unknown tongue, shook the dishevelled masses of his dark hair until they fell low upon his shoulders, and shouted forth the denunciations of the deity. Even Silenda, the proud, the bold, the unsparing leader of Rodungiah's tribes, stepped back aghast before the energy of the priest; the dying man seemed to gain strength from this impassioned violence, and, raising himself upon his couch, humbly inquired the cause of the sudden wrath of the divinity.

"Where have been your sacrifices, where your oblations?" exclaimed the priest? "The earth god thirsteth, he crieth aloud for blood, and who hath poured it forth before him? Tremble, tremble, for your destruction cometh! I see gaunt famine peering from yon cloud upon you, and the god of showers shrinks back aghast. I see the grisly form of deathly sickness shake his hand over your devoted dwellings from yonder moss-grown rock, and yon village-god falls palsied at his touch. I see the god of war flying over yonder mountain-brow, abandoning all to slaughter, and the earth god, in his tiger form, with blood upon his lips and claws, devours your children, whose lives ye have not saved by sacrifice. Hark! 'tis the voice of Kali crying aloud for victims! The deities surround her, hurling vengeance on your homes, your wives, your little ones; their cry is 'blood, red blood! the blood of the victim, the stranger, the slave, the appointed one! bought with a price, whom the earth god demands as his own!'"

The priest, in a state of utter exhaustion, fell heavily upon the ground, and while his votaries plied him freely with strong spirit, as the only restorative not deemed unworthy of his use, Silenda, with the chief persons of the village, gathered round the abbaya, demanding an immediate sacrifice. "We demand it," they cried, "to save Rodungiah from sure destruction. Great have been our crimes; great is the wrath of the earth god upon us. Now has our priest spoken, and instantly shall he be obeyed. We will go forth even now; we will slay a goat on the altar of Bera Pennee, and, ere this moon grows old, the pledge must be redeemed by the worthiest of our victims; you understand me; the time is come—look you to it."

The abbaya raised his hand towards the mountain-altar of the god, and slowly saying, "Those to whom the gods listen, let men obey," he bent his head before the priest, and passed forth from the sacrificial chamber.

The fort of Kuli Dora Bissye presented a scene of joy, festivity, and hope. The mowi tree had blossomed, and the hand of the chieftain's daughter was that night to be bestowed on the brave son of the patriarch of Rodungiah. Around the castle walls might be seen the soldiers andret ainers of the various nobles bidden to the feast, while within the private apartments, the slave-girls of Sidruja, surrounded by groups of friends, were yet busily engaged in preparations for the joyful ceremony. Instruments of music, vinas and sitarrs, with cosmetics, golaubdanis, and articles of rich attire, were mingled carelessly together, while they, whose care should have been

in their arrangement, passed the hours in gay laughter and merry gossip, their mirth being perhaps the greater that it was without restraint, for the fair bride had stolen from them all, and with her soft hair braided with fragrant blossoms, and her fine veil of Dacca muslin drawn but lightly around her form, she now stood on the terrace of the castle-keep, gazing on the star-lit heavens while her hand was fondly clasped in that of him she loved.

"And you promise," she gently whispered, "not to leave me then; you promise, that no cause but the battle-field shall take you from my father's castle; tell me this again, and then again, that my heart may rest in peace." Khourou drew nearer to his bride, and with a gentle caress renewed his promise. "Dearest," he said, "it shall be as you will. Thenceforth, my home is thine; but when thy noble father requires my arm to aid his cause, then must not the sword of Khourou linger in its scabbard. Yet, grieved as I am to learn the misery that has fallen upon my hapless land, I will not leave thee to become counsellor where all are wise, nor could I hope my aid to be welcome there, while my father holds opinions which will not suffer me to assist my people even in peace or war. I have pondered much upon the cause of this, and ere I loved thee, Sidruja, it caused me an agony of spirit that none can know; but that is passed; at times I remember the strangeness of the fact, but it grieves me now no more." "Nay, dear Khourou," remarked Sidruja, "call it not strange; thy father loved thee well, and sought that thou shouldst live ever free from danger. Ah! how well can I judge his thoughts! the very dream of losing thee, if but for an hour, is so terrible to me, that didst thou go to battle, I should surely die ere thou set forth." "Sweet one," was the reply, "you feel the trembling hopes and fears that ever agitate a loving woman's heart; but man has duties to perform of a fiercer nature, and to enable him to fulfil them is steeled against such soft emotions. Seldom is a father prouder than when his son first mounts his war-horse for the fray, for the courage that has made the sire noble, seems renewed in the youthful energy of his offspring. But see, Sidruja, the moon rises over yonder forest, tipping the Alpine firs with her silvery light; I must to the banquet-hall, my love, there to await our friends.

Sidruja, however, still lingered to admire the beauty of the scene. The heavens were cloudless, and the moon, like a huge ball of light, rose high over the black forests of the upper land, and threw its broad and radiant beams on the dancing waters of the foaming Salki. The maiden had witnessed the same effects a thousand times before, but they had seemed to her far less beautiful, and so she lingered until a shadow falling on the marble terrace roused her from the delicious reverie. It was that of Mala, the prophetic maniac, and as memories of the past came painfully to her mind, the maiden snatched a bracelet from her arm, and held it towards him. "Take this, good Mala," she exclaimed; "take it, and hasten to the festal hall. I know you wish me well, and thank you for the wish; but indeed I may not tarry." "Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked the hapless creature, laying his hand on the veil of the terrified girl; "there is no haste now; your bridegroom travels faster than you can follow. See," he continued, dragging her forward to the parapet, and extending his hand towards Rodungiah, "they want him there—aye, and by the bright moonlight, will have him too. Lady, he is a noble's son, but not the dread abbaya's of yonder mountain Bandri, the weaver, stole him, as a babe, from the nurse's arms in Orissa, and sold him to the Khonds, as a child of the tree and the axe! He will have a feast there still; but Komeswari will be his bride; for thy lover, maiden, is a Meria victim, and the earth god sweeps across Rodungiah's mountains, shrieking for his blood."

With a piercing cry, Sidruja fell senseless upon the marble terrace, and when her maidens bore her to her couch, and her father watched beside her, Khourou was nowhere to be found. The retainers of a chief, indeed, who had been chatting over a fire beyond the castle walls, told a wild tale of having seen the stranger noble bound to a horse, and forced onwards, with great speed, by a group of armed men. No one heeded them, however, for it is known that men, under the influence of kusumba and palm-wine, see strange things. But still Sidruja lay, surrounded by her maidens, at times insensible to all around, and then again raving wildly of that which seemed but words of incoherent madness to those who listened.

It was the Meria grove, the grove of sacrifice; the mango, the bêr, the dammar,

and the pipala, the mightiest of India's forest trees, lent their shadows to a spot, awful, indeed, in its solemnities. No woodman ventured hither to lay his axe to the tortuous branches sacred to the dread-inspiring goddess; no bird of sweet song or gay plumage ever sought shelter here; no timid animal here rested in safety from its pursuer, neither did any blossom of fragrance ever bloom among its rank, tangled, unwholesome verdure. There was a stream, indeed, that made its way from the higher ghauts through this fear-inspiring spot, but it crept sluggishly on, without one merry ripple or tone of murmuring music to refresh the ear, until, having passed this grove, it leaped, as if in bright and joyful mood, over the moss-grown rocks of the Salki river. In the centre of the grove was an aged tree, scathed as if by lightning; a deep rift was through the trunk, and a much-rotted rope fell from the yawning fissure of the upper branches. On the ground beneath, which was bare and rugged, lay some whitened bones, with a few rude images of birds and beasts, figured in potter's clay. It was a hideous and revolting sight; for here, even in the once-green rift of that old tree, had a fair child, a Meria victim, bought with a price at the inhuman festival of Juggernath, been made a sacrifice for sin by the murderous people of Rodungiah, to propitiate the favor of the earth god, and his blessing upon the produce of their lands. And now —why, so near the same dread spot, is seen a slight rod, surrounded by four tall poles, inserted in the newly-turned soil of the Meria grove? Alas! as the moon last night rose over the dark foliage, the priest came forth to seek the spot for the coming sacrifice demanded by Bera Pennee; the rod and poles bespeak his will, and now that the sun has risen, peals of mad laughter, loud song, and the confused clang of many instruments, reach the ear, and echo through the grove; and it seems, too, that echo has a strange and startling sound, as if the earth-fiend held his court, rejoicing in the madness and cruelty of man. But soon the voice of drunken riot nearer and nearer comes, emerging from the village, and a crowd dash into the grove, with loud shrieks of triumph, rushing to the blasted tree. Aged men, youthful women, and young children, the noble and his serf, all are there; they shout, they dance, they strew flowers, with oil and turmeric, upon the ground; they tear up branches of the sankissa and bazardanti shrubs, and wave them in the air, loudly demanding sacrifice. And now, with slow and solemn pace, the elders of Rodungiah advance from the village to the grove; the crowd are silent; a way is opened; the priest advances, and stands beside the rod; suddenly, he raises his hand on high, the elders fall back, and there, crowned and adorned with flowers, decked with rich jewels, and fettered every limb, stands Khourou, the Meria victim, doomed to be the earth god's sacrifice! Stunning shouts of approbation burst from the assembled crowds; they kneel before their victim; they struggle to touch his hands, his feet; they pluck the flowers from about his brow, to guard as charms; they offer him palm-wine and milk, and snatch the bowl eagerly from his lips to drain the valued drops; and now the priest strikes with his axe the branch of a young green tree, and the crowd affix a rope to the opening of the rift; the victim hears that blow, and well he knows that, bound in yonder branch, all fettered as he is, the crowd that now honor him as a god, will tear his quivering flesh, and bear it in triumph to their fields; and yet, not one pang of anguish can be seen to agitate the Meria's frame, but a wild light gleams from his eye, and with a firm voice, he claims the attention of the crowd.

"My friends," he cried, "I feel upon me the power of the earth god; I know myself his accepted sacrifice. Give me again of yonder bowl; unbind my limbs, and let me share with thee this joyous festival. The crowd loudly applaud their victim's resolution, his fetters are struck off, and with wild songs and shouts of triumph he dances among the people But ere long, the priest and the abbaya approach the Meria sacrifice, warning him the hour has come, commanded by the earth god. The victim pauses, the dance has once again rendered supple his cramped limbs; the juice of the palm has renovated his diminished powers. "'Tis well," he cries, "but ere I enter yonder rift, give me an axe and bow, that, once again, as a free man, I may join my companions in the war-dance of our tribe."

"'Tis well," they cry; "a willing victim is acceptable to the gods; render him the axe and bow."

'Tis done; Khourou eagerly seizes them from the priest, he dances wildly forward, he turns again, he shouts in wild triumph, he whirls the weapon high above his head; in another moment the blow is struck, and the brain of the priest is cleft in twain. Appalled for a moment, the crowd favor the

escape of the brave Khourou; he springs from among them, he reaches the foaming torrent of the Salki, and flinging himself into its deep and rushing waters, defies their power to harm him. The elders and the warriors mount in haste, and, seeking the fort of Dora Bissye, demand their victim; but the wail of mourning women is their only answer, until the chief, pointing from his castle keep to the rushing waters of the Salki, bids them seek and claim him there!

In a happier land, where the peaceful Hindoos gather in their rich harvests, unstained by the blood of sacrifice or the offering of aught but the first-fruits of the teeming earth, dwelt an aged chief of one of the royal houses of Orissa, surrounded by all the splendor of a Rajpoot noble in the land. Long, however, had that old man's palace been desolate, and long had he looked forth upon the placid waters that washed its marble walls, half wishing to find therein a peaceful grave, for he was desolate and childless, robbed by a revengeful slave of his only hope; but now, though that old man's beard was white as snow, the light of joy was in his eye, its voice within his heart, for his long-lost son was found again, and the young chief Khourou, with his sweet wife Sidruja, smoothed and cheered his downward path of life.

INDIA.—The over-land mail brings intelligence from Bombay to the 31st July, and from Calcutta to the 15th. The steamer left Bombay on the 19th; but a shaft of the machinery breaking, the vessel was obliged to return under sail, and the mails were sent by another steamer to Suez; where the Calcutta mail arrived in a separate steamer.

The change of Governors-General had not been perfected. Lord Ellenborough had retired from the administration of affairs, and had taken a private house in the suburbs of Calcutta. The Honorable Wilberforce Bird carried on the government *pro tempore*. The Hindostan, with Sir Henry Hardinge on board, arrived at Madras on the 20th July; but he did not land. He was expected to reach Calcutta about the 24th. Lord Ellenborough's removal had elicited some declarations in his favor: the press very generally censured the Company for his recall; the officers of the Army at Calcutta had invited him to a dinner to be given four days after the arrival of his successor; and subscriptions for some testimonial were on foot, one regiment alone having given 1,500 rupees.

There had been two military disasters in Upper Scinde. First, another mutiny in the Sixty-fourth Regiment of Native Infantry, notorious for its insubordination some months back in refusing to march to Scinde. The Regiment was stationed at Shikarpore: in consequence of some misunderstanding about promises made by their commanding officer Colonel Moseley, when the men were to be paid, on the 10th July, they refused to receive their pay—pelting their officers with brickbats. The mutinous act being reported to General Hunter, the officer in command at that place, he sent for another regiment to take the place of the mutineers; and, assuming the command of the Sixty-fourth, led it to Sukkur, on the way to Delhi; stopping at a place where boats had been prepared to carry them across the river. Here the Thirteenth Regiment and Foster's battery had been placed in ambush ready to fire at a moment's notice. General Hunter now harangued the mutineers on their misconduct, severely censuring the officers, but requiring the ringleaders to be given up. Thirty-nine were surrendered accordingly. Colonel Moseley had been suspended, and Colonel Norton had been appointed to the command in his stead.

The other disaster was the loss of the grass-cutters of the Sixth Irregular Cavalry, about fifty in number, who were employed, under an escort, in procuring forage at Khangur, twelve miles from Sukkur. A private letter from an officer gives this account of the affair—

"It seems that the party of Syces and the escort were sent to a much greater distance than was necessary; that the horsemen, after reaching their ground and going to sleep, were alarmed by a pot-shot fired close to them: a single man only was observed; and in place of attacking him at once, they commenced firing with their short carbines. This, however, did not last long: a party of about fifty men well armed, accompanied by a small gun, attacked them in flank; and a second body, about one hundred strong, appeared almost simultaneously and attacked them in rear. The escort, on finding themselves thus between 'the horns of a dilemma,' commenced a sort of *sauve qui peut* devil-take-the-hindermost sort of *retreat;* left the grass-cutters to their fate; and, rather trusting to their steeds than their swords, they reached camp with the loss of fourteen men. The grass-cutters are believed to have all perished."

Sir Charles Napier had mentioned the occurrence in a very indignant general order; highly blaming the conduct of Captain Mackenzie, the commander of the Irregulars.

Shere Mohammed, the contumacious chief, is said still to be hovering about at the head of some 1,500 horsemen, but is reported willing to come in.

In Afghanistan, Akhbar Khan had attained some successes against the rebellious Afghan chiefs—enough to warrant his triumphant return to Cabul, on his appointment as Vizier; but he was in bad health, or, as some supposed, in a decline; and he appears quite to have relinquished the threatened conquest of Peshawur. The daughter of Yar Mohammed, of Herat, had been betrothed to Mohammed Akhbar, and was on her way to Cabul by way of Candahar.

Some troubles were threatened towards the North. Dost Mohammed is said to be apprehensive of an invasion of his territory by the King of Bokhara or the Coondooz Chief, and was preparing to meet it; and again, the Bokhara chief appears apprehensive of a double invasion of his territory, by the Persians from the South and the Russian allies on the North.—*Spectator.*

A VISIT TO CARACCAS.

From the United Service Journal.

Caraccas, principally known to fame by having been knocked down by an earthquake in 1812, is now the capital of the Republic of Venezuela, as it formerly was of the Captaincy-general of Caraccas, under the Spanish rule. Its population, which, before the above earthquake, when 12,000 were killed at one blow among the ruins, was 50,000, is not only fast recovering from that loss, but from that of the equally destructive *guerra al muerte*. The architectural losses of the same catastrophe have not been so easily repaired. The upper part of the town, formerly the finest, is still a pile of ruins. He who approaches Caraccas from La Guayra, with the prepossession that he is visiting the finest city in South America, is startled by finding himself traversing long ranges of roofless convent-walls, smashed cathedrals, arches and towers, and terraces of other days, silent and deserted; even after passing this city of the dead, the cracked belfreys, the shaken churches, and fissured houses of the still inhabited part of the upper town, have inscribed a *fuit Ilium* upon the walls of Caraccas, however young Venezuela may boast that the glory of its inhabitants is only now commencing. Nevertheless, Caraccas is a fine city. The churches and convents are numerous, and several of them handsome structures; the latter, however, have been suppressed as convents, and the buildings and revenues devoted to the purpose of public instruction. There are several handsome squares, the largest of which contains also the market-place. On one side of this is the cathedral, a massive but irregular building, to the interior of which, shortly before our arrival, had been transferred, from Santa Martha, where he expired, the ashes of the Liberator Bolivar, and here they reposed in a draperied catafalque. Drawings of the details of the processions and obsequies by which the solemn transfer was accompanied, were to be seen in every bookseller's window; but as these had been executed prospectively in Paris some time before the ceremonies had taken place, the artist, unshackled by matter-of-fact, had rather represented a poetic vision of what Paris would have done for such a hero, than what Caraccas did.

Opposite to the cathedral, is the municipal palace, and several other public buildings; to the left of the cathedral, is the archbishop's palace and a fine convent, and opposite to these a flight of steps, and fountains and balustrades, backed, it is true, by a row of plebeian edifices, but these are backed by the towering Silla, in whose magnificence their deformity is forgotten.

The interior space of the square is surrounded only by rows of stalls, occupied by the various tradespeople by whom the market is supplied, and within is a dense crowd of booths, donkeys, provisions, and market-people, through whom, at the hour of mass, a path is opened towards the doors of the cathedral by a train of shovel-hatted ecclesiastics, and many a group of Caraccas ladies, with their charming mantillas on, followed by their brown or black servants, carrying kneeling-carpets, chairs, and prayer-books. The continued attachment of the people to the old dress of the ladies for attending mass, is very decided. Shortly before our arrival, two English ladies from Trinidad having innocently entered with bonnets, were so much mobbed on their return, that it was found necessary to call for the interference of the authorities for their protection; this outburst proceeded not from bigotry, for Venezuela in the present day is no land of bigotry, and the ladies were both Roman Catholics, but from an idea that their dress was a violation of decorum. The altars and chapels, both in the cathedral and other churches, contain a sufficiency of gilding and florid ornaments. The convents, public edifices, and private dwellings, though differing in dimensions and materials, are generally upon the same plan in the interior construction —large courts, with fountains or gardens in the centre, surrounded by buildings one, two, or three stories in height, with roofed galleries, supported on tiers of pillars. The apartments of the President, though respectable enough, are by no means remarkable for elegance or dimensions. In the chamber of representatives, a spitting-box is placed under the chair of each member of the assembly, and at each end of the chamber, are benches for the accommodation of the public. Caraccas owes much of its beauty to the magnificent mountain of the Silla, with the saddle peaks, from which it derives its name, towering over every object around. The streets are all laid out at right angles, and the shops are handsome and well supplied, though little is to be procured at any of them of native manufacture; however, there are French boot-makers, Yankee tailors, English saddlers, *quantum suf*. The more modern houses are seldom more than one story in height, though those still occupied in the shaken part of the town, are three or four; some have large gardens attached to them; those of General Paez were laid out with much taste. One of his sons, who spoke English fluently, having been educated abroad, showed us a large collection of plants which he had been making in the neighboring forests, and had transferred to his parterres, the parasites, as usual in Venezuela, occupying the principal places as to beauty of blossom. A painting at the end of one of the walks of this garden, which, tea-garden like, prolonged the vista *ad infinitum*, was the admiration of Caraccas.

The day after our arrival in Caraccas was spent in strolling about and sight-seeing. Although, from the high elevation of the plain of Caraccas, the air is delightfully cool in the mornings and evenings, it is otherwise at noon, when the sun seems to strike the more

violently through the purity of the atmosphere. The natives—but all people find fault with the air they are obliged to breathe—declare that the climate is too variable, and rather give the preference to that of La Guayra, supposed to be one of the hottest places in the world; the latter was also formerly supposed to be the head-quarters of yellow fever; it has, however, latterly divided that distinction with many parts of the West Indies. No wheel-carriages are used in Caraccas, and the streets are execrably paved. Few people ride out for pleasure till an hour or two before sunset, by which time they have generally dined. The horses are small; those for hire, being seldom broke to the fashionable amble of the country, are rough in their paces, uncurried in their persons, and infamously bitted. The English saddle is occasionally used, but that of Moorish origin is more frequently seen with all but strangers. The ladies are seldom seen in the streets except on their way to mass; a bright eye occasionally flashes through the bars of an unfrequented window in the long convent-like walls of the houses, but the hour for visiting and social intercourse is the evening.

At the table d'hôte of the hotel there was a strange medley of countries and languages, Yankees rather predominating in numbers, and making manifest their country by the pertinacity with which they persisted in delivering their sentiments in tones of nasal sweetness long drawled out. It is not customary for ladies to appear at the table, nor, indeed, in travelling, to stop at hotels, or travel at all if they can avoid it. Venezuela is not yet frequented by T. G.'s. Among the party of about thirty whom we met at the hotel daily during our sojourn in Caraccas, there was only one traveller, an Englishman, who, like ourselves, had no object in view but amusement, nor, indeed, did we meet another during our trip, although we crossed the track of a German baron, who had reached the country from Trinidad shortly before our entry by the Orinoko. "Certainly the English are an extraordinary race for wandering over the world," observed a gentleman to us, to whom we had an introduction. "You are not content with traversing Europe, Asia, and Africa, but you must now begin with our remote savannahs." Naturalists, French and German, have occasionally traversed the country, and for these we were frequently taken during our wanderings; in fact, the first question that was generally put to us, was as to how we liked the birds in Venezuela.

On the first day of our joining the table d'hôte, a Danish miniature-painter was sitting by me, who, having mentioned that he had been in Rome to study, was immediately questioned, by a talkative American opposite, as to his having met with an artist of his acquaintance, as no doubt the congeniality of their pursuits must have brought them together; it appeared upon explanation, that the craft which the interrogator assumed to be a branch of the fine arts, was that of a tailor, which both he and his friend the artist at Rome were practising in the capitals of the Venezuelan Republic and the Papal States. The Yankee tailor, who practised in Caraccas, then commenced a piece of nasal declamation against Venezuelan gentlemen generally, designating them as a low race, innately vulgar, without souls. "Would you believe me, sir?" cried the outraged snip, "I finished a suit of garments here lately that might have adorned a prince. I sent them home to a gentleman of this city, whom I forbear to name, and—and—he returned them to me! The paltry price was objected to. No, Sir! the people are essentially low; they give no encouragement to the fine arts." Many of the respectable and well-dressed gentlemen whom we met the first day of our arrival, discussing politics and pleasure, we afterwards found in their shops and warehouses, attending to their several crafts, girt around with linen aprons. One deficiency was remarkable, as contrasted with the betravelled cities of Europe—no views of Caraccas and its environs were to be seen in the shop windows; nor indeed, did a diligent search after such mementos of our excursion produce any thing but a bad lithograph of Angostura. A Murray's Hand-book for Venezuela is not yet visible to the naked eye of the keenest seer into her futurity.

The Danish miniature painter before mentioned and an English portrait painter appeared to find employment enough, and the former at least seemed likely to improve the taste of the Venezuelans, as far as his branch of the art was concerned. The History of Venezuela by Rafael Maria Baralt and Ramon Diaz, contains lithographic portraits of most of the worthies of the war of independence; a grimmer-looking set of savages never scowled out of a Gothic frieze; if the excellent chroniclers have overlauded the deeds and the characters of their heroes, they have made up for it by libelling their bodies. The contrast between the Dane's likeness of the present President, Soublette, which he showed us just completed, and the wooden-featured lithograph, was very much in the Dane's favor, and still more in that of the president himself. The Englishman had made some paintings of scenery and figures, but finding no encouragement from the natives in these branches of his art, he had with more success devoted his efforts to portrait painting.

Having heard that the theatre was open the evening of our arrival, we repaired thither in order to ascertain the state of the drama; it proved, however, to be only that branch of the illegitimate drama in Caraccas, which corresponds with our Astley; in fact, a circus whose roof was the spangled vault of heaven. Two American horses and an intelligent pony, with the usual dram. pers., performed the highly interesting equestrian

melodrama of the Brentford tailor rendered into Spanish, the whole concluding with a dance on the tight rope. On a subsequent evening we visited the opera, which was held at the regular theatre, by no means a despicable building. Macintoshes, lined with plaid turned inside out, and thrown gracefully over the shoulders of several of the performers, fixed the scene of action in representation at our entrance to Scotland. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermuir;" the audience was numerous, and seemed highly gratified, but the performance not such as to invite a second visit.

The Venezuelans, immediately upon the establishment of the republic, turned their attention towards public education, which under the Spanish rule, in spite of a university at Caraccas and a college at Merida, was ever discouraged, the suppressed convents and their revenues having, as has been before observed, been devoted to this purpose. There are now, besides a second university at Merida, a college in every large town, a military academy, and numerous primary schools. There are also in Caraccas private colleges and well-regulated schools for both sexes; and the Government are now establishing parochial schools throughout the whole extent of their territory, as they have already formed in about one-third. The proportion of those educated in the latter to the whole population, not reckoning the Indians, was one to a hundred and fourteen in 1840.

There are several printing establishments in Caraccas, whence, besides newspapers, issue numerous translations from English and French authors; the latter, judging from the numbers, being the favorites, especially the novelists of the modern school. The proceedings of the chambers, with ample statistics of commerce, population, expenditure, revenue, and produce, are published yearly, under the authority of Government;* the amount of exports and imports, and of revenue, extracted from these Blue Books for the year ending July, 1841, will serve to give an idea of the existing state of the republic as to wealth, the population being about a million.

In the neighborhood of Caraccas, within reach of an afternoon's ride, are several villages, surrounded by cultivated grounds, and extremely beautiful, especially along the foot of the Silla. All the fruits, vegetables, and flowers of Europe, can be made to flourish upon these elevated plains among the sugar-canes and bananas of the tropics, and perhaps only require the hand of a skilful gardener to make them equal in flavor to those of cooler climes. We had much curiosity to see the palo di vacca, or cow-tree (Golactodendron), of which Humboldt has given many details. The vegetable cow is by no means confined to this neighborhood; the milk is brought into the market in the English colony of Demarara, in sufficient quantities by the Buck Indians who descend the Essequibo and Demarara rivers, to prove its existence in abundance in the forests of British Guyana; in Caraccas the milk is never used except in the immediate spot where the tree grows. We found much difficulty in procuring information to guide us in our search, but at length ascertained that the nearest spot where the tree was known to flourish was at the Hacienda of Santa Cruz, about five or six hours' ride from caracas. A lady to whom that and the neighboring properties belonged, having kindly offered us the services of a Peon for a guide, we started early one morning, in company with an Englishman, whose acquaintance we had made in Caraccas. Our road lay over a rough mountain, covered with more fantastically-shaped varieties of cactus, cereus, agave, and aloe, than we had ever seen collected together before; the rich flowers of the latter, upon their tall larch-like stems, and the candelabra boughs of some of the former, mingled with piles of uncouth lichen-grown rock, gave a peculiarly grotesque aspect to the scenery. Descending into a long winding valley, our wild guide, mounted upon a raw-boned jackass, now led us along the bed of a rivulet, by which it was traversed, now by a path cut through the forest, till after surmounting several ridges in succession, we at length reached a mountain side, richly clad up to its summit with forest, and looking down into a valley filled with haciendas of coffee; another hill was beyond, and over this a fine view of the sea presented itself.

The farm of Fundacion, to which we were first led, we found much farther than we had expected, and as we had an engagement to dinner in Caraccas for the same evening, we had but little time to lose; we therefore hurried over a breakfast there, and remounted. The road being steep, and our pace brisk, our Caraccas friend, accustomed to a sedentary life, soon knocked up, and returned to the farm. Santa Cruz we found situated in a delightful valley; we were soon furnished with guides by the major domo or superintendent; but the distance of the farm to the first tree was still not trifling. After riding about a mile or two, the road became too steep for either horses or mules; we dismounted. The path was now the edge of a water-course, which, cut out of the rock, or built up at intervals of masonry, carried the waters of one of the lesser valleys in a winding course, down to irrigate the hacienda below, along the face of an abrupt cliff, whose fissures were filled with forest trees. After scrambling for above half a mile along the water-course, our guide pointed to the palo di vacca in midst of a hanging wood, whose lofty summits shut out the sun. The stem was about two and a half feet

* Financial year from 1840 to 1841—Revenue, 5,363,040 pesos, of 3*s.* 4*d.*; exports, 6,159,835; imports, 7,399,923. In the year 1829 to 1830 the exports and imports were 5,587,104, and the increase has been gradual.

in thickness, and shot up from seventy to a hundred feet into the air, where its foliage mingled with that of its neighbors, from which it was scarcely distinguishable at that height. We had chosen an unfavorable time for our visit to the vegetable cow: it was the dry season, and the moon was on the wane. The power of the moon upon the flow of the juices in the vegetation of the tropics, is well known—our cow was accordingly a bad milker; nevertheless, upon slashing the bark with a cutlass, out came the cream so as to be easily taken up with a spoon; with the exception of a slight clamminess, the cream was highly palatable, and said to be much used by the laborers of the farms during the season when the juices are abundant, when it is collected in bottles. The tree was said to be common in the forests around, and a grove of them was pointed out to us at the hacienda of Cotoura, about half an hour further off, where the tree was to be seen in every stage of existence. Time, however, pressed; the guides made us many promises that they would bring in a bundle of young trees for us the next morning, to transfer to the gardens of the West India islands; however, the promises were forgotten, and the good Island of Tobago must still continue to put up with the milk of the goat and the animal cow. We returned to the Farm of Fundacion by a short cut, where we found our friend, still unwilling to move; in fact, he anticipated the pace at which we should return, and wisely waited for the cool of the evening. The grass was certainly not permitted to grow under our horses' heels; however, the animals not being knocked up before our arrival at the hotel, we were enabled to keep our engagement with the British Consul.

It was the time of the Carnival. We had anticipated a great deal of amusement in the idea that in so Catholic a city the festival would be kept with extraordinary vivacity. We were disappointed. The only observance consisted in a barbarous license exerted in the outskirts of the city, of deluging the passengers with water from syringes and garden forcing-pumps, and occasionally powdering the victims with flour while dripping from the first assault. These outrages were checked by the police in the better parts of the city, but respectable people were still cautious of appearing in the streets at the hour of dusk. The population of the British island of Trinidad have a far more civilized mode of observing their carnival; it is their season of masquerading, gayety, and gallantry.

To see the farm of Galipan, upon the opposite side of the range of the Silla, upon another occasion, afforded us an agreeable excursion from Caraccas. We started early one morning on foot, upon the erroneous supposition that the mountain was inaccessible for mules; the ascent was difficult, but the prospect from the different stages of the ascent extremely beautiful, in spite of the dryness of the weather. The city lay below us, and the numerous villages of the plain, with their verdant valleys, were scattered around till lost among the distant succession of those mountains which we had already traversed in our journey from the Llanos. On the summit of the hill the forest is extremely rich in every variety of tropical foliage, and the wild strawberry is here gathered in profusion at the foot of the various palms. Surmounting the ridge, the ocean appeared at intervals through the rolling mists with which the base of the mountain was wreathed, and below us were the coffee-plantations of the hacienda, which seemed suspended over the sea, midway down the mountain sides. A path, very difficult of access, and impracticable without guides, leads from this ridge to the neighboring summits of the Silla. Descending the mountain in company with the proprietor of the farm, who had accidentally overtaken us, being himself mounted on a mule, we gladly accepted his invitation to breakfast. We found here strawberries in abundance, and numerous English vegetables, and the garden filled with roses, pinks, carnations, and lilies. The sun had set before we reached our hotel, where a large party were assembled, according to custom, playing billiards, drinking coffee, and discussing politics. We were listening to a variety of yarns, spun by an old English Venezuelan officer, upon the eternal subject of the war of independence, interspersed with republican declamation, when a buzz outside of the hotel drew every one to the balconies of the windows. It was the first appearance of the comet, whose brilliant tail, dashing across a third of the heavens, had startled Caraccas, ever since the day of her destruction in 1812 painfully susceptible of alarm at any unusual natural phenomena, from its customary repose. The commotion, commencing in terror, continued in admiration through half the night. It was a beautiful sight, and the pure atmosphere of Caraccas, on that night unmingled with a single cloud, gave a silvery splendor to the spectacle. The alarm of the inhabitants was the more natural, as the tidings of the earthquake at Guadaloupe and Antigua had but a short period before reached them. This catastrophe had occurred since we left the islands, and, as usual, the reports were so exaggerated by distance that we were uncertain whether the island that we had come from was yet above water. Report affirmed, after enumerating the fates of several other islands, that a brig, in sailing by, had seen a column of smoke and ashes hovering above the spot where Tobago once was.

Our last excursion in the neighborhood of Caraccas was through a highly-cultivated valley, where we put up at a hacienda where there were some mills lately established for shelling coffee for the English market. The process, they say, spoils the berry's flavor, though it improves its appearance, and procures for it a readier sale. The Venezuelan

planters in general cultivate their estates with a rigid attention to economy; having little or no capital wherewithal to work their farms, they are obliged to borrow from the money-lenders at an exorbitant interest, that nothing but this economy, which their naturally frugal habits render comparatively easy, could enable them to pay. The proprietors also reside on their farms, or are at least their own managers, in which they have the advantage over their more extravagant neighbors of the British West Indies. Amid the thick cultivation in the district around these mills, we found a very beautiful village crowning the summit of a group of hills. Here all the male inhabitants were eagerly employed in cock-fighting. It was Sunday, and some of our party remained so late watching the festivities of the peasantry, that it was dark before we assembled at the hacienda for dinner, and late ere we broke up; a young *etourdi* of our party having contrived to become extremely festive during the evening, retarded our homeward progress. The roads were frightfully steep even in the broad daylight, the distance considerable, and the drunken subject refractory. However, the light of the stars and of the comet assisting, he was found and picked up whenever he fell from his horse, and finally brought into Caraccas.

There are comparatively few English among the artisans or merchants of Caraccas; and, of all those who flocked over at one time, to fight in the service of the young republic, under the title of Patriots, but a small number survives. Nevertheless some few British officers are still in the service of Venezuela. Among those who have earned for their names a certain notoriety, are the Cacique of Poyais, M'Gregor, now stricken in years, but formerly a distinguished leader in the war of independence; and General Devereux, now blind, whose levies of patriots distinguished themselves by mutinying, because the pillage of the rich cities which their recruiting serjeants had promised them was withheld upon their arrival upon the coast, and who had previously much perplexed the authorities by claiming arrears of pay, when, as the historian of the war innocently observes, they had never any money for their own troops. The unmanageable foreigners were at length embarked and sent off to Jamaica, to be disposed of by the Governor, with the exception of some officers and volunteers who remained in the service of the republic.

One of the few survivors of the British battalion that earned so valorous a reputation at Carabobo, we found head-waiter, or major-domo at the Lion d'Oro. Caraccas might well spare a better man; having subdued the soldierlike vice of inordinate drunkenness, he had become a paragon of major domos, and upheld the affairs of the Lion d'Oro with distinguished zeal. His account of the battle which decided the fate of the republic, and of the motives which actuated the British troops on that day to combat with so much obstinacy, bore upon it the rude impress of truth. The British troops had been harassed by the warfare of the Llanos, totally at variance with their habits, and longed for repose. On the eve of the battle they saw plainly that if it was not won, there would be before them another years campaigning, up to their waists in water; and this they resolved to prevent if they could. The Venezuelan regiments were broken and routed at the commencement of the fray, "but the valorous strangers," as the historian observes, "deployed and formed line under a horrible fire, with a serenity that did not seem to belong to rational creatures." The officers were all killed or wounded, and the battalion reduced by more than half; but in the meantime the broken Venezuelans had rallied behind the foreign battalion, and returned to its support. The result was a complete victory, from which only one battalion of the Spaniards escaped. The congress were lavish of their praises and honors to the army and its chiefs. It was decreed that divers attic columns should be raised to the latter; but the funds of the republic being low, their names, instead of this, were in the meantime inscribed legibly upon various town-pumps, where they may yet be seen, attesting the exalted sense which a high-spirited people entertain of the heroism of the departed brave. The Britannic legion having received the distinction of being named the Legion of Corobobo, after the field of battle, was, however, disappointed in its hopes of obtaining rest. It was marched about till so few remained that the republic, disembarrassed of such numerous claims, could afford to fulfil its magnanimous promises of pensions to the survivors.

NOVEL TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—*Ober Post Ampts Zeitung* brs the following:—The surgical operations of Dr. Von Herff at present attract great interest here (Darmstadt). These operations have in several instances effected a decided cure in cases of tubercular pulmonary consumption, *phthisis tuberculosa*. The seat of the ulceration having been ascertained by means of the stethoscope, the matter is discharged outwardly by an incision being made in the cavity of the breast, penetrating the lungs. The cure is finally effected by medicine injected into the wound by a syringe. We have hitherto refrained from making known these operations, as we wish to await the results; but we are now enabled to affirm with confidence that in several instances the operations have obtained the most complete success, and in no case have been attended by any danger to life. We hope that Dr. Von Herff, after an extended series of experiments, will make the observations deduced from them the subject of a philosophic inquiry—*Athenæum.*

A NATIVE SOUTH AFRICAN TALE.

From the Asiatic Journal.

Two neighboring nations of the Bechuana race for some years carried on a war of extermination, during which unheard of cruelties were perpetrated by both parties. The name of the one nation was Barolong; that of the other Bakueni. On one occasion, an old warrior of the Barolong was traversing the borders of Bakueni, in the character of a spy, when he saw a young girl of that nation, daughter of the principal chief, gathering berries on the margin of the river, at a considerable distance from her father's hamlet. At this sight, the savage propensities of his nature were roused, and, creeping upon his hands and knees, unperceived until within a few paces of his victim, he sprang upon her, and, seizing her by the arms, cut off both her hands above the wrists with his assegai, tauntingly exclaiming, "*U tla 'mpona kai? rumela!*" 'Where shall you see me again? I salute you!' He then made off, before the cries of the poor bleeding girl could reach her friends in the village.

War ultimately produced its usual results, famine and misery, when both parties hastened to make peace, by slaughtering cattle and eating together, the Bechuana mode of ratifying a treaty.

The next season after the conclusion of peace, proved propitious to the Bakueni, and unpropitious to the Barolong. The former had an abundant crop of corn; but that of the latter was destroyed by swarms of locusts, which ravaged their gardens; and they were consequently driven to beg food from the people they once meant to destroy.

Among others, the old warrior was compelled to undertake a journey to the Bakueni in search of food. With a small bag, containing a little meal made from pounded locusts, intended for his sustenance on the journey, a pipe and tobacco, and a walking-stick in his hand, he took the road leading to the Bakuena; his progress was slow, his body being reduced to a mere skeleton by famine.

On arriving at the hamlet of the chief of the Bakueni, the old warrior entered the *luping*, or enclosure before the chief's house, near the door of which sat a female covered with a tiger-skin kaross, worn by no one but the *mofumngari*, or royal mistress; to her he addressed himself in the most abject terms, begging her to give him, a poor dog, a little food, for he was dying of hunger. She returned his salutation by saying, "*E! U tla 'mpona kai? rumela!*" The old man did not advert to the import of these words, being stupified by hunger. A woman servant being at the time in the act of cooking food, her mistress desired her to take some out of the pot and put it into a dish; then, throwing open her kaross and uncovering her arms, she pointed with the stumps to the old warrior, saying "Give it to that man. He does not deserve it. It was he who cut off my hands when I was a girl; but I will not retaliate: he is now starving. Little did he then think that we should thus meet." She added, "There, take and eat: *U tla 'mpona kai? rumela!*"

The feelings of the old man may be imagined. The circumstance made a deep impression on the Barolong nation. To this day, a Barolong may be restrained from an unkind act by the oppressed party exclaiming, "*U tla 'mpona kai? rumela!*" *

PUNCH'S CHARGE TO JURIES.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:—You are sworn in all cases, to decide according to the evidence; at the same time, if you have any doubt, you are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it. Suppose you have to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of a gentleman accused of felony. You will naturally doubt whether any gentleman would commit such offences; accordingly, however strong may be the testimony against him, you will, perhaps, acquit him. The evidence of your own senses is, at least, as credible as that of the witnesses; if, therefore, your eyesight convinces you that the prisoner is a well-dressed person, you have a right to presume his respectability; and it is for you to say whether a respectable person would be likely to be guilty of the crimes imputed to him. In like manner, when you see a shabby-looking fellow in the dock, charged, for example, with sheep-stealing, the decision rests with you, first, whether or not that individual is a ragamuffin; and, secondly, how far it is probable that a man of that description would steal sheep. Of course, as has been before said, you will always be guided by the evidence; but then, whether the evidence is trustworthy or not, is a matter for your private consideration. You may believe it if you choose, or you may disbelieve it; and whether, gentlemen of the jury, you will believe it or disbelieve it, will depend on the constitution of your minds. If your minds are so constituted that you wish to find the prisoner guilty, perhaps you will believe it; if they happen to be so constituted that you desire to find him not guilty, why then, very likely, you will disbelieve it. You are to free your minds from all passion and prejudice, if you can, and, in that case, your judgment will be unbiassed; but if you cannot, you will return a verdict accordingly. It is not, strictly speaking, for you to consider what will be the effect of your verdict; but if such a consideration should occur to you, and you cannot help attending to it, that verdict will be influenced by it to a certain extent. You are probably aware, that when you retire, you will be locked up till you contrive to agree. You may arrive at unanimity by fair discussion, or by some of you starving out the others, or by tossing up; and your conclusion, by whichever of these processes arrived at, will be more or less in accordance with your oaths. Your verdict may be right; it is to be hoped it will: it may be wrong; it is to be hoped it will not. At all events, gentlemen of the jury, you will come to some conclusion or other, unless it should so happen that you separate without coming to any.—*Charivari.*

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* *Graham's Town Journal.*

THE LIBERATION WAR IN GERMANY.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review (October).

Was ich erlebte: aus der Erinnerung niedergeschrieben. (Events of my Life.) Von HEINRICH STEFFENS. 7ter und 8ter Band. Breslau. 1843.

HENRY STEFFENS, by birth a Norwegian, now a professor in Berlin, is well known to the literary and scientific world as a natural philosopher and a novel writer of no vulgar mark. In the present volumes he has given us personal memoirs of his share of the great European movement made by the Germans against Napoleon in the years 1813 and 1814; and the value of the contributions thus made to the history of that important period, cannot, we think, be better expressed than in the following words of the author himself.

"Generally speaking," says he, "there is no literary undertaking more difficult than a genuine historical account of the wars of modern times. Since the art of war has become a regular science, the narration of wars assumes a character only too like the exposition of a fixed system; and as the battles themselves, whatever motives may influence them, are at bottom combats of military principles rather than of moral agents; so the account of them is apt to reduce itself to a mere dry detail of marches and counter-marches, of advancing and retreating armies, of the quantity of ammunition taken, and the number (often not at all to be depended on) of killed, and wounded, and taken prisoners; or it takes the shape of a regular scientific exposition, which annihilates all that is living and characteristic, and commands a sort of general interest only when something external and accidental interferes to modify the action of the scientific principle. In works of this kind, whatever is purely human appears as a disturbing element, and, where it cannot be altogether omitted, is only tolerated. The individual man, just because in his greatest moments he contains something mysterious and unfathomable, is rejected as incompatible with the ordered rigor of the system; every irregular outburst of vital poetry is inadmissible. Even that which is purely accidental, and beyond the control of human measurement, and which, were it let alone, might assume a character of sublimity, is often forced to appear on the historical stage as the result of a plan that, in fact, did not exist till after the victory was gained. In the narrations of Herodotus and Thucydides again these opposing elements interpenetrate one another, and are essentially one. Men are placed before us in earnest struggle for all that makes human existence valuable, and forces the heart of man to feel strongly for man; and this living centre of interest, amid all the formal machinery of military circumstance, is never lost sight of. I have, accordingly, determined to relate my experience of German history, which my own narrow sphere, simply as I experienced it, with every personal feeling and relation as it arose within me or stood before me; and this method of treatment is likely to be satisfactory even to the already well-instructed reader, just in proportion to the disrepect shown to every thing merely personal by the modern historians. I have no inclination, of course, to detract from the high merits of those who have treated these matters systematically; but the simple narration of a man of letters, who took part in the struggle, when already advanced in life, will not be without an interest of its own."

These remarks express a feeling to which not Coleridge only and Carlyle, among recent British spokesmen, have given strong utterance; but which must have been felt, more or less, by almost every person of sentiment in these times who has read or attempted to read modern history. A good battle, well described, now and then may possess a pictorial and an artistical value, even when it wants a true human interest; but a series of battles, minutely described, can have merely a scientific interest to those by whom they are minutely studied; and are to the general reader (especially where plans are not supplied,) wearisome, and, except as an external result, valueless. Most cordially, therefore, do we agree with the professor as to the value of merely personal details as a supplement to the ponderous military and diplomatic records of modern history; and there is no English reader of Alison's ninth volume of 'European History'—not to speak of German—who will not willingly concede to Steffens the old man's privilege of talking copiously about himself, when himself is merely the introducer of such names as Gneisenau, and Scharnhorst, Marshal Blücher, and the Baron von Stein.

The two volumes which contain these patriotic reminiscences are the seventh and the eighth of a series, to which our readers have been already (No. lxi.) introduced. When noticing the first six volumes, we purposely eschewed all matter of a political nature, and confined ourselves, for the sake of unity, to a few gleanings of literary particulars, such as we thought might be interesting to the student of German literature. In the present supplementary notice we shall, for the same reason, reverse the procedure, and, excluding the literary and philosophical passages, confine ourselves to

what is purely political and patriotic; *military* we can hardly say, for the professor, with an instinct of good sense which does him credit, in these pages systematically avoids giving any opinion on matters which his speculative genius never fitted him to understand. The purely military reader, therefore, will expect nothing from the 'Erlebtes;' to him Clausewitz, and other sources, are open; while, on the other hand, those who love from the side-glimpses and chance-aspects of war, which the formal historian ignores, to supplement their ideas, not of military science, but of human nature, will find in the warlike professor's reminiscences some food convenient for them. At the same time we are forced, as honest critics, to repeat here the general censure which we already passed on the previous volumes, 'Es ist breit! gar zu breit!' When will the Germans learn to select and to arrange their materials, and to bring them within the compass of an ordinary English reader's patience? There are some of Tintoretto's pictures at Venice, where whole walls are so figured over with the swift impressions of a quick fancy and a ready hand, that the spectator for very multitude of objects can literally see nothing. Thus Steffens wearies the ear with a continuous hum of small voices, till it becomes utterly unfit to receive a distinct notice of a truly strong and heroic articulation. This voluminosity, however, is a vice not so much of Steffens, as of Germany; and we must even bear with it on condition that those Germans who choose to indulge themselves in it will at the same time supply the truly German book-virtue which is its antidote, an accurate and comprehensive index.

When we fix our eye on the war of 1813, in Germany, the first thing that strikes us is its singularly popular, and because popular, *personal* character. It is remarkable how much of the purely human and individual comes here gallantly and triumphantly into the foreground, casting not court and cabinet merely, but even diplomacy and tactics, strangely into the shade; inspiring them, at least, with a poetic soul that does not belong to them, and dressing them in a free and natural garb that seems borrowed rather from the pages of Homer than from the War-office of a modern ministry. As in the stout conflicts of the 'Iliad,' the 'Strong Diomede,' and the 'lusty-roaring (βοην αγαθος) Menelaus" the delicate Aphrodite, and the furious Ares, gods with mortals in one sublime fray struggle face to face and hand to hand, with all the freedom of a school-boy scuffle, unconscious of rank and file, and of all the perplexing detail of tactics and strategics; so the hot hussar, Marshal Blücher, the old man with the young heart; the glowing poet, Körner, with the sword in one hand, and the lyre in the other; Fichte, the philosopher of the iron will, and Jahn, the white-bearded prophet of gymnastics and Germanism, all come forward here, in the broad fulness and intense energy of their personal character, fighting as free men, not as professional soldiers—a group of most motly consistence, and most marked individuality, bound together for a season by the strength of one common feeling—the feeling of love to fatherland, and hatred of Napoleon. It is in vain, therefore, that a historian shall describe the liberation war in the same fashion that so many other wars of ancient and modern times may be described, by a detailed account of the campaign, and a skilful exhibition of the military movements. These form the principal matter in many wars, and, therefore, may justly claim the principal place in the historian's narration; but in the liberation war, the moral soul and popular character are the principal thing; and whoever has not known and valued this element, whoever has not brought it dramatically and prominently forward, has gilded the skeleton of the matter only, and brought forth a dead book. We make these remarks here to show more distinctly the proper value of such personal memoirs as those of Steffens, Arndt, Varnhagen, &c., in regard to a war of this kind, even when they furnish us with such merely incidental gleanings, and fragmentary personal notices, as those which we can gather from the present work. There is no author who furnishes us with fewer tangible and available independent facts of the war, than Henry Steffens; but there is none, if we except Arndt, in whom its inspiration glows more fervidly, who may be regarded as a fitter exponent of that moral power which God raised up in Germany, to overthrow the physical force dynasty of Napoleon.

We may commence our extracts by a few remarks of the professor on this very point—the peculiarly popular and national, moral and human, character of the war.

"In this war the matter at issue was not the mere supremacy of this or the other ruler, but

it was truly a mortal struggle for national existence; as little could it be called a war to maintain the balance of power. There was no balance of power to fight about: it had long ago vanished. It is not from the wars of the French revolution that we have to date the disturbance of the balance of power in Europe. So far as Germany was concerned, our true subjection dates from the peace of Westphalia: since then the predominance of France was decided: and the struggle that followed afterwards, if we except the wars of Frederick the Great, though here and there favorable, exercised no permanent influence in restoring Germany to its true position in Europe. The truth is that a nation, when morally conquered, can never pursue any external success to its legitimate consequences; political or military triumphs are mere delusions; and however humbling to France were the events that clouded the last days of Louis XIV., however weak that country appeared under Louis XV., the French still remained morally the masters of Europe. Germany, in particular, seemed altogether to have given up its right of thinking for itself: and in this unhappy country there was no higher honor than clumsily to imitate the French. At the courts of German princes the most worthless adventurer from Paris stood in the highest estimation; friseurs, ballet-dancers, and all sorts of cattle from the banks of the Seine, could make their fortunes among the higher circles of Germany, provided they only condescended to take office under the German barbarian. Nowhere in history had such an example of national self-abnegation been seen: of a voluntary subjection to foreign influence in a manner that could not but seem to signify to Europe a corresponding moral inferiority in the people thus forward to pass sentence upon itself. It was not till the victory of the encroaching enemy was complete, till decisive measures had been taken to choke every germ of national and independent spirit violently in the bud, that the original strength of the people began to show itself, and to start up with elastic impulse against the weight that oppressed it. The war was not of that kind, which, being engaged in at the mere external word of a master, is carried on by indifferent or unwilling combatants: it was a war that each individual honest mind in the country had determined on for itself, before a public declaration was made in the name of the community. As in the moral conflicts of the individual, the enemy makes one deceitful inroad after another, and argues his own case so plausibly, that the wavering soul is driven from one strong position to a weaker one: and now the invader seems to have obtained a firm footing in the stranger territory, when, at last, the decisive question presents itself, whether a rescue of the moral man be yet possible, or an unconditional surrender must be made? then the intended victim suddenly recognizes the enemy in all his hatefulness, and pierces with an eagle eye through every possible mask he can assume; so in the political existence of the German people a critical moment had arrived: the question was put to all, stern, clear, decided: it was felt by all that nothing but an answer equally stern and decided could suit the emergency. It is well known, indeed, that a great part of Germany was still in league with Napoleon, that (as in the unhappy times of the thirty years' war), reduced and controlled by France, Germans fought against Germans; but there was an element of German feeling now alive that was utterly unknown in the seventeenth century. The relations of the old German empire were too perplexed to allow any thing like a national German feeling to assert itself; now, however, circumstances had brought out this feeling in great potency: the contrast between France and Germany was no longer doubtful. Napoleon's historical significance is based mainly on this, that, not merely externally by his conquests, but internally in every German bosom, he dissipated those fair Gallic delusions that had been accumulating and deceiving us for centuries, and thereby compelled every German to put to himself the question, whether he was prepared to surrender all claims to a separate national existence, or would not rather make one strong determined effort for self-preservation? This political crisis, assisted by a general popular regeneration, restored Germany to its station among the nations, and delivered Europe from the otherwise unavoidable danger of French ascendency."

Such were the grand moral elements of the war, a war containing on a vastly greater scale all that renders the memory of Marathon sacred to the Greeks, of Bannockburn to the Scots. It is quite characteristic, therefore, to find Germany, at this period, shaking itself free, as by some new Heaven-imparted instinct, from those numberless strings and trappings of merely official authority through which it is wont to manifest its political existence. Our patriotic professor goes about at Breslau so early as December, 1812, and fired at once with sympathy for his captive friends at Cassel, with prophetic glimpses of the fatal precipitation of Napoleon from Moscow, and with copious potations of champaign, spouts politics vehemently before 'high persons,' alias councillors and privy councillors, nothing fearing; nay, becomes preacher and prophet, and disturbs the serenity of the fashionable 'salons' by denunciations against the pettifogging mercantile spirit of the present age, and instituting insidious comparisons between modern Berlin and Breslau and the ancient Hanse-towns, between living Rothschilds and Goldschmidts, and the Fuggers and Pirkheimers of an

age when the German *Kaiser* was, in Europe, what now the French *Empereur* only aspires to be. This was significant enough of the things that were soon to be: but after the full amount of the Russian catastrophe became plain; after Napoleon had reseated himself on his steed of pride at Paris, and proclaimed to Europe in his vaunting phrase that he was nothing the worse of his fall, but rather the better; after Frederick William had left Berlin, as if at a safe distance from French observance, to brew wrath for the maturity of the long expected revenge at Breslau; after a proclamation had been issued to the Prussian youth, to prepare themselves *en masse* for a great struggle, and all was ready for the combat, only that the enemy was not yet publicly named; then in the face of native bureaucratic decency on the one hand, and French diplomatic propriety (in the person of St. Marsan who had followed the king to Breslau) on the other, Henry Steffens, professor of natural philosophy in a provincial university, able to contain his fire no longer, took upon himself to declare war from the *cathedra*, in his own name, and in the name of the brave Breschen, against Napoleon. 'Meine Herren'—with these words he concluded his morning lecture,—'Gentlemen, it was my intention to have addressed you again in continuation of my present subject at eleven o'clock; but a subject of greater importance has presented itself on which it will be my duty on that occasion to speak. The king has issued, or is on the point of issuing, a proclamation, calling on the Prussian youth to arm themselves for the defence of their country. On this proclamation I mean to address you. Let this be known to your friends. The ordinary lectures delivered at that hour may be neglected: but that is of no consequence. The more of you that can come the better.' The strangeness of this announcement, the delivering of a political harangue from the *cathedra* of a German university, would have been enough at any time to have secured a numerous audience; but on the present occasion, excited as the public mind was, a universal ferment was the consequence. Before the half of the announced interval was expired, the lecture-room was crowded. The walls were scaled, the windows were besieged, the doors stood agape; on the corridor, on the stairs, in the street, the eager crowds were swarming. The situation of the professor with his swift-racing pulse, and fierce-heaving billowy soul, during these two hours, was such as only such a German at such a time could understand.

"I felt myself stirred like a deep ocean in the inmost depths of my nature; now at length and under such circumstances was I to be disburdened of the mission that had lain on my conscience for five long years like lead. By God's grace I was to be the first that should publicly announce to my country, that now the day of rescue for Deutschland, for Europe was come: I was shaken in my inmost soul fearfully. In vain did I seek to bring order into my careering thoughts; I could mark out no definite plan for what I was to say: but spirits seemed to whisper to me, and promise me assistance; I longed for the end of this tormenting solitude. One only thought possessed me with the power of inspiration: 'How often hast thou lamented,' said I to myself, 'that thou hast been cast into this far corner of Germany; and this very extreme point has now become the centre of a great European movement that shall possess, that shall inspire, all; here, even in this little Breslau, is the starting point of a new epoch of history; and to the giant thoughts that are rolling in the bosoms of these thousands of thy countrymen, thou art now called to give voice.' Tears started from my eyes; I fell on my knees: and a prayer restored my composure. Thus prepared, I made my way through the crowd, and mounted the *cathedra*. What I spoke I cannot now say; even at the end of the address, had I been asked to do so, I should in vain have endeavored to recover the stream of thought and expression that had passed from me. It was the oppressive feeling of years passed in silent unhappiness that had here found an utterance; it was the warm feeling of the congregated throngs of fellow patriots that rested upon my tongue. What I spoke aloud was the silent word of all, and even because it was an echo of what was passing in the soul of every hearer, did it make a mighty impression. I concluded my address with a declaration that I had resolved myself to lead the way, and utter no words that were not to be followed by a deed; I had determined to join the volunteers. This said, I left the room, and was again in the solitude of my study. 'Das ist nun gethan,' said I to myself. 'This thing is *done* now,' and I breathed freely and was happy."

With such a vehement spirit of patriotic prophecy, Henry Steffens may well stand (after Fichte) as the European representative of the academic element—in Germany not the least noticeable—in the great struggle against Napoleon. The military element in the same struggle, so far as Germany is concerned, is expressed by Blucher and Scharnhorst; while the civil element finds its exponentin that strong wielder of the modern Agrarian axe, the Baron

von Stein. Of these men we have already (in the notice of Arndt's reminiscences, No. lxi., p. 169) given some masterly sketches from the bold brush of Stein's secretary: of inferior value, but not, therefore, worthless to the historian, are the following lines from Steffens:

"Blücher was in every view an incorrect phenomenon (eine incorrecte Erscheinung), but it was just in this incorrectness that his greatness consisted. He represented in his own character the altogether incommensurable nature of the present war; and for this very reason it is that, on a superficial consideration, it is as easy for his one-sided eulogists, by excessive praise of him, to cast all the other distinguished heroes of the war into the shade, as it is for his enemies to represent him as a mere empty phantom. The severe moralist, indeed, will find much to blame in Blücher, but he was not the less in his own person the intensive moral centre of the war. As placed against a man like Napoleon, the bold handler of a new system of tactics, Blücher cannot be viewed as a great constructive genius in war; at the same time, it cannot be denied, that in the capacity of a military leader he has gained himself immortal honor. In his discourse he seemed quite careless, and used every random word; his common talk was that of a rude, uncultivated officer of hussars, not of a great general; at the same time there were moments when, with the most perfect command of language, he broke out into strains of genuine military eloquence, such as no general of modern times has surpassed. He was, in fact, in every thing, in deed as in word, the man of the moment, but as such of unfathomable depth. The manner in which the moment seized him was quick and strong, and in this way he could suddenly fall into fits of despair, during which he considered every thing as lost; but this despair was with him a state of mind that vanished as quickly as it came, and seemed to serve only to give an additional spur to the great purpose of his life. This purpose was nothing less than the annihilation of Napoleon: the most decided hatred of this tyrant was united in his mind with the strong innate conviction that he was the man on whom this destined annihilation was laid, and feeling thus, he acted every where not so much on a well calculated plan as with the security of an instinct. In this respect he was as a soldier the exact antipodes of Napoleon. As this extraordinary man turned every phasis of the revolution to his own account, and from his earliest years knew how to command and to mould external circumstances, now in a narrower, and then in a more extended sphere, and with the utmost skill, out of the wild irregular deluge of the revolution, shaped the course of a regular and mighty river, which seemed in its wide-sweeping flow destined to annihilate all traces of distinct nationality among European men: so Blucher stood forth as his adversary, with a character exactly the reverse; no man of calculating ambition, but a character strong in natural instinct and healthy vigor, full of youthful enthusiasm beneath gray hairs, and in his seventieth year. He came forward on the great European stage as if commissioned by Heaven for this purpose, to teach men that the most far-reaching schemes of the scheming are vain, wherever God has stirred the hearts of the nations deeply to act the mightiest epos of which humanity is capable."

These remarks tally admirably with that passage in Arndt's reminiscences,* wherein he describes the physiognomy of Blücher as expressing two diverse and adverse characters, the upper region the character of a god, the lower region that of a mortal. As described by both, what a fine Homeric strength and fire is there in that old hussar! not a modern slim, gentlemanly hero at all, but a genuine old Greek, λασιοισι στηθεσσι, with a shaggy bosom, and raging with a wild warlike instinct, 'like to a flesh-devouring lion, or a wild boar whose strength is indomitable.'

Ξυν β' ἑπεσον, λιονσιν ἐοικοτες ὠμοφαγοισιν
Ἠ συσι καπροισιν τωντε σθενος ουκ ἀλεκτον.

Or as the modern song has it:

"At Lützen impatient he headed the van,
Like a strong young lion, the old veteran;
There the Teut first taught the hot Frenchman to bleed,
By the altar of Freedom, the stone of the Swede."

How different, and yet how marked with every best German element, is the character of Scharnhorst! a man with less of a healthy popular breadth, but more of meditative profoundness, more comprehensive slowly to scheme and to combine, but less effective suddenly to strike. Scharnhorst, as he is described in the following passage, and by Arndt, is a fine specimen of German manhood, full of silent thought, energy, and endurance; but in the external of manner careless and even awkward, in expression slow, and, it may be, somewhat formal.

"Scharnhorst in his exterior was any thing but a soldier, he looked rather like an academical man in uniform. When I sat beside him on the sofa, his calm style of talking reminded me of a certain famous professor. His attitude was then one of the greatest ease and carelessness; crouching forward often in that peculiar fashion which is so often observed in bookish men; and when he spoke, his expressions were those of one quite absorbed in the

* 'F. Q. R.,' vol. xxxi., p. 176.

subject of his meditation. This was always a subject of importance; and though he spoke with the greatest slowness and deliberation, his discourse had an irresistible power of attraction, and gained, after a short time, not only the interest but the entire confidence of his auditors; nay, commanded them so completely, that even the most passionate person, although opposed to him in opinion, was forced to follow the flow of his discourse with silent attention. His opponents felt themselves compelled by sheer force of reason to yield up the shallowness of their own opinions to the thoroughness and comprehensiveness of his; and even when they could not prevail on themselves to adopt his views, they had not the courage to give a free utterance to their opposition.

"We read of a papal legate who was sent from Rome to Paris to negotiate a matter with Napoleon at a time when the emperor was making demands on the pope, which his holiness had resolved absolutely to reject, and this negotiator, it is said, by the sheer obstinacy of his opposition, brought the emperor to perfect desperation. After a prolonged interview, Napoleon suddenly left the chamber of audience in a rage, and ordered the legate to remain till he came back. He shut the door as he went out, and not returning again till the evening, thought that weariness and hunger would by this time have made the legate more conciliatory; but when, after a short apology, the interview was resumed, the churchman, without taking any notice of the apology, recommenced the conversation at the very point where it had been interrupted, and continued to talk coolly as if no break had taken place. Something after the same manner, though under infinitely more sublime circumstances, did Scharnhorst behave. Whatever, after ripe deliberation, he had resolved against Napoleon, this he never gave up; the calm obstinacy of his character commanded the whole struggle, even when he seemed to yield; the victorious adversaries felt this, and feared their enemy most when he seemed vanquished.

"In this constancy, indeed, of a great national feeling, the future destiny of Prussia, when overwhelmed by the greatest weight of external evils, seemed to rest secure and wait for the expected moment of a triumphant development; this was the last moral fortress that never yielded, of which the governor knew the perilous condition, and saw with ever open eye the approaching dangers; but he saw, also, the strength of his position, and the unconquerable fidelity of those whom he set into activity, whose whole being he controlled and guided, whom his presence continually inspired, not with a consuming fire of passion, but with the calm, penetrating, and cherishing light of life. In this way the war against France had continued even under the aspect of the most complete subjection. The people armed themselves in all quarters, under the eyes of the enemy, and Scharnhorst, who represented the national conscience, was, of all men, most deeply shocked when he saw himself forced by circumstances into the position of siding, externally, with his sworn enemies. Thus conscience in good men always speaks the louder the deeper they sink: and the greatest fall produces the keenest remorse, but at the same time the most decided power of a renovated life.

"There were few who knew the full extent of what Scharnhorst did for Germany. His activity was greatest in secret; not, however, that there was any aspect of timidity about it, it was on the contrary strong, silent, and unconquerable. But it was only the great generals and soldiers of the highest cast who knew perfectly what he was, and looked to him constantly as to the living, unvarying, central point of the struggle. And thus even beyond the bounds of Prussia, in the mightiest states of Europe abroad, as well as among the traitorous friends of the enemy at home, his influence where it was not seen was felt, and known secretly where it was not publicly acknowledged.

Scharnhorst, it is well known, fell at the very commencement of the great struggle which he had been so long silently preparing, in the battle of Lützen, or Gross-Götschen as the Germans call it. Had it not been for this circumstance, British gossip might have been as familiar with him as it is with the stout old hero of the Katzbach, and his moustaches. There is another name still to complete the triumvirate; a name that England knows less than it ought, but whom Prussia can never cease to look up to with even greater gratitude than to Blücher. It is the Baron von Stein, the emancipator of the Brandenburg boors, the promulgator of an Agrarian law more bold than any that the Gracchi ever conceived, the most radical reformer and bloodless revolutionist that modern history has to name. The following extract exhibits, most characteristically, the remarkable German, who did more for fatherland than any of her most devoted patriots, and yet was never weary of flinging rudely in her face, as a matter of reproach, that faculty, by the exercise of which, she stands proudly pre-eminent above all other nations—the faculty of speculation. Stein was an Englishman in mental character more than a German; and thus far, certainly, he was right; the moment called aloud not for a thought but for a blow, not for a Schelling and a Görres, so much as for a Blücher and a Stein.

"Those who knew Stein, knew also that the only way to meet him was with a decided

front, otherwise one was sure to be overwhelmed. He attacked me, too, on one of his favorite themes; but I was happily prepared to meet him, and the more stoutly I gave him battle to-day, the more did he seem inclined to renew the combat to-morrow. He, the mighty man of the direct deed ('der mächtige Mann der unmittelbaren That'), who pierced through the moment there, as it lay before him, and commanded it, was, or at least was wont to express himself as, the enemy of all speculation, and attacked me with the most pitiless energy, as the representative of German metaphysics. I accepted the challenge. I was several times invited to dine with him at Dresden: I and Maurice Arndt were the only guests. 'Your constructions *a priori*,' said he, 'are mere words, a pitiful school jargon, and made for no purpose so much as to cripple every deed that is worth the doing.' 'Your excellence,' replied I, 'will be pleased to observe, that though I were given to construct systems *a priori* (which qualification, however, I deny). I, at least, construct them in a practical direction; how otherwise would I be standing here now in this uniform before you? But the endeavor to bring one's whole experience, both of inward emotions and outward facts, under the category of what may properly be called *knowledge*; the striving to give an intellectual unity to the complex phenomena of which the thing called our life is made up; this is not an arbitrary product of one mind or the other, but it is a national and truly German tendency; and if my friend Schelling, at the present moment, commands the public mind in Germany, he does so only because he commands the domain of speculation.' 'Yes, I know well enough,' said Stein, 'I know our German youth is incurably infected with this fever of empty speculation; the German has an unfortunate instinct that leads him to grope in abstract corners; and it is for this reason that he never understands the present moment, and has, accordingly, always fallen an easy prey to the cunning aggressor from without.' ''Tis quite true,' retorted I, 'that our students are given to speculation; but all the young men have not followed me to the war; and I should wish you to inquire, whether the greatest speculators are those who have staid at home, or those who are here with me. I guess all the 'incurably infected' have come with me. Or what public men have come more boldly forward on the present occasion, than that Castor and Pollux of our philosophical world, the twin arch-speculators, Fichte and Schleiermacher? Your excellency will forgive me for saying it, but it is possible that the tendency to useless abstract speculation may assist even where an outward war is carried on against it; and yourself, at this present moment, might certainly be judged a most unpractical person to overlook in your estimate of the moral materials before you in Germany, a thing, which, whether you approve it or not, is and must be an essential element of the national mind.' This was plain enough, and the baron looked a little angry at first, but speedily recovering his composure, replied with a smile, 'After all, the fault is with myself, a practical man, and speculating by the ell here with a mere speculator about speculation.' "

In this direct-hitting, thoroughly practical Prussian baron we seem to recognise the type of a new phasis of the German mind, whose first appearance dates from this very era of the Liberation war. Before that era, whether in the artistical voluptuousness of Goethe, the vast intellectual mensuration of Kant, or the wild and brilliant careerings of Richter, we find every thing in German literature, only not what is directly practical and political. The year 1813, however, with its terrible severity of battle, and glorious but dearly earned laurels, gave a definite, practical, and political direction to the lawless bickerings and random undulations of the German soul; the cosmopolite became a patriot, the artist a historian, and the philosopher a politician. This change in the national cast of thought brought along with it naturally a change in the style and expression of the national literature; the formal and academic, the involved, unwieldy, and perplexed, yielded to the clear, the direct, the vigorous, and the flexible, in language. The Breslau 'Naturphilosoph,' when he doffed the gown and donned the cloak, indicated unconsciously to himself a change from the speculative to the practical, which the whole nation was destined to make; and if the new character be as yet only partially adopted, and imperfectly sustained by the general mass, this is but natural, and was prefigured also in the first martial experiments of the professor. 'Aller Anfang ist schwer,' says the proverb; 'a new trade is always difficult." Of this, the following account of Steffens' doings at the battle of Lützen affords characteristic evidence.

"On the evening of the 1st of May I sat, anxious, and full of expectation, alone in a hut; although I felt a deep interest in the issue of the approaching contest, I was by no means in good spirits, and must, alas! confess that what disquieted me was something purely personal. I had been violently taken out of my former narrow sphere, and transplanted, as it seemed, into a wider one; but my present position, unfortunately, was one of which I was utterly ignorant. Yes, to that moment I had during my whole life been absolute master of my own occupation, now I had to submit to the thought of another as an instrument to carry it into execution; but in the first place, I knew

not what that thought was, nor what peculiar sphere of activity it would shape out for me; and in the second place, even when set in motion, I knew not whether I might not prove more a hindrance than a help in a situation so strange to me. To act cheerfully as an instrument in the hands of others, the individual must, at least, know his relation to the whole of which he is a part; but I felt myself suddenly, and in a moment the most critical for the cause I had espoused, transported into the midst of a bustling activity of which I knew neither the scope nor the detail; every body was busy around me, I alone had nothing to do: no one spoke to me, for to me no one had any thing to say. There is something terribly humiliating in such a situation; the accumulated patriotic longings of years had now worked themselves up to a climax, and nevertheless seemed destined, on the very verge of the perfect deed, to end in powerlessness. I paced restlessly up and down the little room, when a horse at full gallop stopped before my quarters. Its rider hastily entered, and delivered into my hands a letter from Scharnhorst; I expected an order. Has he at length, thought I, succeeded in getting me some definite employment for this important day? Between hope and fear I unsealed the letter.

"'Lieber Steffens,' said he, 'I am sorry that I must ask back from you the horse which I lent you; and I lament much that you will thereby be put out of condition for taking any share in the impending battle. It is the horse which I am accustomed to ride on critical occasions; you must, therefore, be content to wait, in the rear of the army, the expected good issue of the battle.' I delivered him the horse, and my situation was now more comfortless than ever. One thing was plain, I must appear upon the field of battle, otherwise I would have been perfectly affronted, and have felt myself incapable of showing my face with any honor in the future course of the war. I hear the name of the village in which the Jager battalion of the guard was quartered; there was a full mile between me and it; I lost no small time before I could find a guide, and when I arrived daylight was fast approaching, The commander of the battalion was asleep, but I caused him to be roused, and adjured him to put me in a condition to get a horse. He complied, and I was led to a boor, who, however, at first stoutly opposed the requisition. At length however he yielded, and produced the animal! It was a sorry bay, an old, lean, broken-down cart-horse; the haunch bones stood out like two steep rocky walls—the ribs could be counted. I swung myself into a miserable saddle that the boor drew out of a lumber-room, and bestrode the deep-hollowed backbone of the brute; it required great exertion to set the stiff legs into motion; hard and stubborn, it had long lost all feeling for bit and bridle. Never did Prussian knight appear more laughably and strangely mounted. The valise, which had hitherto been carried by the guide, was now strapped on behind me; but I had much ado before I could stimulate the unwieldy beast into a trot. In the meantime I was utterly ignorant in what direction the field of battle lay. The day began to dawn, and I discovered some troops in the distance; in my ignorance I could not tell whether they were the enemy's men or our own; but I rode up to them, and reached a wide field, sloping gradually upwards. Here I discovered Prussian infantry forming a long front. How it happened I cannot say; but before I knew, my horse was standing in front of the line, and directly in the way of the advancing troops. A noble-looking officer, who could not but be surprised at the sight of so strange a cavalier, came with an angry look towards me, and cried out, 'Was Teufel haben Sie hier zu thun?' (What the devil business have you here?) In Altenburg General York had been pointed out to me—and full of terror, I now recognized him; I was unable to answer a word; but I have a dim recollection of endeavoring, for some minutes in extreme desperation, to make the stubborn brute move from the spot. How I at length got out of the way I don't know. When on a future occasion I made the personal acquaintance of this great general, I informed him under what circumstances I had first encountered him and he was vastly delighted. After much riding about and interrogating, I found Scharnhorst. 'Keep close by me,' said he; and Lieutenant Greulich, one of his adjutants, had the goodness to give me the horse of one of his baggage-wagons. It was now about mid-day; the battle commenced, but I had no idea whatever of the position of our own or our enemy's troops. The roar of the canon was heard in all directions; but the enemy, posted probably behind the village of Gross-Görschen, I could nowhere discover.

"I rode beside Gneisenau, among the officers who formed the escort of Marshal Blücher. The enemy stood in front of the village; a cavalry attack on our side took place, and I was all at once in the midst of a shower of balls. Prince Henry's horse was shot beneath him. The attack was repulsed. How I at first came into the attack—how I again got out of it, I never knew. Only one thing I remember—the impression which the grape shot of the enemy made on me. I felt as if the balls were coming from all directions towards me in thick masses—as if no one could possibly escape—as if I were in the midst of a violent shower of rain, and yet somehow or other was not wet. At the same time, I cannot say that I was in the least affected by fear; the whole affair seemed to me rather strange and curious than terrible. Gneisenau was quite in his element; almost merry. After the attack I received from him a commission to General Wittgenstein; what it was I don't exactly remember: but now began the dark side of that day for me. I rode on; I looked round about

me; a heavy cannonade from the enemy was going on in all quarters. I did not know where I might find Wittgenstein. Every thing about me appeared in confusion, and covered as with a dark veil. I felt a mysterious quaking; a strange undulation shook my inmost frame, became more apparent; it was evident that I was under the influence of the cannon fever; however, I found Wittgenstein, executed my commission, and returned to Gneisenau. Here I found every thing in motion. Every man had his appointed employment, and knew his relative position, only I was without any definite occupation, and no one concerned himself about me; thus situated the feeling of my powerlessness overcame me, and I was conscious that I must appear in my present place as a supernumery spectator. I heard that Scharnhorst had been carried away wounded from the field of battle. Gneisenau had disappeared; the others were strangers to me, and I quickly found myself alone, with the balls of the enemy whistling around me."

One is most tempted, in reading this, to agree with Görres, who, when Steffens met him at Coblentz, after the battle of Leipsig, did not scruple to express his disapprobation of the professor's military recreations altogether; for, 'der Gelehrte,' said he, 'ist verpflichtet sich für sein geistiges Werk zu erhalten.' (It is the duty of the man of letters to spend and be spent only in the cause of letters.) And to the same purpose Schelling would frequently add a postscript to his letters to Steffens, 'Wozu und warum solten wir uns in die Verirrungen der Welt hineinstürzen? Ist doch unser Reich nicht von dieser Welt.' (Wherefore, and for what purpose, should we plunge ourselves into the perplexities of this world? Our kingdom is not of this world.) But the benefit which an academic man like Steffens conferred on his country, by taking part in the military movement of the times, consisted not so much in the amount of his individual services in the field, as in the moral influence of his presence and example. The presence of so many distinguished volunteers was, to the professional soldier, a continual living remembrancer, that in this war not a common point of international policy, or the mere military point of honor, but the dearest interest, the very existence of fatherland, was at stake; and when we bear in mind how gallantly the raw militiamen at Dennewitz carried the day over the experienced French soldiery, we shall, perhaps, be inclined to think that even the most unmilitary Professor Steffens, on his scraggy Rosinante, stumbling on before the front line of General York's advancing columns, was not there altogether without a purpose.

The Prince of the Asturias, Eldest Son of Don Carlos, and the proposed Husband of the Queen of Spain, &c. By F. F. Ivers, Esq., of the Middle Temple. Pp. 28. Hatchard and Son.

This pamphlet, setting forth the desirableness of a union between the young Queen of Spain, at present a mere puppet in the hands of others, and the Prince of the Asturias, contains many particulars concerning the latter, of considerable interest, and not generally known in England. It may, indeed, be considered as a manifesto of all that can be said on the part of the prince for the expediency of this marriage. Viewing anarchy and revolution in Spain as most dangerous to neighboring and restless France especially, and to all the nations of Europe eventually, Mr. Ivers describes the Carlos party as still numerous and strong, whilst the Liberals are split into a thousand factions; and contends for a compromise, by uniting all the moderate people of the country, and establishing a constitutional government under this royal pair. The Prince, it is stated, was educated by the Rev. Hardinge Ivers, a brother of the author, fully competent to the important task of forming a future king; and his portraiture is thus given:

"Providence seems to have formed the Prince of the Asturias for the high station to which he would be called, were the statesmen of the day to consult the true interests of Spain, and which, in spite of their neglect, and in spite of the temporary triumph of the enemies of his family, he is yet pretty sure to occupy, some day or other, sooner or later. Many things have contributed to mature his mind, which is naturally sagacious and sedate. Adversity led the son of Don Carlos, when young, into countries very different from his own; and of those who know his royal highness, not one will say that its lessons have been lost upon him. Matter-of-fact and business-like, he has applied himself to those sciences which are not often the study of princes, and which yet, in these days of commercial power, are so essential to the man destined to take a lead in public affairs. The Prince of the Asturias saw the fallen state of his own country, and he observed the flourishing and progressing state of the countries around her; and he resolved to master the problem of the causes of the difference. Statistical and commercial science, politics, and history, have always been his favorite study; and the writer of these pages was struck, some years ago, when the prince was very young, with his questions on commercial and financial facts respecting England, and his evident familiarity with such subjects; displaying in his youthful eagerness a more noble ambition than that which prompted Alexander in his warlike inquiries of the Persian ambassadors.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Bone-Cave. — The Westmoreland Gazette gives an account of a bone-cave recently explored on an eminence looking upon Morecombe Bay. The details as yet possess little scientific particularity; but a number of bones have been found, said to belong to the hyena, wolf, and other extinct animals, and forwarded to a distinguished zoologist for examination. The length of the cavern is estimated at about 60 feet, and it appears to have been formed by a geological rift in an age long past.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A RADICAL.

From the Quarterly Review.

Passages in the Life of a Radical. By Samuel Bamford. Third Edition. Printed for the Author. 2 vols. 12mo. Heywood. 1843.

Mr. Samuel Bamford—bred, it seems, among the Methodists, and for a short time in very early life a sailor—was one of those Lancashire weavers whom the eloquence of Cobbett and the impudence of Hunt seduced into premature Radicalism shortly after the close of our protracted warfare against revolutionary France. He was twenty-nine years of age when his name began to attract notice among the patriotic clubs of his district; but had he been only *nineteen* we should be at a loss to account for a gross misstatement with which he opens his Narrative. He alleges that all was quiet among the northern operatives until the Corn Laws were altered in 1815. Is it possible that he can have forgotten the whole series of tumults and trials—and alas! executions—that occurred in the manufacturing districts between 1810 and 1815? He is a poet—has he forgotten what was the subject of Lord Byron's maiden speech in the House of Peers? Has he forgotten the memorable 'Rejected Addresses' of that same year—'one thousand eight hundred and twelve'—

> 'What made the baker's loaf and Luddites rise,
> And filled the butchers' shops with large blue flies?' &c.

But if Mr. Bamford had used a very little reflection, he must have perceived the inconsistency between his own statement of the cause of the turmoil, and his own enumeration of its leaders. Were Hunt and Cobbett first heard of at the time of the Liverpool Corn Bill? Is it not notorious to all the world that these persons had been indefatigable in the excitement of political disaffection for many years before the downfall of Bonaparte?—that they had acquired, long before there was any thought of a new Corn Bill, that influence over multitudes of their fellow-citizens which happened to pull Bamford into its vortex when the Corn Bill was the favorite cry, but which would have been the same, except as to some of its pretences and symbols, although the war had proceeded, and the Corn Laws remained as they were in the days of Tilsit?

But we are not about to enter on a controversy, either historical or political, with Mr. Bamford. On all the questions connected with the years 1816–1820, which he treats of, or alludes to, this Journal long ago expressed opinions from which we have never seen the least reason to depart. We have the fortune, or misfortune, to hold that the maintenance of the agriculture of this country is the very first duty of the government and the legislature; and among all the dangers which we foresaw from 'Parliamentary Reform,' not one appeared to us at the time, or appears now, more serious than the increase of strength which such a change in the constitution must give to the domestic enemies of our primary domestic industry—that which is the basis and safeguard of all the rest. On the last of these great questions Mr. Bamford thought, and thinks, diametrically otherwise. As to Parliamentary Reform, his opinions seem to have undergone a considerable change since 1820. He is still, indeed, a Reformer, and would fain be a sweeping one; but the lessons of experience have not been entirely thrown away upon a man of great natural shrewdness, and many upright and amiable feelings. Whatever Mr. Bamford's theoretical notions of political perfection may be, he has had motives and means for watching sedulously the doings of his own time, and arrived at the conviction that no real good can ever be achieved through such men and such arts as he has seen prominently connected, in every successive stage, hitherto, with the political disturbances of England. We shall quote by and by some striking passages on this head: but our principal object is to make our readers acquainted with his personal history in its stormiest season, and especially with some of his very clever sketches of the Reformers of the Regency period, and of the modes of life in the districts which they agitated and perverted, to the ruin of many well-meaning people, and to the ultimate benefit, not even of themselves—not even of one among them.

Mr. Bamford, writing apparently from scanty notes, after the lapse of two-and-twenty years, is not very bountiful of dates: but we gather that, having earned some distinction in his own town of Middleton, near Manchester, as a writer of anti-bread-tax songs and a speaker at a branch 'Hampden club,' held in a Methodist meeting-house, he was one of the Lancashire delegates sent to London about the opening of the Session 1815–16, to watch over the fate of a petition for radical reform and universal

suffrage about to be presented to the House of Commons.

At an evening assemblage in the Crown and Anchor, Mr. Bamford first saw some of the metropolitan lights — especially Mr. Cobbett, to whose 'Register' he had owed his earliest enthusiasm for reform—and Mr. Henry Hunt, Orator, whom at this time he revered, and whom in the sequel he understood.

'This was an event in my life. Of Mr. Hunt I had imbibed a high opinion; and his first appearance did not diminish my expectations. He was gentlemanly in his manner and attire; six feet and better in height, and extremly well formed. He was dressed in a blue lapelled coat, light waistcoat and kerseys, and topped boots; his leg and foot were about the firmest and neatest I ever saw. He wore his own hair; it was in moderate quantity, and a little gray. His features were regular, and there was a kind of youthful blandness about them, which, in amicable discussion, gave his face a most agreeable expression. His lips were delicately thin, and receding; but there was a dumb utterance about them which in all the portraits I have seen of him was never truly copied. His eyes were blue or light gray —not very clear, nor quick, but rather heavy; except, as I afterwards had opportunities for observing, when he was excited in speaking; at which times they seemed to distend and protrude; and if he worked himself furious, as he sometimes would, they became blood-streaked, and almost started from their sockets. Then it was that the expression of his lips was to be observed—the kind smile was exchanged for the curl of scorn, or the curse of indignation. His voice was bellowing; his face swollen and flushed; his griped hand beat as if it were to pulverize; and his whole manner gave token of a painful energy, struggling for utterance.

'Thomas Cleary, the secretary to the Hampden Club, was also in the room; he was perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, about middle stature, slightly formed, and had warmth and alacrity in his manner, which created at once respect and confidence. He was, and I have no doubt is yet, if he be living, worthy of, and enjoying the esteem of all who know him. Hunt ferociously traduced his character at a subsequent election for Westminster, but the shame recoiled on the calumniator.

'Cobbett I had not seen before. Had I met him any where save in that room and on that occasion, I should have taken him for a gentleman farming his own broad estate. He seemed to have that kind of self-possession and ease about him, together with a certain bantering jollity, which are so natural to fast-handed and well-housed lords of the soil. He was, I should suppose, not less than six feet in height; portly, with a fresh, clear, and round cheek, and a small gray eye, twinkling with good humored archness. He was dressed in a blue coat, yellow swansdown waistcoat, drab kersey small-clothes, and top-boots. His hair was gray, and his cravat and linen were fine, and very white. In short, he was the perfect representation of what he always wished to be: an English gentleman-farmer.'—Vol. i. p. 18.

We never studied Mr. Hunt's 'gentlemanly manner and attire' so attentively as Mr. Bamford seems to have done. We remember that he had one of the most melodious, as well as most powerful, voices we ever heard, and that the House of Commons when he entered it, listened with wonder and merriment to the then unusual vulgarity of his tones and phrases. He looked and spoke like a butcher of the prize ring. The picture of Cobbett is very good.

We have no desire to dwell on some dark passages in the early life of the noble and gallant person to whom we are next introduced. It must be sufficiently in the recollection of most readers that some few years before this time Lord Cochrane was expelled from the House of Commons in consequence of his having been tried and found guilty on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Stock Exchange; on which unhappy occasion he was also struck off the Navy List, and degraded from the Order of the Bath. These circumstances naturally endeared and exalted him in the eyes of the Westminster electors; and he was now again in Parliament, foremost of the aristocratical 'friends of the people,' and delighted to be the organ of the Manchester and Middleton constitution-menders.

'On the day when parliament was opened, a number of the delegates met Hunt at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross; and from thence went with him in procession to the residence of Lord Cochrane, in Palace Yard. . . There had been some tumult in the morning; the Prince Regent had beeen insulted on his way to the House, and this part of the town was still in a degree of excitement. We were crowded around and accompanied by a great multitude, which at intervals rent the air with shouts. Now it was that I beheld Hunt in his elemen He unrolled the petition, which was many yards in length, and it was carried on the heads of the crowd, perfectly unharmed. He seemed to know almost every man of them: and his confidence in, and entire mastery over them, made him quite at ease. A louder huzza than common was music to him; and when the questions were asked eagerly, "Who is he?" "What are they about?" and the reply was, "Hunt! Hunt! huzza!" his gratification was expressed by a stern smile. He might be likened to the genius of commo-

tion, calling forth its elements, and controlling them at will. On arriving at Palace Yard, we were shown into a room below stairs, and whilst Lord Cochrane and Hunt conversed above, a slight and elegant young lady, dressed in white, and very interesting, served us with wine. She is, if I am not misinformed now Lady Dundonald. At length his Lordship came to us. He was a tall young man; cordial and unaffected in his manner. He stooped a little and had somewhat of a sailor's gait in walking; his face was rather oval; fair naturally, but now tanned and sun-freckled: the expression calm and self-possessed. He took charge of our petitions, and being seated in an arm-chair, we lifted him up and bore him on our shoulders across Palace Yard, to the door of Westminster Hall; the old rafters of which rung with the shouts of the vast multitude outside.'—Vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

Before the debate Mr. Bamford and his colleagues paid a visit to the late Sir F. Burdett, who even thus early seems to have shown some symptoms of coldness and suspicion.

'A number of us went one morning to visit Sir Francis at his house in Park-place. The outside was but of ordinary appearance; and the inside was not much better, so far as we were admitted. To me it seemed like a cold, gloomy, barely furnished house; which I accounted for by supposing that it was perhaps the style of all great mansions. We were shown into a large room, the only remarkable thing in which was a bust of John Horne Tooke. Sir Francis came to us in a loose gray vest coat, which reached far towards his ankles. He had not a cravat on his neck; his feet were in slippers; and a pair of wide cotton stockings hung in wrinkles on his long spare legs, which he kept alternately throwing across his knees, and rubbing down with his hands, as if he suffered, or recently had, some pain in those limbs. He was a fine-looking man, on the whole, of lofty stature, with a proud but not forbidding carriage of the head. His manner was dignified and civilly familiar; submitting to, rather than seeking, conversation with men of our class. He, however, discussed with us some points of the intended Bill for Reform, candidly and freely; and concluded with promising to support universal suffrage, though he was not sanguine of much co-operation in the house. Under these circumstances we left Sir Francis; approving of much that we found in him and about him, and excusing much of what we could not approve. He was one of our idols and we were loth to give him up.

'Still I could not help my thoughts from reverting to the simple and homely welcome we received at Lord Cochrane's, and contrasting it with the kind of dreary stateliness of this great mansion and its rich owner. At the former place we had a brief refection, bestowed with a grace which captivated our respect; and no health was ever drunk with more sincere good-will than was Lord Cochrane's; the little dark-haired and bright-eyed lady seemed to know it, and to be delighted that it was so. But here scarcely a servant appeared; and nothing in the shape of refreshment was seen.' —Vol. i. pp. 21, 22.

We have no doubt this is a fair sketch of Mr. Bamford's impressions. Sir Francis was the representative of one of the very highest families in England—far nobler than nine-tenths of the peerage—with education, accomplishments, manners, tastes, and personal habits in all respects suitable to his station, and with natural talents which would have made him a distinguished man in any condition of life. His family had been Jacobites—certain democratical theories, which Bolingbroke started in the bitterness of his baffled self-seeking, had left their traces—and the accident of personal intercourse with so captivating a companion as Horne Tooke was likely enough to work on the feelings of a very young gentleman, thus hereditarily indisposed to the existing Government. He took up the theory of Parliamentary Reform, and during a long course of years did and suffered more for what he believed to be the cause of the People than any other contemporary, of any class whatever; but by the people he understood the nation: and accordingly, so soon as events developed the truth that the so-called cause of the people was only the cause of envy, hypocrisy, and injustice, he acted in a manner worthy of his name and his courage, and dignified his old age by earning the deepest resentment of those who would fain have had him for their tool in mischief, and their accomplice in plunder. His political life well deserves to be recorded in detail: it would be a most interesting and instructive history.

We proceed to the debate in the House of Commons:—

'I well recollect, though I cannot describe, all the conflicting emotions which arose within me as I approached that assembly, with the certainty of now seeing and hearing those whom I considered to be the authors of my country's wrongs. Curiosity certainly held its share of my feelings; but a strong dislike to the "boroughmonger crew" and their measures, held a far larger share. After a tough struggle at elbowing and pushing along a passage, up a narrow staircase, and across a room, I found myself in a small gallery, from whence I looked on a dimly-lighted place below. At the head of the room, or rather den, for such it appeared to me, sat a person in a

full loose robe of, I think, scarlet and white. Above his head were the royal arms richly gilded; at his feet several men in robes and wigs were writing at a large table, on which lamps were burning, which cast a softened light on a rich ornament like a ponderous sceptre of silver and gold, or what appeared to be so. Those persons I knew must be the Speaker and the Clerks of the House; and that rich ornament could be nothing else than the "mace"—that same thing, or one in its place, to which Cromwell pointed and said, 'Take away that bauble; for shame—give way to honester men." On each side of this pit-looking place, leaving an open space in the centre of the floor, were benches one above another; and on these benches sat some three or four hundred of the most ordinary-looking men I had ever beheld at one view. Some were striking exceptions; several young fellows in military dresses gave relief to the sombre drapery of the others. Canning, with his smooth, bare, and capacious forehead, sat there, a spirit beaming in his looks like that of the leopard waiting to spring upon its prey. Castlereagh, with his handsome but immoveable features—Burdett, with his head carried back, and held high as in defiance—and Brougham, with his Arab soul ready to rush forth and challenge war to all comers. The question was to me solemnly interesting, whilst the spectacle wrought strangely on my feelings. Our accusers were many and powerful, with words at will, and applauding listeners. Our friends were few and far between; with no applauders save their good conscience, and the blessing of the poor. What a scene was this to be enacted by the "collective wisdom of the nation!" Some of the members stood leaning against pillars, with their hats cocked awry; some were whispering by half dozens; others were lolling upon their seats; some, with arms a-kimbo, were eye-glassing across the house; some were stiffened immoveably by starch, or pride, or both; one was speaking, or appeared to be so, by the motion of his arms, which he shook in token of defiance, when his voice was drowned by a howl as wild and remorseless as that from a kennel of hounds at feeding time. Now he points, menacing, to the ministerial benches—now he appeals to some members on his side—then to the speaker; all in vain. At times he is heard in the pauses of that wild hubbub, but again he is borne down by the yell which awakes on all sides around him. Some talked aloud; some whinnied in mock laughter, coming, like that of the damned, from bitter hearts. Some called "order, order," some "question, question;" some beat time with the heel of their boots; some snorted into their napkins; and one old gentleman in the side gallery actually coughed himself from a mock cough into a real one, and could not stop until he was almost black in the face.

'And are these, thought I, the beings whose laws we must obey? This the "most illustrious assembly of freemen in the world?" Perish freedom, then, and her children too. O! for the stamp of stern old Oliver on this floor; and the clank of his scabbard, and the rush of his iron-armed band, and his voice to arise above this Babel howl—"Take away that bauble"—"Begone: give place to honester men."

'Such was my first view of the House of Commons; and such the impressions strongly forced on my feelings at the time. The speaker alluded to was Henry Brougham. I heard atfirst very little of what he said; but I understood from occasional words, and the remarks of some whom I took for reporters, that he was violently attacking the ministers and their whole home policy. That he was so doing, might have been inferred from the great exertions of the ministerial party to render him inaudible, and to subdue his spirit by a bewildering and contemptuous disapprobation. But they had before them a wrong one for being silenced, either by confusion or menace. Like a brave stag, he held them at bay, and even hurled back their defiance with "retorted scorn." In some time his words became more audible; presently there was comparative silence, and I soon understood that he had let go the ministry, and now unaccountably, as it seemed to me, had made a dead set at the Reformers. Oh! how he did scowl toward us—contemn and disparage our best actions, and wound our dearest feelings! Now stealing near our hearts with words of wonderful power, flashing with bright wit and happy thought; anon like a reckless wizard changing pleasant sunbeams into clouds, "rough with black winds and storms," and vivid with the cruellest shafts. Then was he listened to as if not a pulse moved—then was he applauded to the very welkin. And he stood in the pride of his power, his foes before him subdued but spared—his friends, derided, and disclaimed—and his former principles sacrificed to "low ambition," and the vanity of such a display as this.

'I would have here essayed somewhat with respect to Canning and the character and effects of his eloquence; but little appertaining to him remained on my mind. Every feeling was absorbed by the contemplation of that man whom I now considered to be the most perfidious of his race. I turned from the spectacle with disgust, and sought my lodgings in a kind of stupor; almost believing that I had escaped from a monstrous dream.

'Such was my first view of Henry Brougham; and such the impressions I imbibed, and long entertained, of that extraordinary man. He sinned then, and has often done so since, against the best interests of his country; bowing to his own image, and sacrificing reason and principle to caprice or offended self-love. But has he not done much for mercy, and for the enlightenment of his kind? See the African dancing above his chains! Behold the mild but irresistible light which education is

diffusing over the land! These are indeed blessings beyond all price—rays of unfading glory.—They are Lord Brougham's; and will illumine his tomb when his errors and imperfections are forgotten.'—Vol. i. pp. 25—29.

Shortly after this visit to London, Mr. Bamford was, it appears, the principal speaker at 'the first out-of-door meeting that was held at Rochdale.' On this occasion, besides 'refreshments at the Rose,' he was paid four shillings for his exertions: but he says it was the first and only time that he ever accepted money for performing at a reform meeting. He adds—

'I considered it a mean thing, though the practice was coming much into use, and several of my friends without any scruple continued to do so until "their occupation" was gone! It was a bad practice, however, and gave rise to a set of orators who made a trade of speechifying:—and *the race has not become extinct.* These persons began to seek engagements of the kind; some of them would even thrust themselves upon public meetings, and then present themselves to the committees for remuneration, and generally received it. He who produced the greatest excitement, the loudest cheering, and the most violent clappings, was the best orator, and was sure to be engaged and well paid; and in order to produce those manifestations, the wildest and most extravagant rhodomontade would too often suffice. Such speakers quickly got a name; the calls on them were frequent; and they left their work or their business, for a more profitable and flattering employment; tramping from place to place, hawking their new fangles, and guzzling, fattening, and replenishing themselves, at the expense of the simple and credulous multitudes. Steadiness of conduct, and consistency of principle, were soon placed, as it were, at a distance from us. Our unity of action was relaxed; new speakers sprung 'like mushrooms' about our feet; plans were broached, quite different from any that had been recognised by the Hampden Clubs; and the people, at a loss to distinguish friends from enemies, were soon prepared for the operation of informers, who, in the natural career of their business, became also promoters of secret plots and criminal measures of various descriptions. The good and fatherly maxim of the worthy old Major [Cartwright], "Hold fast by the laws," was by many lost sight of.

'How far the moral of these facts is applicable to the present day, will be judged by an observant public, and may perhaps not be deemed ill-timed by some of the more intelligent of those who have been found amongst the persons styled Chartists.'—Vol. i. pp. 35, 36.

Mr. Bamford wisely kept away from a meeting in the same month (March, 1816), which, in its day, was famous as 'the Blanketeer meeting:' some 300 or 400 weavers attended, each with a blanket strapped on his shoulders, and a stout stick in his hand, resolved to march upon London, there, as one of them expressed it to our author, 'to tak the nation on hand, and sattle o' the debt.' These disciples of Cobbett's sponge-doctrine were dispersed by the magistracy—about 150, drawing together again, made out one day's march—and then the whole affair fell to pieces—for they had no money, and no inn-keepers would trust them for bread and beer. The discomfiture was fiercely resented; and Bamford was, a few days afterwards, invited to partake in the scheme of retaliating on the magistrates and their constables by 'making a Moscow of Manchester.' He had less confidence in the 'sagacity and integrity' of the 'Manchester Committee,' in consequence of the blanket failure—and consulted his then closest associate, Joseph Healey, commonly called Dr. Healey—a medical practitioner who makes a great figure in subsequent transactions. Finally, the Doctor and Bamford told the messenger that this was a serious business—they could not think of engaging in it unless they saw evidence that Major Cartwright approved; but that their secrecy might be depended on. They awaited the issue in awful trepidation; and in the evening preceding what they understood to be the destined night of terror, judged it prudent to remove to a village somewhat farther from Manchester, where the two friends took up their quarters in the garret of a 'tried female reformer:'—

'We retired to rest and lay talking this strange matter over until sleep overtook us. I was first to awake, and seeing a brightness behind the curtain, I stepped to the window, and sure enough, beheld in the southern sky a stream of light which I thought must be that of a distant fire. It was a fine crisped morning, and as I looked, a piece of a moon came wandering to the west from behind some masses of cloud. Now she would be entirely obscured; then, streaks of her pale beams would be seen breaking on the edges of the vapors; then a broader gleam would come; then again it would be pale and receding: but the clouds were so connected that the fair traveller had seldom a space for showing her unveiled horn. I saw how it was; my conflagration had dwindled to a moon-beam, and as I stood with the frost tingling at my toes, "an unlucky thought" (as we say, when excusing our own sins we impute them to a much abused sable personage) came into my head to have a small joke at the doctor's expense; and as it was a mode

of amusement to which I must confess I was rather prone, I immediately began to carry it into effect. I gave a loud cough or two; the doctor thereupon grunted and turned over in bed; when, in the very brank of his sleep, I said aloud, as I crept beneath the bed-clothes, "There's a fine leet i'th welkin, as th' witch o' Brandwood sed when the devil wur ridin' o'er Rossenda." "Leet!"—said the doctor; "a fine leet!—weer? weer?" "Why go to th' windo' and look." That instant my sanguine friend was out of bed and at the window, his head stuck behind the curtain. "There's a great leet," he said, "tor'd Manchester." "There is, indeed," I replied, "it's mitch but weary wark is gooin on omung yon foke." "It's awful," said the doctor; "thei'r agate as sure as wee'r heer." "I think there's summut up," I said. I was now snugly rolled in the clothes, and perceived at the same time that the doctor was getting into a kind of dancing shiver, and my object being to keep him in his shirt till he was cooled and undeceived, and consequently a little sprung in temper, I asked, "Dun yo really think then ot' th' teawn's o' foyer?" "Foyer!" he replied; "there's no deawt on't." "Can yo see the flames, doctor?" "Nowe, I conno' see th' flames, but I con see th' leet ot comes fro' em." "That's awful," I ejaculated. "Aye, it's awful," he said;" come an' see for yorsel.' "Nowe, I'd reyther not," I answered; "I dunno like sich seets; it's lucky ot wee'r heer—they conno say at wee'n had owt to do wi' it, at ony rate—con they, doctor?" "Nowe," he said, "they conno." "It keeps changing," he said. "Con yo yer owt?" I asked. "Nowe, I conno yer nowt," he said. I however heard his teeth hacking in his head, and stuffed the sheet into my mouth to prevent my laughter from being noticed. "Ar yo' sure, doctor?" I asked. No reply. "Is it blazin up?" I said. "Blazin be hanged!" was the answer. "Wot dun yo myen, doctor—is it gwon eawt then?" "Gul-look!" he said, "It's nobbut th' moon, an' ye knewn it o' th' while." A loud burst of laughter followed, which I enjoyed till the bed shook.'

This 'night attack on Manchester' had 'failed for want of arrangement and co-operation' (p. 45)—but the plan was not laid aside; and we are sorry to observe that Mr. Bamford appears to have been well aware of the devices resorted to with a view to its ultimate success. The Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended, and thereupon the keeper of the chapel, in which the Middleton patriots had hitherto held their meetings, refused any longer to accomodate them. The work therefore, must be carried on in a different manner, and Mr. Bamford states that various so-called 'benefit societies,' 'botanical societies,' and so forth, were organized, the 'real purpose' of all which, 'revealed only to the initiated,' was 'to carry into effect' the conflagration of Manchester. How far he himself entered into the plan, he leaves *in obscuro*—but that he continued in the confidence of 'the committee' is too evident; nor do we find one phrase distinctly implying that he at the time regarded their 'real purpose' as in itself blameworthy. Nor can we sufficiently express our wonder that so clever a man should not have perceived how fatally, by these revelations of the 'real purpose of the Manchester committee,' he was undermining the whole structure of his own subsequent narrative, throughout which he maintains, nay, assumes, that all the restrictive legislation and official strictness of the period constituted an unprovoked and unjustifiable series of aggressions upon the lawful liberty of the British subject—more especially of the enlightened population of the manufacturing districts.

'A cloud of gloom and mistrust hung over the whole country. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was a measure the result of which we young reformers could not judge, save by report, and that was of a nature to cause anxiety in the most indifferent of us. The proscriptions, imprisonments, trials, and banishments of 1792 were brought to our recollections by the similarity of our situation to those of the sufferers of that period. It seemed as if the sun of freedom were gone down, and a rayless expanse of oppression had finally closed over us. Cobbett, in terror of imprisonment, had fled to America.'—Vol. i. pp. 44.

and Mr. Bamford and Dr. Healey thought it as well to flee also—though not so far as to America. What the immediate cause of their alarm was we are not told—but they fled to the moorlands. We must give the portraits of the friends as they started on this expedition:—

'Doctor Healey was about five feet six in height; thirty-two or three years of age; with rather good features; small light grey eyes; darker whiskers and hair; with a curl on his forehead, of which he was remarkably proud. He was well set in body, but light of limb; his knees had an uncommonly supple motion, which gave them an appearance of weakness. He had an assured look; and in walking, especially when with a little "too much wind in the sheet," he turned his toes inward, and carried an air of bravado which was richly grotesque. In disposition he was, until afterwards corrupted, generous and confiding, credulous, proud of his person and acquirements. . .

'His hat was somewhat napless, with sundry dinges on the crown, and upsettings and downflappings of the brim, which showed it to

have tupped against harder substances than itself, as well as to have seen much "winter and rough weather." He wore a long drab top-coat which, from its present appearance, might never have gone through the process of perching. His under-coat was of a dark uncut fustian, which, by his almost incessant occupation in "the laboratory," preparing ointments, salves, and lotions, had become smooth and shining as a duck's wing, and almost as impervious to wet; his hamsters were similar in material and condition to his coat, whilst his legs were encased in top-boots, no worse for wear, except perhaps a leaky seam or two and a cracked upper leather. . . . .

'But, the reader may say, we have only one of the travellers here; why does not the author furnish a portrait of the other? Behold him then. A young man twenty-nine years of age; five feet ten inches in height; with long well-formed limbs, short body, very upright carriage, free motion, and active and lithe, rather than strong. His hair is of a deep dun color, coarse, straight, and flaky; his complexion a swarthy pale; his eyes grey, lively, and observant; his features strongly defined and irregular, like a mass of rough and smooth matters, which, having been thrown into a heap, had found their own subsidence, and presented, as it were by accident, a profile of rude good nature, with some intelligence. His mouth is small; his lips a little prominent; his teeth white and well set; his nose rather snubby; his cheeks somewhat high; and his forehead deep and rather heavy above the eyes. His hat is not quite so broken, but quite as well worn, as the doctor's; his coat of brown cloth, as yet unpatched, but wanting soon to be; his waistcoat of lighter color, bare and decent; his hamsters of dark kerseymere, grey at the knees; and his stockings of lamb's wool, with some neat darning above the quarters of his strong nailed shoes. Such, reader, was the personal appearance of him who now endeavors to amuse thee.'—Vol. i. pp. 49–51.

They spent two or three weeks, apparently, in rambling from one wild retreat to another—sometimes hospitably sheltered by old friends and relations of the doctor's, one of whom was a quarrier, but kept also a mountain hostelrie—more frequently, however, among very rough companions, habitual poachers and smugglers. When the alarm had subsided, or their small stock of money was exhausted, they at last ventured back to the world of weavers and reformers: and we must allow Mr. Bamford to paint his own return to Middleton.

'Come in!—A glimmer shows that the place is inhabited; that the nest has not been rifled whilst the old bird was away. Now shalt thou see what a miser a poor man can be in his heart's treasury. A second door opens, and a flash of light shows that we are in a weaving-room, clean and flagged, and in which are two looms with silken work of green and gold. A young woman of short stature, fair, round, and fresh as Hebe—with light brown hair escaping in ringlets from the sides of her clean cap, and with a thoughtful and meditative look—sits darning beside a good fire, which sheds warmth upon the clean swept hearth, and gives light throughout the room, or rather cell. A fine little girl, seven years of age, with a sensible and affectionate expression of countenance, is reading in a low tone to her mother:—"And he opened his mouth and taught them saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

'Observe the room and its furniture. A humble but cleanly bed screened by a dark old-fashioned curtain, stands on our left. At the foot of the bed is a window closed from the looks of all street passers. Next are some chairs and a round table of mahogany; then another chair, and next it a long table, scoured very white. Above that is a looking-glass, with a picture on each side of the resurrection and ascension on glass, "copied from Rubens." A well-stocked shelf of crockery-ware is the next object, and in a nook near it are a black oak carved chair or two, with a curious desk, or box to match; and lastly, above the fire-place, are hung a rusty basked-hilted sword, an old fusee, and a leathern cap. Such are the appearance and furniture of that humble abode. But my Wife!

"She look'd; she redden'd like the rose;
Syne, pale as ony lily."

Ah! did they hear the throb of my heart, when they sprung to embrace me—my little love-child to my knees, and my wife to my bosom?—

'Such were the treasures I had hoarded in that lowly cell. Treasures that, with contentment, would have made into a palace

"the lowliest shed
That ever rose on England's plain."

They had been at prayers, and were reading the Testament before retiring to rest. And now, as they a hundred times caressed me, they found that indeed "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."'

Notwithstanding one touch of bravado—a most uncalled for one—it is impossible not to be pleased with this little *interior:* but what a contrast to the scenes amidst which its soft light breaks upon us.

In the middle of that same night Mr. Bamford was awakened by a knocking at his door, and a person in disguise entered, who turned out to be an intimate brother reformer, one who had been co-delegate with him in the recent embassy to London. This friend came to communicate and con-

sult upon a new scheme of violence; but Bamford at once, he says, condemned it as atrocious, and intimated a strong suspicion that some 'government spy' must be at the bottom of the suggestion. To this last notion, he tells us, he still adheres; but we own we see no reason to agree with him, for Mr. Bamford details, as thus opened to him in the spring of 1816, a plot precisely the same with that which was carried to the edge of execution exactly four years later by Thistlewood and his Cato-street gang. A dozen steady men were, in short, to proceed to London, and commence a general revolution by the murder of the Ministers at a Cabinet dinner. However, Mr. Bamford says he protested without a pause against this scheme of assassination, and intimates that he would have revealed it to some person in authority, but for his dread of compromising friends who had put their confidence in him. Fully believing that he rejected the bloody proposal we are not, however, much surprised—seeing of what stuff his associates were made, and not finding the motive of his own moorland excursion clearly explained—that he should shortly afterwards have incurred such grave suspicion as caused his arrest. He was instantly conveyed to London, in company with Dr. Healey, an Irishman by name O'Connor, and four or five other leading members of the 'botanical society,' there to be examined before the Privy Council, on a charge of High Treason; and we apprehend that if his knowledge and concealment, first of the 'Moscow Scheme,' and then of the 'Assassination Project,' had been brought home to him, the consequences must have been serious. As things stood, he appears to have all along felt quite satisfied that his arrest was a mistake, and could have no dangerous result—and thus at ease for himself, Mr. Bamford placed his talents at the service of his friends, whose case seemed to themselves and to him considerably more hazardous. He describes his exertions in preparing the party for their examination—concocting the minutest details of the 'one story'—a fictitious story to wit—that was to be told and stuck to by the Botanists—and in effect claims the chief merit of the ultimate escape of the whole detachment.

He does justice to the authorities, high and low, on this occasion; and we remark in particular the very great respect with which he always treats the then Secretary for the home department, one of the firmest and humanest of men, Lord Sidmouth. Some of his sketches of the scenes with the Privy Council are amusing enough: for example—

'On the doctor being asked how he spelled his surname, he answered in broad Lancashire—"haitch, hay, haa, l, hay, y:" (H, e, a-l, e, y,) but the pronunciation of the e, and a, being different in London, there was some boggling about reducing his name to writing, and a pen and paper were handed to him. The doctor knew that his *forte* lay not in feats of penmanship any more than in spelling; and to obviate any small embarrassment on that account, he pulled out an old pocket-book, and took from it one of his prescription labels, on which the figures of a pestle and mortar were imposed from a rudely engraved plate; and these words, "JOSEPH HEALEY, SURGEON, MIDDLETON. PLEASE TAKE——TABLE SPOONFULS OF THIS MIXTURE EACH——HOURS." This he handed to Lord Sidmouth, who, as may be supposed, received it graciously, looked it carefully over, smiled, and read it again; and passed it round the council table. Presently they were all tittering, and the doctor stood quite delighted at finding them such a set of merry gentlemen. The fact was, the first blank had been originally filled with a figure of two: "Please take 2 Table Spoonfulls," &c.; but some mischievous wag had inserted two cyphers after the figure, and made it read "200 Table Spoonfuls of this mixture each 2 hours." However it was, the doctor certainly imbibed a favorable opinion of the council.'—Vol. i. p. 108, 109.

Mr. Bamford was not liberated until after some days' detention in Coldbath-fields; but he dwells on his abode there as on the whole a pleasant interval of repose and good fare, and, be it added, of good resolutions. One night, he says, while his fellows were asleep, 'dreaming perhaps of the scaffold and the block,' he fell into a meditative mood, lived over all his past life, and formed and vowed a solemn resolution never more, if once set free, to meddle with political meetings and machinations. He made up his mind, he says, to what has now become his settled faith, viz.:

'That the industrious and poor man best serves his country by doing his duty to his family at home.—That he best amends his country by giving it good children; and if he have not any, by setting a good example himself.—That he best governs by obeying the laws; and by ruling in love and mercy his own little kingdom at home.—That his best reform is that which corrects irregularities on his own hearth.—That his best meetings are those with his own family, by his own fireside.—That his best resolutions are those which he carries into effect for his own amendment,

and that of his household.—That his best speeches are those which promote "Peace on earth, and good-will towards mankind."—That his best petitions are those of a contrite heart, addressed to THE KING OF HEAVEN, by whom "they will not be despised;" and those to the governors of the earth, for the peaceable obtainment of ameliorations for his brother man.—And, that his best means for such obtainment is the cultivation of good feelings in the hearts, and of good sense in the heads of those around him.—That his best riches is contentment.—That his best love is that which comforts his family.—That his best instruction is that which humanizes and ennobles their hearts.—And, that his best religion is that which leads to "Do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God."—Would he triumph? let him learn to endure.—Would he be a hero? let him subdue himself.—Would he govern? let him first obey.'—Vol. i. p. 112.

He was finally dismissed on the 29th of April, with a kind warning from Lord Sidmouth, and having entered into recognizances of the usual sort, resumed his industry at Middleton; but the salutary impression was not as yet deep enough to be lasting.

'I now went to work, my wife weaving beside me, and my little girl, now become doubly dear, attending school or going short errands for her mother. Why was I not content?—why was not my soul filled and thankful?—what would I more?—what could mortal enjoy beyond a sufficiency to satisfy hunger and thirst,—apparel, to make him warm and decent,—a home for shelter and repose,—and the society of those he loved? All these I had, and still was craving,—craving for something for "the nation,"—for some good for every person—forgetting all the time to appreciate and to husband the blessings I had on every side around me; and, like some honest enthusiasts of the present day, supervising the affairs of the nation to the great neglect of my own,—of my

"Hours more dear than drops of gold."

But it was not with us then as it is now; and we have that excuse to plead. We had none to direct or oppose us, except a strong-handed government, whose politics were as much hated as their power was dreaded. We had not any of our rank with whom to advise for the better,—no man of other days who had gone through the ordeal of experience; and whose judgment might have directed our self-devotion, and have instructed us that before the reform we sought could be obtained and profited by, there must be another—a deeper reform—emerging from our hearts, and first blessing our households, by the production of every good we could possibly accomplish in our humble spheres,—informing us also, and confirming it by all history, that governments might change from the despotic to the anarchical, when, as surely as death, would come the despotic again; and that no redemption for the masses could exist, save one that should arise from their own knowledge and virtue,—that king-tyranny and mob-tyranny (the worst of all) might alternately bear sway; and that no barrier could be interposed, save the self-knowledge and self-control of a reformed people.

'But, as I said, we had none such to advise. Our worthy old Major was to us a political reformer only; not a moral one. His counsels were good so far as they went, but they did not go to the root-end of radicalism. He seemed to have forgotten in the simplicity of a guileless heart, good old man as he was, that the people themselves wanted reforming,—that they were ignorant and corrupt; and that the source must be purified before a pure and free government could be maintained.

'In the absence, therefore, of such wholesome monition,—in the ardor, also, and levity of youth,—and impelled by a sincere and disinterested wish to deserve the gratitude of my working fellow-countrymen; it is scarcely to be wondered at that I soon forgot whatever merely prudential reflections my better sense had whispered to me whilst in durance; and that with a strong, though discreetly tempered zeal, I determined to go forward in the cause of parliamentary reform.

'And so, as it were, like another Crusoe, I lay with my little boat in the still water, waiting for the first breeze to carry me again to the billows.'

We may pass over the rest of 1816 and the two following years very rapidly. Mr. Bamford appears to have during that period kept aloof from 'secret meetings,' and he condemns as well as laments the different conduct of not a few of his friends, who were mixed up more or less with plots and risings in Derbyshire and elsewhere, and two or three of whom forfeited their lives in consequence. But during this, as he says, prudent and tranquil interval, was he really without participation in the guilt for which others were thus punished? We cannot accept Mr. Bamford's self-eulogies. He had from the first been 'the Lancashire Poet:' nor, though abstaining from 'meetings' during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, did he think it at all necessary to abstain from the worship of his inflammatory muse. It was at this time, he tells us, that he produced what seems to have been a very famous piece, 'the Lancashire Hymn'—he refers to it often as one of the prime glories of his career, and exults now in repeating stanzas which no doubt stimulated less studious reformers to deeds that

realized at last their 'agonizing visions of the scaffold and the block.' This Hymn, he says, was 'originally intended for being sung to one of the finest of trumpet-strains, at a meeting at Middleton, of perhaps 2000 people'—at which meeting, we presume, Mr. Bamford had no intention of being present!—

'Great God, who did of old inspire
The patriot's ardent heart,
And fill'd him with a warm desire
To die, or do his part;
Oh! let our shouts be heard by Thee,
Genius great of liberty!

When fell oppression o'er the land
Hung like a darksome day;
And, crush'd beneath a tyrant's hand,
The groaning people lay;
The patriot band, impell'd by Thee,
Nobly strove for liberty.

And shall we tamely now forego
The rights for which they bled—
And crouch beneath a minion's blow,
And basely bow the head?
Ah! no; it cannot, cannot be;
Death for us, or liberty!

Have we not heard the infant's cry,
And mark'd the mother's tear—
That look, which told us mournfully
That woe and want were there?
And shall they ever weep again—
And shall their pleadings be in vain?

By the dear blood of Hampden, shed
In freedom's noble strife!
By gallant Sydney's gory head!
By all that's dear to life!
They shall not supplicate in vain;
No longer will we bear the chain.

Souls of our mighty sires! behold
This band of brothers join:
Oh; never, never be it told,
That we disgrace your line;
If England wills the glorious deed,
We'll have another Runnimede.'

The patriotic poet adds—

"Methinks I now observe my elderly reader first secure his spectacles, and then shaking his head, say, "Ah! he is wide at sea again; with a strong mast, a heavy sail, and not so much as the breadth of a duck's foot for oar or rudder,—What next?—Doth he founder head down, or again break ashore?"—Let us see.'—Vol. i. p. 167.

Mr. Bamford was at length called into action by the appearance of Orator Hunt in Lancashire.

Thou raised'st thy voice, and the people awaking,
Beheld the foul source of corruption displayed;
And, loyal stupidity quickly forsaking,
They found themselves plunder'd, oppress'd, and betray'd;
Then, loud as the storm in its fury out-rushing,
The shouts of the thousands for freedom arose;
And liberty only shall soothe them to hushing,
And liberty only shall lull to repose.

'Such were the sentiments with which Henry Hunt was received at Manchester, in January, 1819.'—Vol. i. p. 169.

From that time the plan of a 'monster meeting,' to take place in summer, was the one great subject of discussion—and of diligent preparation there was no lack. Mr. Bamford's blood was effectually stirred; and no man, by his own account, was so indefatigable in the drillings and trainings of the Middleton district. He alludes to the advantage they derived from the zealous superintendence of a few retired soldiers. Perhaps his brief early experience on board a man-of-war—(of which his language often reminds the reader)—may have given additional value to the exertions of the 'Middleton Captain.'

We are under no temptation to dwell on the Peterloo chapters of this biography. Mr. Bamford asserts and maintains that the drillings, flags of 'Universal Suffrage or Death,' &c., were all harmless in intention, and considers the forcible dispersion of the mighty host of (according to radical authorities) 100,000 or 130,000 reformers on the 16th of August, as the most heinous outrage against Liberty recorded in our nation's history. For our own view of the whole unhappy affair, we refer to an article in our 22d volume (pp. 493, &c.)—in the course of which a contemporary 'petition' by Mr. Bamford is more than once quoted.

He had taken too prominent a share in the business to escape the attention of the police. About ten days afterwards he was once more arrested at midnight—and conveyed to Manchester jail. We cannot but pause for a moment over his very striking salutation of those precincts.

'Reader! hath it ever been thy fortune, or misfortune, to pass from Bridge-street in Manchester to New Baily street in Salford? Hath business, or pleasure, or curiosity, or charity towards an afflicted prisoner, or mercy, or a yearning love for some of thine own in trouble, or interest, or duty, ever led thee that way? If so, thou hast passed a very plain bridge, with high parapets of a dull red stone, and spanning, with two arches, a rather broad stream, which here flows torpid, black, and deep, betwixt the said towns. Venice hath her "Bridge of

Signs;" Manchester its "Bridge of Tears;" and this is it.

'Who, that recurs to recollections during forty years, and cannot enumerate tragedies enacted hereabouts, and calamities witnessed, which have called forth tears enow to have washed these channels with their stream? Do not we still hear, as it were, the appalling cry, when, during a great flood, a scaffold, on which nine human beings stood, broke down, and they were swept away, whilst hundreds of their fellow-townsmen and relatives stretched forth their hands, and implored God and man to save them, but in vain? Who hath so soon forgotten the thirty-four fine fellows, who perished at the launch of a boat? and who still hears not the shout of horror which arose off this bridge at the dreadful sight? the heart-broken moans of wives and children, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, as they came, distracted and weeping, to bestow an embrace which could not be returned!

'And thou, too, poor and beautiful, and innocent Lavinia Robinson—what heart but responds to thy affliction! It was midnight, and there came a deep moan, that told of grief not to be comforted—of a wounded spirit which could not be borne. Soft, but hasty footsteps approached—and, again, tones were heard almost too plaintive for human woe. Then there was a pause, and a plunge, and a choking, bubbling scream—and all was silent around that Bridge of Tears!

'How many hundreds of human beings have crossed this bridge, conscious they were never to return? What strings of victims have been dragged over it?—some in the serenity of innocence, some in the consciousness of habitual guilt, and others in a bowed and contrite spirit; but each followed by weeping friends, who still loved, when all the world besides was hostile or indifferent to their fate. *

'And now a sad spectacle occurs to my recollection. It was a fine sunny forenoon, and the church bells were tolling funereally, and Bridge-street was so crowded, that you might have walked on human heads. All eyes were turned towards this Bridge of Tears, and what came there? Ah! men on horseback, with scarlet liveries, and white wands; and trumpeters richly invested, who sent forth a note of wail that might have won pity from a heart of stone. Next came halberdiers, and javelin-men; and then a horseman of lofty, but gentle bearing, who, as he rode, turned, and cast a kind look towards one who followed, sitting high in a chair of shame, placed in a cart. And who is he? that youth so heart-broken and hopeless, that draws tears from all eyes? at whose approach all heads are bared, all expressions are hushed, save sobs and prayers? For though he was but "a poor Irish lad," they said "he was very comely," and "it was a great pity," and "hard that he could not be spared," and then, "might God support and comfort him!" High he sate, with his back to the horses, his whole person exposed, his feet and well-formed limbs being incased in white trowsers, stockings, and pumps, as if he were going to a bridal. His vest also was light colored, and a short jacket displayed his square and elegant bust; his shirt was open at the collar, and his brown hair was parted gracefully on his forehead, and hung upon his shoulders. Despair, and grief beyond utterance, were stamped on his countenance, mingled with a resignation which said, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done. Receive my spirit." He seemed faint at times, and his color changed, and he tasted an orange, listening anon to the consolations of religion. Tears would gush down his cheeks, and as he stooped to wipe them with his handkerchief he was somewhat withheld by the cords which bound him to that seat of shame. A coffin, a ladder, and a rope, were in the cart below him; whilst by his side walked a dogged-looking fellow, whose eyes were perhaps the only ones unmoistened that day. This was, indeed, a passage of tears; and a day of sadness, and of contemplation on the mysteries of life and death; with the consolement, at last, that now "his troubles were ended," and "all tears were wiped from his eyes."

'Such was the spectacle of that "poor Irish lad," George Russel, who was hanged on Newton Heath for—stealing a piece of fustian! or, as the old ballad had it—

'"To rob the croft
I did intend,
Of Master Sharrock's
At Mill-gate end."

'Far be it from my wish, friend reader, to palliate wrong of any degree; but let us hope, and, if necessary, entreat, that all waste of life, like this, may have now passed for ever from England.'—Vol. i. pp. 87-90.

From the scene of these rueful associations Bamford was transferred next day to Lancaster castle—where he remained for some space in durance, in company with Mr. Hunt, Dr. Healey, and eight others; but it was finally determined that their trial should take place at York, in the spring; and they were set free on bail during the interval, Sir Charles Wolseley being surety for the Lancashire poet. He had been introduced to that gentleman shortly before by Mr. Peter Finnerty, who then managed the Lancashire correspondence of the Morning Chronicle, and who had found Bamford useful in supplying him with notes of proceedings before magistrates, when the regular reporters were excluded. 'Such,' says Mr. Bamford, 'was my first connexion with the newspaper press:'—how much or how little he has been connected with it in the sequel we are not informed. Sir Charles invited Mr. Finnerty and his ham-

bler coadjutor to pay him a visit at Wolsely Hall, and they did so immediately after the liberation from Lancaster. It was the Baronet's hope that Bamford, of whom he had formed a high opinion, might henceforth be regularly employed by the Morning Chronicle; and it had been arranged that, instead of returning at once to Middleton, he should make a tentative excursion to London under Peter's wing.

'I went over to the hall, and found Finnerty quite comfortably domiciled. Lady Wolseley was in the straw up stairs, so that Sir Charles had much of his own way below. Friend Finnerty, now that he had the run of a splendid suite of apartments, attendance of servants, and all hospitalities, was also somewhat changed in his manner. His place was in the parlour with Sir Charles; mine in the housekeeper's room, with the occasional company of that amiable, respectable, and well-informed lady. I dined with her in the servants' hall, and took my other meals in her apartment, in company with her, the lady's maid, a joking, smiling and modest young girl, and a Monsieur something, the French cook. I lived pretty agreeably amongst my kind-hearted new acquaintances, yet at times, I could not prevent gloomy sensations from pressing on my mind. Finnerty had become quite *condescending*, for which I could not prevail on myself to feel thankful. Sir Charles was always kind and affable, without pretension; but still I could not but feel that in his house I was only a very humble guest. I had read how "an Ayrshire ploughman" had once been deemed good company for a Scottish duchess; but I found that the barriers of English rank were not to be moved by "a Lancashire weaver," though he could say, "I also am a poet," and, quite as much as the Scottish bard, a patriot also. I lodged at the inn; and often on mornings would I stroll out solitarily to look at the deer on the moorlands. Those majestic and beautiful animals would toss their proud antlers—gaze a moment in surprise, as if they also knew I was a stranger.

'At length the glad morning came, when an end was to be put to this. I was to go with Finnerty to London, with a gig and horse which Charles Pearson had left at Stafford, I think, on his way down to Lancashire. Sir Charles made me a present of two pounds; Finnerty took the whip, and bidding good morn to our worthy host, we drove slowly from Wolseley Hall.' —Vol. ii. p. 29.

The gig journey is given at some length. Peter Finnerty, pink of philanthropy, was so savage in his treatment of the lent steed, that the poet often walked for miles in the mud rather than witness it; nor was he soothed by the great man's demeanor towards himself. 'I soon found,' says our Lancashire *Burns*, 'that he wished me to be a useful companion on the road—that is, a kind of half-cad and half-comrade.'

'At Lichfield, Finnerty spent an hour looking at the cathedral, whilst I looked after the mare at the inn. At Birmingham, which we reached tardily, we dined, gave the mare a good feed, and, after resting two hours, my friend, unexpectedly by me, gave the word to proceed;—and with reluctance on my part, for I thought the beast had done enough for that day, we went on to some road-side inn, about nine miles further, where we got down, and the jaded thing was released and put into a warm stable. On looking over the luggage, it was discovered that a new silk umbrella, which Finnerty had bought at Manchester, was missing. He went into a passion, and stormed with all the wordiness and gesticulation for which his countrymen are remarkable; whilst I, sometimes provoked, sometimes amused, sat coolly and smoked a pipe until supper was ready.—He laid all the blame on me: he expected I would have seen that the luggage was safe; he had trusted all to me, and was thus disappointed, like a fool as he was for troubling himself about other people's welfare. He was sure it had been left at Birmingham, and it was my neglect in not putting it in the gig; and then again he repeated what it had cost him—two pounds, I think. . . . . .

'On entering Oxford I was struck by the noble and venerable appearance of many of its buildings, which I concluded, in my own mind, must be its churches and colleges. The streets were occupied by a numerous and very respectable-looking population; and I was not long in descrying, by the peculiarity of their dress, some of those fortunate and ingenious youths who, "born with silver spoons in their mouths," are, as we are taught to believe, "designed by a wise providence," and are certainly permitted by a wise people(?) to spoon up the riches and superfluities, which else would, by their very grossness, render said people dull of intellect, and sluggish in action; and yet I didn't think the young fellows looked like "spoonies."'—Vol. ii. p. 34.

At Oxford, Mr. Finnerty found a pretty young lady waiting for him—and in her presence the umbrella was again handled in a style so intolerable to Mr. Bamford, that he took his leave of the pair abruptly, and set off, late in the evening, to walk the rest of the way to London *solus*. Night overtakes him before he has got beyond Nuneham—and he seeks the shelter of a public-house on the way-side, where, among a group of village carousers, he finds a warm reception.

'Whilst we were chattering and enjoying ourselves comfortably with our pipes, some young fellows came into the next room, and

called for ale. They were in high glee, and from their conversation, which we could not but hear, we learned that there had been a kind of battle-royal in the village, betwixt some of the lads of the place, and a party of collegians, and that the latter, after fighting bravely, which they allowed them the merit of generally doing, had been soundly thrashed, and compelled to retreat. Some inquiries, on my part, elicited an opinion from the company as to the general conduct of the young gentlemen at college; and it certainly, like all other human emanations, had its dark side as well as its bright one, only rather more of the former than should be expected, considering they were to become exemplars to, and directors of, others.

'They were represented as courageous fighters, generous remunerators, and profuse spenders; all of which most of the company allowed were good English gentlemanly qualities; but then, in their intercourse with those not of their class, they were represented as being arrogant, wilful, and capricious; and too prone to lay on hard, when they got the upper hand.

'It was not to be wondered at, said an elderly person who sat on the other side of the room; it was not the young gentlemen's fault but the fault of their "Pa's" and "Ma's" at home, and of the institutions of the country. If Will was schooled to be an officer in the army, would he not begin by trying to domineer over, and command all who would submit to him? If Dick was to have his father's broad acres, how could he better prepare for the enjoyment of them, as things went, than by learning to drink, gamble, and box; by picking up stable-slang; and becoming a connoisseur in "dogs, horse-flesh, and women?" as they had it—and by an early imitation of that reckless self-willedness which he had seen practised by his class at home. If James is for the church, should he not learn to be combative when a boy; inasmuch as he would have to contend against "the world, the flesh," and—another antagonist; and in favor of tithes, preferments, and fat livings? And if Jack was preparing for the navy, what so natural as that he should practise with a bamboo, instead of a rope's-end, on the heads and shoulders of the King's subjects? Great folks, he said, sent their sons to college, and they came there tainted with the vices of their order, and the follies of their parents: they were here planted thick together like young trees; the rank and worthless dragged the others up; the vicious overshadowed the virtuous, and when they had become noxious or morally withered, they went back into the world, as their fathers had done, to prepare a new race to succeed them. All allowed that the elderly gentleman's remarks were about the fact; I begged leave to drink his health, the company followed my example, and the conversation then becoming general, and chiefly on rural affairs, I went to bed.'—Vol. ii. pp. 37, 38.

The lost umbrella, it turns out, had not merely interrupted, but for ever destroyed, the friendship between Finnerty and the Lancashire poet. When he called at Peter's house in the suburbs of London, a few day afterwards, his reception was this:—

'He seemed, I thought, very mysterious and embarrassed in his manner; did not ask me to sit down, or take anything, but at last said, "Would you like a walk round the square, Bamford?" I, thinking he wished for more private conversation, said I would; and we went out, and walked round a large square hollow, like to those laid down for the foundations of houses, with a fence of deal boards all around. We paced once round this place, chatting about indifferent matters, I expecting him to introduce my business with the Morning Chronicle; and at last, on my mentioning it, he did say he had not been able to see Mr. Perry yet. We had then arrived at the angle from whence we set out, and were opposite his own door, when giving me his hand, he said, "Good morning, Bamford; I shall be seeing you in town some of these days;" and with that he went into the house, and shut the door. I was mute with astonishment: my first impulse was to send the pannel in with my foot; but then, I thought, neither the door nor its owner had done me harm, and at last consoling myself with the reflection that it was no place for a worthy honest man, and that I was better out of it than within it, I went away.'—Vol. ii. pp. 45, 46.

We hear no more of Peter. Nor did Mr. Hunt give himself much trouble about his partner in misfortune. The 'great man' presented him to his Aspasia, a 'Mrs. V.'—'originally one of the finest of her species'—entertained him once or twice at breakfast, when, instead of tea or coffee, the famous decoction of 'roasted corn' was produced, not at all to the weaver-poet's contentment—and gave him a letter of introduction to 'that worthy gentleman and scholar, Sir Richard Phillips,' with a view to a metropolitan publication of the Lancashire Hymn and other lyrics, already celebrated at Middleton: but no pecuniary assistance was forthcoming. Neither did he obtain any advantage from an application to Mr. Alderman Waithman, 'at that time a dissatisfied, bilious-looking man—mind and manners soured.' There were sundry similar disappointments. At last Mr. Charles Pearson, who, as Hunt's solicitor, had met Bamford at Lancaster, kindly offered him employment in copying papers at his chambers; but a week of this new sort of labor was enough. He felt that to persist would break his health completely—his spirits had already sunk to the verge of despair—and

mittee' set him on his legs again; and he then made the round of about a dozen publisher's shops, with his bundle of hymns and songs, which found no acceptance in any of these quarters. They 'did not suit' one Mæcenas—another said they were 'out of his line;' even the sympathizing Sir Richard Phillips would not meddle with them—'no volume of poetry could have any chance unless it were something astonishing;' which is, at least, as true in 1844 as it was in 1820. Before he made up his mind to return to Middleton, he was advised to state his views concerning the Peterloo meeting, and its results to himself, in the Parliamentary petition already referred to; and 'in connection with this,' he says, 'occurred an incident, which, as it affords a glimpse, as it were, of the outer-court etiquette of the great in London, I will narrate:'—

'Earl Grosvenor was the nobleman selected to present my petition to the House of Lords, and Sir Richard went with me to his mansion. His Lordship was not at home, and we were directed to call on a certain day. It happened that Sir Richard was then engaged, and I went to his Lordship myself. The great burly porter, who wore a rich livery trimmed with gold lace, would scarcely admit me within the door, when he found I had not a letter of introduction. I explained to him my business with his Lordship, but it was of no use, he could not send my message up. A fine table, with pens and paper, was near the window of the hall, and in my simplicity I made a move towards it, saying, I could soon write a note to his Lordship; but he said he could not allow me to write there, it was contrary to orders, and would cost him his place if the other servants saw me. I accordingly bundled out, and went to a tavern, and wrote a note, which I took back; the porter then took the note, and told me to come again in about twenty minutes, or half an hour. It was raining, and I had nowhere to go under cover, save the tavern, so I went there again—not much liking, however, this mode of noble housekeeping—and waited with impatience the time for the noble interview. I again went; and now the folding-doors were thrown open long before I arrived at the steps—the late surly porter received me with a respetful inclination and a smile, saying my note had been sent up, and his Lordship would see me. He then rang a bell, and a servant appeared, to whom the porter announced my name. The servant asked me to follow him, and he led me into a very grand room, where he left me, saying his Lordship would be with me in a few minutes. I had never seen any thing like the richness of this tation—and to me it seemed a little muse of curious and costly things, arranged but look at, and not to use. There were mirr and pictures, and cushions, and carpets glow like silk; and delicate hangings, and curtai as fine as gossamer in summer; then the tab shone like glass, and the chairs with their hi cushions trussed up, quite tempted one to Well, I stood looking about me some time, a no one appeared; and at last I thought, " sit down at any rate; if his Lordship sho come in, he cannot be so greatly offended one taking a seat in his house." So I down, and was quite surprised—I almost su to my elbows in the soft downy cushion, a immediately jumped up again, thinking th seats could never really be meant for hum bones to rest upon—and I would not for t world have been taken by his Lordship, ting there, with the cushion up to my elbo like a puff of soap suds. I began to make t thing right again, and was so busied, wher heard a slight creaking noise; immediatel resumed my posture of attention, and a t gentlemanly-looking person, forty or forty-f years of age, dressed in a blue coat with yell buttons, undoubtedly of gold, entered and costed me in a very courteous and affable ma ner, and immediately entered upon the bu ness of my petition. I addressed him as " Lord," which indeed he was, and told h somewhat about the subject of my petiti which I now showed him, and requested would be so kind as to present it for me to t House of Lords. He looked at it a few minut and said he would present it. He then qu tioned me about the state of the country, a particularly of my own neighborhood, to ea of which I gave him brief and true answe according to the best of my ability. He th questioned me about our new rector, at Midd ton, the Rev. John Haughton; and as I w bound in truth, though not at the time ov partial to him, I gave his Lordship a fair a honorable account of the worthy clergyma whereat he seemed much pleased; soon aft I made my final bow, and was myself bow out by the porter; and so I took my leave that grand mansion and its immensely ri owner.'—Vol. ii. pp. 42-44.

Mr. Bamford's petition having been du presented and disposed of, he returned Middleton, to prepare for the great trial York. He and several of the other po prisoners were without council; and thoug Hunt condescended to take plenty of assi tance in private, he was too wise a man n to act as his own advocate in the court- over which Mr. Justice Bayley preside Mr. Scarlett (then a leading Whig as we as leader of the Northern Circuit) conduc ing the case on the part of the Crown;

We shall not re-enter on the serious part of the business, but some of Mr. Bamford's minor details are not to be passed over:—

'Every night Hunt retired with his friends, discussing the occurrences of the day, and preparing for the next; consequently, he came into court ready at all points, and like a loaded gun, he only required a sudden impulse to make a grand discharge. Under these circumstances, it was no wonder that he performed so well; that he appeared to be so greatly talented, whilst his co-defendants had not credit for the talent which some of them really possessed. This was just the position which Hunt wished himself and us to occupy. He would be all in all, and he could not endure that the humblest of us should come betwixt the public and himself; that the smallest shadow should intercept one ray of his luminous presence. This intense selfishness was constantly displayed in all his actions. I saw it and was astonished; I could not account for it except by condemning him; and that was not to be thought of; though the facts came oozing out like water-drops; I could not harbor an unkind thought of our leader: "it was his way;" "it was the way of great folks;" "it was perhaps necessary that he should do so and so."

'Healey was one of the five defendants who had a seat at the barristers' table. On the second day, Mr. Scarlet had a smelling-bottle which he frequently used, and then laid on the table before him. Our friend the Doctor was seated nearly opposite to the learned gentleman; and I observed him once or twice cast very desirous looks towards the phial whilst the barrister was using it. Mr. Scarlet, however, did not, or affected not to notice our surgical friend, and at last, the patience of the latter being tried beyond control, he leaned across the table and very respectfully solicited the loan of the bottle, which was readily granted: "Oh yes, Doctor! by all means," said Mr. Scarlet, politely handing it to him, who immediately applied it to his nose, and evinced its pugency by very zestful sneezing, which obliged him to apply his handkerchief to his eyes. Of course there was some tittering around the table, and Mr. Scarlet was declared to have "taken the Doctor fairly by the nose." Hunt laughed till his eyes were brimful, whilst Healey sat quite unconscious and serious. Soon after the bottle was returned with compliments, and the trial claimed our attention. On the third day Mr. Scarlet did not bring the smelling-bottle, and the Doctor seemed disappointed. On the fourth day the Doctor lugged a long square smelling-bottle out of his pocket and laid it down before him. Mr. Scarlet took no notice. The Doctor smelled and laid it down. Mr. Scarlet took no notice. The Doctor smelled again. Mr. Scarlet did not see him. At length, determined not to be outdone in generosity, the Doctor thrust it towards Mr. Scarlet with a bow, and a request that he would use it. Mr. Scarlet colored, but he good-humoredly took the phial, and, having smelled, he politely returned it with thanks, which the Doctor as politely acknowledged: the same ceremony was repeated once, if not oftener afterwards, and the Doctor then, perfectly satisfied, gave up the farce.

'It became apparent towards the noon of Monday, the fourth day of trial, that the prosecutors were about to close their case, and that the defence must be commenced on the afternoon of that day. Whilst we were talking of the matter, Hunt said, "Bamford, you will be called on to address the court the first of all the defendants." I said I thought that scarcely probable, as we should most likely be called in the order in which our names stood in the indictment. Hunt said he knew that was contemplated by the opposing counsel, and particularly by Mr. Scarlet, who wanted to bring him out in the evening when he was exhausted, the court wearied, and the public satiated and listless. But—with an oath—he said he was not to be taken aback that way; he was too old a bird to be caught by such a manœuvre. "Now, Mr. Bamford, by ——," he said, "I'll tell you what you must do if called this afternoon." "Well, what should I do?" I inquired. "You must talk against time." "Talk against time! —what's that?" "You must keep possession of the court an hour and a half," he said; "you must talk to put on time, in order to prevent them from calling on me, under any circumstances, to-night. I know well that is what Scarlet is aiming at, and we must play our game so as to put it beyond his power." "But I am not prepared with matter for an hour and a half's speech—I should break down if I attempted it." "Don't mind that—don't mind any thing—only keep on." "I should make myself look like a fool; and they would be laughing at me, and stopping me."—"Pshaw! and suppose they did, you could listen, and, when they had done, begin again." —"But I should not know what to say."—"Say! say any thing—the d——est nonsense in the world; never mind what you say—only keep on until they cannot call me to-day." Something like a glimmer of the naked truth flashed across my reluctant mind; and I replied, "No, Mr. Hunt, I will not do as you desire; I will not exhibit myself before this court as a fool; I will speak as long as I can speak to the purpose, and with common sense. I would speak until dark if that would serve you, and I was prepared for the task; but I am not, and I won't make myself ridiculous" "Very well," said Hunt, and looked another way, quite cool and distant.'—Vol. ii. pp. 75-77.

Bamford acquitted himself well. Mr. Scarlett complimented him, in his reply, on the talent he had exhibited, and also on the respectful manner of his defence. The jury, however, had not the slightest difficulty in finding all the prisoners guilty of a se-

ditious misdemeanor; and they were ordered to renew their recognizances, and appear before the Court of King's Bench in London, on the first day of next term, to receive judgment.

Poor Bamford had naturally expected that the well-drilled Middleton patriots would supply their laureate and leader with funds for his trip to London—but he was disappointed. The contributions amounted in all to *one shilling*:—

'I took my way down Middleton and towards Manchester. I could not but reflect that when I went that way on the 16th of August, there were ten thousand with me ready to shout, sing, or do whatever I requested; now, as if they were afraid I should want something from them, not a soul came forth to say, "God be with you." One or two whom I saw on the road did, as they passed, ask if I was "going off," to which I replied by a nod. The words stuck in my throat; I was ashamed both for myself and them; ashamed of my past folly, and of their present faithlessness. Reader, that shilling was the only Middleton coin which I had in my pocket when I started for London to receive judgment. So much for the shouting, huzzaing, and empty applause of multitudes. A young aspirant to public notoriety may be excused if he feel a little tickled with the shouts of adulation; but whenever I see a grey-headed orator courting such acclamations, I set him down as being a very shallow, or a very designing person'.—Vol. ii. p. 106.

On this occasion he walked all the way to town, and most agreeable is his description of the journey. For two or three days he travelled in company with a sturdy bricksetter and his very pretty wife, who were bound for her native place, Loughborough. On the last of these days the bricksetter becoming footsore, accepts a seat in a wagon, and the young woman is left alone with our friend Bamford, who well knew how to shorten the way for his comely and intelligent fellow-pedestrian:—

'We were now in a right farming country, where large stacks, barns, and cattle-sheds were quite common on the road-sides. The roads were broad and in good condition, and there were very often wide slips of good land on each side, apparently much trodden by cattle. Occasionally we came to a neat, homely-looking cottage, with perhaps a large garden, and a potato-ground attached, and with rose-shrubs and honey-bines clustered around the door. These were specimens of our real English homes; there was no mistaking them; in no other country do such exist; and he or she who leaves this land expecting to meet with like homes in foreign ones, will be miserably disappointed. In England alone is the term home, with all its domestic comforts and associations, properly understood. May it long continue the home of the brave! and eventually become the home of the really free!

'There had been some rain a few days before; the Trent had been flooded, and of all the verdant pastures I have ever beheld, none have surpassed the rich, vivid green of the meadows betwixt Shardlow and Kegworth. As the sweet air came across them, cooling one's dewy brows, one almost felt tempted to stop and seek an abiding place in that delicious valley.

'During our walk we had a very agreeable chat: I entered into some particulars of my early life, and into matters always interesting to females—namely, the histories of some tender attachments which I had formed, but which had lapsed, either through my own indifference, or, as I was pleased to suppose, the faithlessness of the objects I loved. This seemed to touch a tender chord in my companion: she was all attention, and when I paused, she put questions which compelled me to resume my narrative. I spoke of the noble and exalted pleasures of true affection, and pictured the sickening pangs of love betrayed, and the unhappiness which must eventually haunt the betrayer, whether man or woman. I repeated some verses of poetry, which heightened the picture; and at last, on looking aside, I found that her cheeks were glistening with tears. She now became more communicative, and informed me that she had somewhat to accuse herself of with respect to a young man, the first indeed whose addresses she had encouraged: that she now often thought she behaved coldly towards him, without any just cause, and that in consequence the lad enlisted, and joined his regiment before his friends knew what had become of him; that she soon afterwards was married, and he was killed in battle. Weeping freely, she added, that at times she accused herself of having been the cause of his death. I consoled her as well as I could, by the reflection that her conduct appeared to have arisen more from youthful carelessness than want of feeling. She said he was an only child, and his mother was still living; and she thought if she could get settled down beside the old woman, it would afford her some consolation to assist her, and be a child to her in her old age. I approved of this with all my heart; and now being at Kegworth, we stepped into a public-house and waited the arrival of the cart, which soon came up; and after a cup or two of ale betwixt John and myself, and a whiff of tobacco, we set forward, and a short journey through a pleasant neighborhood brought us to Loughborough.

'Nothing would satisfy my fellow-travellers but my accompanying them to the house of the old folks, as they called them. I was not much averse to going with them, especially as I knew that I must stop somewhere in the town all night. I accordingly accompanied them

along several streets and turnings, until we were in a humble but decent-looking thoroughfare, when, knocking at the door, the woman in a whisper told me her parents lived there. A tall, venerable looking dame opened the door, and in a moment our female traveller was locked in her arms. A cheerful, clear-complexioned old man at the same time got up from his chair and shook John heartily by the hand; and on John mentioning me as a fellow-traveller, he gave me a like frank reception. He then embraced his daughter; and when the first emotions of tenderness were over, we sat down to a very comfortable but homely refection, and the family party became quite cheerful and communicative. Meantime, the news had got abroad amongst the neighbors, several came in, and in a short time we were joined by a fine-looking girl, a younger daughter of the old folks, who had been at work in one of the manufactories. In short, we had a joyful family and neighborly meeting; liquor was sent for; a young fellow tuned up his fiddle, and the old couple led off a dance, which was followed by others; liquor was brought in abundance, and the hours flew uncounted.

'John and I, and the old man, were seated in a corner smoking and conversing, when I observed the younger sister come in somewhat fluttered. She took the old mother and her sister aside, and by the expression of their countenances, and the motion of her hands, I perceived that something troublesome and mysterious had occurred. In fact, she was explaining to them, as I afterwards learned, that in going to the public-house for more liquor, she had to pass a stage-coach which was stopped, and that, on looking up, she saw a young soldier getting off the coach, with his knapsack slung on one shoulder, and a foraging-cap pulled over his face; but she saw enough to convince her that he was Robert—the same who once courted her sister, and who, they had heard, was killed in battle. This news, as may be imagined, was soon known in the house, and caused a great sensation, particularly amongst the women. We had just learned the cause of their whisperings, when the door opened, and a young fellow, pale, slender, and well-formed, wearing regimentals and an undress cap, with a knapsack properly adjusted, stepped respectfully into the room, and, seeing the old woman, he put out his hand and took hers, and spoke to her affectionately, calling her mother. She gazed a moment on his face, as if incredulous of what she beheld. The company had drawn in a half circle at a distance around them; John, myself, and the old man, kept our seats; the younger sister stood beside her mother, and the married one was on a low seat behind her.

"I scarcely know what to say to you, Robert," said the old woman. "I am glad to see you have escaped death, for your mother's sake; but I almost wish you had not called here to-night."

"And why not, mother? my *other* mother"—he said, trying to force a smile. "Why not call at a house where I left friends, and mayhap a little of something more than friendship?"

"Nothing beyond friendship now, Robert," said the mother, endeavoring to appear cool.

"Why, where is Margaret?" he said, "I hope nothing has befallen her?"

"Margaret is your friend," said the old woman; "but she is nothing more now. Yonder sits her husband," pointing to John.

'John advanced towards the young man and took his his hand; and, looking towards Margaret, said he believed she had been his wife about two years.

'The soldier trembled, and staggered to a seat.

'Margaret got up and gave her hand to the young soldier, saying she welcomed him home with all the regard of a sister. She was now married, as he had heard, and was about to settle in Loughborough; and if he had never returned, his old mother should not have wanted the tender offices of a child whilst she lived.

"Thank you, Margaret," he said; "that is some consolation; you would'nt neglect my old mother, I know." He put his hands over his eyes, and burst into tears.

"I would not, Robert," she said; "and if in former times I did not value you, as perhaps you deserved, I was willing to make the only atonement I could, by cheering the drooping years of your supposed childless parent."

"That is very good!" "very fair on both sides!" "very handsome!" said a number of voices. Neither of the interested parties spoke—they were both deeply affected.

'The old woman and youngest daughter then conducted Margaret into another room. The old man shook hands with the soldier, and endeavored to cheer him. Meantime, information had been conveyed to Robert's mother, and she now entered the room, shaking and leaning on a stick. The meeting was most tender; it was such as could only take place betwixt a parent and child equally affectionate. The dancing had at first been given up; a warm, substantial supper was in a short time spread on the board; Robert and his mother took some of the refreshment, and then went home; Margaret did not make her appearance. Shortly after supper I was conducted to lodgings at an inn, and spent most of the night in confused dreams of the strange scenes which, like those of romance, had passed before me.

'The following morning I breakfasted at the old folks', according to promise. I asked not any question, nor did I hear anything further. Margaret's eyes appeared as if she had been weeping. John was attentive to her, and she seemed as if she valued his attentions; but could not entirely cast the weight from her heart. I left the family, to pursue my way, and John accompanied me as far as Quorn, where we parted, and I never saw him afterwards.'—Vol. ii. pp. 112–117.

This little Loughborough Episode would have pleased Crabbe; and there is another, in a more comical vein, which might well repay the illustrating graver of George Cruikshank. The whole chapter is most diverting. On reaching London, Bamford renews his attempts on the booksellers. One potentate frankly told him he would rather have a 16th share in a good new cookery book, than the copyright out and out of a new Paradise Lost. Another listened more leisurely—and at last said he felt interested and disposed to make a liberal offer—in short, he would run the risk of paper and print, and give the author 'half the profits, if any,' charging merely 'the usual commission.' These technical phrases conveyed to the weaver bard no idea except that some 'artful dodge' was meditated. He stepped eastward, westward, southward, and northward,—but Parson Adams with the portmanteau of Notes on the Supplices and Sermons for the Times, was but a type of the Middleton Tyrtæus. In general the shopman merely looked at him and said, 'Mr, ——— was engaged.'

'To be sure, the booksellers were not entirely blameable; my appearance was no doubt, somewhat against me. My clothes and shoes were covered with dust, my linen soiled, and my features brown and weathered like leather, which circumstances, in combination with my stature and gaunt appearance, made me an object not of the most agreeable or poetical cast. Still I thought these booksellers must be very owls at mid-day, not to conceive the possibility of finding good ore under a rude exterior like mine. And then I bethought me,—and comforted myself therewith—inasmuch as others had trodden the same weary road before me—of Otway, and Savage, and Chatterton, and of the great son of learning, as ungainly as myself—Samuel the lexicographer—and I might have added of Crabbe, and others of later date, but their names had not then caught my ear.'

He was reduced to extreme distress.—

'I was half inclined to believe that the people I met seemed as if they knew I was pennyless. I had become quite wolfish, and the sight of good substantial meats, and delicate viands in the windows of the eating-houses, all of which I stopped before and contemplated, tended to increase the pangs of hunger, which were no ways allayed by the savoury fumes arising from the cooking cellars. At last I wandered round Fleet-market, and coming to the prison, I found a poor debtor begging at the grate. "Please to bestow a trifle on a poor prisoner," he said. "God bless thee, lad," I replied, "I am more poor than thyself." "How is that?" "Why," I said, "thou hast a room to retire to, and a bed to repose upon, but I have neither home nor lodging, nor food, nor a farthing of money towards procuring them!" "Why then God help thee!" he said, "thou art indeed worse off than myself, except as to liberty."—"And that I may not have long."—He asked me what I meant; and I told him that I was come up from the country to receive judgment for attending the Manchester meeting. "If that be the case," he said, "come back in an hour, and if I get as much as three-pence or sixpence, thou shalt have it." I thanked him sincerely, and gratefully, and promised I would come back if no better fortune befel me, and so, pleased that I had found one friend in the course of the morning, I bade him good bye, and went on towards Bridge-street.

'At sight of the bridge I recollected a gentleman on the other side of the river, who had behaved very kindly to me the last time I was in London, and I thought I might as well call upon him, for, at all events, I could not be more disappointed than I had been. I therefore passed over the bridge, and soon found the shop of my friend in the main thoroughfare, called Surrey-road, I think. Several young men were busy in the shop, and I asked one of them if Mr. Gibb was within? "Oh yes," he said: "Is that you, Mr. Bamford? Walk forward, he's in the sitting-room at breakfast; he'll be glad to see you; step in." I thought that was like a lucky beginning at any rate, and without a second invitation I entered the room. A glance of one moment brought the gentleman to his feet. He took my hand and made me sit down, and rang the bell, and ordered another cup, and more butter and toast, and eggs and ham. "You have not breakfasted, I suppose," he said. I replied that I had not; it was just what I had been wanting to do the last hour and a half. "Bamford," he said, as we went on with our repast, "What's the matter with you? you don't seem as you did the last time you were in London."—"How am I changed?"—"Why the last time you were up, you were all life and cheerfulness when I saw you, and now you seem quite thoughtful. Are you afraid of being sent to prison?" "No," I said, "I was not." "What's the reason you are so serious?"—I said, "I could not help being so." "What's the cause?" he said; "Tell me the reason of this great change?" "Well then, to tell you God's truth," I said, "I have not a farthing in the world, and I could not have had a meal if I had not come here." "Oh! if that's all, man," he said, "make yourself easy again. Come! take some more, and make a good breakfast," and I took him at his word—I did make a good breakfast. When we had finished, he took me to his dressing-room, where were water and towels to wash. He also ordered the servant to clean my shoes, and found me a clean neckerchief, and a pair of stockings. When I re-

turned to the sitting-room, I was quite smart, comparatively. "Now, Bamford," he said, "this is my breakfast hour; at one we dine, at five take tea, and supper at eight; and so long as you are in London, my table is yours, if you will attend at meals. Take this one pound note," putting one into my hand, "and if there is not a change in your circumstances for the better, when that is done, come for another." I thanked him most sincerely. I never was more affected by an act of kindness in my life. He was, in truth, "a friend in need, a friend indeed."'

Before this kind baker's one pound note was expended, Bamford received a remittance of £10 from some Reform fund—and thenceforth expected with resignation the day of judgment.

'The detection of Arthur Thistlewood and his companions took place, if I mistake not, during our trial at York; it caused a great sensation at the time, and the conviction of the same misguided men occurred soon after our arrival in London. It was the subject of general conversation, and particularly the intrepid bearing of the prisoners during their trial. Mrs. Thistlewood had an asylum with the family of our friend West, the wire-worker in the Strand, and I frequently saw the unfortunate woman there. She was rather low in stature; with handsome regular features of the Grecian cast; very pale, and with hair, eyes, and eyebrows as black as night. Still she was not what may be called interesting; she had a coldness of manner, which was almost repulsive. She seemed as if she had no natural sensibilities, or as if affliction had benumbed them. She wore her hair very long, and when she went to visit her husband, which she did with devoted attention, she was strictly examined, and amongst other precautions, her long hair was unbound and combed out. Hunt frequently indulged in imprecations against Thistlewood and his party. He aspersed their courage, the fame of which seemed to have hurt him. But the worst thing I ever knew him do was his slandering of Mrs. Thistlewood, whom he represented as carrying on a criminal intimacy with West, during her husband's incarceration. A baser, more unfounded, or more improbable slander was never uttered. Its atrocity was its antidote. In fact, he would have said any thing of any one against whom he entertained a pique. My blind adherence to Hunt could not but be much shaken by such oft repeated instances of an ignoble mind.

'On the morning of the execution of the conspirators, I remained in my room, earnestly praying God to sustain them in their last hour; for though they professed not to believe in a future existence, I did, and could therefore sincerely say, "Father, forgive them! they knew not what they did." At noon, when all was over, I came down stairs.'

Bamford was shocked to learn that Dr. Healey, though as poor as himself, had paid a guinea for a seat in a window commanding a good view of the Debtors' door at the Old Bailey.

On the 15th of May—when all Hunt's affidavits, &c., &c., had been disposed of—sentence was pronounced: Hunt to be confined for two years and a half in Ilchester jail—and Healey and Bamford, among others, for one year at Lincoln. Mr. Bamford seems still to think he might have been more leniently dealt with, but for the peroration of his speech in mitigation of punishment, in which, after reasserting strenuously that he had preached forbearance and orderly behaviour to the Middleton men on the 16th of August, he added with fervor, that he would never again preach in such a strain until every drop of blood shed at Peterloo had been 'amply revenged.' At all events, this language could not have tended to the mitigation of his doom.

He met it like a sensible man. By the kindness of Sir Charles Wolsely (who was himself in trouble enough at the time) he was set at ease as to his pecuniary matters during confinement. He procured books, and read diligently—among other things he fagged at a Spanish Grammar—and by his submissive and regular behavior conciliated the sympathy and esteem of the Lincoln magistrates,—insomuch that, when he was assailed with a threatening of a pulmonary disorder, they allowed him to send for his wife, and allotted him and her a comfortable room to themselves in the jail. This indulgence had the best effects on Bamford's health, moral as well as physical. It, however, was heard of with bitter dissatisfaction at Ilchester—for Hunt had been refused the society of Mrs. V———; and he now turned against poor Bamford as if the kindness shown to him were an aggravation of the cruelty to himself. 'Surely,' says Bamford, 'there is some difference between being permitted to have one's own wife with one, and being permitted to have another man's wife with one, in a prison.' But Hunt could not see the reasonableness of this distinction, and Bamford prints sundry blustering, ungrammatical epistles, which at last 'dissolved their friendship.' It had been in a thawing condition for some time. It is impossible to conceive of a shabbier creature on the whole than Mr. Orator Hunt, as depicted in these volumes.

The cordiality between Bamford and Healey also came to a close during an early

period of their confinement; but the details about the doctor are too dirty for quotation. It is obvious that he could not away with the superior attention which Bamford's superior talents and wiser demeanor could not but command from the visiting magistrates.

The hour of delivery came at last. Mr. Bamford's parting with the authorities at Lincoln was an affecting scene—he had been treated like an erring brother, and he felt accordingly. This over, he exchanges gifts of kind remembrance with jailer and turnkey, and in company with his faithful helpmate—the ever-tidy, ever-pleasing Jemima, turns his face once more towards Middleton—a sobered man, with a fixed resolution to eschew demagogues and agitation. Of the last and happiest walk here recorded we must take a paragraph or two.

'We continued our journey through a level country, full of woods and plantations, till the broad waters of the Trent suddenly appeared before us. A shout and a signal brought the ferryman over, and after some persuasion, with fear and trembling, my wife at length went on board, and we were ferried over, and landed in the county of Nottingham. A short and very agreeable walk through a rural country, with pretty English cottages embowered in gardens and fruit-trees, brought us to the village of Great Markham, where we entered a snug little public-house, and took up our quarters.

'We sat chatting over our tea until it was nearly bed-time, and when I requested that we should be shown to our room, the landlady gave an inquiring and dubious glance at us, and retired, evidently to take a second thought upon the subject. The servant-woman next came into the room, pretending to fetch something, but once or twice I observed her taking side-looks at us; and as I perceived there were misgivings of some sort, I ordered a glass of liquor and a pipe, resolved to amuse myself by watching the shifts and manœuvres of these simple country-folks.

'The mistress brought the glass, and the girl brought the pipe, and each gave a scrutinizing glance, which we seemed not to notice. We were both ready to burst into laughter, only my wife was a little apprehensive lest we should be turned out of doors. I thee'd and thou'd her in their presence, as a man might do his wife—and talked to her in my ordinary careless way; and at last the landlady came, and begging we would not be offended, asked if the young woman was my wife? I now laughed outright, and my wife could not refrain, though she covered her face.—I assured the good woman that my companion had been my wife many years. "Nay she had no ill opinion of her," she said—"only she looked so young."—"But young as she appears, she reckons to be my age within about three weeks, I said; and she was mother to a fine girl, now in the ninth year of her age." "Oh! she was sorry to have mistaken us," she said; "we should have a comfortable bed ready in a few minutes." And so saying, she left the room, satisfied, no doubt, with the explanation which had set at rest her troublesome qualms of conscience. We had most excellent lodgings; and in the morning we rose early and commenced our journey by lanes and shady foot paths—sweet with the breath of flowers and echoing the music of birds.' —Vol. ii. p. 221.

'. . . . We stopped not at Whaley Bridge, for the sun was getting low, but hastened to Disley, and after a brief rest there, we again started, though neither I nor my fellow-traveller were so alert as in the morning. In fact, our feet began to be worse for our two days' travel, and when we got upon the paved causeway betwixt Bullock Smithy and Stockport, it was like treading on red-hot stones. Thus, long after night-fall, we went limping arm in arm into Stockport. We found the dwelling of our friend Moorhouse, at the lower end of the town, and knocking at the door were received with every hospitality.

'My friend and his wife bustled about, and did all they could to make us comfortable. We got a supper of good refreshing tea, and then essayed to go to rest, but my poor little companion had to mount the stairs on her knees,—she would not be carried up—and when her stockings were removed, her feet were found covered with blood-red blisters. I got some hot water and soap,—washed her feet well,—wiped them carefully, till quite dry,—wrapped them in her flannel petticoat, and put her to bed. I then washed my own feet, for they were not much better than hers, and committing ourselves to divine care, we were soon oblivious of all weariness and anxiety, and on awaking the next morning, our feet were as sound, for any thing we felt, as they were when we set out from Lincoln.

'Our walk to Manchester the next morning was a mere pleasure trip. We scarcely stopped there, but hastening onwards, we entered Middleton in the afternoon, and were met in the street by our dear child, who came running, wild with delight, to our arms. We soon made ourselves comfortable in our own humble dwelling; the fire was lighted, the hearth was clean swept, friends came to welcome us, and we were once more at home.

'"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."'—Vol. ii. p. 230.

We have reason to believe that since 1821, Mr. Bamford has adhered to the good resolutions with which he left Lincoln—that his quiet course of industry has not been unrewarded, and that he is now look-

ed up to as one of the most respectable seniors in Middleton. The little work, which we suspect has not until now been noticed in any journal likely to come before our readers in London, has, we see by the title-page, had a considerable circulation in his own province—and it has even attracted notice, by whatever accident, abroad. It has been translated into German, and made such an impression that a highly-distinguished Prussian traveller some weeks ago repaired to Lancashire, chiefly, as he assured us, for the purpose of spending an evening with Samuel Bamford.

We have in a sense enabled others to do so—but we hope our extracts will not satisfy very many of these. Mr. Bamford's narrative ought to be read as a whole; and however widely we must dissent from some of the political opinions even of his sedate retirement, there is a very great deal in his ultimate reflections on the state of England, and especially of English society, which deserves the most serious attention. We have quoted purposely not a few passages in reference to the manners of the wealthier classes, which must amuse, but ought not merely to amuse them. Let them see and consider in what aspects they are regarded by thousands upon thousands of their fellow countrymen—and—granting that these aspects are extremely distorted—ask deliberately whether there is no remedy within their own power for what they must feel to be about the worst mischief that could befall a nation—the habitual misunderstanding and misappreciation of certain comparatively fortunate orders of society by those less fortunate, but infinitely more numerous, and including a great and rapidly increasing proportion of not merely vigorous natural talent, but talent cultivated and directed in a degree and a manner of which former generations could scarcely have anticipated the possibility.

Of Mr. Bamford's poetry we have read only the few specimens interwoven in this Autobiography; and we are forced to acknowledge that, judging by them, the London booksellers acted prudently in declining his advances. His verse is not 'astonishing.' He is no Burns—he is not even to be named with the living weaver-poet of Inverury, Mr. Thom.* But his prose surely is remarkable. With a sufficient spice of the prevailing exaggeration, and here and there a laughable touch of the bathos, his language is, on the whole clear, lively, nervous—worthy of the man. That such English should be at the command of one who, it must be supposed, seldom conversed during his prime except in the dialect of Doctor Healey, is a fact which may well give pause to many of those whose 'houses are like museums.' But the great lesson is to be drawn from the incidents themselves of his story—the small incidents especially—and the feelings and reflections which these are seen to have excited in the narrator. No kindness, no mark or token of human sympathy and good-will, appears ever to have been thrown away upon Bamford. He was betrayed by youthful vanity into unhappy and all but fatal delusions and transgressions: he still, according to our view, labors under the misfortune of a false political creed. But he never was, never could have been, at heart *a Radical*. We see no traces in him of any thing like a cold, rooted aversion for the grand institutions of England. There are, we sincerely believe, among the more intelligent of his class, few, very few, whose minds would not be found open to salutary impressions on the subjects as to which they have been most generally led astray, were they but approached and dealt with by their superiors in worldly gifts, with a little more of that frankness and confidence which made Samuel Bamford take leave of the Lincoln magistrates 'with tears in his eyes.' He himself admits in his closing chapter, that things are in this respect mended since 1820; and surely his book ought to accelerate the improvement which it acknowledges.

* We are sorry to confess that we have not seen Mr. Thom's book—but only some most touching stanzas of his, given in a generous article of the 'Examiner' newspaper for September 15, 1844.

LIGHTING THE METROPOLIS.—The following curious statistics, prepared by one of the principal gas companies, will give some idea of the means at present employed for lighting London and its suburbs:—There are 18 public gas-works, conducted by 12 companies; their capital amounts to upwards of £2,800,000, employed in pipes, tanks, &c. The revenue derivable therefrom is estimated at £450,000 per annum. There are about 180,000 tons of coal used annually; there are 1,460,000,000 cubic feet of gas made; 134,300 private lights, 30,400 public lights; 380 lamplighters, 176 gasometers, several of them double, and capable of storing 5,500,000 feet; and about 2,500 persons are employed in various ways.—*Times*.

ENGLISH OPINIONS ON GERMANY.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, (October.)

1. *The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.* By William Howitt. London: Longman and Co.
2. *German Experiences: addressed to the English; both Stayers at Home, and Goers Abroad.* By William Howitt.—London: Longman and Co.

THERE are no two countries in the civilized world so similar in some aspects, and so dissimilar in others, as Germany and England. And the points of resemblance are so close, as to make the points of contrast absolutely glaring—perhaps even to produce a painful sense of uneasiness or distrust upon the detection of them. It is to this sort of strange antagonism, expanding amidst family affinities and sympathies, that we must mainly attribute all the vexed problems into which our English writers upon Germany are constantly falling.

There is no country so difficult of access in its real inner character as Germany.—We must know the people long and intimately, and become ourselves habituated to their usages and modes of thinking, before we can reconcile their surface contradictions, and discover the true harmony that lies beneath. It is the most difficult of all countries for a foreigner to write a book about, that shall be both faithful and comprehensive.

And of all book-writing people the English are the last to produce works upon the domestic life of other nations in the right, unbiassed, universal spirit. It is not that they do not possess in a very high degree the requisite qualifications,—knowledge, keen observation, sagacity; but that they are afflicted with serious disqualifications, which do not exist elsewhere in such paramount force—insular prejudices, a perpetual tendency to think every thing wrong that does not assort with their own modes and notions, a constant recurrence to the one rigid self-elected judgment. The English cannot go out of themselves: they cannot enter into the circumstances of other races. They can hardly comprehend a people existing without such an eternal pressure upon their faculties as shall literally absorb out of every-day life all traces of poetry and romance. There cannot be a greater enigma to them than the silent influence of tradition in moulding living customs and manners. Every thing that is new to them jars against their habits. Pleasure itself offends them when it is not cooked to their palate. Even the unalterable elements to which so much of the fashioning of human institutions is unavoidably adapted, will sometimes excite a biliary derangement in the English. They will make little or no allowance for the inevitable effects of climate. They would carry their own climate every where—that sullen climate which destroyed poor Weber, that yellow climate, loaded with sulphur and human steam.

Conceive then an Englishman writing a book upon social Germany, the most intractable of all men sitting down to a subject which, of all others, demands the most patient investigation, and the most complete suppression of previous theories.

It must not be supposed from this prelude that we are about to analyze the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this paper. They are too well known to require any such process at our hands.—The well-merited reputation of the author has already secured to them a large and admiring circle of readers, and every body who feels any interest in Germany, or the Germans, may be presumed to be already tolerably familiar with their contents. But we propose to touch upon a few of the salient opinions expressed in them, not for the sake of criticising Mr. Howitt's writings, but merely to indicate some of the points upon which, as it seems to us, our countrymen are apt to entertain erroneous impressions.

We have observed that Englishmen are not the best adapted by constitution, or temperament, or hereditary position, for writing sound books of travels—carefully confining the observation, however, to the social and domestic phases of the subject. We must be frank enough to say that we do not consider Mr. Howitt an exception to the general rule. He is a thorough-bred Englishman in his tastes and habits, in his likings and his dislikings, in the uncompromising energy of his mind, his education, and the aims and produce of his whole life. Were we to select the writer who, in our estimation, was best qualified to penetrate the recesses of our society, and portray faithfully the actual life of our people, we should unquestionably name William Howitt. But it may be fairly doubted whether one who is thus deeply imbued with English feeling, and whose modes of thinking are so thoroughly English, is exactly the fittest person to undertake the delineation of foreign life. Such a book in such hands

must insensibly become a book of contrasts. The more English the writer, the less likely is he to form independent opinions. Freedom from national predilection is at least as necessary as mental activity and honesty of intention.

The effect of this strong nationality is palpable in these volumes. Mr. Howitt is ever yearning towards his English homestead; and while he is depicting German characteristics, cannot restrain himself from reverting to customs endeared to him by early associations. The comparison under such circumstances cannot be otherwise than unfavorable to Germany—be it in reality just or unjust. Thus in speaking of the aspect of the country, he cannot resist the recollection of the trim hedge-rows and picturesque cottages of home:

"Here you look in vain," he says, "for any thing like the green fields and hedge-rows of England, with their scattered trees, groups of beautiful cattle and flocks grazing in peace, and sweet cottages, and farm-houses, and beautiful mansions of the gentry. It is all one fenceless and ploughed field."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

It cannot escape the reader that in this description Mr. Howitt employs a variety of the most captivating terms. When he speaks of England, the fields of necessity must be green; nor is he satisfied with mere groups of cattle,—the cattle must needs be beautiful; nor will he allow the flocks simply to graze—to heighten the sylvan charm he must make them graze in peace; and the cottages must be sweet, and the mansions of the gentry must be beautiful. Of all intention wilfully to convey an unfavorable impression of Germany, by exaggerating the pastoral beauties of England, we fully acquit Mr. Howitt. It is quite evident to us that he never meant any thing of the kind; on the contrary, he wrote of such things, of which there are numerous instances, unconsciously, out of that irrepressible love of country which comes in full flood upon the heart in remote and strange scenes. But we refer to the passage for the sake of illustrating the insensible coloring such feelings inevitably impart to books of this class.

Were it a matter of much practical importance, it would be easy enough to turn this enchanting picture inside out, and show how much misery and want are frequently found lurking under all this beauty and sweetness, and to draw from thence a contrast with the social condition of the people of Germany;—which would prove to the satisfaction of all the world, that if their cattle are not so prettily grouped, nor their trees so agreeably scattered, they possess this material advantage, that they are content in their condition, and always have enough to eat. Mr. Howitt himself fully acknowledges this. He says that when an Englishman visits Germany, he sees many things from which he might derive valuable hints for improvement at home.

"He sees a simple and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and, consequently, a less intense selfishness of spirit; a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition."—*Experiences.*

We ask any man possessed of an average share of common sense, which of these pictures is the more substantially attractive—the sweet cottages and the misery, or the bald, fenceless landscape with content and an equitable distribution of means? Alas! it is grievously to be feared that the inhabitants of the sweet cottages would gladly exchange conditions with the German peasantry, and compound all their hedge-rows and white gables for a little ease of mind and a sufficiency of wholesome fare.

But is it quite true that the external aspect of country life in Germany is so unpromising? Is it quite certain that distance in this case, as in many others, has not lent a little enchantment to the view? The close pastoral landscape of England is undoubtedly very charming. It is a thing not to be met with any where else. The whole of Europe contains no parallel for the garden beauty of the Isle of Wight. But is there no other kind of beauty worthy of admiration except hedge-rows and cattle, cottages, groups of trees, and green lanes? Let us imagine a German visiting England, and giving vent to his poetical spirit in this fashion:

'Here you look in vain for any thing like magnificent ancestral forests of the growth of ages, and richly wooded valleys, and vast

mountains, with their weird solitudes and solemn forms, their swooping eagles, their torrents, and their rocks. It is all one tame region, pranked out with neat houses and cropped trees.'

Yet this would be quite as reasonable and as well founded as Mr. Howitt's regrets for the absence of English scenery in the broad champaign of Germany. It is curious enough that Mr. Howitt should expressly recommend the traveller on going to Germany, to 'cast away as fast as possible all *Arcadian* ideas! all dreams about graceful youths and maidens, and bands of music' (*Experiences*, 6, 7); yet that he should himself forget to profit by his own advice, so far as to retain in his mind all the time the most Arcadian visions of the beauty and comfort of England, which he is perpetually drawing into contrast with the rugged features of German life. It is not alone that he falls into the ordinary injustice of setting up the English standard to test another people by, but that he sets up the poetical side of England against the prosaic side of Germany. It is certain that when a traveller is far from his own country, he is apt to carry with him vividly only the most agreeable recollections of it—the pleasant memories, the sunshine, the roses, the happy faces, and so on; dropping wholly out of his calculation the thousand and one petty drawbacks, the small inconveniences, the abiding discontents of all kinds. And all this, the aromatic essence of the distant and the past, is urgently opposed by his imagination to present discomforts, whatever they may be, the unaccustomed ways, the disappointments occasioned less by any deficiency or unfitness in the elements of things, than by his own strangeness in the use or enjoyment of them, and the innumerable obstacles of the present which he stumbles against in unfamiliar scenes. The comparison, consequently, is taken at the utmost conceivable disadvantage. It is not merely England against Germany, but the England of an excited fancy, relieved of all its *disagrémens*, against the real work-a-day Germany, disenchanted of all its romance.

Such comparisons are false in principle. Countries ought to be judged as they are, not as they are not. It proves nothing to show that Germany is not England. We knew that before. What we want exactly to be informed about is the place itself, as it is; but if we are to be reminded incessantly of its inferiority to England, or of the odd differences between it and England, it seems as if the traveller were going about, not to collect facts, but to flatter the national vanity at home.

This is certainly not the general tendency of Mr. Howitt's first book upon Germany; for, although it is full of laments for the rural English sights and usages he misses in the fatherland, it must be accepted upon the whole as a most able exposition of the actual condition of the country, bearing high and honorable testimony to the character and industry of the people. It is in his second and smaller book that we find his dissatisfaction break out; and it is in this volume chiefly we discover those statements which we hold to be objectionable.

Upon the whole, there is a marked discordance in the spirit of the two volumes, not very easy of illustration or solution. The larger and more tolerant work was published while Mr. Howitt was yet residing in Germany—the other since his return to England. He reserved his final indictment against the country until he had left it, a course which is perfectly justifiable in itself. But this will not account for the startling opposition, not so much in matters of mere statement as in matters of feeling and judgment, presented by these two books. When the first book appeared, Mr. Howitt was absolutely attacked for its Germanic enthusiasm and anti-English tendency. The impression made by the second is precisely the reverse. How is this?

Mr. Howitt was singularly unfortunate in his location. He got into a house where the people were prying, curious, gossiping, designing, and roguish. They seem to have entered into a regular system of annoyances, and to have taken extraordinary pains to make him and his family uncomfortable. This was an unpropitious beginning, and its effects appear to have lingered with him to the last hour of his residence at Heidelberg. He never quite got rid of the feeling of distrust and vexation with which that intriguing landlady inspired him in the first instance. The conclusion at which he arrives, drawn of course from his own experience and observation, is not only that the German lodging-house-keepers constitute a genus of sharpers, but that they are actually sustained, assisted, and protected in their rogueries by an extensive combination amongst the surrounding population! The wholesale imposition is accomplished in this way. Arriving a

stranger in one of these German towns, and requiring lodgings, you are supplied with a *commissionaire*, who takes you round from house to house where lodgings are to be let. This fellow is in the pay either of the lodging-house keepers, or the hotel keepers, and he will inevitably deceive you; that is to say, he will try to secure you for his own client, who may in all human probability be just as respectable and as honest as any body else. So far as this part of the *commissionaire's* scheme is concerned, it does not go for much. It is nothing more than happens every day in the year in every town in Europe. But Mr. Howitt adds, that the *commissionaire* carries the deception still further. He not only cries up his direct employer, but never cries down any body else. There is a sort of national pride in the fellow (we suppose) which will not allow him to betray even the worst of his countrymen. No matter how notorious the character of a lodging-house keeper may be, the unsuspicious stranger is sure never to hear of it. The *commissionaire*, says Mr. Howitt, is bribed to silence; from which we are left to infer that in fact the *commissionaire* is bribed by all the lodging-house keepers, in addition to that particular member of the fraternity whom it is his especial duty to recommend.

"In the second place," continues our author, "it is the interest of too many other people for any stranger to receive a warning. The shopkeepers will, of course, say nothing, because they wish you to settle and be customers, and many of them hope to fleece you well too. Even if you have letters to German families, they will not breathe a word. It is not their business; and it is a part of German caution not to offend their townsmen, especially the knavish, who may do them mischief."—*Experiences.*

The last important part of this machinery of deception is supplied by the domestic servants, who are in league with all the rest to keep their employers in utter ignorance of the true state of things around them; so that, according to Mr. Howitt, the moment a stranger enters a German town for the purpose of going into lodgings, the commissionaire of the hotel, with the hotel-keeper himself in the background, the servants of the house, the owners of the house, the tradespeople of every kind and degree, and even the private families, however respectable they may be, to whom the stranger may happen to carry letters of introduction, instantly confederate and become engaged in a mysterious conspiracy to cheat him.

If we were to treat statements of this description as Mr. Howitt himself treats most of his German topics, we might make a descent upon some of the bye-streets of London, and draw a picture of an English lodging-house keeper, which would show how far inferior in skill, boldness, and magnitude of ambition, these poor German combinators are in comparison with the same genus in this country. It takes a whole town in Germany, private families and all, to cheat a single lodger; while in London a single lodging-house keeper is quite enough to cheat a whole colony of lodgers. The London scale of profit, too, is considerably higher, and, we need not add, that the London mode of extortion is considerably more systematic. But as we do not see how the case of the Germans would be improved, by establishing the undeniable fact that the case of the English is worse, we will not waste time with the useless contrast.

Personal experience is the test people usually apply to matters of this nature. No test can be much more fallacious; but it affords a popular, conventional, and easy escape from the responsibility of any graver method of procedure. In this very town of Heidelberg then, we can confidently assert that we have known sundry instances of the utmost honesty, frankness, and cordiality on the part of lodging-house keepers towards their inmates. The town is not very large. It occupies only a single street running between the river and the hills. There would be no great difficulty in acquiring in a couple of months a passing acquaintance with the character of every individual in the town; and we assume at once, that this circumstance is in itself an abundant protection against the class of frauds indicated by Mr. Howitt. There are people who have resided at Heidelberg, and who speak of the inhabitants in terms the very reverse of those employed by Mr. Howitt. We state this simply as a piece of common justice. Here are two opinions founded on opposite experiences. Both may, both must be right up to a certain point; but that part of the inquiry in which alone the public at large, either of Germany or England, can be supposed to be interested, lies beyond the limits of individual instances, and can only be reached by the more philosophical process of generalization.

himself explicitly asserts that they are not slavishly devoted to money-getting. He even admits in this very book that they are honest. 'The Germans,' he says, 'as a people, are a very honest people.'—*Experiences*, p. 11. Now it is only as a people we have any interest in the investigation of their character. Let pettifogging chicanery thrive in Heidelberg, and, if our author will have it so, in all the small university towns; let the tradespeople and the servants conspire to the crack of doom; the Germans, as a people, are a very honest people—and we take that to be a very complete and sufficient answer to all the accusation in detail that may be brought against them. It is much to the purpose that this answer should be furnished by the author of these books; since, however, we may differ from him on some points, or he may differ from himself on others, Mr. Howitt is an unexceptionable witness.

The thieving propensities of the Germans appear to have struck Mr. Howitt most forcibly on board the Ludwig steamboat plying on the Rhine. He says that the Ludwig 'was a regular den of thieves;' that his carpet-bag was cut open on board and plundered, and that several of the people connected with that vessel were afterwards sentenced for similar depredations to six years' imprisonment. He tells us, also, that at Cologne a case of eau-de-Cologne, which he had left on the table at his hotel, was rifled during his absence, and that the landlord, treating the affair, strangely enough, *as a matter of course*, replaced it at his own charge. It is pleasant to perceive in all these cases that, if there be robbery in the country, there is also a compensatory principle resident somewhere; that the law overtakes the depredators on the steamboats, and that, although theft is a matter of course in the hotels, it is also a matter of course on the part of the landlord to make restitution in full for the inevitable wrongs committed in his premises. So far, therefore, no great harm is done. The river rogues carry on their speculations under the wholesome fear of six years' imprisonment, and the hotel-keepers are always ready to make good the losses to which their guests are unavoidably exposed. We know no country where the evils of misappropriation of private property is more successfully grappled with.

robberies until we read of them in Mr. Howitt's book. Many thousands of strangers traverse the Rhine daily during the fine season in these steamers. The deck is piled up with trunks and carpet-bags, and writing-cases and hat-boxes. We confess we often wondered that where there was so much temptation, there should be so little theft; and we were not very much surprised to find that some thefts were committed at last. But is it fair to draw these items into the indictment against Germany? It is all very well for Mr. Hood to call out to the travellers on the Rhine to 'take care of their pockets.' Mr. Hood is a humorist and has the license of a motley; but it is only right to advertise such of his readers as do not happen to know better, that the whole region of the Rhine is much more English than German. It is the frontier where the various races mingle; it is the high-way where extravagant foreigners are always to be found setting an example of dissipation and vice of every kind: it is the last place where one looks for German virtue or German simplicity: it is in fact repudiated by the Germans themselves, as being no longer distinguished by the German character in its native integrity. The best vindication of the people from the imputations which these malpractices might seem to cast upon them, is furnished with his invariable candor by Mr. Howitt himself.

"Vast numbers of our country people flock into the Rhine country, because it is easy of access, because it is a very charming country so far as nature goes; but it is at the same time, with the exception of Prussia, the very dearest part of Germany, and what is worse, it is the most corrupt and demoralized. It is not in the cities of the Rhine that you will find the genuine German character in its primitive truth and simplicity. It is a great thoroughfare of tourists, and that of itself is enough to stamp it as corrupt and selfish. True, it is a lovely country, and if you are content with the charms of nature, you cannot well have a pleasanter. But if you seek either the highest state of German social culture in the purest state of its moral simplicity, you must go farther."—*Experiences.*

All this while, then, we have been looking at the Germans through the glasses of our own deformities. It is clear enough that the 'genuine German character' is something very different from the German char-

acter which is brought into contact with tourists and migratory lodgers; and that if we would ascertain what that genuine character is, we must 'go farther.' So that, after all, it is we, the tourists, who are to blame for all the chicanery and fraud; we who introduce the temptation, we who diffuse around us a taste for profusion and luxury, who inspire the simple and plain-dealing tradesman with new desires, and open to him new vistas of acquisition: it is, in fact, our more highly refined civilization, with its attendant train of hypocrisies and intrigues, which is begetting in Germany all these fraudulent practices, against which Mr. Howitt so eloquently warns the innocent English public!

We sincerely believe this to be the exact truth—neither more nor less. We sincerely believe that our civilization has been working in Germany much the same sort of results—making the necessary allowance for difference of circumstances—which it has worked in a more frightful excess amongst the aborigines of our colonies. If we would see the people in their true national development, we must 'go farther,' as Mr. Howitt says; we must go beyond the reach of these blighting and pernicious influences.

And what do we find in those remote districts? A primitive and laborious race—simple in their manners, calm, persevering, affectionate, unostentatious. A people free from the vices of a false refinement—placing no stress upon money, even as a means to an end—intellectual and grave, earnest and independent. We hardly understand this sort of character, it is so unlike any thing to which we are accustomed. We can hardly comprehend a whole people without some strong, low, worldly motive power stirring up their passions and agitating them into action. We are apt to disbelieve in the phenomenon or to turn it into ridicule. We recognize, it is true, in the absence of frivolity, in the weight and seriousness of the Germans, something more closely resembling our Saxon qualities than we can discover in any other part of Europe. German temperance, German phlegm, German industry, are perfectly intelligible to us; but we have no notion of a solid man who places poetry and metaphysics above worldly substance, above the daily struggle for riches and personal ambition. This puzzles us, and so by way of getting out of the difficulty, we turn him into a joke. We pitch upon his dull routine of habits, and secure a laugh at the expense of his simplicity. His cookery is atrocious, *sauer kraut* is a species of elaborate barbarianism, dawn-of-day breakfasts, twelve o'clock dinners, long evenings, and suppers of sliced sausages and potato salads, make up a tableau of human life which may well excite the risible muscles of an Englishman. It is impossible to conceive or invent any thing more completely opposed to his notions of the art of living. He is scarcely at breakfast when the German has done dinner—he has hardly sat down to dinner when the German has done supper! What sort of humanity can reside in these people? Let us see.

We will go to Mr. Howitt's first book for the answer. He is here describing what he designates the 'singular moral characteristics of the Germans;' and singular they are in comparison with the moral characteristics of May Fair on the one hand or of our great, moving, bustling, money-grasping population on the other.

"There is not a more social and affectionate people than they are. They are particularly kind and attentive to each other; sympathize deeply in all each others's troubles and pleasures, successes and reverses. They form the strongest attachments and retain them through life. Young men entertain that brotherly feeling for each other that you seldom see in England. They go, as youths, often walking with their arms about each other, as only school-boys do with us. They put their arms over each other's shoulder in familiar conversation in company, in a very brotherly way.—I say nothing of that hearty kissing of each other on meeting after an absence, that to an English eye, in great, rough-whiskered and mustached men, has something very repulsive in it. They make presents of memorials to each other, and maintain a great and lasting correspondence. The correspondence of many Germans is enormous. Ladies who spend the morning in household affairs, will also in the afternoon be as busy in writing to their numerous friends. It is in private, social intercourse alone that the Germans display the genuine vivacity and heartiness of their character. In the social and select circle of approved and approving friends, they throw off all formality, and become as joyous and frolicsome as so many boys and girls. These same young men that in the street will go by you as swift as a steam-engine, and as dark as a thunder cloud, there become the very imps of mirth and jollity. They are ready to enter into any fun, to act any part—to sing, to romp, to laugh, and quiz each other without mercy."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

He adds that they have the faculty of becoming children without becoming ridiculous. None but children in other countries can give themselves up to the full flow of their spirits, and throw themselves headlong with safety into their enjoyments. Yet the grave, phlegmatic Germans can do this! They can retain their boyhood and girlhood to the end of their lives, without even, says Mr. Howitt, 'leaving go for an instant of the saving guidance of a manly discretion.' This is something to compensate for the cheating at Heidelberg; this is something worthier of record and remembrance, and of standing out as a prominent and distinguishing attribute of the country, than the carpet-bag burglaries on the Rhine!

And these people, so natural, so festive in their domestic circles, so grave and earnest in their demeanor and their thoughts, understand the cultivation of pleasure—of pure pleasure—and enjoy it as thoroughly as any race under the sun.

"One thing is certain, that there are not in the world more attached, affectionate, and domestically happy people than the Germans; and if their wives are not qualified to solve a mathematical problem with them, to discuss some point of history or politics, to enter into the religious questions of the day, or to decide on the excellence of some new work of taste; yet, on the other hand, they do not so much pester them with demand of expensive pleasures, huge parties, splendid dresses and equipages, and all the unsatisfying and greedy dissipations of a more luxurious state of society.

"The simple and unexpensive manner in which they entertain their friends, and pass away the winter evenings, might be introduced with infinite advantage into England. A simple cup of tea at six o'clock, music, perhaps a dance, and then as simple a supper of sandwiches, slices of sausage, a potato or other salad, a cake ornamented in various ways, but generally a sponge, a chocolate, or a fruit cake, a snow tart, with a few bottles of cheap wine,—these form the staple refreshments of these social evenings, which break up about ten or eleven o'clock.

"The young people on these occasions amuse themselves also with a vast variety of games, which in England would be thought rather adapted to children than to grown-up people; but which, however, occasion plenty of mirth, and indicate a state of society much more homely and ready to be pleased than ours. Among these stand eminent in favor 'Die blinde Kuh,' the blind cow; another name for blindman's buff. They have various other games of forfeits. They write romances; each person furnishing a sentence without knowing what is written before him, so as to produce the most ludicrous medley."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

And so he goes on, enumerating the endless little innocent entertainments which fill up the evening. This way of life would kill a fashionable circle in London. At the first glance it seems to bring *ennui*, and the spleen, and the headache, and stupors, and vapors, and all oppressive social maladies along with it. And in like manner, a German house looks as if it were the place of all the world where an Englishman could do nothing but die. Yet it is astonishing how a little use reconciles us to these things; how, after a little time, we begin to find out, not only that they are really more endurable than we could have believed, but that they are preferable in the long run to the old modes in which we have been all our lives indulging—rugs and champagne, and suppers included. German life, like a German house, which Mr. Howitt must describe for us, improves wonderfully upon close acquaintance.

"The interior of German houses have, to English eyes, always a somewhat naked look. This arises, in a great measure, from the absence of carpets: you approach by uncarpeted stairs, and then find yourself on naked boarded floors. These floors are generally made of broad boards of pine, laid in squares of a large size in framework of oak. The pine is generally kept clean scoured, and the framework dark with paint or oil. In others, the floors are colored of a reddish yellow, with preparation of wax, which is kept bright and clean with a hard and heavily weighted brush. And here, contrary to the condition of the houses of the common people, and of too many of the lower grade of the burgher class, all is extremely neat and clean. The floors, though of deal, are so white, or are so bright when colored, that they give a very agreeable feeling of cleanliness, and the furniture, though often plain, is equally clean and neat too. There is an air of elegance about a good house, which makes up, in some measure, for the richness and wealth of ornament that we are accustomed to in England. In many cases, again, the floors are of hard and handsome wood, laid down in squares, or in graceful patterns of different colors, in a mosaic style, and richly polished. In the palaces and houses of the nobility and wealthy gentry, in winter, carpets are laid down, and in summer these inlaid floors are very tasteful, agreeably cool, and sometimes of singular classic beauty."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

We take these descriptions from Mr. Howitt for the sake of showing how Germany in its best and noblest aspects is estimated by a writer who has not scrupled to show it also in its worst.

One or two other points deserve to be specified.

In the second book, Mr. Howitt cautions the English traveller how he deals with German servants. We suppose it must be allowed that German servants are no better than other servants. But Mr. Howitt here insists that they are considerably worse.

"The servants who speak English are a class who have learned it on purpose to live with the English, and are generally arrant thieves. They expect English wages, and have a per centage on all the bills they pay for you. Your cook rises at five o'clock in the morning, and goes to market. She buys the worst articles there, and charges you something more than for the best. She has often her kitchen below while your rooms are above, and you have no control over her actions, or a staircase serves her purpose. She and the other servants, who are commonly in league, have their connexions, who expect a good harvest out of the rich English, and are always coming and going with their covered baskets. If you do not take good heed, and it is almost impossible to have sufficient precaution, unless your wife do as the German ladies do, wear a great bunch of keys at her apron strings, lock every thing up, and get up at five o'clock too; without this, your stores of all kinds will flow freely out of the house, and your very wood for fuel will be sold by these rapacious servants. You are, in fact, in the hands of the Philistines, and you must get rid of them as fast as you can."—*Experiences.*

Upon this vivid outline of the rogueries of the German servants it is not necessary to make any other commentary than that which Mr. Howitt supplies us with in his first book. The system of abstracting things in covered baskets, and of levying contributions on the house-stores for the benefit of friends out of doors, is a system, we believe, which has been carried on from time immemorial all the world over, wherever there are lodgings to let, and for which the German servants ought not to be held much more culpable than English, or Scotch, or French servants. But it would appear from a statement in the *other* book, that these very servants are not only amongst the most laborious domestics on the face of the earth, but that they are kept under such strict surveillance as to render misconduct of any kind rather a hazardous luxury amongst them. First, of their laboriousness.

"Of German servants we may here say a word. The genuine German maid-servant is one of the most healthy, homely, hard-working creatures under the sun. Like her fellows who work in the fields, barns, and woods, she is as strong as a pony, and by no means particular as to what she has to do. She wears no cap or bonnet at home or abroad. Has a face and arms as stout and red as any that our farm girls can boast; and scours and sweeps, and drudges on, like a creature that has no will but to work, and eat, and sleep. She goes to market with a bare head, and in a large cloak. She turns out on a Saturday afternoon, with all the rest of her tribe, with bucket and besom, into the street, and then, about three or four o'clock, makes a perilous time of it in the city. Before every door, water is flowing, and besoms are flirting the dirty puddles about. Each extends her labors, not only to the pavement, if there be one, but to the middle of the street: so that they are, in fact, the city scavengers."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

Next of their characters.

"The conduct of servants, as well as every thing else in Germany, is kept strictly under the surveillance of the police. Each servant is furnished with a character book, which contains all legal regulations respecting servants, and the engagements between them and their employers, being quite a little code of menial services. In this book, when a servant leaves his or her place, the master or mistress writes his or her character. This book is then laid up at the police-office, and before a servant can procure a fresh place, this book must be fetched, and the character written in by the party whom the servant is leaving, and the book with all its characters must be taken to the party with whom the servant wishes to engage. Thus a powerful check is kept on the conduct of servants, and it is not easy for a bad one to get employ, or to avoid the sharp notice of the police-officers."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

Does the reader detect any inconsistency between the two statements? We confess we find a difficulty in understanding how a class whose conduct is so strictly watched and registered, and who depend upon the excellence of their character for their livelihood, can carry on with impunity such systematic depredations. At all events, if the disease be grievous, the remedy is easy, and no person, English or German, need submit to be plundered, if he will only take the trouble to ask a simple question of the police.

It was remarked by Madame de Stael, that there was no public opinion in Germany. The political institutions of the country have the inevitable object of suppressing that spirit of agitation which elsewhere

assumes the functions of what is called public opinion. The press is restrained. The petty princes exercise complete authority. The public mind is calm and passionless. Mr. Howitt, speaking of the political condition of Germany in one book, refers indignantly to the arbitrary control of the government, and says that the people are sunk into a state of contemptible slavery.

"Their situation presents the most singular and most admonitory spectacle in all history. A people of sixty millions in number; a people of all others most sensitive; a people singing brave songs, and using brave words, and cherishing brave thoughts of liberty,—yet without the daring and the moral firmness to set themselves free. The parents of liberty in Europe, and at the present day the most thoroughly enslaved. They have fallen from the high estate of the freest and most high-spirited people of ancient Europe, to the most pliant, crouching to the yoke of the diplomatist of present Europe. One shout of actual resolve from these millions, would scatter every throne, and make every bond crumble into dust; nay, closely woven as the net of diplomacy is around them, were there but the *lion* within it, a *mouse* were enough to set it free; but the *habit of acquiescence* has become the really enslaving chain of this great and intellectual people."—*Experiences.*

It would appear from this that the Germans were really in a miserable slough of despond, and that they were wholly deprived not only of the power to move, but of the desire to improve their political situation. In the *other* book we have the following picture of the actual state of the peop le in reference to the government, from the opposite tendency of which we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

"The prosperity of the nation is inimical to its emancipation. The princes, though despotic, are not surrounded by a splendid and powerful aristocracy, like the monarchy of England. These were swept away or reduced by the revolutionary war. The princes, therefore, with no such body-guard to stand between them and the people, are obliged to govern with mildness. They are isolated and responsible, at least morally, for their own actions; and no prince in modern times has once dared to run violently counter to the sense of an educated people. If we make the King of Hanover the exception, the German sovereigns are popular in their own persons, and this is a great persuasive to obedience and acquiescence in a form of government not the most favorable to real freedom. Then, there is no distress in the country; no mighty body of destitution and misery, as in our own manufacturing districts—millions in desperation, and menacing change. Here, as in all Europe, exists a certain degree of poverty, a certain pressure of population, which seeks relief in emigration; but, on the whole, there is no country where the great mass of the people live in greater comfort and content. Such an extent of luxury, such a glittering aristocracy before their eyes, the restless ambition of mounting from rank to rank, have not, as with us, destroyed the ancient spirit of quiet enjoyment. All live well, but not splendidly. The greatest portion of the people, the peasantry, live on their own property,—live in the country all alike, and fully occupied with their labors. The middle classes again depend, in great numbers, on government for offices in the state, in all departments of the administration of justice, collection of duties and taxes, in colleges and schools. When, therefore, there is no great mass of distress to create a bitterness and coalition against the government, but on the contrary, a great body deriving substantial benefits from it, who shall be the first to sacrifice his present enjoyments for the more intellectual liberties of a free tongue and press? Who shall quarrel first with the constitution which affords him solid advantages, because it does not extend to him and others still more? The country is not commercial enough to have created such a wealthy middle class, as shall be independent enough of government, shall have cause of grievance enough and influence enough to lead the multitude to an attack. On the other hand, the government police is so complete, its cognisance is so extended to every part and into every matter, that a habit of obedience is induced which it is very difficult for any individual to break through."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

We believe this latter review of the political circumstances of the country to be the true one. We believe that freedom in Germany consists in the enjoyment of useful rights—rights which confer substantial prosperity upon the people. It is seen that every man has enough—that there are no great burdens to complain of—no misdeeds consummated in high places at the cost of the blood and treasure of the bulk of the people—that there are no idlers pampered at the public expense—that, in short, the material progress of the people keeps pace with the power and progress of the government and the national institutions, and that thus harmonizing, thus moving onward equally and together, or if it suit the case better, standing still together, the people have no present cause for discontent, no sufficient excuse or necessity for popular revolt, while the government wisely maintains the security of a position which it could not relax without risk of disorganization, and durst not render more rigorous

without danger to the established rule. We believe that such are the relations between the governed and the governing power in Germany—and that this relationship, however inapplicable to such a country as England, is, upon all accounts, the best that could be devised for the conservation of the multitude of small interests which intersect the surface of the Germanic empire.

Having spoken so freely concerning those passages in Mr. Howitt's books which we deem open to objection, and having endeavored to show, for the satisfaction of the national sentiment, in some sort compromised by such passages, that Mr. Howitt elsewhere qualifies them all, more or less, we think it nothing more than justice to that gentleman's labors to add, that we consider his larger work on Germany to be the most valuable publication we possess in English on the general subject of which it treats. It does not need any recommendation at our hands; but we would not have it supposed that in pointing out a few slight faults, we are insensible to the merits of diligent research and sound feeling so conspicuously displayed in its pages.

Our object is to testify to the people of Germany the regard in which they are held in this country—to show them that, differing as we do in a variety of small social usages, we are prompt to recognise the more important features of resemblance and sympathy which exist between us; and which in some measure, give us a sort of common interest in their welfare and happiness. In conclusion, we beg to express our hearty concurrence in every syllable of the following passages—the truth and importance of which will be responded to, if we are not much mistaken, by every right-thinking man from one end of Germany to the other.

"Of all the continental countries, it is with Germany that we have been oftenest compelled to alliance by the intrigues and assumptions of other nations. It is with Germany that, least of all, through our whole history, have we had wars and rivalry. . . . . By the union of England and Germany must peace be achieved, or war successfully waged. . . . But besides this there is no other continental nation with which, spite of our national dissimilarities, we have so many points of coincidence, or so kindred a character in literature, science, and social life. . . . . For the present we may safely assert that there is no country in Europe in which there is so great an amount of comfort and contentment enjoyed. All are industrious, moderate in their desires, and disposed to enjoy themselves in a simple and inexpensive sociality; music, books, the pleasures of summer sunshine and natural scenery, are enjoyments amply offered and widely partaken. The hurry and excitement of more luxurious countries; the oxygen atmosphere of such overgrown cities as Paris or London, have not reached even their largest capitals. Between the wild extremes of manufacturing misery and aristocratic splendor, their life lies, like one of their own plains, somewhat level; but full of corn, and wine, and oil; and however the track on which they are advancing may lead them nearer to national greatness, it cannot add greatly to the national happiness."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

EGYPTIANS SENT TO FRANCE FOR EDUCATION.—Mr. Bonomi, who, as our readers know, accompanied Dr. Lepsius to Egypt, is now on his return to England. A letter from Marseilles, of the 23d ult., mentions that he arrived there on board the *Elrashit*, and was about to proceed with the Egyptian students, sent by the Pasha to complete their education at Paris. The mission includes the *élite* of "Young Egypt"—Huseyn Bey, son of the Viceroy, Ahmed Bey, son of Ibrahim Basha, and the sons of several other Bashas, with about nineteen young men selected from the military schools,—in all thirty-six individuals. "The son of Mohammed Ali," says our correspondent, "is a young man of about eighteen or nineteen, of elegant appearance and intelligent countenance. The son of Ibrahim is about the same age as his uncle, short, with fair complexion, affable manners, and a good deal of naiveté in his conversation. The chief of the expedition, Stefan Effendi, is a man of most prepossessing appearance; there is a modesty and intelligence in his conversation quite remarkable. Among the students, I should distinguish, as the man of highest mark and capacity, a young Turk, Shakur Effendi, destined for the army, but of considerable literary attainments. The Princes and some of the Beys are likely to visit England."—*Athenæum.*

PURCELL'S ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of Purcell was celebrated last week in Westminster Abbey, which holds his mortal remains. Purcell's epitaph records that he is "gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." If this were true in Purcell's day, it is not so now, for it must be confessed that the harmony was sadly inharmonious in various parts of the service. The performance throughout was little better than a sort of annual "practice." The music of Purcell, Tallis, and our old English composers, demands the smoothest precision, delicacy, and thorough feeling in its performance, qualities all of which were wholly wanting on the occasion. The solo parts were generally feeble and hesitating, the tenor in the second anthem especially—his voice scarcely audible. Altogether, the result was very unsatisfactory and disappointing to the crowds who assembled on the occasion.—*Athenæum.*

BURNS AND BYRON.

From Tait's Magazine, (October.)

THE late festival—an unprecedented one in Scotland—has not made the name of Burns better known, or more celebrated than it was before. His fame was independent of any such public recognition. But we cannot help regarding it in a very important light, considering the many different opinions which have been expressed of his character. The festival was a formal national acknowledgment, both of his poetical genius and his social worth; not only unopposed by any one having a right to be heard on the subject, but ratified by the eager consent of many illustrious, many enlightened, and many honest, moral, and respectable inhabitants of the country. There was no effort required to make this acknowledgment. The proposal, of course, came at first from one individual, but the feeling of its justice and its propriety was universal; and we are glad that cant and hypocrisy were disregarded, and that so many Scotsmen had the moral courage to despise the cold sneer of the professing rigidly righteous; and to recognise, honestly and openly, claims which no other Scottish poet ever put forth so strongly to the admiration and affection of his countrymen. We mean not to say that there are not other names of which Scotland has good cause to be proud—names which are justly honored both in this country and throughout the empire; but no Scottish writer has presented so vividly the sturdy independence of his countrymen as Robert Burns. It was his own strongest characteristic; and the sympathy with it is deep and national. It is more of his *character*, as developed in his poetry, than of the poetry itself, that we wish to say a few words; and to contrast it with that of another man of genius, between whose works and those of Burns, however, either as regards fancy or creative power—the two great elements of poetical genius—we do not intend for one instant to institute any comparison. It is simply with the *character* of the two men of genius, as shown in their respective works, that we intend to deal; and we know of no more striking contrast than that which these characters, so exhibited, present. Though we had never read one word of the private history of either, we are inclined to think that our remarks would have been the same.

Burns and Byron—the Peasant and the Peer! Save the alliteration, there is little parallelism between them. In station, studies, aims, and objects, no two men were ever more widely different: in tone, expression, sentiment, and manner, no two poets ever presented a stronger contrast. They were both reared in Scotland: they died at nearly the same age: both were determined enemies of cant, in all its shapes and disguises: and we know few other elements of thought or character in which they resembled one another.

Burns was the robust poet of health, Byron the fevered prophet of disease; and their works are as different as the glow of the one and the fire of the other. The song of the one was the charm by which he escaped from the pressure of worldly calamity; that of the other was the passion by which he immortalized his affliction, and rendered mental agony doubly poignant. Burns dipped his pen in oil, to smooth with verse "the carking cares" of life; Byron plunged his in gall, to poison himself and mankind. The one looked at the best view of an indifferent prospect, and he brightened it with the sanguine hues of his own fancy; the other would see nothing but darkness in his splendid career, and his whole life and genius were devoted to deepen the shades. The poetry of the one resembles a *pastorale* of Haydn; that of the other is like a *sinfonia funebre* of Beethoven.

Burns was conscious of his own natural ability—knew perfectly well that his talents were far higher than his birth—and felt, at the same time, that, as a man, he had nothing to regret. While he made a true estimate of his own genius, asserted it, and gloried in it; he had no repinings at his humble station, no heart-burnings for higher. He was there, and he was there for good. He felt no petty enmity at those of a higher grade; his was none of the vulgar democracy which sneers at all above it. Where rank was united with worth, no one admired it more: where the union was embellished with wit, and learning, and genius, he was ready to worship. There was much honest admiration in him; there was little envy. He would not have exchanged his bardship for a coronet. The "holly round his head," bound by the Scottish muse, was a diadem which he esteemed higher than the "round and type of sovereignty." And as his crown was from Nature's hand, his treasures were drawn from her choicest stores:

> No vulgar metals fused from common ores,
> But gold to matchless purity refined,
> And stamped with all the Godhead of the mind.

His subjects had the worship of his heart and the allegiance of his genius—honesty, valor, love, friendship, truth, independence. Manliness in all its forms, whether in the field, the senate, the sheiling, or the grove, was his favorite theme; and if for a moment his verse was tinged with misanthropy, the blot was speedily effaced by the healthy reasoning which a moment's reflection suggested. There is little of the effeminacy of poetry about Burns; and, much as has been said about it, there is little licentiousness, properly so called. It is true he is often coarse, indelicate, unscrupulous in his phrases; but he is so, purely for the sake of the humor or the satire—not for the sake of indelicacy. There is no gloating over vice, as in Juvenal—no painting of it for its own sake. "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "The Jolly Beggars" may be too strong for refined tastes; but the one is a richly-deserved castigation of

a class too numerous in this country, and the other is life, real life, though it be the dregs of it. But his highest efforts are his purest, and they show the natural bent of his mind, which was virtuous and honorable. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" is a picture of piety, benevolence, love, affection, and contentment, which, we believe, could only come from a pious and benevolent mind. No radically vicious man could have so ardently delighted in the description. It came fresh from an honest unsophisticated heart. His "thoughtless follies" have been rather too often harped upon. With his festive soul—his adoring companions, it is wonderful they were so few. But he has himself immortalized them by his touching confession. There was at least no hypocrisy in his character. He would have pleaded guilty at once at any bar of morality. He would have given judge and council no trouble in searching for evidence. They and the world were welcome both to the full knowledge of his sins, and his manly repentance of them. His works have toned and improved the feelings of his class.

Byron's weakness was, to be thought strong. This desire shines through the most of his poetry. He wished to appear above prejudices, and opinions, and rules. He was too high to be guided by them. He despised the vulgar elements of human composition, and looked upon himself as "half dirt, half deity." Byron was a weak man, and the weakness of his nature was the strength of his poetry. His works were the diction of his passions. He was their intellectual bondsman. It was his slavery to their mandates—his entire devotion to their gratification—his intimacy with their operations—his intense concentrated experience in their indulgence and contemplation—his long obedience to their slightest impulse—that enabled him to paint and shadow, and compare and contrast them so vividly. He was a poetical gladiator, exhibiting for fame and gold the nakedness of "a mind diseased." His feelings were passions, and his passions crimes. Under their command the voyage of his life was made with a false compass, and a false chart. He read history and used it, not for healthful instruction in the ways of man—not for great, or correct, or useful views of legislation—not for philosophical analysis—not for the sake of tracing to its source any art, or any science, or any profession: he read it to illustrate his passions—his own passions—pride, revenge, love, fear, hatred, jealousy. Often he lauds highly and enthusiastically, the wise, the brave, the virtuous, the patriot, of a past era; but it is to gratify his scorn of the fool, the coward, the libertine, the traitor, of a later time. He draws an angel of light; but it is to contrast the angel with a demon. He looks into the grave of the father for a scourge wherewith to lash the son. He raises the dead, to mock the living. He holds up

> "———the name of Washington,
> To make men blush there was but one."

The most glorious productions of the globe are used by him to make men look more hideous. He places his heroes in the gardens of the earth, where they spread pestilence and death. How he looked at the beauties of nature!

> "Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
> Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
> Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?"

In his highest work, the sublimest description of the sublimest scenery, the most melting pictures of natural feeling, are followed by the ready sneer and degrading comparison of Childe Harold. He cannot emancipate himself for any length of time from his bondage. He never escapes from the curse of seeing all things with "the evil eye." He would not know gold without its alloy; and he used it to make false coin. Unlike the alchemists of old, who tried to transmute baser metal into gold, he reversed the process. Virtue and beauty in themselves seemed tame. He could speak of love, but it must be followed by pollution; of courage, but it must be allied to crime. He could paint the bloom of the rose; but it was to watch it till it withered. He could sing, in tones of magical sweetness, of female tenderness and manly feeling; but the deformity must appear in opposition—lust, bloodshed, and saturnalian licence. The glow of innocence must be chased by the flush of shame; the heroic achievement must be paid by the guilty reward. He held up virtue as a light for exhibiting vice: he seduced his readers by sanguine descriptions of valor, and loveliness, and truth, and impassioned devotion, to follow him to contemplate their alliance with the foulest subjects of the mind. He created chastity to deflower it; honor, to break it; religion, to turn it into contempt. He was a poor miser; for he had inestimable wealth, and knew not its use; he placed his jewel in the head of a toad. He had precious mines; but his diamonds never saw the light of day: they must be shown in their earthly bed by the lurid glare of a torch,—their own lustre showing their dark setting,—their natural dyes dimmed by unwholesome vapors. Unlike other authors, who describe crime that it may be followed by repentance,—who paint virtue, to show its reward,—Byron exhibits the one, to exult at its desperation: and the other, to sneer at its loss. His judgment was wrong, and his hand was cursed: every thing he touched took the taint of his disease. He used the prism, not to show the dyes and the beauties of light: the colors of his spectrum all blended into black. His subjects are chosen for this color: he cares not much for peccadilloes. His favorite topics were deep, damning, dangerous, maddening crimes. In a light mood he penned "Beppo;" but the evil spirit

of his genius was strong upon him when he fancied "Manfred." He joked at adultery; but he devotes his whole soul to exhibit the foul and maddening fruits of incest. He delighted in anatomy only when there was disease; and he dissected with a poisoned knife.

Whom have his works made better?

PUNCH'S LETTER-WRITER.

FROM A WIDOWER TO A WIDOW, WITH AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

From the Charivari.

MY DEAR MADAM—Your kind looks and cordial words have accompanied me all the way home, and—the truth is, I write this before going to bed—I shall sleep the more soundly for having the matter off my mind. It is true, we have met but once; but we are both of us at that rational point of life, when people know the most value of time; and as all ceremony is but an idle waste of existence, I beg herewith to offer you my hand, and, with it, though I have been married before, an entire heart. There are hearts, madam, allow me to say, all the better for keeping; they become mellower, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things, too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them. I have been married to one wife, and know enough of the happiness of wedlock to wish it to be continued in another. The best compliment I can pay to the dear creature now in heaven, is to seek another dear creature here on earth. She was a woman of admirable judgment; and her portrait—it hangs over my chimney-piece—smiles down upon me as I write. She seems to know my thoughts, and to approve of them. I said, madam, she was a woman of excellent judgment.

My means are tolerably good; more than sufficient for my widowed state. Of the truth of this, your solicitor shall have the most satisfactory proof. I have also heard—casually heard—that fortune has not, my dear madam, been blind to your deserts, and has awarded you more than enough to keep the wolf from the door. I rejoice at this, for whatever might be my disappointment, I would not entail upon you the inconvenience of marriage unaccompanied by an agreeable competence. What is enough for one—it has been said—is enough for two. But this is the ignorance of Cupid, who never could learn figures. Now Hymen—as you must know, dear madam—is a better arithmetician; taught as he is by butcher and baker. Love in a cottage is pretty enough for girls and boys: but men and women like a larger mansion, with coach-house and stabling.

You may urge against me, that I have incumbrances. By no means. My daughter having married a beggar, has ceased to have any natural claim upon me. If I am civil to her, it is solely from a certain weakness of heart that I cannot wholly conquer; and something too, moreover, to keep up appearances with a meddling world. I have told her that she is never to expect a farthing from me, and I should despise myself not to be a man of my word.

I have, too, a son; but when I tell you that I have once paid his debts, incurred in his wild minority, you will allow that, except my blessing, and, at times, my paternal advice, he can expect nothing more. I know the duties of a father, and will never satisfy the cravings of a profligate. Nevertheless, he is my own son; and whatever may be his need, my blessing and my counsel he shall never want.

My health, madam, has ever been excellent. I have worn like rock. I have heard of such things as nerves, but believe it my fate to have been born without any such weaknesses. I speak thus plainly of essentials, as you and I, madam, are now too wise to think consumption pretty—to tie ourselves to ill-health, believing it vastly interesting. I can ride forty miles a day, and take the hedge with any fellow of five-and-twenty. I say I speak of these things that you may know me as I am. Moreover I assure you I eat with my own teeth, and grow my own hair. Besides this, I am only two-and-fifty.

What do you say, madam? As for vices, as I am an honest man, I do not think I can lay any to my charge. I may have ny human weaknesses—such, indeed, as I have touched upon above; but, madam, it has ever been my study through life to be respectable. I have the handsomest pew in the church, and don't owe any man a shilling.

Well, my dear madam, it is getting tale, and I must conclude. I hate to be out of bed after eleven—it is now past twelve. Hence, you must perceive how very much I am interested in this business. In another ten minutes I shall be asleep, and dreaming of you. May I wake to find my dream—for I know what it will be—a reality!

If our solicitors are mutually satisfied, will you name the day? I am superstitious about days—say, then, say Thursday week and believe me your devoted lover, till death,

NICHOLAS BLACKTHORN.

P. S. May I see you to-morrow?

THE WIDOW'S ANSWER.

SIR,—Your favor of last night has, I own, surprised me. What! after one meeting and that at a card-party, to make such an offer! Well to be sure, you men are strange creatures! What, indeed, could you have seen in my conduct to think I could look over such boldness?

As for the rational point of life you speak

of, I must confess I know not when that exactly occurs; do you think it—at least with women—at two-and-thirty; or if not, may I beg to know what age you consider me? Perhaps, though, my early and irreparable loss may have brought a look of premature age upon me. It is very possible—for what a man he was!

As for what you say about hearts, sir, I know but little; I only know the one I have lost. If I did pluck it green, like the winter apples in my store-room, it grew riper and riper in my care.

You say your wife's portrait smiled while you wrote. *His* dear miniature is now before me: I think I see the tears starting through the ivory as I look upon the precious features. If he ever could have frowned, surely he would frown now to think—but I will not pursue the theme.

As to your means, sir, I am happy to hear they are sufficient. Although I can by no possibility have an interest in them, nevertheless I myself too well know the blessings of competence not to congratulate you. True it is I know but little of the ways of money; but am blessed in my solicitors, MESSRS. GRIP and NIP, No. —, Furnival's-inn.

You speak of your incumbrances; my husband dying, left me without a single one. That your daughter should have forgotten her duty, is an affliction. I am glad, however, to find that you know the true source of consolation, and refuse to lend yourself to her improvidence. Truly, indeed, do you say it is a meddling world. *I* have found it so; as some of my lamented husband's poor relations will answer for me. However, as I could not endure the sight of any thing that reminded me of my dear lost treasure, I have left them for ever in Cornwall. It is now some months since they have ceased to distress me.

Your son may mend. If you will allow me, as a stranger, to speak, I think you should still act with tenderness towards him. How very little would pay his passage to Australia.

Health is, indeed, a treasure. *I* know it. Had I not had the robustness—pardon the word!—of a mountain nymph, I had never survived the dreadful shock that cruel death has inflicted on me. As it was it struck me down. But, as the poet says, "the bulrush rises when the oak goes crash."

You are partial to hunting? It is a noble recreation. My departed lamb followed the hounds, and, as sportsmen say, would ride at any thing. He once broke his collar bone; but with good nursing, we put him in the saddle again in a month. Ha! you should have seen him in his scarlet coat!

In this fleeting life, how small and vain are personal gifts compared with the treasures of the mind! Still, if there is anything I admire, it is fine teeth. A wig, at least in a man, is detestable.

You say you are two-and-fifty. Well, I must say you don't look *that* age.

You speak plainly of vices, and say you have none. It would be ill manners in me, on so short—I may say, so very trivial—an acquaintance, to doubt you. Besides, it has been my faith—and what I have lost by it I hav'n't time to tell—to think well of everybody. Weaknesses we all have. One of mine is, a love of a pew. We think but very little of religion, when we forget proper hassocks.

I have, however, delayed you too long; and indeed, except for politeness' sake, know not why I should have written at all.

I therefore remain,

Your obedient Servant;

RUTH DOUBLEKNOT.

P. S. I shall be out all day to-morrow. At present—I say at present—I know of no engagement for the next day; no, not next day—the next day after; for *I* hate a Thursday.

METALLIC SAND CEMENT.—We reported briefly in No. 1405, a paper on this subject, read at the Society of Arts; the increasing estimation, however, of this material as substrata for wood-pavements, for subaqueous works, and more especially for stuccoing public and private edifices, has induced us again to bring the metallic sand cement to the notice of our readers. The great tenacity with which it adheres to brick, stone, and iron; its freedom from cracks and flaws; its pleasing tone of color, and its acquisition of extreme hardness from exposure to atmospheric influences, render it of value both for internal and external architectural decorations. It has been extensively applied to these purposes at Silverton Park, near Exeter, the seat of Lord Egremont, and more recently at the new Gresham Club-house. Its appearance resembles the Chunam stucco of Indian buildings. As a ground for fresco it will doubtless be much used.—*Lit. Gaz.*

DR. WOLFF.—We are informed that, after much correspondence, and obtaining from our own Government all the interference and aid it feels authorised to undertake for the release of Dr. Wolff, Captain Grover a few days since started for St. Petersburgh, personally to interest the Emperor Nicholas in the same humane and holy cause. We doubt not of his success with that great monarch, to whom we feel certain, from all lately seen or heard of him, it will afford no small degree of gratification to employ his utmost influence in Bokhara to liberate the missionary from his perilous situation. Of Captain Grover's own exertions and sacrifices we cannot speak too highly; they do honor to human nature: and if from the mystery still hanging over the fate of our countrymen, they should be beyond the reach of help, there may be other Europeans in life who will reap the benefit of this proceeding. We put the "if," because we have only the assertion of the barbarous king of the fact—no public execution has been witnessed; and immediately after he forced Dr. Wolff to write the letter announcing their deaths *only last year*, he immediately altered his course of conduct towards him, and threw him into prison, where he had no means of proving or disproving the truth. This does create a doubt, though a fearful and remote one.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Essay on the Physiognomy of Serpents. By H. Schlegel. Translated by T. S. Traill, M. D. Edinburgh : Maclachlan & Co.

THE work commences with the account of the osseous system of serpents. The bones of the head and jaws are easily separable one from another, and this to enable them to carry whole into their stomachs whatever prey they seize. The common snake in this country can thus gorge a large frog; but the stories of boa constrictors swallowing oxen are pure fictions. The teeth are not used for mastication, but for prehension. In the venomous serpents, two of the teeth are tubular, being seated over a gland or bag containing the poison, and which, on being pressed, exudes through the tubes of the teeth, and thus passes into the body of a grasped animal. In some of the species, the ribs indicate development in particular parts of the body, being the commencing existence of upper and lower extremities. It is by means of the ribs that serpents crawl, each rib in its turn becoming the point of resistance which enables the animal to move on. Most serpents are enabled to ascend trees by twisting themselves round them: they descend by dropping down; but this process never injures them, on account of the elasticity of their ribs and their want of any high amount of development of the nervous system. They seize their prey differently, but most of them make a hissing noise previous to the attack. They never attack man but as an act of self-defence.

The poison of serpents has from the earliest times excited attention, both on account of its deadly effects as a poison and its supposed medicinal power. In a fresh state, it is a transparent limpid fluid, and when taken into the stomach produces no ill effects; but its injurious action is developed, like that of most animal poisons, by being introduced into the blood through a wound. These wounds are always dangerous—sometimes fatal; and amidst all the vaunted remedies for destroying the effect of the poison, it appears that nothing short of immediate excision of the wounded part is of any avail. The poison has been frequently used as a remedy in disease, and even at the present day enters into one of the most popular remedies on the continent:—

"We have stated above, that the practice of extracting from serpents the remedies against their bite, dates from remote antiquity: Antonius, physician to Augustus, employed vipers in several diseases; but it was not until the time of Nero, when the physician Andromachus of Crete, invented the *theriaca*, that the practice became general. The theriac was an arbitrary compound of heterogeneous medicaments, and was afterwards employed in maladies of the most opposite nature: it was compounded in the middle ages in almost all the cities of Europe, particularly in its south-

theriac is still made in various places. In Sicily it is prepared at Palermo. That of Venice is very celebrated: there they use millions of the Vipera aspis, which is common in the vicinity of that city. The great manufacture of theriac which exists at Naples, under the protection of the government, is a private speculation, at the head of which stands the learned Professor Delle Chiaje; there they use indiscriminately every species of serpent, although they prefer the vipers named *viperiere* by the peasants, who bring them alive in baskets. M. Siebold assures me that they frequently employ a species of theraic in China and Japan; the inhabitants of the Lioukiou Isles extract medicaments from the Hydrophis colubrina; and at the Isle of Banka, the Chinese reckon the bile of the Great Python a precious remedy against many diseases. I pass over the use made in the middle ages of different parts of the snake, to each of which was attributed salutary qualities; in our days they are wholly laid aside."

The auther exposes many of the strange stories that are told of serpents, and does not even spare modern authors of repute in science, for giving currency to erroneous notions on this subject:—

"One is astonished to hear of sea-snakes of monstrous size; of boas from forty to fifty feet long, that attack men, oxen, tigers, and swallow them whole, after having covered them with a frothy saliva: absurdities that bring to recollection those fables of winged monsters or dragons, of which the mythology of the ancient people of Asia has preserved the remembrance, and of which the wayward fancy of the Chinese has multiplied the forms. What shall we say on reading in modern works of great reputation, descriptions of the marvellous effects produced on serpents by music; when travellers of talent tell us they have seen young snakes retreat into the mouth of their mother, every time that they were menaced with danger! Unfortunately, naturalists, in classing such fables with the number of facts, have often embellished with them their descriptions, and thus have contributed to give them universal acceptation. Who, for instance, will not be struck with the description which Latreile and Lacepede have drawn up of the habits of the boa, and of other serpents of great size? How many qualities have not these philosophers attributed to those beings, which have never existed, except in their own imaginations!"

Amongst these strange stories told of serpents is their power of fascination, and we have seen this argument advanced in favor of animal magnetism. The explanation given by the author in the one case might, we think, supply hints for exposing absurdities in the other:—

"Many causes might have given rise to the

origin of the pretended *power of fascination* of serpents. It is true that most animals appear absolutely ignorant of the danger which menaces them, when they find themselves in the presence of enemies as cruel as serpents; we often see them walk over the bodies of those reptiles, pick at their head, bite them, or lie down familiarly beside them: but we need not also deny, that an animal unexpectedly surprised, attacked by so formidable an adversary, seeing his menacing attitude, his movements performed with such celerity, may be so seized with fear as, at the first moment, to be deprived of its faculties, and rendered incapable of avoiding the fatal blow, which is inflicted at the moment when it perceives itself assailed. Mr. Barton Smith, in a memoir expressly written to refute all that has been advanced on the fascination of the rattlesnake, relates several instances which prove that birds do not show themselves afraid, except when the serpent approaches their nests to seize their young. Then one may see the terrified parents fly around their enemy, uttering plaintive cries, just as our warblers do when any one stops in the vicinity of their nests. It may also be, that the animals which it is pretended had been seen fluttering around the snake, and at last falling into his mouth, have been already wounded by his poison-fangs; a supposition which perfectly corresponds to the way in which venomous serpents master their prey. Many tree-snakes seize their prey by twisting their slender tails around their victim. Dampier has several times been a witness of this spectacle: observing a bird flapping its wings, and uttering cries, without flying, this traveller perceived that the poor bird was locked in the folds of a snake, when he attempted to lay hold of it. Russel presented one day a fowl to a Dipsas, and the bird in a short time gave signs of death; not conceiving how the bite of a snake not poisonous, and so small, could produce such an effect, he carefully examined the fowl, and found the folds of the tail of the snake around the neck of the bird, which would have perished had he not disengaged it. Many birds of small size are accustomed to pursue birds of prey, and other enemies of their race, or fly about the place where the object of their hatred lies concealed: there is reason to believe that this phenomenon, known in Europe to every observer, also takes place in exotic regions; and perhaps this is also one of the circumstances which have contributed to the invention of the stories which have been related of the power of fascination in serpents."

The chapter on fables and prejudices connected with serpents gives an account of the various traditions, &c., connected with the serpent. The following extract will convey an idea of the mode in which this department of the subject is treated:—

"In the mythology of most ancient nations, there are traces which attest that the idea of the serpent as the *evil principle* prevailed from the most remote antiquity. The serpent is represented as the cause of the first transgression and fall of man; and Arimanes, assuming the form of a serpent, seeks in vain to overcome his antagonist Orosmandes, who represents the good principle in the idealism of the ancient Persians. It is believed that the ancient Greeks made choice of the allegory of the great serpent killed by the arrows of Apollo, to represent the pestilential vapors emanating from the marshy slime which covered the earth after the deluge, or after annual inundations, and which could only be dissipated by the rays of the sun; afterwards, this Python became the attribute of Apollo and his priestesses at Delphi, and it subsequently served for the emblem of Foretelling and Divination. Analogous circumstances probably gave rise to the fable of the Lernæan hydra, exterminated by the labors of Hercules and his companion Iolas. Among the ancient Egyptians, the serpent was the symbol of fertility. They represented under the form of a serpent, enclosed by a circle, or entwined round a globe, the Cneph of their cosmogony, who is the same as Ammon, or the Agathodemon, the spirit or soul of creation—the principle of all that lives, who governs and enlightens the world. The priests of that people kept in the temples living serpents; and when dead, interred them in those sanctuaries of superstition. As an emblem of prudence and of circumspection, the serpent was a constant attribute of Æsculapius, and the same veneration was paid to those reptiles, as to the father or the god of medicine and magic. The Ophites were Christian sectaries, who, towards the second century of our era, established a worship which was particularly distinguished from that of the Gnostics in this,—that they adored a living serpent; conforming themselves to the ancient traditions of their race, they regarded that animal as the image of wisdom, and of the sensual emotions which it awakens. The monuments of the Mexicans, of the Japanese, and of many other nations who owe the foundation of their civilization to the ancient inhabitants of Asia, attest that the serpent played also a part more or less important in their religious mysteries: but time and the relations which exist between those nations and Europeans, have partly abolished these usages; and at this day it is only among negro tribes, and on the west coast of Africa, that the serpent figures among divinities of the first rank."

The generic and specific characters of all the known species of serpents are given at length. The work concludes with an essay on the geographical distribution of serpents, a valuable contribution to this department of science.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—We hear that the Rev. Mr. Highton of Rugby has secured a patent for telegraphing by means of the hydro electric machine.—*Lit. Gaz.*

IRELAND AND O'CONNELL.

From the Spectator.

Our last Postscript indicated the tumult of excitement created among the people of Dublin by the intelligence of the judgment reversed by the House of Lords, which reached that city on the Thursday afternoon. Mr. O'Connell's rooms in Richmond Penitentiary were at once invaded by a crowd of noisy congratulators. He is said to have borne the intelligence "with the same calmness that it was manifest he would have shown had it been of an opposite nature." The Repeal Association held a special meeting to concert measures for giving éclat to the occasion; and it was resolved to escort Mr. O'Connell from gaol in procession. It was then uncertain what day he would be discharged, but Saturday was fixed upon as the most probable.

The formal record of the reversal of judgment, however, was brought to Dublin on Friday evening, by one of the traversers' agents, and handed to the Sub-Sheriff; on which the order of discharge was made; and at seven o'clock Mr. O'Connell left the prison privately and on foot, supported by his sons John and Daniel, and accompanied by Mr. Steele and some others. O'Connell was soon recognized; and as he passed along, a crowd collected and followed him, forming a great concourse when they all reached Merrion Square. Having gained his home, he came out into the balcony, and made a short speech; containing little besides an expression of thanks for the tranquillity which the people had maintained during his incarceration. On being dismissed, the crowd quietly dispersed.

Although the Liberator had left the prison on the Friday evening, the good folks of Dublin were not to be disappointed of their procession; and, that it might have all due effect, early on Saturday morning Mr. O'Connell *went back* to the prison! It has indeed been suggested the he went back "in order that he might finish one of the devotions of the Catholic Church, which, continuing for a certain number of days, terminated that day. This devotion, entitled the 'Novena,' it seems was offered up for the purpose of beseeching Heaven that justice might be done. In this devotion it seems that all the Catholic traversers had united." The hour of public departure was fixed for noon, but the very size of the procession caused a delay of two hours; for although the head of the body reached the prison-gates at noon, and went past, it was two o'clock before the triumphal car drew up; and words of impatience escaped from the hero of the pageant. All the city seems to have been in motion, either marching in the line, or standing to see it. The procession comprised the trades of Dublin, each trade preceded by its band; several Repeal Wardens, and private or political friends of O'Connell; many members of the Corporation, and the Lord Mayor, in full costume; and then, preceded by wand-bearers, and "Tom Steele" with a branch in his hand, as Head Pacificator, came the car bearing the Liberator. This car was constructed for the chairing of Mr. O'Connell some years ago; but out of Dublin its plan is probably unknown. It is a kind of platform on which are three stages, rising one above the other like steps: profusely decorated with purple velvet, gold fringe, gilt nails, and painting. Six splendid dappled grays slowly drew the cumbrous vehicle along. On the topmast stage, elevated some dozen feet above the crowd, and drawn to his full height, stood O'Connell. Although grown rather more portly since his confinement, and wearing that somewhat anxious expression which has been often noticed of late, he looked well. His head, thrown proudly back, was covered with the green gold and velvet Repeal Cap. He bowed incessantly to the cheering multitude. On the second stage was seated the Reverend Mr. Miley; on the lowest were, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, junior, two of Mr. O'Connell's grandsons, dressed in green velvet tunics, and caps with white feathers, and a harper, in the ancient dress of his craft, inaudibly playing on his instrument. Then followed the other traversers, some with their ladies, and a few friends, in three private carriages; the subordinate Repeal martyrs, also bowing and smiling on all sides; and finally, the lawyers in a coach, carrying the "monster-indictment." The procession traversed the greater part of Dublin, and did not reach Merrion Square until half-past five o'clock.

Having entered his own house, Mr. O'Connell mounted the balcony, and addressed the people. He began with—

"This is a great day for Ireland—(*Tremendous cheering*)—a day of justice! All that we ever desired was justice; and we have got an instalment of it at any rate. The plans of the wicked and the conspiracy of the oppressor—the foul mismanagement of the jury-panel—the base conspiracy against the lives, the lib-

Justice has also far been attained; and Ireland may, if she deserves it, be free. But do I doubt the people of Ireland deserving it? If I did, I would be the most stupid as well as the most base of mankind. How could I doubt them?"

After a brief allusion to the monster meetings, he remarked that one meeting alone remained unassembled, that of Clontarf—

"Some of the minions of power laid, I fear, a scheme to dye that day in gore—to deluge the soil with the blood of the people; but we disappointed them. I issued my counter-proclamation, and it was obeyed. The people did not put themselves in danger. But the law has since declared that we were acting illegally? Oh, no, it dare not do that; but it spelled out illegality out of a number of legal meetings. Our Clontarf meeting has not taken place as yet; but it will be for the Repeal Association, which has the confidence of the Irish people, to determine whether it may not be necessary for the sake of public principle to decide whether that meeting may not be hereafter held. (*Great cheering.*) I hope they may arrive at the conclusion that it is not necessary to have that meeting; but if the cause of liberty requires it, we will all go there—peaceably and unarmed; and we shall return with an increased determination that Ireland shall be a nation. My own opinion is, that it will not be now necessary to hold the Clontarf meeting, because I think the principle which would call for it has been abundantly vindicated already. Even the trials vindicated it."

But if they did not take that step, what were they to do?—

"We will do every thing that can be necessary to procure Repeal. We will adopt no detail without being perfectly advised as to its propriety and legality. Why, they said that I was not a lawyer, or that I had grown old and forgotten all my law; but I am young enough in law and in fact for them yet. (*Cheers.*) They said that I, who had so often boasted that no man who followed my advice had ever been brought into jeopardy, or found himself within the fangs of the law—and I often did make that boast—but they turned round upon me and said, 'Doctor, cure thyself.' They alleged that I, who had avised others well, had misadvised myself. They said I was guilty of a conspiracy. But I tell them they lie. (*Cheers.*) And I will tell you who says they lie—Lord Chief Justice Denman, in the House of Peers. (*Great cheering.*) If I wanted to indulge my vanity, and to have my legal skill tested, I could not have devised a better plan for having my object effected, than that which has taken place throughout the entire of these proceedings."

would announce all his future plans.

On Sunday, the liberation was celebrated by a high religious ceremony in the "Metropolitan Church" of the Irish Catholics, that of the Conception, in Marlborough-Street. The structure is of hewn stone, on the model of a Greek temple, of the Doric order; divided within, by fifty columns, into three parallel aisles; the high altar, which rises at some distance from the east end of the church, after the manner of cathedrals on the Continent, is composed, with the "tabernacle," of white sculptured marble; the "sanctuary" or space round the altar, being railed in. On the left side of this space was a lofty throne, with crimson canopy; on which, gorgeously robed and mitred, sat Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. At the altar stood Dr. Laphen, the officiating priest, with assistant priests in attendance, and boys in scarlet robes bearing tapers and censers. On the opposite side, beneath the pulpit, were "chairs of state," on which sat Mr. O'Connell and his companions of "the captivity." Several members of the Dublin Corporation were present; and the church of course was crowded. In that state was offered "pontifical high mass," with "a solemn Te Deum, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the deliverance of the beloved Liberator of his country, and of his fellow-martyrs, from their unjust captivity." A sermon was preached by the Reverend Dr. Miley; whose discourse was full of allusions to Repeal politics, and to Divine interposition in favor of O'Connell, at the instance of the Virgin Mary! After the service, O'Connell was followed on his return home by a crowd, hurraing.

The Conciliation Hall was perhaps never so crowded as it was on Monday: estimated to hold 4,000, the people were packed so close together, that, says one writer, a pin could not have dropped between them; and a still greater crowd remained outside, unable to squeeze into the building; the doors of which were closed at eleven o'clock. At one o'clock, the leaders began to enter; each loudly cheered: Mr Steele was the first of the "martyrs"—Mr

Barrett, Dr. Gray, and then Mr. O'Connell, with his son John, and a body of friends. A hurricane of cheers and felicitations, in Irish and English, saluted them, with immense waving of hats and handkerchiefs: and here a little scene was performed, which is thus described—

"For nearly ten minutes, cheering and applause, which was not surpassed in intensity either at Tara or Mullaghmast, continued to peal through the hall. Mr. O'Connell acknowledged it by repeatedly bowing around him, kissing his hands to the ladies in the gallery, and placing the crown of his hat on his heart. As he was thus engaged, Mr. Smith O'Brien rushed to the front of the platform, causing if possible an increase in the clamor; and, seizing Mr. O'Connell's hand, shook it vigorously for some moments. Mr. O'Connell then caught Mr. S. O'Brien's hand, and placed it on his heart; *whereat the very building trembled and quaked* beneath the redoubled cheering and stamping."

At length the tumult was hushed; and, on the motion of Mr. O'Connell, the Lord Mayor was called to the chair. Mr. Thomas Mathew Ray's appearance was the signal for renewed applause: in acknowledging which, he declared that "it was with the most thrilling delight that he resumed the honorable office of *Secretary for Ireland.*" The next business was to admit some new members, whose presence and enrolment were hailed with loud gratification—Mr. Somerset Butler, M. P. for Kilkenny; the Honorable George Hely Hutchinson, brother of Lord Donoughmore; and Captain Mockler, described as being an Orangeman, but dismissed from the commission of the peace for declaring against the Union.

Mr. O'Connell rose to hand in some money, and thus began his great speech for the day; perpetually interrupted, as usual, by responsive cheers—

"As I am upon my legs, I believe I may as well proceed at once to address you. It would be utterly impossible for me to find language adequate to describe the sensations of delight with which I once again appear before this assembly. I had imagined that my voice was to have been suspended at least until the month of May next; but the 'merry month of May' has come upon us eight months too soon, and we can now rejoice as merry as May-birds. (*Cheers and laughter.*) But, seriously speaking, we have the most important reasons for rejoicing. A victory was never yet more worthily won, a triumph was never yet more honestly earned. We have had a triumph over combination and foul conspiracy. We have had a triumph over the crime of packing of juries. We have had a triumph of the constitution; and we are therefore entitled to enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction of that triumph. The words of the hymn readily suggest themselves to our minds in our present position—'Sit laus plena, sit sonora, sit jucunda, sit decora, mentis jubilatio.' Yes, it is a moment in which the jubilation of the mind should, with proper decorum, but with entire fervor, rejoice in the flood of our triumph and in the victory that we have obtained. I am, as I have stated, utterly unable to describe the sensations that overpower my mind. The first thing that comes upon me with all the force of an absolute certainty is, that the Repeal must be carried—that nothing can impede the Repeal but misconduct on our parts—that recent events prove that the Repeal is in its progress too awful and too important to be retarded by any means but by our own misconduct alone. It is not by man's effort that we have achieved this victory over fraud, and conspiracy, and injustice. It is not by man's means that so great a change has taken place in one week. Last week every thing was triumphant on the part of the prosecutor and the oppressor—he had been until then allowed to enjoy his triumph; but the shout of exultation is now on our side. (*Cheers.*) No, it was not man who did it. We were defeated in every part of the progress of our case. The Judges refused every thing that we demanded for conducting our defence. Every motion that was made on our part, was sure to be negatived by the Bench. Every attempt that we made for our defence, was counteracted by the Judges. Every right given to us to insure an acquittal, was taken away by the selected Jury. (*Groans.*) We appealed to the House of Lords; but even there we found the same unfavorable auspices. We found seven out of the nine English Judges giving the most astounding absurd opinions that ever were pronounced by mortal man; but they were not the less against us for being absurd. If I ever entertained any hope—and really I did not—it has been long since banished away; and when the account came to me of the decision in our favor, though the attorneys rushed into my presence, and one of them did me the honor of embracing me, still, notwithstanding that kiss and the words that accompanied it, and with the full knowledge that it was so, or the attorneys would not be there, yet for a full half-hour afterwards I did not believe it. Yes, I repeat, it is not the work of man. It is a blessing bestowed by Providence on the faithful people of Ireland. There is no superstition in representing it as the gift of Providence, no submission in bowing before the throne of God and accepting it as His act. I would not introduce such a topic here if it were contrary to the principles or doctrine of any religious sect represented here. But it is not. It is the doctrine of the Protestant church as well as of the Catholic church, that God interferes with the concerns of man.

As Christians they all believe that; and the Book of Common Prayer contains in every part proofs that it is one of the tenets of Protestantism, for it contains prayers for rain in time of drought, and for other variations in the seasons, as well as for every temporal advantage. I cannot, therefore, hurt an individual prejudice by referring to this subject; and I would not do so if it were possible that any such prejudice could exist. What I have been describing is clearly the doctrine of the Catholic church also. And let us recollect, that millions of the faithful people of Ireland had lifted up their hands to God—that the priests of God offered up the holy sacrifice of the mass—that the holy secluded Sisters of Charity united their prayers with these of the priests at the altars. The Catholics of England joined with us on the occasion. The entire Catholic population of Belgium offered up similar prayers; and along the shores of the Rhine the same voice of supplication has been heard. Oh yes, it has been heard, and we stand free before you, thankful to God, and blessing all good men." (*Loud cheers.*)

The cause of the defendant Repealers, he said, was identified with the great principles of the British constitution and the interests of liberty, as involving the right to meet in great numbers—the only method of bringing public opinion to bear upon redress of grievances. And what chance would there have been for the Repeal movement if the law-proceedings had been affirmed?—

"There is no impediment now in the way of the peaceable and triumphant termination of the Repeal movement. There is nothing to prevent us, by keeping ourselves within the law, from meeting, and resolving, and organizing, and fortifying ourselves by the increase of our strength at the registry, and by every other legal means—to bring petitions before the legislature until we make the table of the House of Commons rock beneath the load of the collected complaints of the people of Ireland. The constitutional right is free—the guaranty of trial by jury is secured, and will protect us; and, standing on one and on the other, I here announce, that the universal feeling of the Irish people, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and from Connemara to the Hill of Howth, is in favor of the great national cause of Repeal, and must, to any man of common sense and common honesty, appear too strong to render any amount of resistance to it permanently successful."

He proceeded with a long argument, to prove that the decision of the House of Lords was not a crotchety decision upon technicalities, but one founded on the merits—

"The sixth and seventh counts charged us with holding public meetings for the purpose of intimidating. These were held by all the Judges here, including even Judge Perrin, to be good counts, and the judgment of the court was given upon them. The Judges of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench gave their judgment on these counts, declaring that they contained charges or offences of a most criminal nature, Judge Burton, in passing the sentence of the court used the words 'on these counts,' in allusion to me expressly, and to the other traversers also, but he directed himself expressly to me in that part of his address. He referred directly to these counts as being good counts; and yet, all the English judges have, without an exception, declared them to be bad counts." [Here Mr. O'Connell digressed, to tell how the Irish judges had consulted on the term of imprisonment: Judge Perrin was for six months; Judge Burton for twelve; Judge Crampton and Chief Justice Pennefather for two years: Judge Perrin, finding that he could not do better, joined with Judge Burton, and the Court passed a sentence of twelve months. He then returned to the legal fiction about the bad counts.] "It was as clear as the sun at noonday that the judgment had been pronounced against us on the bad counts; but the seven wiseacres of Judges in England presumed otherwise, and decided against us on that presumption. Their decision is, in fact, founded on a lie. (*Cheers.*) There is no other way of calling it. They call it a presumption of law. I will not waste so much of my breath as to describe it in so roundabout a manner. It was a lie, and I will call it so. It was known to be a lie; and yet the judgment so founded was sought to be supported by Lord Lyndhurst and that indescribable wretch, Brougham,—(*Groans*)—on this footing, that the lie was supposed to be true, and that we were to be punished against the fact, and in contradiction of the record itself; for the sentence was set forth in the record, 'for the offences aforesaid.' That, of course, included all the offences charged, and, of course, the two bad counts among the rest: so that the record told the truth, but Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst said it told a lie. But then, blessed be Heaven! there were found three men honest enough to speak the truth; and therefore it is that I call upon you to rejoice, because judgment has been given in our favor on the merits, and the technicalities were on the other side. They attempted to confound truth with a fiction of law, or a lie, but truth, and justice, and the record were with us, and we can make them a compliment of the lie for their portion."

He made atonement to the whigs, a set of men whom he had often and deservedly assailed—

"After all, how infinitely superior are they to the tory party! The principle of toryism is double: it takes away as much of public right from each individual as it can, and it amalgamates all together for the benefit of the aris-

tocracy; but where toryism is most terrific, is in its anxiety to do the great injustice of putting partisans upon the bench of justice. The opinion forced upon us from history is, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the most prejudiced men have been made judges by the tory party; and though in England, during the last thirty or forty years, we have seen but little of party-spirit approaching the bench, we all know that in this country the spirit of toryism remained in full life. I ask you, if the support that I gave the whigs could have been effective for one year more, whether a very different state of things would not now be observable on the bench in this country? Should we not have Chief Baron Brady at this moment the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, with Mr. Pigot the Chief Baron, and Mr. Moore and Mr. Monaghan in the room of Jackson and Lefroy? Now, I ask any man who might be inclined to blame me for having supported the whigs, whether he thinks if Chief Baron Brady had been the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench would we have ever heard of this prosecution?

Having succeeded by the merits of their case, and by the merits and prayers of faithful Christians, the question arose, how they were now to conduct themselves?—

"It is of the utmost importance that we should act discreetly; it is absolutely necessary that we should act firmly. We ought to act in the full spirit of conciliation. We ought to endeavor to succeed in augmenting our numbers by every becoming means. We ought to struggle with renewed energy for the Repeal cause by such means; and that struggle should either end in our graves or in having an Irish Parliament once more in College Green. We ought to be encouraged by what has passed; and we are encouraged. The Anti-Irish party—I will not call them the Orange party any longer—should look with hope on our efforts, and no longer absent themselves from our ranks. They should look with forgetfulness on bygone views, and unite with us now for the good of our common country. But how shall we act in future? Conciliation should be our first duty; and I think the best way of our insuring it is by asking those who absent themselves from us, to look to the manner in which we have acted up to this period. Have we, in this struggle, injured a single human being? Has a single assault been committed? Has the least violence been done to any person? No; miraculous to speak it; millions have met and assembled together, and yet not even an accident has occurred. Such is the spirit of forbearance towards each other that has been exhibited by the Irish people, that that moral miracle has been witnessed, of countless multitudes meeting together without a single act of violence, without a single accident occurring to man, woman, or child. I now turn to my Protestant fellow-countrymen —those among them who have not yet had the spirit of manliness evinced by the gentlemen near me to unite with their Catholic countrymen for their common interests. And I ask them, are they timid, or doubtful of our integrity, after all that has hitherto been done by us to show them our real feelings? Oh, if we were strong enough to shout, ought we not to be strong enough to do some violence? or rather what but the reanimating spirit of affection and conciliation towards each other could have brought them together without some violence taking place? Nay, more, were we not in the midst of our strength, with more power than any monarch in Europe possesses in his hands? How did I acquire that power? My lord mayor, I never could attain that power without the assistance of the Catholic clergy; and they would not have given that assistance to me if they had not known the use which I would make of it. Oh, my Protestant fellow-countrymen, listen to this—they knew that I was the first apostle of that political sect that proclaims the possibility of effecting all great changes by moral means alone, and that there is no human revolution worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood to obtain. * * * The Catholic clergy saw these were our principles, and that there was no danger of the laws either of God or man being violated by those who united with us. Protestants of Ireland, what objection can you have to our principles? and why not seek to carry them out?"

He now grappled with the question—"What are we to do?" considering it in three parts, respectively concerning the expediency of holding the Clontarf meeting, the assemblage of three hundred gentlemen as a Preservative Society, and the impeachment of the Judges—

"The Clontarf meeting was called legally; it was illegally suppressed. We are bound to adhere to principles; and it is now to be considered whether that rule extends so far, or whether it has been sufficiently vindicated without calling the meeting. For some time I did think that it was absolutely necessary to call it, to vindicate a great principle; but on reflecting deeply on what has occurred in the House of Lords, and the vindication of its legality put on eternal record by Denman, Cottenham, and Campbell, I began to doubt that it was necessary. It might create ill feeling, and be construed into a wish to insult; and it might alienate friends. What I mean to do is, upon this day week to propose that it be referred to a select committee whether or not it is necessary to hold the Clontarf meeting. I do not wish to prejudice their decision, but I must say that my opinion is against the calling of that meeting.

"The next point I wish to lay before you, is with reference to a plan which I frequently proposed last year. I mean the collection of the Preservative Society for Ireland, consisting

difficulties, and must be approached with serious considerations, which we were last year prevented from applying to it by the proclamation and subsequent proceedings. My plan, which I have deeply considered, is shortly this—that three hundred gentlemen from the various counties in Ireland should meet on a certain day in Dublin, and that their title to meet should be the handing in of 100*l.* each; that they should have a treasurer of their own, and have the working of their own funds. I do not intend that they shall initiate anything, but that they shall control everything; and that the Repeal Association shall be completely governed by them, and not venture upon any act without their previous sanction. A body of this kind would comprise so many of the wealthy and influential of Ireland, that it would be an effectual check to any rash revolutionary outbreak, and would be a steady drag upon the wheel of the movement. It would be of that bearing on society and high station, that it could enter into treaty with Government. It could arrange its own plans with Ministers, and stipulate terms; no hand-over-hand work, but steady, deliberate agreement. And here let me say, that I quite agree in making the experiment of a Federal Parliament. I want any Parliament which will protect Ireland, and ask for no more. If we arrive at the period of Repeal without some body of this description, Government may dictate a plan to you, perhaps, which may fall short of justice, though it satisfy some of you. They can never do so with this Preservative Society of three hundred. The terms of any treaty must be well considered—financial as well as political; and it seems to me that we shall here have the workmen to build up the palace of justice to Ireland. I will this day week move for a select committee to consider the possibility of such an assemblage, and to prepare cases to have laid before the most eminent lawyers of England and Ireland. We will take care not to bring a single individual within the power of the law; and we will see whether we cannot get a second managing body for the people—not a House of Lords, indeed, but a body possessing more power, as representing the whole Irish people. Three hundred wealthy Irish gentlemen would make such a body as would bring about the repeal of the Union with the greatest ease. I am not a person of overweening confidence in my own judgment, but I have so matured this plan in my own mind, whilst in prison, that I rely strongly on it, although prepared to abandon it on the instant if found to be at all dangerous or impracticable, whilst it must be embraced if found calculated to bring back our Parliament to College Green. I have addressed you at great length, but I owed you for three months rent. (*Much cheering and laughter.*) I am now, like an honest man, paying my debts.

"And now I come to my third plan, and it is the Court of Queen's Bench and of her Majesty's Attorney-General in this country, on these grounds—(*Great applause for some moments*)—on these grounds, which I shall set before you as briefly as I can consistently with clearness. The first ground is that of the monster indictment which was preferred against me—thirty-six yards of an indictment! Lord Denman has well described it as a document calculated to prevent a man from defending himself. Such an indictment no poor man could escape from. We were backed by the Repeal rent; but if such an indictment were preferred against a poor man, where could he get a brief of it for his counsel? Why, it would cost him ten times more money than ever he saw, to do so. My excellent friend, Richard O'Gorman (the dissentient Grand Juror), ought to be a proud man this day. He alone was right as to this unjust indictment, and had the manliness and honesty to maintain his opinion in open court. He said, 'We have spent five days over this bill, and not one of us can understand it.' To be sure they did not care much for that. (*Groans.*) They found it a true bill. I am much obliged to them. Now, this is no idle act of the Attorney-General. Sugden planned it; Peel has adopted it. (*Groans and hisses.*) Impeachment, I say then, is our only remedy. (*Loud cheers.*) No man is safe from such a monster indictment. What ought the Court to have done with it? I say, an honest Court should have quashed it again and again, if necessary; and have said to the Attorney-General, in the words of Lord Denman, 'Pick out your counts, and do not suffocate them beneath the number of your accusations.' The Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench did not refuse to receive it: nay, more, they countenanced it; and, proceeding as they commenced, refused us copies of the witnesses' names, the caption of the indictment, and other privileges which we should have received as a matter of course in England. By their conduct they made this monster indictment a babe of their own luck; and I say there is no use whatever in the doctrine of impeachments if we have not the Judges of the Queen's Bench brought before a proper tribunal to answer for their conduct. I assert this, and I shall be able to prove it by competent witnesses, that the Lord Chief Justice had the air of a counsel for the prosecution throughout the trials, and might have been taken for such, but for the place he occupied. It may be said I am rash in taking this up. Ah! I do not fear their prisons. (*Tremendous cheering.*) I am a free-born British subject, standing in this place defending my rights; and I do accuse those men of injustice. I am here to call upon the people of England to aid me in impeaching those men." (*Cheering.*)

FEAST OF THE POETS FOR SEPTEMBER 1844.

From Tait's Magazine.

PART III.

POETRY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

THE BUSH OF SOUTHERNWOOD.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Sunny is life's path at first,
When the flowers Romance hath nurs't
With Hope's early dews,
Cluster round us thick and fair,
Shedding fragrance on the air
From a hundred hues:
Dearer then, to me, than all
The brightest gems in Flora's hall,
In my father's humble garden
Was one Bush of Southernwood!

But no sooner doth life's track
Leave youth's glowing shores for black
And bitter manhood's sea,
Than earth turneth dark and bare;—
So with me it led to where
Few sunny things there be;
Yet still, with mem'ry's eye I view'd—
Dearer for its solitude—
In that northern Scottish garden
One dear Bush of Southernwood.

Now, when downwards bends life's road—
I too bending 'neath the load
Age and sorrow lend—
Stormy gloom that path besets;
And for Hope's gay coronets,
Thorns with sad thoughts blend;
While I know that, distant far,
New hearts, new hands, new faces are,
In my dead old father's garden
Near that Bush of Southernwood.

Oh, how oft will fancy flee
To those merry days, when we
In that garden play'd!
Then my sisters twain were there—
"Dimpled cheek," and "golden hair,"—
Laughing lips that made
Merriment whene'er they smiled:—
Happy was I, as a child,
In Ardersier's dear garden
With its Bush of Southernwood!

Brothers, too, would sometimes come
To fill our little sitting-room
With loud jest and glee;
Kinsmen flocking from all parts,
With clasping hands and bounding hearts,
There would gather'd be;
For they loved to fare a-field,
Where the blithsome reapers wield
Their sickles near that garden,
And its bush of Southernwood.

While we scamper'd o'er the braes,
Where the sheep turned out to graze
In the Autumn morn—
Shone like snow, we'd pause to pick
Wild flowers, berries black and thick,
Spite of gorse and thorn;
And returning, red of lip,
Freighted well with haw and hip,
Sought the green trees in the garden,
Round that Bush of Southernwood.

Sometimes, too, the seaward track
Tempted us—though fast the rack
Scudded overhead—
To search the shore for weeds and shells,
Or loiter 'midst the heather-bells,
Scaring from moss-beds
Panting hares that, through the night,
Pilfer'd salads, fresh and white,
From that fruitful Scottish garden,
With its Bush of Southernwood.

Often, too, with reckless glee,
Garments kilted to the knee,
'Mid the wave-wet sands—
Shoes and stockings cast aside,
Waded we, none nigh to chide—
Gathering with glad hands
Cockles, lurking 'neath green weed,
Muscles, 'mid the rocks that breed,
Far from that humble garden,
And its Bush of Southernwood.

Happy, happy days of youth,
When there was no dark untruth,
Sorrow, sin, nor shame!
When my gentle mother's look
Was too me a loveful book,
Where I read no blame;
And my eldest sister's smile
Lured me homeward many a mile,
To our father's simple garden,
With its Bush of Southernwood.

Oh! the dear flowers of that place!
Now I see them fill the space
Which they filled of yore;
Honeysuckles here and there,
Sweetbriar, wallflower, every where,
Mignonette, rich store,
Columbine of every hue,
Orange turk's-cap, monk's hood blue—
All in my father's garden,
Next that Bush of Southernwood.

Primroses by ranks and rows,
Marigold, a flower that grows
Freely, where you will;
Beds of healthful chamomile,
Hyssop, mint, and myrrh, that wile
Bees with natural skill;

Costmary, and roses many,
Peonies, and, dear as any
In, ah! that old Manse-garden,
That one Bush of Southernwood.

Shall I never wander more
Where I sowed such ample store
Of those simple flowers?
Shall the rich laburnums shed
Golden bunches on my head,
'Mid those hawthorn bowers?
Shall the lilacs give their bloom
And their gentle soft perfume
To the walks of that old garden,
With its Bush of Southernwood.

Strange masters now are there;
New halls, new walls, new hedges fair,
Near that parsonage:—
Father, mother, sister, brothers,—
Graves for them, and for dear others,
Rise upon the page
Of certainty:—and now 'twould be
A task as sore as death to me
To visit that loved garden
And its Bush of Southernwood!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE," AND "GERTRUDE OF WYOMING."

BY JOHN WALKER ORD.

"And Campbell's epitaph shall be,
Sparta possessed no worthier son than he."
Bard and Minor Poems.

Another light hath faded from the sky,
Another flower hath vanish'd from the earth;
Hot tear-drops fill each sympathizing eye
For him, the pearl of genius, wit, and worth.

Ten years, ten weary years have glided o'er
When first this faithful hand rehearsed his praise,
Since then the Bard of Ettrick is no more,
Sweet Coleridge, Southey, circled with his bays:—

And Campbell!—from the blue hills of Argyle
Each forest, and deep glen, and misty vale,
From every mountain, continent, and isle
Shall ring the loud lament, the bitter wail.

How large that soul! how noble was the man!
What glorious visions kindled in his brain:
Like sunlit waves each beauteous image ran,
Bright, rainbow-hued, as drops of April rain.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"
He stalk'd, or sported, merry or sedate,
Now as a Fairy's song he charm'd the ear,
Now as a Titan was he fierce and great.

O, how divinely tripp'd the joyous hours,
Those festive moments, that harmonious glee,
What Protean colors gleamed through Fancy's bowers,
What heavenly hues adorn'd Philosophy!

I see him now! the orb'd majestic head,
The polish'd brow, the Phidian nose, blue eyes.
The Patriot-look, the ever-playing smiles,
The thoughts inspir'd, and language of the skies.

Yea, proud was I to worship at thy feet,
Gamaliel, Poet-father, Fancy's guide;
A critic thou, enthron'd on highest seat
A Poet placed by Shakspeare's, Milton's side.

In prose, or honey'd verse alike a king,
Renown'd in Grecian, as in Roman glory,
Thou, eagle-like, couldst soar, or lark-like sing,
Now crown'd immortally in British story.

He is not dead! O, say he is not dead!
"Fair Wyoming" records to endless time
The POET'S fame, and binds his laurel'd *head;*
"By Susquehanna's shore" he stands sublime.

He is not dead! the Paradise of Hope
Blooms with victorious garlands, heavenly flowers,
With fresh delight shall future poets ope
Each page inspired among the summer bowers.

He is not dead! old England's Mariners
Shall own the heart-quake, and the shouts of war—
Red Linden quiver to his martial airs,
Nile, Copenhagen, tremble from afar!

He is not dead! whilst Poland is alive—
And Poland's heart still leaps to Liberty—
In Poland's blood-stained annals he shall live
A meteor-light in Freedom's cloudless sky.

He is not dead! whilst Scotland's mountains stand,
Loch Awe, Loch Katrine glow with burnish'd gold,
His name shall hover star-like o'er the land,
Link'd with her Burns,—her proudest sons of old!

Her woodlands shall lament him,—the deep grove
Is musical with songs of lyre and lute,
All her broad forests murmur notes of love,
At his rich voice the nightingale is mute.

Her streams hear "music sweeter than their own,"
Stars in their spheres, a melody more sweet—
Angels might listen to each heavenly tone
And earthly lovers holier raptures greet.

And when he died, the nobles of the land,
They who derided or had scorn'd his lot,
Clasp'd round his corpse, who had refus'd his hand,
And crowded to that consecrated spot.

Immortal ever! more immortal yet,
When Kosciusko's dust was mix'd with thine:
O, proudly would the poet's heart have beat
In foretaste of a union so divine!

Farewell, true poet—most beloved friend—
Accept this earthly offering in the skies;
To the bright mansions let this tribute wend,
With heart-wrung tears, and agonizing sighs.

Gally Hill Farm, Cleveland, 1844.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.

LINES WRITTEN IN POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER, JULY 4, 1844. BY A LADY.

From east and south the ripen'd noonday sun
On each carv'd stone and aisle doth quaintly lie—
All tints from out the casement blend in one
Broad sanguine dye.

Behind, before, above, about, around,
On priest, on poet, on the funeral pall,
On tomb, on altar, on the hallow'd ground,
This type of Faith doth fall.

Like as it hung above the mortal fight
Of Naseby, or Dunbar; or shone upon
That field of Poland, where the cause of Right
Made it a second Marathon.

Shrining this Poet, who by tongue and pen
Laughed at the little hour of tyrant laws;
Who pleaded for oppress'd and noble men,
Great Kosciusko's cause.

Hark! they come onward with firm even tread,
Like men who know the hallow'd dust they bear;
Some few redeeming tears, perchance, are shed,
But those not of despair.

For not the tree is blasted, but the leaf
Has sear'd and fallen in its winter time:
The fruit is garner'd, and the drooping sheaf
Has shed its golden prime.

The dust around is sentient, and the air
Is glorious with the spirits of the brave,
Who hover o'er the bier with gentle care,
And guard the narrow grave.

The drooping watcher in his fancy sees,
Not the dark grave, but thou, sweet Wyoming,
With mossied hillocks, and o'erarching trees
In Susquehanna bending.

The kneeling chieftain sees on Warsaw's plain
Thy real grave by Kosciusko's side,
Wrapp'd in the sacred banner of the slain
In pomp and warrior pride.

The prayers of men and angels are as one
As on thy corse, with reverend hand, they strew
The sacred dust of Poland's noblest son,
Mingling the Brave and True.

Instead of anthem or lamenting dirge
"Ye mariners of England" steals along,
Whilst to the Fancy's ear the ocean's surge
Makes musical the song.

The good achiev'd on earth by one so just
Falls on the heart like prayer in this sad hour,
Teaching that truth springs upwards from our dust,
That mind is real power.

Whilst Britons hold dominion of the sea,
Whilst they deserve the glory of their fame,
One word shall nerve the weak and prompt the free—
'Tis Campbell's name!

A MOTHER'S WAIL AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! gentle moonlight, rest upon our fields—
Oh! peaceful moonlight! leave to light our shields,
That all too long have boldly braved the sun;
Oh! soft nocturnal sky, oh! starry sky,
Weep thy sweet tears where our slain warriors lie—
Their gallant race is run!

Oh! black and dismal grove, oh! sombre grove,
Where buried lie the children of my love,
With songs of gleeful birds no longer ring;
Let wild and wailing strains fall on the ear—
A mother's dirge for all her heart held dear
From thy dim alleys spring!

Oh, sunny summer's heat, oh! new-come heat
Thou hast returned and with thee peace, whose seat
So long had war usurped; thou bring'st my frame
Nor warmth, nor strength, nor hope; for ah! from life
My two brave boys have passed, 'mid cruel strife,
And *they* my spirit claim!

PART IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADDRESS TO SOME BEAUTIFUL SEA-SHELLS LEFT BY THE TIDE.

I.

Hail! bright shells of an ocean home!
Freshly borne through light and foam:
Hail! to your sea-tone, wild and free,
As music, fairy strains should be.
Your wave-worn crust, and purple curl
Rival the ruby, and vie with the pearl.
There's lustre in each couch-curved aisle,
As rich as the light of beauty's smile;
And wonders ye are, come how ye may,
In the breaker's whirl, or the wavelet's spray.

II.

Are ye the homes where the nereid dwells,
Or have tritons sported in your cells?
Say, were ye washed from the merman's halls,
Crystal grots, or coral walls?
Have ye been where the grampus rolled,
Or icebergs shone like burning gold?
Sprung ye from enchanted caves,
Fathoms below the noisy waves;
Or kept ye watch in the sunless deep,
Where the wreck'd ones slept their lasting sleep?

III.

No matter the office ye've held, or where—
Heaven formed you, and pronounced you fair!
Had ye moved with the jewel or gem,
What brighter had been your gleam through them!
And the mellow tread of sea-nymphs' feet,
Were vain to make your song more sweet.

Beautiful shells! of the dark blue wave,
Floating o'er shingles, or flushing in cave;
Ye're the fairest in form, and the purest in tone,
That Neptune may boast of, or ocean may own.
H. R. B.

THE STAR AND THE ANGEL.

I mused upon the silent stars,
One eve, when glory out was welling
From all the founts of light, and long'd
In one fair orb to fix my dwelling.

A modest star, not wildly bright,
In its own calm blue field alone;
For quiet, holy, happy thought,
An Eden of the stars it shone.

Its ray, a beam of holy love,
Was imaged in the fount within
Of feeling—to its own bright source,
In deep serenity, akin.

To that fair orb my soul was knit
By sympathy's mysterious spell,
And long'd to pass the gates of life,
O er all to roam, but there to dwell.

I mused upon its distance vast,
Its peopled planets, glorious sky,
The myriad life its radiance warm'd,
Its origin and destiny.

A sudden shade obscured its ray,
A form of dread yet lovely might
Before my eyes, colossal stood,
And dimm'd, not veil'd, the trembling light.

And thus he spoke in mournful tones:
"Thy eyes have drunk the glorious beam
That left, a thousand years ago,
Of light an overflowing stream.

"I was the angel of that star,
With twice ten planets round it roll'd,
A system fair as ever flamed
'Mid night's unnumber'd spheres of gold.

"A million years its stately march
Through the wide infinite it kept;
Around the central depths of space,
With all the host of heaven it swept.

"Its planets teem'd with myriad life,
Whose beings, generations, Time
Had oft renew'd as oft decay'd,
While sped the star its course sublime.

"Its cycle round the centre past,—
'Twas girt with bright consuming flame—
Vanish'd, nor left within the sky
A relic of its wondrous frame.

"And still a thousand years shall wing
Their flight before the latest ray
That left its orb, a parting smile,
On earth at midnight hour shall play.

"Upon its orbit's utmost verge,
It seems but yesterday, when I
Beheld thy system's earliest light,
And hail'd its giant infancy.

"But, since its angel's choral note
First swell'd the universal hymn,
Strange things have marr'd his melody,
And scared the void with aspects dim.

"Thy earthly orb, six thousand times
Has wheel'd around its central fire,
Since shudderings ran through boundless space,
And shrieks from every angel choir.

"And twice a thousand cycles past
Of earthly revolution—roll'd
A wilder shriek, as though the knell
Of Time, and stars, and space, had toll'd."

It scarce had ceased when swell'd a note
Of joy, beyond the loudest tone
That e'er the universal harp
Has peal'd around Jehovah's throne.

That ecstasy of joy and pain
So fill'd the mansions of the sky,
As made thy speck of solar light
The marvel of infinity.

And ever since, when systems fade,
And star by star in darkness dies,
Their angels cleave the depth of space,
To scan the solar mysteries.

To this lone planet isle they bend
Their eager wing and wistful gaze;
For here the springs of wonder lie,
Here spread the fields of long amaze;

And here, when change o'er all shall sweep,
Eternity shall still behold
Myself and brother angels kneel,
Where God was wrapt in mortal mould.
G. P.

SONNET TO THOMAS CARLYLE,

ON READING HIS "PAST AND PRESENT," AND "HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP."

The beacon sign-light storms and tempests braves,
And, from the distance high, streams forth its light
In scintillations through the haze of night,
Warning where evil, hid beneath the waves,
Holds direful watch within her rocky caves,
To crush the ribs of ships, and shipmen's might,
And sailors' thrilling hopes of home to blight,
And whelm them down into her deep sea-graves:
So Carlyle, shining o'er the gloomy way,—
The dull, drear realms of *Sham*, that surges o'er
Men's sunken hearts and souls with hollow roar,
Tow'ring, and streaming forth, the red light ray
Of thy bold genius warns of dangers dark,
That fearfully surround the social barque.
Mile End. H. B.

SONNET.

THE WIND AND THE LEAF; OR, ELOPEMENT.

O, listen, Ladies, and I'll tell you brief
A touching tale, and true as history

The Wind and Leaf held dalliance:—"Gentle Leaf,"
Began the Wind, "awake and fly with me!
For thee I pass'd the beds where roses are;
And though their breasts half-open woo'd my stay,
And every little bud shone like a star,
I thought on thee: Arise, and come away!
Thy sisters dark are sleeping in the dew,
I would not rouse their coldness with a sigh.
But thou—the Beautiful, and I—the True,
Were meant for common passion: Let us fly!"
The Leaf complied; and, ere a day was gone,
Was flung away—a thing to tread upon.

G. M.

SOUNDS: A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

Have you e'er sat beneath a greenwood-tree,
And listened?
A strange music floats around,
Such as man's so-call'd music mocketh not;
'Tis not the stream of breakless melody,
Nor harmony, the many-billow'd tide;
'Tis a commingling of all sounds in one. * * *

There's not a stir within Earth's atmosphere,
That does not some note vibrate to your ear;
The cloud-high crackling of the northern lights,
The fearful crash of southern hurricanes,
Fire-mountains' belchings, — Father Ocean's surge,—
The booming earthquake and the cannon's roar,
Plaudits of Spanish bull-fights, and war-whoops
Of red men rushing on their sleeping foes,
The life-blood gurgling 'neath a Malay creese,
The widow wailing o'er her husband's corse,
—Each groan of pain, each sob of agony;
—Each loud or stifled sound of joy and laughter,
The uncouth noise of sportive elephants,
The scream of eastern parrots, and the twitter
Of pairing chaffinches above your head;
Christmas-fires blazing,—merry-plashing oars,—
Fountains that bubble in their marble cups,
Jagg'd plantain leaves, that whistle as they wave,
Sweet-tinkling bells on necks of ambling mules;
Italian singers in the theatre,
Slim nautch-girls dancing to the harsh tom-tom,
Shepherds on Scottish or Sicilian hills;
The infant's crowing, and the lover's kiss;
—The lowest breath of each most tiny thing,
The slightest ripple of the smoothest brook,
The gentlest rustle of the lightest leaf,
From pole to pole:

All these sounds, dimly heard
(The small things near more than the biggest far,
The insect's hum stifling the battle's din,)
Make that World-music, whereof our dull ear
Can but the smallest part discern and follow;
Yet in that smallest part, how many sounds
Seem opposite and jarring,—distant mills
Droning their ceaseless rounds, a rattling coach,—
Hoarse country-loons croaking their homeward ditty;
The measured cawing of some ancient rook,
Aping St Stephen's midnight prose;—the shriek
Of some field mouse, caught in an adder's fangs,
The stock-dove's gasping struggles with the hawk;
And buzzing wasps, and tapping wood-peckers!
Nay, if you listen only to the birds,
You'll find far more that wrangle, than that sing;
And even if you can fasten your ear
On some one sweetest warbler,—lo! how soon
Some unseen incident breaks off his song,
—A grub, perhaps, that wriggles in the bark!

* * * * *

Ecostasi.

LATOUR D'AUVERGNE:

ENTITLED PREMIER GRENADIER OF FRANCE DURING THE WARS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The rarest elements combine
Of airs from heaven, and lights divine,
To form the noble mind;
Whose godlike aim is to dispense
The graces of beneficence,
And succor human kind.

When Gaul's avenging sons arose
Her fierce invaders to oppose,
With indignation stern;
Majestic on the embattled plain,
The lode-star of the marshall'd train,
Appear'd Lateur d'Auvergne.

The post of honor he assumed,
Wherever death, with horror plumed,
In conflict shook his dart;
The champion urged his onward course,
Himself a tower of matchless force
To execute his part.

Like Hector* in defence of Troy,
His nation's pride, his parents' joy,
He led the thund'ring van;
While myriads follow'd to contend
For life and freedom, and defend
The sacred rights of man.

But to accept priority
Of rank, in office or degree,
He deign'd not to consent:
The champion of the common weal,
He vow'd to prosecute with zeal
This prime and sole intent.

Retired with laurels from the wars,
And mark'd with honorable scars,
At home he sought relief:
But there the wailings of despair,
That rent with doleful sounds the air,
Allow'd him respite brief.

He witnessed on a wedding morn,
The bridegroom, as a conscript, torn
By warriors, from his bride;
"Halt! fellow-soldiers: set him free;
And I his substitute will be:"—
He said; and they complied.

Pre-eminent in many a feat
Of valor, he endured the heat
And burden of the day:

* Homer, in the Iliad, B. 24, introduces Priam extolling Hector as singularly good: σφόδρα τε ἀγαθὸς, οὐδὲ ἔοικε Ἀνδρὸς γε θνητοῦ παῖς ἔμμεναι ἀλλὰ θεοῖο.

Until, alas! a fiery ball,
Wing'd like a meteor, wrought his fall,
Amid the bloody fray.

His heart was in a casket laid,
And as an amulet conveyed
In jeopardy to save:
Exulting at the glorious sight,*
The host, triumphant, gather'd might
To emulate the brave!

BRITO.

PART V.

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATED POETRY.

THE LITTLE MAID AND THE FLOWERS.

THE MAID.

Sweet flowers, ye are welcome
In the year's golden time;
Ah! so late have ye come,
Soon the summer will shine.

Say, my voice can ye hear,
And my glance can ye see?
Your sweet language to know,
Oh, who will teach me?

Say, whom shall I choose
As companion in May?
To the bright father-land
Who will point me the way?

THE LILY.

Choose me, said the Lily, for with a white robe
The hand of the Mother deck'd me;
My jewels they are even innocence pure,
And thus I'm related to thee.

THE VIOLET.

Choose me, said the Violet sweet, a desire
Dwells soft in my delicate blue;
Yet gratefully cooling the warmth of my cheek,
From above falls the pure tender dew.

THE ROSE.

Choose me, said the Rose, for truly to guard
Thy youth's tender blossom aye free,
Through modesty holy, without a regret,
Sweet maiden, this will I teach thee.

THE ROSEMARY.

Choose me, said the Rosemary, for in her hair
The young bride, expecting, me binds;
Choose me, for, in tears, around the sad bier
The mourner me hopefully winds.

THE LITTLE MAID.

Oh! *all*, friendly, encircle
My young May, for ye
The most lovely in life
Or in death will teach me. A. J. S.

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* "Allons, enfans de la patrie, arrivé
Le jour de gloire est!"—*Hymne des Marseillois.*

"Parle, demande, disait le représentant en mission auprés de l'armeé où servait Latour d'Auvergne; tu connais mon credit; que me demandes-tu? Moi? répondit négligemment le brave Latour. Oui, toi même. Eh bien! fais moi donner une paire de souliers; j'en ai qui ne valent plus rien."

It seems obvious to remark, that the fame of Latour d'Auvergne, like that of Chevalier Bayard, Sir William Wallace, Washington, and other patriots of renown, is not qualified by the circumstance of his maintaining the independence of his country; but it is solely derived from the lustre of his own uniform disinterestedness and magnanimity in his arduous career.

"THE SOUTHERN WIND."

[From the Swedish.]

O Southern Wind, com'st thou from leafy nooks,
Silvering, with thy sweet breath, the willow leaves,
Turning them upwards to the gladdened sky?
Oh, didst thou gently pass the violet by,
Honoring the tears she grieves?
Oh, hast thou, Spirit, beautiful unseen,
Wander'd from valleys green,
Ruffling the starlit brooks,
Startling the lily, till, beneath the tides,
Her head she hides?

Oh, pause one moment; *here* are leaves and flowers,
And all sweet things, to gladden thee on earth;
Then do not hasten to yon gloomy bowers,
For they will mad thy mirth;
Amid those fir-trees, and their fettering boughs,
Thou wilt as captive be,
And moan to the faint stars thy lonesome vows—
Oh, who will pity thee?

O Southern Wind! over thy wings have sighed,
Young honeysuckles, thyme, and violets rare;
Didst thou not kiss the frail things ere they died,
Vowing their parting spirits still to bear
To gentle slumber in some mossy urn?
Or didst thou leave them, half in their despair,
Waiting thy spring-time promise of return?

O Southern Wind! oh, haste thee not away
Whither the desolate ivy yearly climbs
Higher and higher up the turret gray;
In her defiance of all years and climes,
She will but send thee sadly on thy way,
With some old legend of her mournful times.
But if, sweet pilgrim, onward thou must stray,
Oh, murmur through yon limes,
Or by the willows, *they* will bend aside
Their boughs, nor check thy pride. J. B.

A SONG FROM AFAR.

BY FREDERICH VON MATTHISON.

When thou at eventide art sitting
Amidst the forest's lonely shade,
And seest there a shadow flitting
With smiles to thee across the glade,—
Oh think the spirit of thy friend
Hath travelled there with thine to blend!

When moonlight in the sky is beaming,
And thou art musing of thy love,
While music from the birds is streaming
All up and down the leafy grove,—

Then when thy thoughts swell to a sigh,
Believe my spirit hath come nigh.

When thou in dreamy thought art straying
Far back in memory's fairy land,
And feelest breezes round thee playing,
With Zephyr's kiss, on lip and hand;
And if thy taper's flame doth bend,
It is the spirit of thy friend.

When resting in thy cot at even,
As many stars above thee shine,
Thou hearest whisper'd in the heaven
Our plighted words,—"For ever thine,"—
Then, in thy slumberings, believe
My spirit is with thee that eve. W.

THE TWO AND THE THIRD.

[From the German of F. Rückert.]

Fantasy, the giantess, did sit
On a hill;
Near beside her came the dwarf called Wit,
Time to kill;
A doubtful glance
Was cast askance
By Common-sense, a decent man,
Waiting till the game began.

Fantasy rose half up in the sky,
Seized a star;
Swung it till the sparks began to fly
Near and far;
Then came Wit,
Pounced on it,
In his pocket at a dash
Clapped it, quick as lightning-flash.

Fantasy then with her hand took hold
Of a cloud,
And its vapors round her shoulders rolled
For a shroud;
Wit doth go,
Hides below,
Twists a corner all awry,
Laughs outright and wipes his eye.

Fantasy with thundering voice doth shout;
Wit is dumb;
Then she stops; the dwarf then whistles out,
And doth hum:—
Common-sense
Hurries thence,
And says he, This won't suit me,—
It's going to end in Poetry. W.

SONG OF BERANGER.

ON THE CRADLE OF A BABE.

"Voyez, amis, cette barque legere,
Qui de la vie essaie encore les flots," &c.

See, Friend, this little bark, it scarcely dares
To try the untravers'd waves of life's wide sea;
Frail is the passenger, methinks, it bears;
Come, let us guide it in its first assay.
Mark how the waves around it dash and foam!
Mark, from the shore they bear it light along;
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

Already blows the breeze of Destiny,
Already Hope has sped the swelling sail,
Bright are the stars that twinkle in the sky,
And calm the sea, unruffled by the gale.
Fly far away, ye birds of evil doom!
All in this boat to Love and Joy belong!
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

The Loves hang wreaths of flowers in joyfulness
Around the mast, and ply their busy hands;
To the chaste Sisters we our vows address;
And, at the helm, see, gentle Friendship stands.
Bacchus himself, with all his train, is come,
And sportive Pleasure hastes to join the throng;
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

And see! while thus we speed our voyage on,
Thus Fortune comes and blesses Virtue mild,
And prays that all the good that she has done
May be repaid upon this gentle child.
Sure, then, from this, that, wheresoe'er we roam,
Just heaven will guard our favor'd boat from wrong;
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.
E. B. C.

THE GRAVES OF GENIUS.

From the Literary Gazette.

Where sleep the dead, whose living tones fill'd earth with dreams of heaven—
Where to their loved and precious dust has dust at last been given—
Where do they rest whose honor'd names breath'd ever of renown,
They of the burning heart and mind, they of the laurel crown?

Some lie beneath the sculptured tombs, beneath the holy shade
Of England's old cathedral-walls, wherein our fathers pray'd,
And marble statues stand around, and o'er them banners wave,
And chisell'd flowers in beauty bend above each hallow'd grave.

And some lie on a foreign shore, far from their childhood's home,
And only by their place of rest the stranger's step may roam,
And only the dark cypress-tree is left to mark the spot
Where one may sleep whose blessed tones can never be forgot.

And many lie beneath the sod, the village-church around,
Without a stone to tell us where their green beds may be found;
Neglected and alone they seem, and yet it is not so,
Though seldom to their quiet graves earth's wanderers may go.

Where sleeps the dust of those whose thoughts are not by death laid low?
Where are the tombs of genius seen?—what matters it to know.
Think rather of the place of rest the mighty dead must find,
And shrines that never may decay, in every thoughtful mind.

SCIENCE AND ART.

PRIZES OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—The annual sitting of the French Academy, for the distribution of the prizes in its award, was held on the 29th ult., when the prize of Eloquence proposed by the Academy itself,—the subject of which on the presont occasion was a *Discours sur Voltaire*, was awarded to M. Harel,—known, hitherto, in the literary world only as the author of some dramatic attempts. This discourse was highly spoken of by M. Villemain, who reported on the prizes; and is still more highly praised in other and very competent quarters. The first of the historical prizes was continued to M. Augustin Thierry (who already held it, for his *Recit des Temps Merovingiens*); and the second was also confirmed to its present possessor, M. Bazin, for his *Histoire de France sous Louis XIII.* The great Monthyon prize of 6,000 fr. was given to the pere Gregoire Girard, a Franciscan monk of Friburg, for his work entitled *De l' Enseignement regulier de la langue maternelle;* and prizes were awarded of 3,000 fr. to M. Egron for his *Livre de l'Ouvrier;* 2,000 fr. to M. Halevy for his *Recueil de Fables;* and 2,000 fr. to M. Vander-Burch for his *Carriole d'Osier*. Other minor literary prizes were distributed, and the Monthyon prizes of Virtue we do not report. In our opinion, though unquestionably reflecting on their author the honor of the highest intentions, they are objectionable in principle. Virtue is made, in their ordination, far too theatrical a matter, and taught to look for her rewards in the wrong direction. A trade exposition, with its medals and prizes, is a useful institution, proposing such stimulants as are appropriate to the subjects with which it deals. Operatives labor, and manufacturers invent, for the express sake of the temporal benefices which they can earn; but an annual exhibition of the virtues, competing for honorary rewards, would be one of the most offensive and demoralizing things possible. It is not that some of the cases, in particular, which the Academy has crowned, are not well deserving of such rewards and encouragements as governments or individuals have to bestow—nor that the example of such encouragement is without its uses. But our objection is to the *institution* of such rewards as motives to the practice of the virtues. The virtue which has no better foundation changes its character at once, and will gradually degenerate till the community suffer seriously by the mixed sense and low standard of morality introduced. The society that cultivates its virtues for a price is not far enough removed, for safety, from the community that takes the price of its shame. The common motive is a dangerous approximation; and it will be found, in the end, that circumstance will decide too often on the direction in which the reward, so made common, shall be sought. It may be well to honor David Lacroix, who has saved 117 lives, and reward Pierre Thian, who has lost the power to labor in rescuing persons from the Tarn and the Gironde. These are exceptional cases, and cases in which pecuniary assistance was directly needed and had been nobly earned. But the Academy should not be called on to crown a man for being honest, or a woman for being chaste. That must be a sickly state of society, in which such qualities merit crowns. To parade virtues like these is to degrade them at the time, and endanger them afterwards; and some curious examples have been mentioned, in which the act of crowning by the Academy has led to the immediate tarnishing of the crown which it had conferred. The virtue, which had simplicity for its character and privacy for its fitting element, dragged into a stage-light, and covered with tinsel, forgot its quality, and was not strong enough to resist the seduction to which it had been exposed by the very fact of its exhibition "i' the Capitol." In all cases, even where the reward is legitimate, the theatrical exhibition were best avoided. The material reward should be considered but subsidiary honor, whereas the parade and circumstances with which it is bestowed, put it in the first place. If it be proposed to answer us with an allusion to the prizes given

by bodies like our Royal Humane Society, we say they are not cases in point. The Royal Humane Society is an institution, having an economic object, and working with such materials as it can find. Its purpose is, not to blazon virtue, but to save life; and it addresses itself to such mixed motives as are known to exist and likely to help it in carrying its useful object. Its meanings are positive, and the services it pays prescribed; and in giving its own testimonial it makes no pretension to place an academical crown (in France it may almost be called a national one) on the head of some hardy mariner or village-girl, summoned up to play the part of *Peasant-Virtue*, in a masque performed before the loungers of the metropolis.—*Athenæum*.

Manufacture of Iron.—The application of electricity, to supersede several of the expensive processes in the manufacture of iron, has, it is stated, been tried in the Welsh and Derbyshire furnaces with satisfactory results. It appears that the costly fuel and labor required for the purification of the ore from sulphur, phosphorus, and subtle elements, create its high market value, and these being all electro-negative, have induced the new process, whereby the impure stream of metal, after flowing from the blast in the moment of consolidation, is subjected to a powerful voltaic battery, which so disengages the impure components that in the process of puddling they are readily extracted.—*Newcastle Advertiser*.

Cassini.—The Comte de Cassini has presented to the library of Clermont the statue of his ancestor, Jean Dominique Cassini. The illustrious astronomer is represented meditating the composition of the Memoir in which he gives an account of his recent discoveries of the satellites of Saturn.—*Athenæum*.

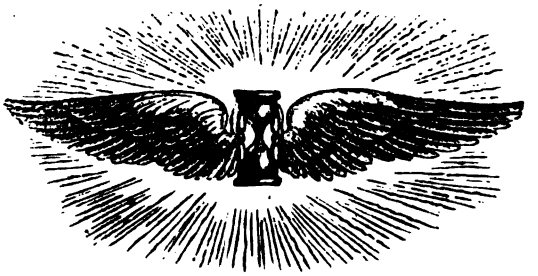
Gambia and Senegal.—A commission sent out, last year, by the French Governor of Senegal, to explore the course of the River Falémé, and the gold mines lying in the lands watered by that stream and its tributaries, having completed its labors by an examination of the upper course of the Gambia, the Ministry of the Marine, in France, is preparing for publication a memoir of M. Raffenel, a member of the Mission, which is said to resolve, on data quite new, the question of the alleged junction between the upper streams of the Gambia and Senegal.—*Athenæum*.

Bridge at Warsaw.—The progress of the great bridge over the Vistula, which has been retarded from the deficiency of funds, has received an accelerated movement, owing to a very curious circumstance, which, in the days of superstition, must have conferred a character of great sanctity on the work; the Saints themselves have provided the needful. In proceeding to the demolition of a small and very ancient catholic chapel, to clear the approach on the Warsaw side, two barrels filled with bars of fine gold have been discovered. The value is estimated at a million and a half of florins (upwards of £150,000 sterling), and the whole has been appropriated to the completion of the bridge.—*Athenæum*.

Photography.—Permit me, through the columns of the *Athenæum*, to make known to the admirers of the Photogenic art a most brilliant improvement in the Energiatype process of Mr. Hunt. It is as follows:—Having prepared the paper according to his directions, and submitted it to the action of the sun's rays in the camera, it must be removed and dexterously immersed into a vessel containing a spiritous solution of the essential oils of cassia and cloves; and as soon as the spirit has permeated the texture of the paper, which will be in the space of a few moments, it must be taken out, and, with the quickness of thought, laid flat on a piece of plate glass, and kept pressed in that position by means of blotting paper saturated with the same solution for an hour or two. The result is, as doubtless you will have anticipated, a picture beautifully delineated, with brilliant metallic lines of silver, for wherever the nitrate remains unacted upon by the light and other reagents made use of, the oils (as in the new process lately published in your periodical for the manufacture of mirrors, and which, by the way, suggested the present application,) throw down the silver in the metallic state. Not having time to carry out the thing myself to any extent, I beg leave to present it to the public.—And remain, &c.—*Athenæum*. J. D.

Ede's newly invented Royal Heraldic Ink—of which a packet, with the requisite accompanying apparatus of stamp, &c., has recently been submitted to our inspection—meets with our hearty approbation, in consequence of the distinguishing properties of this valuable chemical preparation, which are, its brilliancy of color, its freedom from all corrosive effects on every fineness of linen, and its absolute indelibility. By means of a peculiarly executed stamp, the impression of names or cyphers (in fac-simile, if wished), crests, &c., is produced with surprising facility, and with a degree of neatness and precision unattainable by pen or pencil. The compactness and elegance of the apparatus, combined with economy of cost, recommend it equally to the aristocracy, to the lady in her boudoir, and to the public at large.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Cow-feed.—M. Dumas made a report on some experiments made by M. Boussaingault, relative to the feeding of cows with beet root and potatoes. M. Boussaingault, states that two cows which were fed exclusively on beet root, fell off in flesh in seventeen days nearly one-sixth, and their milk diminished from eight to ten litres per day to five litres. They were then turned into pasture, and soon resumed their former weight, and gave the former quantity of milk. They were next fed exclusively on potatoes, when they fell off still more in flesh than they had done with beet root, and the milk was reduced to two litres each per day. On being placed on a mixed food of hay, chopped straw, beet root, and potatoes, they again recovered their flesh, and gave the former quantity of milk. The conclusions of this gentleman are, that beet root and potatoes do not perform the part usually imputed to them, of fattening cattle, or increasing the quantity of the milk of cows. His experiments show that this is the case, when this food is given to the exclusion of all others.—*Athenæum*.



OBITUARY.

Dr. Heinroth.—At Leipsic, aged 70, Doctor Heinroth. He was a pupil of the celebrated Pinel, whose views and those of the Esquirol, as to the substitution of moral treatment for physical coercion, in the cure of madness, he was the first to introduce into Germany, both in his own practice, and by his publication and annotation of the works of those two eminent physicians. On his return from France, the Saxon government created a chair, for the teaching of this class of medical sciencc, expressly for him, and appointed the new professor head physician to the St. George's Hospital for the insane—the functions of both which offices he discharged till his death. He was the author of many works of reputation, connected with his own specialty—besides some popular novels and romances, published under the pseudonym of Tremund Wallentreter—and member of most of the learned bodies in Europe, including the Royal Society of London.—*Gent. Mag.*

On Friday, the 9th inst., at an advanced age, died that gallant Officer Rear Admiral Galway. He entered the navy the 19th Feb., 1786, and has seen considerable service in his profession. At the Battle of the Nile he ably distinguished himself under the eye of the immortal Nelson, being senior lieutenant of the Vanguard, that hero's ship; at Walcheren he commanded the Dryad; and in 1811 was actively employed on the north coast of Spain in co-operation with the "patriots," or national party. He captured the Clorinde, French frigate, in 1814, that vessel of war having previously had a severe action with the Eurotas.—*Ibid.*

Death of Joseph Buonaparte, ex-king of Spain.—The news of the death of the head of the Buonaparte family, Joseph Buonaparte, Count de Survilliers, reached Paris on Monday. He expired at Florence, on the 28th ult., at the age of seventy-six. On the assumption of the Imperial Crown by Napoleon, he was offered the Kingdom of Lombardy, which he refused. He was made King of Naples in 1806, and in 1808 the will of the Emperor removed him to the throne of Spain, his fall from which we need not relate. On the abdication at Fontainbleau, he retired into Switzerland; but on the return of the Emperor, in 1815, came back, and entered Paris on the same day as his brother. After the battle of Waterloo, he went to reside in America. In 1817, the State of New Jersey, and in 1825, that of New York, authorized him to hold lands without becoming an American citizen. In 1832, he left America for England, where he resided for several years; but his impaired health made it necessary for him to live in a milder climate, and he removed to Florence. He was attended in his last moments by Louis and Jerome, who are his only surviving brothers.—*Court Jour.*

Rev. Henry Francis Carey.—The death of this distinguished author was announced by a correspondent of the *Times*, last week; and also the interment of his remains, on Wednesday, in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. He began his poetical career in boyhood, and at the age of fifteen published a spirited ode on the death of Kosciusko, of whom Campbell wrote ("Pleasures of Hope"):

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell."

Mr. Carey proceeded to the degree of M. A. in Christ's Church, Oxford, and took a wide and prominent range in the study of modern literature. In 1805 he published the "Inferno" of Dante in English blank verse, with the text of the original. An entire translation of the "Divina Comedia" appeared in 1814, and has long since taken its place among our standard English authors. To this Mr. Carey afterwards added a translation of the Birds of Aristophanes and of the Odes of Pindar. He contributed to the old "London Magazine" a valuable continuation of Johnson's "Lives of English Poets," and also "Lives of Early French Poets." In 1826 he was appointed assistant librarian in the British Museum, which office he resigned about six years since. From that period he had continued his literary labors with almost youthful energy, having edited the poetical works of Pope, Cowper, Milton, Thompson, and Young, together with a fourth edition of his own Dante, to which he added many valuable notes. The late government marked its sense of his literary merits, by granting him a pension of £200 a year.—*Lit. Gaz.*

From Göttingen, we hear of the death of M. George Christian Benecke, the oldest of the functionaries of the University. For forty-two years he filled the chair of the ancient German languages and literatures; and he was chief Conservator of the University Library, to which he had been attached for sixty-one years. He was the last of the pupils of the philologist Heyne, and formed, himself, some of the distinguished scholars of Germany. He is the author of many works which have attained celebrity.—*Athenæum.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

A History of China, from the Earliest Records to the Treaty with Great Britain in 1842. By Thomas Thornton, Esq., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. In two volumes. Vol. i. pp. 560, with a Map. London: Wm. H. Allen & Co.

Mr. Thornton, the author of an elaborate History of India, and other works connected with the East, some years since formed the design of writing a systematic history of the Chinese empire, a work which he considered much wanted. In point of fact, part of this history was printed so far back as 1835; but the design was suspended from the frequent announcement of original works on China which appeared about that time. Mr. Thornton, however, concludes that none of those which have appeared have materially interfered with his design, or at all fulfilled his purpose, which was, to give a "narrative, written in a plain and perspicuous style, of principal events, deduced from the Chinese annals and synchronical authorities, relieved, as much as possible, from matter that might impede or offend the general reader, without sacrificing any information essential to the Oriental student." He, therefore, resumed his labors, the first half of which lie before us, in an account of the origin of the Chinese nation, the physical geography of China, and Chinese chronology, with its Ancient History down to the Tcin, or seventh dynasty. The volume concludes with an account of the Introduction of Buddhism. We fear that Mr. Thornton has cast his work on too broad a scale to be able to complete it satisfactorily in another volume. From some interesting notes on the ancient manners of the Chinese we select the following specimen:—

Officers of state had six kinds of dresses, for the different seasons of the year; the princes had seven. At the court of Wán-Wang (in Shen-se) the officers wore woollen dresses embroidered with silk. In some courts, the upper garments were adorned with fur and leopard skin. A king of T'hsin wore a dress of foxes' skins. Generally speaking, the princes' habits were embroidered with silk. Red was the color adopted by the Chows as the court color. The officers of the court wore a red collar to their robe. The prince's cap was of skin, adorned with precious stones; the officers wore, in summer, a hat braided with straw; in winter, a cap of black cloth. The agricultural laborers had straw hats tied with ribbons. Beyond the court, the dresses worn were of various colors, except red; the caps were of black skin; the girdles of silk, fastened by a clasp, and wealthy people attached precious stones to them. Princes of the blood wore red shoes, embroidered with gold. In general, the summer shoes were of hempen cloth, and the winter of leather. The women of the middle class wore undyed dresses, and a veil or cap of a grayish color. The princes and dignitaries wore pendants in the ear. A lady was spoken of who had not only precious stones set in her ear-drops, but thin plates of gold in her hair. The toilette of the Chinese belles had a mirror made of metal. The ladies of rank plaited or frizzed their hair on each side of the head. The children of the rich wore in their girdle an ivory needle, with which they used to untie a knot when they undressed. Until they attained their majority, they wore their hair gathered up in two bunches on the top of the head. At sixteen they assumed the cap. Both men and women anointed their hair, (which was black,) and had an ivory comb at their side. It is well known that the practice of shaving the head was introduced into China by the Manchoo Tartars in the 17th century.

The walls of the *houses* were of earth. The soil was beaten hard, and upon the beaten foundation of the intended wall was placed a frame of four planks, two of which corresponded to the two faces of the wall, which was dressed by a plumb-line; the frame was filled up with moistened earth, which was rammed down with wooden clubs. The beams were of bamboo, fir, or cypress. The frames of the doors were of wood. The poor built themselves cabins of miserable planks. In winter they commonly stopped the door with mud, to keep out the cold. In the 14th century before Christ, the inhabitants of Western China had no houses, but dwelt in caverns or grottos.

Cities were enclosed with an earthen wall, and a ditch, from whence the earth had been taken for the wall.

One of the principal resources for subsistence was *hunting*, in which bows and arrows were employed. The bow was made of carved wood, adorned with silk; it was kept in a leathern case. The game consisted of wild fowl, wild boars, wolves, foxes, deer, and wild cattle or buffaloes. Dogs were employed in the chase. The great hunting parties of the chiefs and grandees resembled those of modern Asiatic princes: large spaces of forest were enclosed, and the game was forced together by setting fire to the grass. Another resource was *fishing*, which was performed by line, but most commonly with nets made of fine split bamboo.

Cultivation of the soil, by means of irrigation, was carried on in the vast plain which forms the lower valley of the Yellow River, from Lung-mun in Shan-se, to the Gulf of Pih-chih-le. Each portion of land assigned to a family was surrounded with a trench of water, which communicated with canals from the river. Till the Chow dynasty, beyond this large valley, to the west and east especially, were vast tracts of forest. Herds and flocks are mentioned as constituting the wealth of the powerful families. The grains referred to in the *Sheking* are rice, wheat, barley, buck-wheat, and two kinds of millet. The plough is enumerated amongst agricultural instruments, with its share; the hoe or spade, and the scythe or sickle. Weeding is recommended, and the burning of the weeds in heaps, "in honor of the genii who preside over the crops," the ashes manuring the soil. After two crops the ground was suffered to lie fallow for a year. A plant was cultivated which yielded a blue color, and others from which a yellow and a red dye were extracted.

Bread was prepared in the same manner as at the present day. Meat was broiled on the coals, or roasted with a spit, or boiled in pots. Amongst the common people, pigs and dogs were kept for food. According to the *Chow-le*, the *Le-ke*, and Mencius, the practice of eating dogs' flesh was general. Beef and mutton were served only on the tables of the chiefs and dignitaries, who kept herds and flocks. Wine was ordinarily

drank at solemn repasts; the wine was a spirit extracted (as at the present day) from rice. One of the odes states that, "in the tenth moon, the rice is cut to make the wine of spring." This wine was kept in vessels of baked earth. The lower orders drank out of horns rough or cut.

The *metals* referred to are gold, silver, iron, lead, and copper. Articles were manufactured of all these metals Gold was obtained from mines in the south; mines of iron were worked in Shense by Kung-lew, in the 18th century B. C.

References to matters relating to *war* are numerous, and seem to denote that, excepting in the use of fire-arms, the Chinese have made little progress in the art military since those early times.—*Tait's Magazine.*

Germany.

Niederländische Sagen—Gesammelt und mit Anmerkungen begleitet, herausgegeben von Johann Wilhelm Wolf. (Legends of the Netherlands, collected, illustrated with Notes, and edited by J. W. Wolf). Leipsic. 1843. 8vo. pp. 708.

Since the year 1818, when those profound scholars and philologists, the brothers Grimm, published their collection of German Traditions, a spirit of inquiry into these interesting relics of the literature of the people has manifested itself in almost every country of Europe, and produced numerous volumes of popular legends, calculated alike to interest the mere reader for amusement, and the philosophical investigator into national antiquities and the history of fiction.

Too many of these collections have, however, been disfigured by one glaring and unpardonable fault—an attempt to invest their contents with a dignity and importance utterly at variance with their artless and fragmentary character. The best and most interesting of these traditions, although furnishing admirable materials for the poet and romancer, possess, in their childlike simplicity, a grace beyond the reach of art, and are always most effective when narrated in the homely style of the old crone whom Akenside so admirably describes:

"By night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant audience, with her tales,
Breathing astonishment, of witching rhymes
And evil spirits; of the deathbed call
To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave, to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life concealed; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed."

From this offence against propriety and good taste, the vast body of Flemish traditions, here gathered together by the industry and research of the editor, is entirely free, as indeed might be expected from the complaints to which he has given utterance, against such of his predecessors as have fallen into this error. Thus, while he commends Schayes for his 'Essais Historiques sur les Usages, les Croyances, et les Traditions des Belges,' and Dr. Bovy for his 'Promenades Historiques,' he does not scruple to point out the defects of Berthoud in his 'Chroniques et Traditions surnaturelles de la Flandre,' and to denounce as utterly unworthy of notice the 'Chroniques des Rues de Bruxelles.' As it will be seen from these remarks, that the editor of the present collection has had many predecessors, even in our own day, in the great work of collecting the traditionary remains of the Netherlands; and as he has moreover diligently sought them out from time-honored chronicles, and noted them down from the recitation of venerable graybeards, in whose memory the tales heard in their youth still held their place, and in addition to these sources, has been favored with communications from some of the most distinguished Flemish antiquaries, it will readily be believed that the five or six hundred legends with which his goodly octavo volume is filled, form a perfect storehouse of Flemish traditionary lore—the value of which is certainly considerably increased by the editor's notes and comments. The connexion which subsists between the early language and literature of England and Flanders, and the light which they are calculated to throw upon each other, render the present volume one of peculiar interest to the antiquaries of this country, who will find in it many a striking picture of the manners and customs of bygone times, many a startling illustration of old world feelings and old familiar phrases.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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Valpy's Schrevelius' Greek Lexicon, translated into English, edited by the Rev. J. R. Major, D. D.

Guide to the Geology of Scotland, with a Geological Map and Plates, by James Nichol.

Library of Travel, Vol. I. 'Syria and the Holy Land,' by Walter K. Kelly.

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GERMANY.

Die Lehre von der Trinität in ihrer historischen Entwickelung. Vol. I. von G. A. Meier. *Hamburgh.*

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FRANCE.

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RUSSIA.

Ein erster Versuch über den Accent im Sanscrit. von O. Boehtlingk. *Petersburgh.*

THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1844.

HARRIS'S HIGHLANDS OF ETHIOPIA.

From the North British Review.

The Highlands of Ethiopia. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers. Author of "Wild Sports in Southern Africa," "Portraits of African Game Animals," &c. In three volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1844.

THESE volumes contain an account of Major Harris's journey to the Christian court of Shoa, in Abyssinia, and of what he learned regarding that court and kingdom during a residence of eighteen months. He went thither as the chief of an embassy to the Negoos, or King of Shoa, from the British Government; having been chosen by the Governor-General of India, who had charge of the affair, in consequence of previous experience of his talents and general acquirements. The object of the mission was to establish relations of alliance and commercial intercourse between the two governments and their subjects, and thereby to promote the extinction of the slave trade, the diffusion of legitimate traffic, and the increase of geographical and general knowledge.

The Embassy was despatched from Bombay in April, 1841. Including the *savans* it consisted of ten persons, was attended by a small escort of British soldiers, besides some artisans and servants, and was amply supplied with the stores necessary for conciliating, by gifts or bribes, the chiefs of the barbarous countries through which it was to pass. Every security seems to have been taken for the attainment of its objects. And, accordingly, if we may believe Major Harris, the embassy was successful. A commercial convention was in due time concluded between Great Britain and Shoa. It consisted of sixteen articles. They are not published in these volumes, but Major Harris tells us that "they involved the sacrifice of arbitrary appropriation by the Crown of the property of foreigners dying in the country—the abrogation of the despotic interdiction which had, from time immemorial, precluded the purchase, or display of goods by the subject, and the removal of penal restrictions upon voluntary movement within and beyond the kingdom;" which restrictions, it seems, are a modification of an old national rule, not to permit a stranger who had once entered Abyssinia ever to depart from it. These are certainly great improvements in the laws of the Shoan kingdom; and if the

convention shall lead to the actual entrance of British traders and British manufacturers among the Shoan people, it will as greatly ameliorate their condition. Major Harris does not say what provision was made for the creation of such actual intercourse between the people of the two governments. The Shoan country is a tempting field for commerce; but its frontiers are between three and four hundred miles distant from the western coast of the Red Sea. The route lies through a country difficult to traverse from its physical peculiarities, and dangerous from the habits and prejudices of its inhabitants. A safe transit must be secured to the trader. Perhaps this was the subject of one of the sixteen articles of the convention. We should have been glad of some information on this point; for one of the first questions which these volumes suggest, regards the practical utility of having a treaty of commerce with the ruler of an inland territory accessible only through countries so little friendly to the traders for whose protection the convention is designed. But to this, and some other inquiries of equal interest, they give no satisfactory answer.

The objects of the Embassy, and its measures, are not, however, the topics to which we mean to devote this paper. Our design is to extract such information as we can condense within a limited space, respecting the people and country visited by Major Harris. On these subjects, his volumes, and the recent journals of the English Church Missionaries, Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf, afford us much interesting and curious information, and give the first minute account, by modern eye-witnesses, of the southern provinces of the ancient empire of Abyssinia. Neither Bruce the traveller, nor Gobat the missionary, who penetrated farther than any other modern visitors, reached the limits of Shoa. Hence the work of Major Harris opens up what is, to British readers in general, an entirely new country, and depicts a people which, if it cannot be termed new, is only on that account more interesting. Its monarchs claim to be descendants of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. They are the undoubted successors of those Christian Emperors of Ethiopia, who, in the earlier centuries, entered into alliances with the Emperors of Rome, and who, in the sixteenth century, renewed, through the Portuguese, a friendly intercourse with Christian Europe. Since the rupture of that friendship, their country has been almost altogether concealed from view, or has been seen only, as it were, by glimpses, and when placed at disadvantage. Any tolerable description of it must therefore possess a very peculiar interest, bringing before us, as it does, a people who at once excite the curiosity awakened by utter strangers, impress us with the reverence due to historical antiquity, and move in us the sympathies of brotherhood in religion.

It is difficult to imagine a more attractive subject for a book. But the volumes before us, though in some respects highly interesting, are on the whole very unsatisfactory. Their chief defect is a want of precise information. The proceedings of the embassy are not detailed distinctly, or with that specification of names, time, place and circumstances, by which ordinary journalists give life and authenticity to their narrations. Of the individuals attending it, we learn from a list, that Captain D. Graham was principal assistant, Messrs. Kirk and Impey, surgeons, Dr. Roth, naturalist, &c. But they scarcely appear in the narrative; and neither from it, nor from the vague compliment in the preface, could any reader have the least notion of the great services to the embassy rendered by the Rev. Mr. Krapf. A similar obscurity besets many other topics, and makes the information regarding them most difficult of apprehension. One main cause of this is the style of the author, which will direct words. In the preface, he tells us, never let him tell his story in plain and that, "written in the heart of Abyssinia, amidst manifold interruptions and disadvantages, these pages will be found redolent of no midnight oil." Accordingly, we expected to find an artless, unlabored, and rather rude and blunt narration, betokening an intelligent yet unrhetorical and practical soldier. To our surprise, and disappointment, we found one directly the reverse,—artificial and rhetorical in an unusual degree, as if the author's chief thought had been how to be impressive—to place objects and incidents in the most picturesque positions, and clothe them in the most sonorous diction. Of a work of travels, the style is an inferior quality. Nor should we have made any complaint, if the fault had been on the side of poverty; but, in the opposite fault, there is conveyed one of those claims to literary merit, which we, as critics, are bound either to allow or reject.

The style of these volumes is so turgid and meretricious, as most seriously to detract from their utility, drawing off the attention of the reader from the matters narrated, to fix it on the manner, and frequently obscuring them from his vision in a mist of glittering verbiage.

But we leave this topic, and rather proceed to the more pleasant task of giving our readers a general view of the contents of these volumes. In doing so, we must make a selection among an innumerable crowd of objects and incidents well worthy of notice.

The Embassy sailed from Bombay in April, 1841. A fortnight carried them to Aden in Southern Arabia. Here they left the steamboat, to purchase horses and other necessaries for the land journey into the African interior, and also to engage a volunteer escort of European soldiers from the garrison.

The Embassy quitted Aden on the 15th of May, in the Euphrates brig of war, and stood across the Red Sea to the Gulf of Tadjura. They arrived in about two days; and on the morning of the 17th of May found themselves opposite the town or village of that name, beyond which towered above heaps of lava blocks, the lofty peak of Jebel Goodah. Tadjura consists of about two hundred houses, rudely constructed of frames of unhewn timber, arranged in a parabolic arch, and covered with date matting. In these were sheltered some twelve hundred inhabitants. It is a place of considerable traffic; slaves, ivory, gold dust, and spices, being brought in *kafilahs* or caravans from the African interior, and exported at this place; while it admits the Indian and Arabian manufactures, and other articles, for which these are exchanged at the inland marts. Here it behooved the Embassy to disembark, and begin the land journey to the kingdom of Shoa, which is about 350 miles inland. The intermediate country, which is called Adel, is in possession of the Adalel, a particular body or confederacy of the Danákil tribes. Tadjura is the seat of their government; and their present ruler, Sultan Mohammad ibn Mohammad, was then resident there. The first thing necessary was to obtain permission to land, and also liberty to proceed into the interior, along with proper guides, and the means of transport. From a very natural jealousy of this unwonted intrusion upon his territories of an armed body of Franks, the Sultan and his advisers scrupled to accord the desired permission. This occasioned various visits of ceremony and negotiation; aud as our readers may desire to look on the chief ruler of a country through which they are to travel for some pages, we extract the author's description of his appearance at one of them.

"A more unprincely object can scarcely be conceived than was presented in the imbecile, attenuated, and ghastly form of this most meagre potentate, who, as he tottered into the marquée, supported by a long witch-like wand, tendered his hideous, bony claws to each of the party in succession, with all the repulsive coldness that characterizes a Dankáli shake of the hand. An encourager of the staple manufactures of his own country, his decrepit frame was enveloped in a coarse cotton mantle, which, with a blue-checked wrapper about his loins, and an ample turban perched on the very apex of his shaven crown, was admirably in keeping with the harmony of dirt that pervaded the attire of his privy council and attendants. Projecting triangles of leathers graced the toes of his rude sandals; a huge quarto koran, slung over his bent shoulder, rested beneath the left arm, on the hilt of a brass-mounted creese which was girded to his right side: and his illustrious person was farther defended against evil influence by a zone and bandalier thickly studded with mystic amulets and most potent charms, extracted from the Sacred Book. Enfeebled by years, his deeply furrowed countenance, bearing an ebony polish, was fringed by a straggling white beard; and it needed not the science of Lavater to detect, in the indifference of his dull leaden eye, and the puckered corners of his toothless mouth, the lines of cunning, cruelty, and sordid avarice."—Vol. i., pp. 46, 47.

The Danákil Tribes, to which this personage belongs, are the descendants of the Arabs, who many centuries, ago after the Abyssinians were expelled from Arabia, overran and colonized the low tract forming a zone between the Red Sea and the Abyssinian Alps. The precise extent of their territory, and their relation to the Abyssinian Emperor for some centuries, seem to be somewhat doubtful. In the 16th century, however, it is known, that under a famous leader called Graan, they overran Abyssinia itself. Graan was slain by a Portuguese, in the service of the Emperor; the progress of the Mahommedans arrested, and their dominion restricted to the plains over which it now extends. Since then, frequent wars have been waged between them and what remains of the once powerful Abyssinian empire. Commanding as they do the direct passage between the Shoan

kingdom and the East, the Negoos of Shoa has found it necessary to maintain some influence over them; and this being denied to his arms, he has of late sought to obtain it by management and concessions.

Of the character and condition of these tribes, Major Harris gives a portrait which is far from pleasing, even when allowance is made for the foolish exaggeration of his style. We cannot give particulars, but may say briefly, that they are a migratory, pastoral, and slave-dealing people—go always armed—are virulent Mahommedans, and exhibit in their government a rude democracy. There are several confederacies; and of these, the one called Adaïel or Debenik-Woema occupies the country between Tadjura and Shoa. This district is, in general, low and level, very barren, quite uncultivated, hot, and scant of water. The Hawash is the chief river; its course is north-east, but the stream is drunk in by the arid soil, and does not reach the sea.

After some days of annoying delay in negotiating with the Sultan, a liberal use of gifts, and quiet submission to various impositions and exactions, permission to advance was conceded, and mules, camels, and camel-drivers obtained for conveying the baggage of the Embassy. Of the kafilah or caravan, Izhak, brother of the Sultan, was named Ras, or commander, and it was accompanied by various persons of consideration among the tribes. The journey to Farri, the frontier town of the province of Efat, in Abyssinia, occupied several weeks. The progress was slow, at least according to European notions; the Mahommedan camel-drivers not caring to quicken their motions, to suit the impatient and imperious humor of the infidels. Frequent pauses, too, were occasioned by the anxiety of the Ras to protect the caravan from wandering robbers, and to conciliate the chiefs of the tribes which they successively met, each of whom expected from the caravan the usual testimony to his power and dignity, and price of its safety, in some substantial gift.

Shortly after setting out, they came to the Bahr Assál, or Great Salt Lake. Its distance from Tadjura by the route, is 42 miles, and is reached through a yawning defile, called Rah Eesah, or, "Road of the Eesahs," a hostile tribe. Lake Assál is situated in latitude 11° 37′ 30″ N., longitude 42° 33′ 6″ E., and is 570 feet below the level of the sea. The approach to it is through mountains rugged and very high, the immediately preceding station being 1700 feet above the sea level. No fresh water was to be found within a space of sixteen miles on either side, and from this cause, joined to the intolerable heat of the close valleys of a tropical country, the party, in their advance through Rah Eesah, and in the day and night passed beside the lake, suffered terribly, and barely escaped with life. The first sight of the lake from the heights above it, disclosed "an elliptical basin, seven miles in its transverse axis, half filled with smooth water of the deepest cerulean hue, and half with a solid sheet of glittering snow-white salt, the offspring of evaporation—girded on three sides by huge hot-looking mountains, which dip their bases into the very bowl, and on the fourth by crude half-formed rocks of lava, broken and divided by the most unintelligible chasms." As they descended under a fiery sun, through glaring rocks, a close "mephitic stench, impeding respiration, arose from the saline exhalations of the stagnant lake." The water was so salt as to smart the lips when tasted. Only one solitary bush grew in "this unventilated and diabolical hollow," for the shade of which the camels and mules disputed with the men, and many were obliged to take refuge in "noisome caves," formed by fallen masses of the volcanic rock, and hot as a furnace. Under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, the mercury stood at 126° during the entire day—a paralyzing heat, which prevented minute examination of the phenomenon beside them. But Major Harris is of opinion, that it formed at some remote period a continuation of the gulf of Tadjura, and was separated from Goobut el Kherâb, (a curious cove on the sea-shore, with which Bahr Assál is supposed to have a subterranean connexion,) by a stream of lava six miles broad. This now forms the high barrier between them, having on its summits many traces of craters. The lake is evidently undergoing a process of evaporation, and it will probably be in time converted into a dry deposit of salt.

After broiling all day in this "suffocating Pandemonium," the party, whose misery was now augmented by a total want of water, set off by moonlight for the next station, sixteen miles distant. The sufferings of the march were dreadful; there was an incessant cry for water; dogs expired on the road; mules and horses lay down and were abandoned to their fate, and the courage and almost the reason of the men were

about to desert them, when a Bedouin, whom Mohammad Ali had sent forward, returned with a large skinful of water. This being poured over the faces and down the throats of the sufferers, revived every one sufficiently to enable them to "struggle into the camp" at the well of Hanlefanta, where they were more thoroughly recruited. Shortly after, they had sad experience of the barbarism of the country, in a savage murder of three of the escort, by some rovers from distant and hostile tribes, who, stealing into the encampment during darkness, killed their victims as they lay asleep.

The twentieth station of the Embassy was at the pool, in the rugged basaltic valley of Killulloo. Vast numbers of the Adel people were here collected, to water their flocks aud herds, and replenish their water-skins, and the long trains incessantly ascending and descending the neighboring slopes, with the wild air and dresses of the people, gave the highest animation to the landscape. The crowd was augmented and the interest deepened, by the arrival of a slave caravan from Shoa, on its road to Tadjura. It consisted of several hundred children of all ages.

"Although the majority of the slaves imported with the caravan from Abyssinia were of tender years., and many of them extremely pretty, they did not excite that interest which might have been anticipated. Children accustomed to sorry fare, and to harsh treatment in their own country. they had very readily adapted themselves to the will of their new masters, whose obvious interest it was to keep them fat and in good spirits. With few exceptions, all were merry and light hearted; recovered from the fatigues of the long march, there was nothing but dancing, singing, and romping; and although many wore an air of melancholy which forms a national characteristic, the little victims to a traffic so opposed to every principle of humanity, might rather have been conjectured to be proceeding on a party of pleasure, than bending their steps for ever from their native land. A very limited number of Shankelas, and a few natives of Zingero excepted, the whole consisted of Christians and heathens from Guraguê, whence are obtained the 'red Ethiopians' so much prized in Arabia. Kidnapping has consequently been there carried to an extent so frightful, as to impart the name of the unhappy province as a designation for slaves generally. Nearly all of both sexes, however, had already become passive converts to the Mahommedan faith, and under the encouraging eye of the bigoted drivers, oaths by the false prophet resounded through the camp.—Nine-tenths were females varying in age from six to thirteen years. Each slave was provided with a cruise of water, and had walked the entire distance accomplished from the heart of Africa, with an endurance that in children, especially of such tender years, was truly surprising. A very few only, who had become weary or foot sore, had been mounted on mules or camels, or provided with ox-hide sandals, which in some measure protected their tender feet against the sharp lava boulders. The males, chiefly boys, had been intrusted with the charge of camels, and required no compulsion to render themselves useful; and of the females, some, who boasted personal charms, occupied the position of temporary mistresses. Four large handfulls of parched grain, comprising a mixture of wheat, maize, millet, and grain, formed the daily food of each; and under the charge of the most intelligent, the respective droves slept huddled together on mats spread upon the ground.—Some surly old drivers or wanton youths there were, who appeared to prefer the application of the whip to the more gentle persuasion of words; but in the trifling punishment inflicted, there was nothing to remind the spectator of the horrors of slavery as witnessed in the western world."—Pp. 233, 236, vol. i.

But such appearances of mildness must not deceive us. It is quite possible that in their physical condition, men in that country suffer little by being reduced to slavery. Still it is not the less certain that slavery is hated and dreaded by them as by other human beings. The violence and bloodshed by which the slave-marts are replenished, sufficiently attest this; and Major Harris mentions the very significant fact, that the value of a slave increases in proportion to his distance from home, because the chance of his running away becomes so much less. It seems, then, that men there, as elsewhere, hate being slaves, notwithstanding the mildness of their slavery. But even if it were not felt to be an evil by its victims, it would not be the less a calamity to them. nor would our obligation become one whit the less stringent to root out the horrible trade which keeps a continent in anarchy and degradation.

Travelling onwards to Abyssinia, they got glimpses of its great blue range looming in the distance, and at length fell in with the Hawash. This river rises in the heart of that country, at 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and flows like an artery through the arid Adel plains, its banks green and wooded, till it falls, and is absorbed in lagoons at Aussa. It was passed on rafts with some labor, at a point, the

nominal boundary of Shoa, 2000 feet above the sea, and where the stream was at the time sixty yards broad, rolling a deep volume of turbid water at the rate of three miles an hour, between clayey banks twenty-five feet in height. Its banks were lined with close thickets of underwood, teeming with Guinea fowl, and noble forest trees of tamarisk, and accacia, whose shattered branches bore witness to the presence of the elephant and hippopotamus, while the copse and neighboring swamps were alive with the beasts and birds of Africa. Leaving the Hawash, and passing through a district where they saw fields of extinct craters, (the whole region indeed seems volcanic,) they reached, at their thirty-second station, the foot of the highlands of Abyssinia. Here, at an elevation of 3000 feet, they, for the first time since they had set foot in Africa, drank of pure running water, and enjoyed the delights of an invigorating breeze and a cloudy sky. Pitching their tents under some wide spreading trees, on whose branches were gigantic nests, and strange birds of glittering plumage and melodious warble, they saw above them an alluring prospect of the country whither they were journeying —"hill rose above hill, clothed in the most luxuriant and vigorous vegetation; mountain towered above mountain in a smiling chaos of disorder, and the soaring peaks of the most romantic range, threw their hoary heads sparkling with a white mantle of hail, far into the cold azure sky." Villages and hamlets embosomed in dark foliage, and rich fields of various hue, colored by the setting sun, completed the enchantment of the scene.

The frontier town of Farri, where caravans are received by the King of Shoa's officers, was but five miles distant. But, to their surprise and mortification, no greeting from the Monarch had yet reached the Embassy. Now, however, they ascertained that this seeming slight was occasioned by a certain Wulasma Mohammad, the hereditary Abogaz of the Moslem population of Argobba or Efat, on the east of Shoa—the holder of an office of ancient standing, of which the duty is to maintain amicable relations between the Adaïel and the Abyssinians, and protect the kafilahs coming from Hurrur or Tadjura. Besides being the chief of the Wulasmoch, (for under him are many more over detached provinces,) and having as such the charge of admitting foreigners into the territory of the Negoos, this Wulasma Mohammad is chief Jailer of Shoa, and in that capacity then held in fetters, and under ground in his stronghold at Goncho, on the summit of a conical hill, three brothers of the Negoos, suffering that perpetual custody to which the custom of Abyssinia dooms the royal kindred.

The Negoos had despatched a body of 300 matchlock men, with orders to meet the Embassy at the Hawash. But this functionary, jealous of this unwonted intrusion into his province, and opposed to European innovation, had sent them back on the pretext that the Embassy could not be heard of. He now gave it a reluctant and insulting greeting; but a fresh message of welcome from the Negoos, with the return of the guard of honor, bringing with them a horse arrayed in royal trappings, at last extracted from the "pompous and overbearing Wulasma" proper civility and politeness. At Dinomalli, an impost of *ten per cent.* on the goods of all caravans is levied; but the luggage of the Embassy was, though with difficulty, passed unopened and free. On July 16th, they reached Farri, whose conical-roofed houses, clustered on the sloping sides of twin-hills, were the first permanent dwellings they had seen since they left the sea-coast.

The camel, hitherto their chief beast of burden, here becomes useless from the steepness of the roads and the increasing coldness of the climate. The baggage was now transferred to the backs of 600 Moslem porters, impressed by royal authority, and carried 3000 feet higher to the town of Alio Amba. It was a cool and lovely morning, and the road, rough and stony, led over hill and dale, now skirting the edge of a precipitous cliff, now descending into a valley, and again winding through shady lanes bordered with flowering hedgerows. Terraces, into which the entire range was broken by banks supporting the soil, showed wheat, barley, Indian corn, beans, pease, cotton, and oil plant in luxuriant growth, and on every eminence stood conically-thatched houses, environed by green hedges, and partially embowered amid dark trees. As the procession passed, the peasant quitted his field labor to gaze at the novel sight, whilst "merry groups of hooded women, decked in scarlet and crimson, left their avocations in the hut to welcome the King's guests with a shrill *ziroleet*."

Alio Amba, like the other towns, vil-

lages, and hamlets of a country where terrific rains periodically swell the valleys with impetuous floods, stands on an eminence about five miles from Ankober, the capital of Shoa. Its population is about 2000 of various Mahommedan tribes. The chief market of the country is held here every Friday, at which are seen exposed for sale, honey, cotton, grain, beads, metal, colored thread, glass ware, cotton cloths, coffee, horses, mules, &c. Here resort not only the neighborhood, but natives of the Galla countries, traders from the interior, and caravans from the coast. Adjoining to it is the slave mart of Abd el Rasood, supplied by the kidnappers in the interior. Among the coins current here, in Abyssinia, and in this part of Africa generally, are blocks of black salt, the size of a mower's whetstone, of which the value is about twopence sterling each.

The Embassy was kept at Alio Amba in very uncomfortable lodgings, much to the annoyance of Major Harris, for some days, during which, we presume, he penned the 38th and 39th chapters of his first volume, in which he takes leave of the people of Adel, by what he calls a "parting tribute of gratitude," but which is as frightful an indictment against a nation as we have ever read. We may quote the running titles of some pages,—"habitual laziness," "untameable spirit," "hideous aspect," "affection for rancid tallow," "miserly disposition," "savage propensities," "vindictive nature," "boast in blood," "bigotry and superstition," "despicable character," "abhorrence of truth," "a nation of assassins." The delay during which Major Harris was venting this objurgatory matter, was rendered the more intolerable from Ankober the capital being within sight, and the Negoos known to be at hand. But etiquette, and state policy, and bad omens, stood in the way of an immediate interview. These, however, at last yielded to the "burning curiosity of the savage;" and, after he had taken up his residence at the palace (so Major Harris calls it) of Machal-wans, adjacent to Alio Amba, Major Harris and his companions were ushered into the presence of Sáhela Selássie. From the account of the interview we extract the following description of the audience-chamber, and of his Majesty. After mentioning that he had obtained leave to fire a royal salute from three galloper guns, part of the gifts for the King, the author says:—

"The last peal of ordnance was rattling in broken echoes along the mountain chain, as the British Embassy stepped at length over the high threshold of the reception hall. Circular in form, and destitute of the wonted Abyssinian pillar in the centre, the massive and lofty clay walls of the chamber glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barrelled guns. Persian carpets and rugs of all sizes, colors, and patterns, covered the floor, and crowds of Alakas, (priests,) governors, chiefs, and principal officers of the court, arrayed in their holiday attire, stood around in a posture of respect, uncovered to the girdle. Two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats, whilst, in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honor, and supported by gay velvet cushions, reclined in Ethiopic state his most Christian Majesty Sáhela Selássie. The *Dech Agafari*, or state door-keeper, as master of the ceremonies, stood with a rod of green rushes to preserve the exact distance of approach to royalty; and as the British guests entered the hall, and made their bows to the throne, motioned them to be seated upon chairs that had previously been sent in; which done, it was commanded that all might be covered. The King was attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight-and-twenty had been passed under the uneasy cares of the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls after the fashion of George the First; and, although considerably disfigured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not, in their *tout ensemble* belie the character for impartial justice which the despot has obtained far and wide, even the Dánakil comparing him to a 'fine balance of gold.'"—Pp. 410, 411, vol. i.

The author then goes on to tell of the display of the presents, and how the assumed dignity of the barbarian monarch was gradually overcome by surprise and wonder, as rich carpets, Chinese toys, muskets, &c., were, one after another, laid before him; how he and his courtiers admiringly gazed at the escort going through the platoon exercise—were astonished at the unerring precision of the artillery's fire, and looked with reverence upon the ungainly leathern buckets, linstocks, and sponge-staves of the galloper guns, which, before they knew their use, had caused much contemptuous mirth. Next

day the Embassy were sent forward to the capital. Ankober is 8200 feet above the sea. Its latitude is 9° 34′ 45″ N.; longitude 39° 54′ 0″ E. It contains from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is described as standing on a singularly shaped mountain, the extreme pinnacle of which —a spire-like cone—is occupied, from the summit to the base, by the palace of the Negoos. This is an ungainly looking building, with stony gable ends, and numerous rows of clay chimney tops, comprehending the houses, store-houses, stables, slaughter-houses, and other offices, for the whole retinue, freemen and slaves, of this potentate, all enclosed and fortified with palisades and barred stockades. The town covers the mountain side, and is a collection of thatched houses of all sizes, resembling barns and hay-stacks, which rise above one another in irregular tiers, intermingled with impending rocks, and connected by narrow lanes and hedgerows. A new house had been prepared for the Embassy. It was of wood, of oblong shape, having a door at each end, a thatched roof, and hide-covered sides, full of interstices, without chimneys, without windows, a floor of mud, and contained only one room, divided by inner walls from two narrow verandahs, set apart for lumber, horses, and cattle. Still it was an unusually favorable specimen of Shoan architecture. Here they deposited their effects, and were shortly afterwards entertained by the festivals that usher in their new year, beginning on 1st September, on which occasion there was a grand review of 10,000 cavalry, and much barbaric pomp displayed.

The passage, which we have thus slightly sketched, from the Adel country to the kingdom of Shoa, presented to our travellers, in closer vicinity than, perhaps, anywhere else in the world, a series of striking contrasts, both physical and moral. For weeks they had been traversing a wide plain. They were now in a land of mountains, which, shooting up abruptly from the long level beneath, were agreeably distinguished from it by their innumerable craggy heights, their profound depths, and long stretches of slopes, and undulating table land. They had been wandering shadowless, under a tropical sun. They were now transported to a climate which, save in the low wooded valleys, which are hot and pestilential, was always temperate, and at times cold, reminding them, by its bracing power, of their northern home. They had seen vegetable nature withering from drought, and men and animals disputing the possession of every brackish, unsightly, and polluted pool. But now all around were sparkling rivulets of the purest water: they were in a land which, twice every year, was visited by the most copious showers; once by the "rain of bounty," which lasts through February; again, by the "rain of covenant," which, enveloping all things in a white misty shroud, and pouring throughout July, August, and September, causes the annual swelling of the Nile. All through the long tract of the plain, they had found the soil niggard or barren, and, saving on the narrow border of the river Hawash, vegetation scanty, coarse, and stunted. Here it was in the valleys gigantic, while it was beautifully luxuriant on the slopes and table land, the unmanured soil yielding, without exhaustion, to unskilful tillage, two crops in the year. No less striking were the contrasts presented by the inhabitants of the two districts. Below, they were roving tribes, dwelling in moveable tents. By a few steps, they had ascended to a country of towns, and villages, and hamlets, the abodes of a stationary people. Below, was a people bred to war, and constantly in arms; above, a nation, of which the peasantry, though owing military service to their governors, spent the most part of their days in the peaceful labors of industry. Contrary to ordinary experience, they had found warlike shepherds on the plains; and now, as unusually, they found husbandmen on the hills; and while the people below were in demeanor high and haughty, and in disposition fierce and rapacious, an "iron race," such as, according to the poet, is native to the hills—those above displayed, on the other hand, the "gentler genius" which he has assigned to the plains, were profuse in the forms of civility and sycophancy, baring their shoulders to the waist before superiors, and kissing the dust in presence of their king. They had left a community under a government, rude, but equal and free; and of which the chief defect and evil was, that the common will was too weak, and the individual too powerful and independent. But in the mountains was a community of political slaves; men crouching before an hereditary monarch, holding life, rank, and property, at his disposal, awed by the sound of his name, swearing by his life; for his honor and benefit, submitting to taxes on the produce of their labor, restrictions on their industry,

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It is this last circumstance—the Christianity of its inhabitants—that invests Shoa and Abyssinia in general, with peculiar interest. The churches of Africa fill a large space in the ancient history of Christendom. But they disappeared from European observation, when the southern shores of the Mediterranean were overrun by the Saracens; and for centuries, western Christendom was entirely ignorant, that behind Egypt and Nubia, there existed a great Christian kingdom. Even still, not a few will hear with surprise, that in that region there are not Christians merely, but a national establishment of Christianity, which dates from the earliest ages.

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of the Roman emissaries from Abyissinia. The result is gratifying as a triumph of religious liberty, and as a check to the extension of the Romish despotism and superstition. It must be owned, however, that pure religion was little involved in the struggle. The religion of Abyssinia equals —it can scarcely surpass—that of Rome itself, as a corruption and debasement of Christianity. The passages in these volumes, descriptive of its tenets and usages, seem relations of some strange superstition, rather than of our own religion. Major Harris gives a "Confession" of the Ethiopic faith; but he does not state whence he derived it; and it bears, we think, internal evidence of being not official or complete. From his chapters, and other sources, we learn the following particulars which may interest the reader.

The Ethiopic Church agrees, with other Eastern Churches, in holding the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father only: it maintains, besides, the Eutychian doctrine respecting the nature of Christ. In these respects it differs from all the Western Churches. But from the Romish Church it is farther distinguished by its doctrine in regard to the supremacy of the Pope, in which it concurs with Protestants; to the rule of faith, which it limits to Scripture (including the Apocrypha); to the Eucharist, which it administers in both kinds to the laity, and regards neither as a transubstantiation nor a sacrifice; to the celibacy of the clergy, who may be married; to the adoration of images, which it reckons unlawful, though its churches abound with rude paintings of God, angels, and saints; and to the state of the soul after death, rejecting purgatory, yet owning an intermediate state, not less gainful to the priesthood, wherein the happiness of the departed is affected by the fasts and alms of the living. But, like Rome, it invocates saints and angels as intercessors with God, surpassing all other Christians in the honors (if such they be) paid to the Virgin and St. Michael, and having a most copious calandar of saints, with a corresponding list of festivals and fasts. It enjoins, also, confession to the priest, whose curse is dreaded by the people as the last calamity, while they confidently rely on the almsgiving and penances he imposes as an expiation of sin. Its most extraordinary peculiarities are certain usages and ceremonies; either borrowed from the Jews, or retained from the old Ethiopic faith. Their churches, which generally are small and mean, resemble precisely the Jewish temple. Like it, they are divided into three parts; the innermost is the holy of holies, and may be entered by the priest alone. Here the communion vessels are deposited, and the sacramental elements consecrated; and here is kept the "Tabot," or Ark, a mysterious box, inhabiting all their churches, the contents of which are awfully concealed from the vulgar eye, though "the gold of the foreigner" (so Major Harris terms a bribe) enabled him to ascertain that they are only a scroll of parchment, inscribed with the name of the patron saint. Save on certain occasions, the laity cannot pass beyond the outer porch; unbelievers, and all subject to the Levitical uncleannesses, are carefully shut out; all must be barefoot, and the threshold and the door must be kissed in passing. The service is in the Geez, or ancient Ethiopic, now a dead language; it commences with the Jewish Trisagion, and as David danced before the Lord, so their priests, armed with a cross and a slender crutch, the badge of their office, "caper and beat the ground with their feet, stretch out their crutches to each other with frantic gesticulation, whilst the clash of the timbrel, the sound of the drum, and the howling of harsh voices, complete a most strange form of devotion." They observe with equal strictness the seventh day and the first; the Sabbath of the Jews, and the Lord's-day of the Christians. They observe the Levitical prohibitions as to unclean animals; they wash their cups and platters as a religious duty, they will not eat or drink with pagan or Moslem; nor taste of flesh that has not been slain in the name of the Trinity. They practice circumcision; not asserting it to be obligatory, yet rigorously imposing it on every pagan convert to Christianity. They allow of concubinage. They are all baptized once every year, commemorating the baptism of Christ, at the Epiphany, by a religious procession to the river, into which men, women, and children enter in a promiscuous and shameless crowd. Fasts, of extraordinary frequency, are observed with unexampled strictness; two every week, on Wednesday and Friday; while, reckoning all the holy-days together, one entire half of the year is consumed, by the command of the Church, in ruinous idleness. Mingled with these corruptions of Christianity, and remnants of Judaism, there exist, if not by the laws of the Church, at least in

the usages of the people, many remains of heathenism. Ostrich eggs surround the cross that crowns every church, and they depend from the ceiling within: in times of sickness or danger, an ox, after being slowly led round the house or the village, is sacrificed with its face to the east; they believe in signs and omens; demons and sorcerers, and have undoubting faith in charms and amulets. To this imperfect sketch we add, that while the lessons and prayers of divine service are in the dead Ethiopic or Geez tongue, only four religious books are written in the Amharic, the present language of Christian Abyssinia; these are a tissue of absurd controversies and monkish legends; and while the legends delight the Abyssinian laity, the controversies compose the entire knowledge of the clergy, who exercise their intellects, expend their virulence, and are split into hostile sects, by disputes respecting the three births of Christ, and the knowledge of the human soul in the womb.

The country is overspread to excess with churches. And of the numbers of the professed religious in all Abyssinia, an estimate may be formed from the statement, that they amount in Shoa to near one fourth of the population.* The Aboon is the ecclesiastical head; and the Ethiopic Church confines to his hands alone the grace or virtue that makes a clergyman; differing in this from other churches, called apostolic, which allow it to all bishops. Next in dignity is the Grand Prior of the Monks of Debra Libanos; then the Bishops (Comos), the Priests (Alaka), and the Deacons. The clergy may marry; but on the demise or divorce of the first wife, no second is permitted. Monasteries abound, and their sites in Abyssinia, as elsewhere, are generally distinguished for comfort and beauty. An easy ceremony admits to the monkish order; and as the life of the professed is one of ease and indulgence, and as the "putting on angels' clothing" (so they term turning monk) absolves from all debts, the land swarms with monks, friars, and anchorites, who roam through it as its pests and plagues. Certain revenues from lands and villages are set apart for every clerical establishment, and to these a large addition is made by baptism, funeral, and other fees, and by the voluntary donations of the superstitious people, who have a sacred reverence for the clergy, and think that the kiss of a priest's hand cleanses from sin. The result is, that the clergy are like the people, ignorant, superstitious, and immoral, jealous of innovations, hating heretics, and observing their routine of religious forms, some of them with the sincerity of devotees, others as the business-like followers of a gainful profession. We need scarcely add, that of those doctrines which Protestants regard as the power of Christianity, the ignorance is so entire, and they are so opposite to the rooted ideas of the people, that they can scarcely be so much as understood. It is possible, however, that there may be some misapprehension on this point. The sacred fire may still be burning, however feebly, even amid an atmosphere so impure—the Divine Inhabitant may still be present in this polluted temple. At all events, there is hope for the future, if it be true, that at the foundation of Abyssinian Christianity lies the Holy Scriptures; and so long as there is there no infallible Church, consecrating with its authority the manifold corruptions from which it sprung, and by which it is nourished.

In these observations we have had reference to Abyssinia at large, of which, however, the Shoan Kingdom is but a small portion. Abyssinia, geographically speaking, comprehends all the highlands behind Nubia to about the ninth degree of north latitude. It now consists of three districts, politically separate. Tigré, in the north; Amhara in the west; and Shoa in the south. The Emperor of all Abyssinia, the great Negoos, traced his origin to the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. His descendants still exist; and of these one lives at Gondar, with the title of Emperor, but without the power; his sole office being to give the sanction of imperial authority to the most fortunate and powerful Ras, or chief, among the many who dispute the command of Northern Abyssinia.

The present Negoos of Shoa is Sáhela Selássie, the seventh of a dynasty that claims to be a branch of the House of Solomon. His ancestor, married to a daughter of the reigning Emperor, was governor of one of the southern provinces; and he and his descendants, having regained from the Adaïel and the Galla tribes, first Efat, and then Shoa, gradually assumed independence and the rank of Negoos of a separate kingdom. The present inheritor

* This is accounted for by the fact mentioned by Mr. Gobat, that as they advance in life, most men and women become monks and nuns.

of their possessions and dignities enjoys, with the title, all the reverence attached to the ancient royal lineage, and his kingdom alone preserves any resemblance to the old Abyssinian empire.

The "hereditary dominions" of this prince are described as a rectangular domain of 150 by 90 miles, and traversed by five systems of mountains, of which the culminating point divides the waters of the Nile and Hawash. The population of Shoa and Efat is reckoned to be one million; there are besides numerous dependencies occupied by Pagans and Mahommedans, estimated to be a million and a half more. The government is theoretically and in practice a pure despotism. So thoroughly identified is law with the person of the King, that between the death of one sovereign and the inauguration of his successor, anarchy is established, and all over the land every atrocity is perpetrated, without fear of retribution or punishment. On the occasion of inauguration, a herald proclaims aloud, "We have reason to mourn and also to rejoice, for our old father is dead; but we have found a new one,"—words reminding us of the exclamation of our continental neighbors on a similar event, "Le Roi est mort!—vive le Roi!" The whole people mourn for seven days; but the uncles and brothers of the new monarch feel the calamity for life—for in this Abyssinia, where we have been taught by the delightful romance of Johnson, that the royal princes spend their days in a happy valley, the invariable custom is to consign them to a subterranean dungeon. Here they pass life in chains, carving wood and ivory. Seven persons were so confined, when Major Harris entered the country. Having been of service to the Negoos in sickness, he pressed him to release them. "And I will release them," said the monarch. "By the holy Eucharist, I swear, and by the Church of the Holy Trinity in Koora Cadel, that if Sáhela Selássie rise from the bed of sickness, all of whom you speak shall be restored to liberty." The last pages of the work contain an interesting account of the scene of their release. "Leaning heavily on each others' shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onwards with cramped and minute steps," fell at the foot of the throne, and rising again with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, kept their standing posture uneasily, while they gazed stupidly around them with eyes unaccustomed to the day. It was evident that the iron had entered into their souls,—

"In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ankles of the prisoners by a chain so short as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the princes had for thirty long years been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of these relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now timidly presented to the King. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that cowered before him, and after directing their chains to be unriveted, he announced to all that they were free, and to pass the residue of their days near his own person." —P. 389, vol. iii.

The Negoos is approached with prostration and kissing of the ground, with adoration rather than respect. Like despots in general, he is easy of access, and administers justice in person; and the least signification of his will receives implicit obedience. He holds in command the life and property of all; even in the Church he is supreme—the spiritual courts being under his control, and the offending clergy not unfrequently subjected to stripes and manacles. "The best parts of the soil are his." His revenues consist of money and of produce, derived from a tax on the fruits of the earth, monopolies, perquisites, and gifts made by the four hundred governors, and fifty Abogazoch, or border wardens, to whom he commits the rule of his provinces and dependencies. Of their whole value we have no precise statement, but they far exceed his expenditure, which is about 10,000 crowns per annum. The surplus is added to the royal treasures, accumulated by himself and his ancestors. These are deposited on Mount Mamrat—the "mother of grace," 13,000 feet high, and the most elevated pinnacle of Shoa—in many caves and subterranean crannies covered in with iron plates, and known only to Ayti Habli, the chief smith, and highest minister of the crown.

With few exceptions, his governors owe their posts to his favor; they maintain them only by constant gifts; they forfeit them by the slightest offence; and on a sudden a man is tumbled from power and splendor to

the most menial condition. Each of these governors is, in his own sphere, an imitator of the king, exacting from his own dependents the same adulation and the same services with which he is obliged to propitate the sovereign. And as they are compelled to replenish the royal treasury, they have an ample pretext for oppressing those under them by arbitrary levies.

The population, however, are far from being so depressed and miserable, as a government so despotic and arbitrary might be expected to make them. Though industry is fettered, a heavy tax levied from agricultural produce, justice venal, monastic and clerical establishments in excess, though there is no enterprise and little skill, yet they have not only risen above hunting and *nomade* barbarism, but attained to a degree of comfort and abundance. Under certain despotic restrictions, private property in the land is everywhere sanctioned. There are few forests and wastes; farm-steadings and dwelling-houses repose in security; the plough and irrigation are in use; and although their skill is small, and their implements few and rude, yet, from their fertile soil, a numerous, though not over-crowded population, is able to procure an abundance of the necessaries of life.

We have been speaking of the Christian population in the hereditary provinces. But the present Negoos is a statesman and a conqueror; and by his combined skill and valor has considerably enlarged his dominions. His acquisitions have been chiefly from the Galla to the south, in Guraguê, Enárea, or Zingero; for he candidly confesses that he could not prevail over the people of Gesh to the north, or of Adel to the east, because the former have "large shields, and fight hand to hand," and the latter "stand firm in battle, and will not run away." But of his southern acquisitions, the author complains that no means have been taken to secure the permanency. He compels submission by an invasion; imposes a tribute and retires; his power is forthwith forgotten and rule disowned by the inconstant and thoughtless barbarians; and a fresh campaign must be undertaken to restore it. Military expeditions for this purpose are, accordingly, part of his stated policy; and it would almost seem that in inroads and plundering consists the only government he maintains over some of these southern dependencies. The Shoan peasant is bound to do military service to his governor, and every governor furnishes a contingent proportioned to his province, to the national muster. At least once every year the king makes a levy; and as it is to slay heathens whom they piously hate, and to carry off slaves and plunder, the Amhara peasant gladly equips himself with sword, spear, and buckler, and mounts his horse for the foray. The Negoos alone knows the destination of the army; and this he carefully conceals, sometimes announcing an opposite route, sometimes following one for days, and then by forced marches gaining the true road, in order that his victims may be caught unprepared, and a rich harvest of plunder reaped with ease and safety.

Major Harris accompanied Sáhela Selássie in one of these expeditions. The omens which the Negoos carefully consults having all been propitious, he issued at sunrise from his palace, resplendent in cloth of gold, and with all the emblems of barbaric royalty, the imperial crimson velvet umbrellas, the sound of trumpets and of the *nugareet*, or keetle-drums. Before him went the Holy Scriptures and the ark of St. Michael's cathedral, borne on a mule under a canopy of scarlet cloth; around him was a guard of matchlock men, and behind a train of governors, judges, monks, priests, singers, a band of women-cooks and eunuchs, while a crowd poured in from all sides, of warriors, henchmen, camp followers with horses, mules, and asses, throngs of women and lads carrying the varied furniture of a camp, and all in picturesque disorder. Increasing as it proceeded, the array grew soon to fifteen, and at last to twenty thousand warriors. Each man followed his own lord, and carried provisions for a twenty days' campaign. Their course lay across the country to the south-west. As they advanced, deputations from tributary tribes approached with bared shoulders, and in humble attitudes, to propitiate the despot. Passing these without molesting them, and rolling along in utter irregularity and confusion, the immense crowd was, after some days, encamped in the devoted country. Here, after making several forced marches, plundering as it went, the Amhara army was one morning suddenly reduced from tumultuary confusion to the national military array, and forthwith bolted "like a cloudless thunderbolt" on the unsuspecting heads, first of the Sertie Galla, a rebellious tribe who inhabit the rich slopes of the mountains of Garra Gorphoo, and next of the Ekka and Finfinni Galla, who people

the wide and richly cultured plains of Ger mámа and the beautiful valley of Finfinni. The attack was skilfully made; the surprise complete; and before night fell, the district which, from the heights in the morning, had presented fields of ripening grain, herds of grazing cattle, groups of unarmed husbandmen, and clusters of pleasant dwellings—a very picture of peace and plenty—was laid in utter desolation, the corn trampled under the hoofs of the invading cavalry, the houses smoking in ruins, the men butchered, the women carried off as the slaves, and the cattle as the plunder of the savage and exulting conquerors. The chapters in which Major Harris describes the march, the foray, and the triumph celebrated by processions, war-dances, orations and feasts, are among the most striking of his work, and give a very lively, but by no means favorable idea of the character of this Christian people. It is pleasant to learn that Major Harris and Dr. Krapf prevailed on the Negoos to set free the captives, much to the surprise and disappointment of his ruthless soldiery. Next year the Metta Galla, and a neighboring tribe was subjected to the same calamity; 43,000 cattle were captured, and 4,500 heathens of all ages were butchered by the soldiers of Sáhela Selássie, and of these, the greatest number were shot on the trees that they had ascended in the vain hope of eluding observation.

We should now proceed to extract some particulars regarding the social life and manners of this people. But although we have aimed at compression, to the mutilation, we fear, of the picture drawn by Major Harris, the account has already grown to an undue size. We shall, therefore, merely mention, with the utmost brevity, some few of their more striking characteristics. Their features are Caucasian, their complexion varies from olive to jet black, their hair is long and silky, the men are tall, robust, and well formed, the women scarcely less masculine. The principal piece of dress of the males is a large loose cotton cloth, worn gracefully but incommodious. On occasions of ceremony, the principal men wear skins of lions and leopards; they put on armlets of brass or silver as tokens of gallantry, and a silver shield from the Negoos is their star of the garter. From the king to the beggar all go barefoot, and all, save the clergy, who wear a turban, are bareheaded; but they soak their hair with rancid butter, and fix in it a wooden skewer, into which they insert a white feather or sprig of asparagus, whenever they have slain a pagan or performed any other valorous deed. Their weapons are a sword, crooked like a sickle, a spear, and a buckler; these suffice for their human foes, but they are unfit for coping with the elephant or the wild buffalo of their country. Anciently the emperors rode the elephant, but the present race regards it with inordinate dread; and the English visitors, whose reputation for courage had suffered from their inoffensiveness during the foray, attained the highest pitch of honor by the fearlessness with which they encountered, and the ease with which they slew these terrible adversaries.

We have said that they practise concubinage, and it is somewhat strange to hear that a Christian monarch maintains a harem to the number of 500, with a suitable establishment of eunuchs. Marriage is a civil contract, though sometimes it takes place before the Church, and divorce is frequent. Of the state of morality Major Harris reports very unfavorably. The entire literature of Abyssinia consists of 110 manuscript volumes of theological controversy and monkish legend; of these, four only are in the living or Amharic tongue; so that worthless as they are, few but the priests and *defteras* can decipher them, for those only destined to the Church, receive the rudiments of education. They have a number of curious habits or usages, of which we must not omit to mention the string of good wishes which composes their salutation in the streets. "How are you? How do you do? How have you passed your time? Are you well? Are you very well? Are you quite well? Are you perfectly well? Are you not well?"—are questions which form merely the preface to a long list of similar interrogations. Another singularity is what Major Harris calls "the mode of extortion by *mamalacha*,"—an ingenious system of begging. This consists in the petitioner presenting some gift, which, however worthless, it is scarcely allowable to refuse, and which, when accepted, must be acknowledged by the return of whatever the giver has the assurance to demand. It is constantly and importunately practised by all ranks; and of its operation, a notion may be formed from the statement, that "servants present sticks and handfuls of grass;" and that "for hours together, men stood before the door" of the residency "with cocks, and hens, and loaves of bread,

to establish their right to the possession of 'pleasing things.'" As remarkable is the practice of scarifying their cheeks on occasions of mourning. This they do by tearing from below each temple a circular piece of skin, about the size of a sixpence; to accomplish which the nail of the little finger is "purposely suffered to grow like an eagle's talon." All wear the *mateb*, a small cord of deep blue silk encircling the neck, and the badge of Christianity. Last of all, the whole nation delights in the luxury of raw flesh. It is the grand aliment of life.

"The bull is thrown down at the very door of the eating house; the head having been turned to the eastward, is, with the crooked sword, nearly severed from the body, under an invocation to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and no sooner is the breath out of the carcass, than the raw and quivering flesh is handed to the banquet. It is not fair to brand a nation with a foul stigma, resting on a solitary fact; but he who, like the writer, has witnessed, during the return of the foray, the wanton mutilation of a sheep whose limbs were in succession severed from the carcass, whilst the animal was still living, can readily believe all that is related by the great traveller Bruce, of the cruelties practised in Northern Abyssinia."—Pp. 172-3, vol. iii.

But we must close, leaving untold much that is curious. Nor can we do more than merely allude to the information regarding the countries lying south of Shoa. It was gathered from natives of the several districts, and abounds with interest. We here read of numerous tribes and nations, characterized by the strangest and most revolting manners and usages—of Galla tribes, who, while heathen in religion, and having superstitions that resemble those of Etruria and Rome, regard the Jews as their ancestors, and expect to conquer Jerusalem—of the kingdom of Enárea, half pagan and half Mahomedan—of the country of Zingero, where human sacrifices are common, and the slave merchant, as he passes the Lake Umo, throws the handsomest female captive into the waves, as a tribute to the god of the water—of the Doko, a pigmy race, (supposed by Major Harris to be the Troglodytes of Herodotus,) who are perfectly wild, pray to some uncouth deity standing on their heads, go stark naked, are ignorant of fire, live on roots and reptiles, and are annually hunted like beasts by the savage slave-dealers from Dumbáro, Caffa, and Kooloo. Finally, we read of the great River Gochob, running south and east into the Indian Ocean, and probably that which Arabian geographers call the "River of Pigmies." Rising in the great central ridge of mountains which divide the waters that flow east from those that flow west into the Bahr el Abiad, and more southerly, into the Atlantic, it first spreads into a lake, and then rolling onward, is joined, fifteen days' journey south of Enárea, by the Omo. Hence, their united waters, after falling down the stupendous cataract of Dumbáro, pursue their course to the south-east, forming the southern limit of Zingero, and at last disemboguing into the sea. The exact spot of confluence is unknown. Major Harris thinks it is identical with the Kibbee, said to come from the north-west, and enter the sea near the town of Juba, immediately under the equator. If not the Kibbee, it must be the Quilimancy, which disembogues, by several estuaries, between Patta and Malinda, four degrees farther south. Its volume of water is very large, and it is supposed to be navigable for a long way; and from the reports, it appears, that its mouth is known and is already navigated to a considerable distance inland by white people, who frequent it in pursuit of the horrible traffic in human flesh—a traffic of which the enormity is there rendered the more glaring, because many of its victims are Christians.

We have said nothing concerning the commercial and political bearings of the public mission which these volumes record. Nor do we propose to take up this important topic at the close of this notice. One word only regarding the principle and character of such undertakings. Expeditions, having for their object to take possession for a nation of an unoccupied territory, or to gain for it a footing and influence in one already peopled and partitioned, have been long known. But the unparalleled height of civilization to which our own and some other nations have now ascended, has laid them under stronger inducements, and at the same time furnished them with more efficient means than have ever hitherto been in operation, to prosecute such enterprises. We may, accordingly, expect to see them daily multiplied, and attaining to greater importance in the affairs of nations. It is evident that very different motives are conspiring to cause them. Some have sprung from political ambition alone. They have been the effects of rivalry between the great powers, prompting them to seize and fortify themselves in new posts of attack or

defence. Others aim at introducing, as it were, one people to another—at throwing down the walls of partition between communities—at bringing the influence of all to bear on the resources within the possession of each, in order that every where men may work, under the most urgent motives, and by aid of the best appliances, at the great task set to their progenitor in Eden, of subduing the earth to human dominion, and extracting from it the fullest amount of human uses. Of these the former are in principle unjustifiable and wicked, and in their effects must be pernicious. The latter are not only praiseworthy, but seem indeed to rank among national duties. To this class, the mission which Major Harris conducted professedly belongs. Having this opinion of its object, we regard it with approbation and interest, trusting that its issue may never belie the fairness of its opening promise, and that the new people, whom our colossal Empire has drawn within the circle of its influence, may never have to tell of the injustice, oppression, and degradation which, in too many quarters of the globe, have been the sole fruits of British interference.

There are various appendices to the volumes, containing specific information regarding the natural history of the Adel country, and regarding the geology, botany, and zoology of Abyssinia. For these, the author was indepted to Dr. Roth, the naturalist of the Embassy, and they are highly valuable. There is also added an accurate copy of the Abyssinian Calendar, from which it appears that their year commences on our 29th August, which is their 1st September—that every day of the year has at least one saint, while many have a great number—and that the lives of the saints, or the detail of the miracles assigned to each day, are publicly read in the churches at the service, beginning at the cock's first crowing.

GUARANTEE OF A SALE-CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.—The French papers give the particulars of a trial, in which the tribunals have had to decide on the question of guarantee as applicable to the description given in a sale-catalogue of books. From a collection of books and manuscripts sold M. Bohaire, the publisher, M. Tabary bought, for 300 francs, one described in the catalogue as a manuscript on fine vellum, in two folio volumes, of the 'Epistles of St. Jerome,' and to which was assigned the date thirteenth century. M. Tabary, afterwards discovered, on one of the latter pages of the first volume, this note:—"Epistolarum Sancti Hieronymi volumen primum finit. In nomine Sanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis et gloriosæ virginis Mariæ scriptum—1468;" and, accordingly, sued the publisher for the return of his purchase-money. M. Bohaire pleaded his good faith, and that he had purchased the manuscript at the sale, in 1835, of the library of M. de Courcelles, as a manuscript of the thirteenth century, and appealed to the conditions of sale in his catalogue, which prescribed that the books purchased should be collated within twenty-four hours of the purchase, whereas M. Tabary had kept the MS. six months without complaint. The Court, however, decided that the question of collation applied only to the copy, and not to a substantive misdescription, in which case the publisher must be considered as guaranteeing; and pronounced the sale void.—*Ath.*

PIRATED ENGLISH WORKS.—In consequence of the many applications which have been made to the Lords of the Treasury by parties arriving in England, after lengthened tours on the continent, relative to the seizure, under the new Copyright Act, of the single copies of pirated English works purchased by them abroad, and imported for their own libraries, an order has been made, with which our readers should be acquainted. It is thereby directed, that pirated works found in the baggage of passengers shall not be immediately destroyed, but shall be retained three months,—an account containing a list of the same being sent quarterly to the board, in order to obtain the order for their destruction, which is not to take place till the expiration of a month from the date of the order. It is not generally known that there is a provision in the act, to the effect that the owners of the copyrights are entitled to import pirated editions of their works. Therefore, persons who may be possessed of pirated editions, and are anxious to retain them, should apply for the sanction of the owner of the copyright to their admission; which being obtained, they will experience no difficulty in obtaining their delivery For ourselves, we question the policy of any exception which lets in the pirated work at all. The general efficiency of the Act is endangered by this relaxation of its provisions. With these licensed copies abroad, how are the copies of the smuggler to be distinguished for seizure? The only remedy will be for authors to put a stamp on such copies as pass under their license—as Bibles and tracts are stamped by the societies which distribute them in charity.—*Athenæum.*

TASSO'S MONUMENT.—His Majesty the King of the French has, through his Excellency Count Latour Maubourg, French Ambassador at the Court of the Holy See, caused a liberal donation to be presented to the commissioners constituted at Rome, for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of Tasso.—*Court Journal.*

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

[Continued.]

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Mrs. Roberts certainly began to feel that if she hoped to sustain her reputation for being the very best and cleverest manager that the world ever saw, of all pecuniary as well as other matters, it would be necessary to lose as little time as possible in bringing to perfection her scheme for obtaining the agreeable society of Miss Bertha Harrington for her two daughters. She suffered, therefore, but one day to intervene between her last visit to Lady Moreton, and the very important one which was to decide the success of her scheme.

She left her two daughters in the carriage, having previously explained to them her plan, and also in part the urgent necessity for it, and then mounted the stairs with a beating heart.

She had, however, a comfortable and sustaining confidence in her own powers, and felt, as she entered the drawing-room, that her courage rather increased than diminished as the moment for profiting by it approached. Unfortunately, however, she did not find Lady Moreton alone, her dearly beloved cousin, Sophy, being seated beside her, reading scraps of news from Galignani's paper of the day, while her young niece was stationed at a table, one side of which was placed against the wall at the bottom of the room, with an open book in her hand, which, however, she did not appear to be reading, as her eyes were earnestly fixed upon the wall before her.

This she of course felt would not do at all; and having gone through all her most graceful evolutions in the way of easy Parisian morning gossiping, she lowered her voice to a whisper, addressed exclusively to Lady Moreton, and said, "May I ask to have two minutes' private conversation with your ladyship?"

Lady Moreton opened her eyes with a stare expressive of much more astonishment than satisfaction, and repeating the word "private?" interrogatively, seemed to await a little further explanation before she ventured to accede to the request.

Nobody could have understood better than Mrs. Roberts did that both the word and the accent implied a double doubt; first, as to her own right of making the request, and, secondly, as to her ladyship's inclination to granting it; and nothing could give stronger evidence of the high value which Mrs. Roberts put upon the esteem and consideration of her own family, than the fact that her first sensation on recovering this rebuff was one of gladness that no Roberts had heard it but herself.

"Do not for a moment mistake me, my dearest lady!" she exclaimed, looking at her dowager countess with eyes that seemed almost in an act of adoration from profound respect; "do not suppose it possible that I do not feel that this request would be perfectly unwarrantable, did it not concern your ladyship more than it does myself."

"Oh! well, I don't want to slip out of business; though it always is a bore to such a temper as mine," replied her ladyship, "and it is not an easy matter you see just at first, Mrs. Robson—Mrs. Roberts, I mean—it is not quite easy just at first to guess what you *can* have to do with any private business of mine. As to my getting up and trotting about the rooms in order to find a place for you to talk secrets in, I can't do it—indeed I *cannot*, Mrs. Roberts; but I'll send the child out of the room, if that is what you want. My cousin Sophy's secrets and mine are all one and the same, so she need not stop you. Shall I send the child away?"

Mrs. Roberts bowed, and smiled a most cordially well-pleased acquiescence, though she really would have been inexpressibly delighted could she have found at the moment any feasible method of despatching the Lady Forton either to the bright regions of the moon, or to the darkest cave at the bottom of the ocean. She would have cared not a farthing which. But as both were alike impossible, she was obliged to reconcile herself to the exceedingly disagreeable necessity of enduring the unremitting stare of her ladyship's great black eyes, which always seemed to come on duty with as impressive a steadiness as the equestrian sentinels at Whitehall, whenever any thing in the least degree important was addressed to her cousin.

Upon receiving this signal of acquiescence from her mysterious visitor, Lady Moreton raised her voice to a tone that was very satisfactorily audible at the bottom of the room, where the young person she addressed was sitting, and said, "Go to your own room, Bertha Harrington."

The command was instantly obeyed, and then, very greatly to the satisfaction of Mrs. Roberts, who was beginning to feel a little

nervous about her negotiation, Lady Moreton exclaimed,

"If you have got an atom of feeling in you, Mrs. Roberts, you must pity me about that wet blanket of a girl. In your whole life now did you ever see a creature look and move as she does? It would be bad enough, I dare say, for any body, high or low, rich or poor, but think what it must be to me! But it is no good to talk of it to you, or to any body else who does not live in my own style, and who does not know what it is to have gone on as I have done with every living soul, taking care that I should not be plagued; for even poor gouty Lord Moreton was for ever and ever ordered by the physicians to go here, there, and every where, according as they thought it would best suit me. Every body, all through my life, has always known my happy, cheerful temper, and how I hated beyond all things on God's earth, to be bored and plagued. I believe there are some people that don't mind it. Every body is not made alike, you know, it is folly to fancy it; and Sir Christopher Harrington deserves to be burnt for daring to torment me in this way."

These words, though uttered in the sharpest possible key, fell like balm on the spirit of Mrs. Roberts, and seemed to render the undertaking so delightfully easy, that she sat exhibiting her satisfaction by a smile that became more bland and more broad every moment, despite the increasing asperity of the gay-hearted dowager.

During the first part of her ladyship's speech, her ladyship's eyes had been fixed upon the tapestry portrait of her favorite dog, which she was assiduously working in a large frame that stood before her, but at length condescending to raise her eyes to the person she addressed, and whose private business, by the way, she had utterly forgotten, she perceived the strangely inappropriate expression of her countenance, and stopping short for a moment, staring at her with her needle suspended, and with rather an alarming frown upon her brow, she said,

"What in the world may you be smiling and simpering at, I should like to know? There is no accounting for difference of tastes, my good madam, but my cousin Sophy and myself, I believe, think this young lady's arrival rather a crying than a laughing matter."

"My dearest Lady Moreton!—my dearest Lady Forton!" exclaimed the frightened Mrs. Roberts in reply, "I should break my heart—I should indeed!—I am quite sure I should break my heart, if you could either of you think me capable of smiling at what must naturally make you both feel so very far from pleased. I did smile, I am quite aware of that; I did smile, my dear ladies, and the cause for which I smiled was, that my sole and only reason for coming here this morning, was in the hope that I had thought of something which might perhaps relieve you from your disagreeable difficulties about this poor, melancholy-looking young lady. I could not help smiling as I thought that perhaps I might have the exceeding great good luck and happiness of being useful to you."

"How, ma'am?" returned Lady Moreton, rather drily. "I confess that I can't very well see what use you are likely to be of to me in this matter."

These words were by no means very encouraging in themselves, but the commentary which Mrs. Roberts' sharp glance caught from the eyes of Lady Forton, was less so still, for they expressed both ridicule and pride with a degree of distinctness which proved them to be very fine eyes indeed. Had poor Mrs. Roberts been as free from embarrassments at that moment as she had been six months or so before, she would probably have grown exceedingly red in the face as she looked and listened, and would have made a sudden and indignant exit, notwithstanding the imposing rank and station of her companions. But now, poor woman, she would as soon have thought of boxing their honorable ears, as of manifesting in the very least degree her annoyance. To Lady Forton indeed she did endeavor to turn a blind eye, but it never entered her head to attempt turning a deaf ear to her more important cousin.

Very judiciously changing her own aspect from gay to sentimental, she replied, "I am not at all surprised to hear you say so, Lady Moreton, for few things could appear less likely than that such an idea as I have now called upon you to communicate, should ever have entered my head. But you are not aware, dear lady, I am quite sure that you are not aware, how deeply impressive your manner is, when you describe your own feelings! I saw, and I felt to my fingers' ends, the sort of heavy dragging weight which this unfortunate young lady's arrival had thrown upon you; and when I went home, I could not help saying to myself, again and again, that it

was one of the most perverse and unlucky things that ever had happened; for that ninety-nine people out of a hundred might have had the very same thing happen to them, without caring three straws about it; while to your ladyship, it seemed positively like putting an extinguisher upon the very brightest candle in the world."

The simile was a very happy one, and Lady Moreton felt it to be so. She smiled, and nodded at her cousin, till the beautiful flaxen ringlets which depended from beneath her blond cap, danced, as it were, with satisfaction.

"That is true, Sophy, isn't it, let who will have said it?" she observed, and then added, "You could not have hit the truth better, my good friend, if you had been King Solomon, or the Queen of Sheba either. It is an extinguisher, and put out I shall be, as sure as you sit there to say it, unless I can find some means of throwing it away before I am turned to snuff. So now you may go on, if you will, and you need not be afraid to tell us whatever may have come into your head about it. Whether it turns out to be wisdom or folly, it can't do any harm, if we choose to take the trouble of listening to it."

"Heaven forbid I should do any harm, when I really wish to do nothing but good," replied Mrs. Roberts, with a sort of grave propriety of manner, that seemed to bespeak attention and respect, whether what she were about to say were approved or not. "It has occurred to me, Lady Moreton," she continued, "that I might, without the slightest inconvenience to myself, be of use to you in this matter. As the mother of two daughters, just introduced into society, I have naturally laid aside all thoughts of amusement for myself, and am devoted wholly and solely to them. This being the case, the having a third young person to watch over, and take into company, would be positively no evil at all. My introductions here, and indeed at every court in Europe, are of the very best, and most influential kind; and as it is our intention to show our children, before marriage shall have clipped their young wings, all that is best worth seeing throughout the fashionable world, we should really consider it rather an advantage than otherwise, to have just such an addition to our party as your niece, Miss Harrington. My girls are still, in the most praiseworthy manner, pursuing their various accomplishments, and it would be an encouragement and pleasure to them, to have a companion in their studies. We shall leave Paris on a tour to Baden-Baden in a very few days, after which we shall proceed to Italy; and if your ladyship will intrust your young relation to my care, I shall have much pleasure in undertaking the charge."

Mrs. Roberts ceased, and the ladies Moreton and Forton looked at each other steadily for a minute or two.

A twinge of feeling, not very strong indeed, but in which something, a little approaching to a conscientious doubt, made a part, caused this unusual suspension of speech in the elder lady. The younger one was silent, because she chose that her cousin should speak first; and because, in fact, she had no intention of pronouncing any opinion on the subject at all, unless she found it necessary to do so, in order to obtain what she was quite determined should be the final result; such, indeed, being the invariable custom of the Lady Forton, who detested the burden of responsibility, almost as much as she liked having in all things her own way, and never interfered in any of Lady Moreton's arrangements, unless she perceived some reason to fear that they were not precisely such as she approved. Then came the word in good time, which invariably settled the question as she chose that it should be settled.

Lady Forton's prodigiously large black eyes were as far as possible from having no speculation in them; in fact, they speculated in all sorts and manners of ways from morning to night; and now they were speculating, or at any rate assisting her to speculate on the meaning of the shadow of doubt, which the fair round face of her cousin exhibited. The opinions of Lady Forton had seldom any of the alloy of doubt in them, and on the present occasion they were so instantaneously and resolutely decided upon, that not all the compunctious meditations of all the aunts in the world could have sufficed to shake them for an instant. Lady Forton hated the sight of Bertha Harrington. She hated the sound of her voice. She hated her noiseless movements. She hated her well-descended name. She hated both her present and her probable fortune—for she saw in each and every item something that militated against her own well-being and consequence. Lady Forton had been very beautiful; she was very handsome still, and she clung to this fading remnant of former triumph with a degree of tenacity that might fairly be compar

ed to that of a wretch, who felt himself sinking, and knew that if he sunk he must perish. No artist that ever lived, with all his acute sensibility to beauty, past, present, and future, could have been more awake to the perception of the latent loveliness of poor Bertha's pale young face, than was this heartless, unprincipled, faded old coquette; and from the moment when the poor motherless girl first encountered the broad, full, acutely-examining eye of this amiable personage, the period of her residence in the elegant atmosphere of her presence was limited to the shortest possible time that might be found necessary for the process of removing her.

It might have cost time, and it might have cost trouble, and it might have cost the risk of many other disagreeable consequences besides, but the certainty of her ultimate success was in no degree weakened by such considerations; and it was for this reason that Lady Forton was enabled to listen with so much composure to a proposal so every way agreeable.

And every way agreeable it assuredly was—for it was likely to remove the hated object soon, and far, and lastingly—yes, lastingly—for it would evidently be the interest of the Roberts family to keep her; and who knew better than Lady Forton the enormous strength of this argument?

So the Lady Forton waited patiently for the Lady Moreton to speak, equally certain that whether she said yes or no, Bertha Harrington would very speedily disappear.

"I am sure it is very obliging of you, Mrs. Roberts, very obliging indeed," said Lady Moreton, at length; "and I really do not see any reason why we should not think about it. That, you know, can't do any harm to either of us in any way. Wise people, I have heard, always do think about things before they reject, as well as before they accept an offer. And I see no reason, I am sure, why my cousin and I should not set ourselves to think a little about what you have been so obliging as to propose. There is no great hurry, I imagine. We need not decide to-day, nor to-morrow either, I suppose? It is a sort of thing that of course you know one ought be very cautious about."

It may be doubted whether amidst all the numerous variety of sayings and doings which might have entered Lady Moreton's head on the subject of handing over the guardianship of her niece to a family of perfect strangers, any thing could possibly have occurred to her so likely to bring the affair to an immediate conclusion, as this mention of delay. Had she talked of refusing the proposal altogether, her steadfast-minded cousin, Sophy, could have endured it with perfect composure, quite certain that a very few words from her, would cause it to be accepted in defiance of pretty nearly any obstacle that could possibly arise—but at this mention of delay she was terrified. It affected her nerves, as the hearing preparations for applying the rack might affect those of a prisoner who knew himself, for a time, in the power of an enemy, though his ultimate release was sure; and determined to avoid the only evil which still seemed to threaten her, she said, with an air of ripe decision, which seemed to be the result of the most mature deliberation:

"If you will take my advice, cousin, you will not suffer any delay whatever to intervene between the proposal of this plan, and the acceptance of it. Your niece is falling into habits of such pernicious ill-humor and idleness, that, in my judgment, every hour is of importance. You are not aware what habit is to a mind of that class. Mrs. Roberts has shown herself a woman of great good sense in considering, when making this proposal, the very great advantage to her own daughters of having a companion in their studies. I really do not see how you can justify it to yourself to keep this miserable, melancholy, idle girl here for a single hour longer, when you have the power of placing her with cheerful young ladies, who will soon cure both her melancholy and her idleness by their example. Of course, you must do as you like, my dear cousin, but I really have said thus much from a sense of duty."

"It is just like yourself, cousin Sophy," replied Lady Moreton, looking excessively comforted; "and I do not believe there is a woman in the world so well calculated in every way to give advice as you are. So then, my dear, good Mrs. Roberts, I will venture to say at once that you are quite welcome to have Bertha, by way of a trial, if you like it. I had better say trial, you know, cousin Sophy, because that always leaves one the power to change if desirable, and it may be better too in the writing about it to Sir Christopher."

"There can be no objection to your calling it a trial if you like it," replied Lady Forton, with a quiet little smile, "and I don't think Sir Christopher is the least likely to be troublesome to you by his over anxiety."

"No, indeed! good-for-nothing, impertinent man," returned the countess; "I don't believe he cares a straw about her. Not one quarter as much as you do, my dear, kind Sophy; but, nevertheless, you know it will be necessary for us to write something."

"There will be no great difficulty in doing that," replied Lady Forton, "and I should therefore say that your best plan would be to fix the day and hour of the young lady's departure immediately."

To say that Mrs. Roberts was pleased, is a very weak phrase by which to describe her sensations, and yet she was not altogether satisfied. A disagreeable doubt had crossed her brain as to the terms on which this unwelcome niece was to be disposed of, and the Lady Forton seemed to be driving on at so vehement a pace towards the conclusion of the affair, that she felt there was no time to be lost in making it understood that the advantage of the companionship to her daughters was not quite the only remuneration she expected for taking the troublesome young lady off their hands. Nevertheless, it went to her very heart to do any thing likely to check the rapid progress of an affair which she so anxiously wished to conclude, and it was therefore with evident reluctance that she said:

"We shall be quite ready to receive the poor, dear, melancholy young lady, whenever it suits you to send her; but Sir Christopher must of course be aware, that the father of a large family, though certainly a man of very good fortune, would not be justified in making such an arrangement as this without a proper remuneration."

"Good gracious me, Mrs. Robins!" exclaimed Lady Moreton, "do you really suppose that we meant to ask you and your husband to take in my niece, and Sir Christopher Harrington's daughter upon charity? I should like to know how such an idea as that could have ever entered your head?"

"No, indeed, your ladyship, it never did enter my head," replied the frightened Mrs. Roberts. "I only thought that in all matters of business, it was best to let every thing be quite clearly understood."

"Oh dear, yes, ma'am—quite right—perfectly right beyond all doubt—that if you fancied there was any danger you should guard against it. But all this is nonsense and folly," added her ladyship, with sudden impatience, "I think you heard me say the other day, that her father allowed her five hundred a-year. You may just take it and make the most of it—only taking care, if you please, that the girl is not left without having money enough in her pocket to dress herself decently. You must let her have one hundred out of the five for that, if you please to remember, and as for the other four hundred, you may set up a coach-and-six with it, if you like; and never alarm yourself or your family with any fears that I should wish to pilfer any part of it."

And here Lady Moreton laughed a little, and Lady Forton laughed a little, too; and Mrs. Roberts hardly knew whether to be most glad or most sorry that she had said any thing about the money at all. However, this doubtful state of mind was very speedily changed to self-congratulation and self-applause, when, having taken her leave, with the understanding that Miss Harrington was to come to her before dinner on the following day, she once more found herself sitting opposite to her two anxious daughters in the carriage that was to convey her and her news to her admiring husband.

The two young ladies, who had been pretty sufficiently frightened by their mamma's confidential revelations relative to the state of her debts and resources, hailed her, and the information she brought, with a great deal of charming young enthusiasm, and listened with more than patience to her narrative of all the difficulties she encountered, and the admirably skilful manner in which she had contrived to conquer them. To her husband the manner of her communication was different. It did not accord with her notions of well-ordered domestic arrangements that the slow intellect of an elderly gentleman, in the always awkward, and often invidious position of master of the family, should be made acquainted with all the minor manœuvrings by which the ark of his conjugal and paternal felicity was kept afloat.

"All that is necessary for your father to know he shall hear from me, girls," she said, "so take care not to allude before him to any thing I am telling you now. He would neither make head nor tail of it, and I should be bothered to death with questions that might lead to answers which could do nothing but mischief."

The young ladies promised discretion, and then retired to their own room to cog-

itate, *tête-à-tête*, on the possible advantages, and probable plagues of having a girl to take about with them.

"Her being a girl of birth and fashion must certainly be an advantage, you know," observed Agatha, "and, on the whole, I suppose it is quite as well that she should not be a beauty."

"Yes, Agatha, we may thank Heaven for that," replied her sister Maria, "for of all the tiresome things I can fancy, the having to take about a beauty miss, in leading strings, must be the worst! We must take care, however, to make her dress herself well, because there *is* something creditable in that; and as she is such a mere child, I think it will be neither more nor less than our duty to make her lay out her money profitably."

"I quite agree with you," replied Agatha. "Only fancy that brat having a hundred-a year to spend on her dress! We must never, you know, attempt the same style of things; we must keep to the graceful, becoming, fanciful line, and make her spend her money in rich solid dresses, fine furs, you know, and great broad lace; and as we are, thank Heaven! beyond contradiction, a monstrous deal better-looking than she will ever be, we may trust the men for finding out that looking elegant and looking rich, is not always the same thing."

"Oh yes! you are quite right," cried Maria, gaily, "I am not in the least alarmed about her hundred a-year for dress; besides, if she is not absolutely a brute, she must make us presents sometimes. I don't mean that I want any body to give me dresses or bonnets, I am sure I should quite hate it. I like to choose my own things myself. Nobody knows what suits me so well as I do my own self—*nobody*, if they really wished it ever so much, could ever understand about complexion, and eyes, and general effect, as one does one's self. What this girl ought to do is, to give us a trinket or two now and then. The merest child knows the difference between a good brooch or bracelet, and a shabby one, and that is the only kind of present I should ever think of accepting."

"I quite agree with you," again said the sensible Agatha, in an accent which conveyed authority. "There never can be any thing unladylike in accepting things of that kind, but I should be exceedingly sorry to find myself driven to wish—even to wish—for wearing apparel, unless it was a scarf or a shawl perhaps, or something of that sort, you know, which can hardly be classed as clothes. There is something so horrid in the very sound of *presents of clothes*, that I would almost rather go naked than accept any thing of the sort. This, however, is all idle talk, Maria, for we know nothing on earth of this intimate new friend, but that she is no beauty, and looks as solemn as an owl. And it is quite nonsense to attempt guessing whether she has any generosity of character or not. But there is a consideration, Maria, that is a great deal more to the purpose, and that is, whether we shall be able to coax mamma into making papa increase our allowance."

"Dear knows you are right there, Agatha! And I, for one, shall never know any real comfort till it is done," replied Maria, solemnly. "I don't at all mean to say that we have any reason to complain of mamma about getting dresses for us, and I must say that I think she has managed exceedingly well, considering how very close papa seems to keep his money. But that is altogether a different thing from finding one's dresses one's self. And then you see that mamma gets into such dreadful scrapes about paying for the things! Poor dear soul! I don't mean to say she can help it, but don't you think it would be a great deal better for her, and take a monstrous deal of anxiety off her mind, if we had an allowance, that was really an allowance, for dress; for thirty pounds a-year in Paris, or any where else where one has to go out, is a positive joke, you know."

"A joke! To be sure it is a joke, and mamma knows that as well as we do. But I by no means feel certain that she would like to make any alteration," replied Agatha; "mamma is extremely clever, we all know that, and clever people always do like to keep the management of every thing in their own hands. This is quite natural, and I dare say in her situation I might, very likely, do the same thing myself. So I make no complaints on that score, though I might like well enough to have it altered. But what I do complain of, Maria, is mamma's deceiving herself into believing that the abominable heavy bills of Mademoiselle Amabel are chiefly for us. It is no such thing. It is positively no such thing. Mamma's turbans, with the birds and the gold lace—and then her velvet things, and all the rest of it, run away with ten times as much as our light trumpery dancing dresses."

"I have no doubt you are right, Agatha,

though I have never had those horrid bills long enough in my hands to make any very close calculation," said Maria; "but I don't see how she can help it. I am sure I should not like to go out with her if she were not well dressed, and she can't wear gauzes, and nets, and trumpery muslins, as we do."

"No, but then she need not talk so much more of our things than she does of her own," replied Agatha. "However, I am not going to quarrel with mamma about the bills, or the dresses either. Altogether, she has contrived to get on exceedingly well, and it does her great credit—nobody can be more aware of that than I am. But now that such a monstrous sum of money, in addition, is coming with this girl, and that every thing will of course go smooth and easy again, I shall be vexed if she grumble any more about what we have had from Amabel's, for I positively declare that we never *have* had any thing that was not absolutely necessary to our making a decent appearance."

The two young ladies then proceeded to discuss the various fears, and the various hopes, to which this important addition to their family circle naturally gave rise; both agreeing that after all, Edward was the person to whom it was likely to be most really interesting. For that the girl would fall in love with him, was as certain as that she had eyes in her head; and if he *could* make up his mind to marry her, it would most certainly be a very advantageous connexion for them all.

But all this, together with much more very interesting matter, concerning the rather peculiar manner in which a young chevalier and a middle-aged count had been "going on" for some time past, must be left to the imagination of the reader, while we follow Mrs. Roberts to the presence of her husband.

"Well, my dear," began that truly worthy gentleman, with a look of considerable anxiety, but without venturing to annoy his invaluable wife by any more special questionings.

"Well, Mr. Roberts," she repeated in an accent so charmingly equable that it was impossible for him to judge, with any degree of certainty, whether she had succeeded or not, and having said this, she seated herself in the chair which she usually occupied when she did him the honor of paying him a visit in the little room appropriated to his particular use and service.

"Well, my dear, have you seen the ladies?" said he, in rather a faltering voice

"Yes, sir, to be sure I have," she replied, looking greatly surprised at the question; "what do you suppose I have been about? Did I not tell you that I was going to them? And do I ever undertake a thing without doing it? What can you ask such an idle question for?"

"Why, it is an idle question, to be sure, my dear, but the truth is, I did not like to plague you by asking for particulars just the moment you came in. But of course, my dear, I am very anxious."

"Anxious, Mr. Roberts? What is it has made you anxious, sir? Nothing alarming has happened, I hope, since I left the house?"

"Oh dear no, nothing at all. I was thinking of what might have happened to you, my dear; I hope you have had nothing to vex you?"

"Vex me, sir, what should I have to vex me? I am not so easily vexed, Mr. Roberts, and I hope you will not be vexed either; or, at least, not unreasonably vexed, when I tell you that I found it absolutely impossible—."

Here Mr. Roberts groaned, but quite involuntarily, and he immediately endeavored to atone for it by saying, "I beg your pardon, my dear. Don't mind me, Sarah; don't think about me; it can't be helped, and we must make the best of it."

"The best of it," she replied in astonishment, that seemed to increase with every moment. "What *can* you mean, Mr. Roberts? I was simply going to mention to you that I found it impossible to avoid letting dear Bertha come rather early to-morrow, they were all so kindly eager and anxious that she should be with us at once. But I really never imagined that there was any very serious evil in having to hurry a little in getting a room ready for her."

"She is coming, then?" exclaimed the delighted Mr. Roberts, clasping his hands in a sort of thankful ecstacy.

"Coming, sir?" returned his wife, "didn't you know she was coming?"

"I knew, my dear, that it was your excellent plan, and most truly wise intention, to get her to come here if you possibly could. But how could I—how could any man be perfectly sure in a business that required so much skill to carry through—how could I be quite certain that you would have the astonishing cleverness to do it at once?" said Mr. Roberts.

It was now Mrs. Roberts's turn to sigh, which she did very profoundly. "I really should like to know, Mr. Roberts," she said, "how many years more you and I must continue to live together before you find out that whatever I say I will do, I perform? Did I not tell you, sir, that it was my purpose to inform Lady Moreton that I should not object to take charge of her niece for a few years? Did I not tell you this, Mr. Roberts?"

"Yes, you did indeed, my dear; and no doubt of it, it was nothing but my folly that made me fear about it for a single moment afterwards," replied Mr. Roberts, looking the picture of penitence. "But who is there in the whole world but you, Sarah, that could be so very certain about Lady Moreton's consent, the very moment you mentioned the thing to her? Who but you could have known beforehand that it *must* succeed?"

Here Mrs. Roberts smiled; a little in pity and a little in pride.

"My poor, dear, excellent Mr. Roberts!" she exclaimed, "don't fancy I am angry with you. I am not, I give you my word of honor, I am not the least atom angry or out of temper; but I do believe that you are the only man alive who, being told that I had no objection to taking Bertha Harrington, would feel any doubt about my having her. Now do just use your common sense for one moment, Mr. Roberts, and tell me how you suppose Lady Moreton *must* have felt the moment I made her understand that I should not object to adopting her niece into my family as an inmate and friend? How do you suppose she felt, sir?"

"Why, delighted, my dear. I have no question of it, none at all," replied her husband; "she must have been delighted; and so she ought, Heaven knows, for she has now got an example to set before her niece, such as few people in this poor sinful earth of ours are often happy enough to get sight of—unless they have the good fortune to live tolerably near to you, my dear?"

Mrs. Roberts now rose, and patting her husband's bald head as she passed him, said, "You are never deficient in sense, Roberts, when you give yourself a little time to think. But I must not stay gossiping with you, my dear, though you are very agreeable sometimes, when you know what you are talking about. I must positively look about the rooms, and see where I can manage to stow this poor girl. I shall make a point of being always particularly kind to her. Edward's chance, you know, will be all the better for that. If things go on between them as I expect they will, I shall begin to get very anxious to hear of old Sir Christopher's death. It will be so much pleasanter, you know, to have no doubt about their income. Five hundred a year might do all very well for a common-place young man, such as one generally sees, but upon my honor three thousand will not be a penny too much for him. He is so thoroughly elegant and superior."

Mrs. Roberts then left the room with a very stately step, and her husband continued looking after her as she went, as if he expected to see a train of glory left along her path.

"There never was such another woman as that!" said he, relieving his full bosom with a puffing sigh. "No, never!"

Mrs. Roberts, when first made aware that she really was going to have Miss Harrington as an inmate, cast some vague thoughts towards a light closet within her daughters' bedroom, as a possible lodging-room for her during the short time they were to remain in Paris. But the utter impossibility of putting both a bed and a washing-stand in it, at one and the same time, at length decided her against it; and it then became evident, that the only feasible scheme for lodging her young guest in their apartments, would be the sending Edward to an hotel, and preparing for her the room he had occupied.

But although she was exceedingly desirous of setting about it at once, she could by no means think of taking the liberty of entering her elegant Edward's domain without announcing to him the necessity, and obtaining his permission. She therefore waited with all the patience she could muster, till he returned to the house, and then invited him to a *tête-à-tête* in her own room.

Up to this time, the heir of the Robertses had been kept in ignorance of all his parents' hopes and fears respecting the young lady who was so speedily to be adopted into the bosom of his family, and who was intended ultimately to enjoy the enviable pre-eminence of being his wife.

It would scarcely be doing justice to the character of Mrs. Roberts to say that she was afraid of any thing; but if her courage ever threatened to forsake her under any

circumstances, it was when she thought that any thing was likely to happen which might by possibility vex, embarrass, irritate, or in any way annoy her son. The idea of seeing him look either cross or melancholy, was more than she could bear, and the double possibility that he might dislike the arrangement if it did take place, or be disappointed if it did not, had prevented her having, as yet, named the subject to him. But now the hour and the man were both come, and she set about the necessary communication with her usual skill.

"Oh! here you are!" she exclaimed, as he entered the room, riding-whip in hand, and in the act of drawing on his snow-white riding gloves.

"Oh! my darling Edward! how I wish that you had a whole stud of Arabian horses at your command! I never, in the whole course of my life, saw a man look so perfectly elegant in a riding-dress as you do."

"I really cannot say any thing about that, ma'am," replied the youth, walking up to her toilet-glass, and bending fondly over it to inspect the condition of his moustache, "I must leave that to you. But now you have hooked me for a talk, mother, I will just give you a hint that you must please to make the governor shovel out a little. And indeed, a little won't do; he must come down pretty handsomely, or I shall come to a stand-still, and that won't answer for you or the misses either, I promise you."

"It is odd enough, my dear fellow," replied his mother, gazing at him with unequivocal delight, "that you should happen to say that to me just at this moment, because what I want to say to you, has got a good deal to do with it. You are not the only one of the family who is hard up, my dear Edward—for your father is pretty well drawn dry, and I have got half-a-dozen of your bills in my desk, still unpaid, besides a horrible lot of my own."

The young gentleman colored a good deal as he listened to this, and then immediately replied, "Then I must cut my stick and be off, ma'am; so you may as well give me some tin and your blessing at once; for upon my soul I can't stay here."

"I am not at all surprised to hear you say so, Edward," returned the indulgent parent; "for it is quite impossible, as I am constantly telling your father, that any man can dress as you do, and look as you do, for nothing. It is no good to expect it."

"But the old gentleman can't coin, ma'am," replied the considerate son. "You say he is done up himself, and if that notion is not got up to keep me in order, but is really truth and fact, I don't see what good I am to get by your bothering him about my dress, and the rest of it."

"You speak like an angel, my darling Edward, as you always do; but you will see, if you will listen to me, that I do not intend to sit down with my hands before me, while you are at a loss, my poor, dear boy, to find means of getting a decent coat."

Her son stared, but waited in silence for what was to come next.

"I do not wonder at your looking surprised, my dear," she resumed, "for it is seldom that a woman *can* do any thing to help her family at a pinch; but if you have patience to listen to rather a long story, I think I shall make you understand that you need not cut your stick, as you call it, you dear, droll creature, just directly."

"Fire away, then, mother," said the youth, "*pauvre Jacque* must lead about my nag a little, that's all."

Mrs. Roberts then entered, somewhat more at length than is necessary for us to follow her, into the condition of the family exchequer, and then rather abruptly asked her son, if he had ever heard his sisters mention a Miss Bertha Harrington, who was staying with his great friend and admirer, Lady Moreton.

"No, not I, ma'am," returned the young man, yawning. "Oh! yes I have, though!" he added, correcting himself; "that's the girl that they said was as ugly as sin, and a great fortune."

"She is not as ugly as sin, Edward," returned Mrs. Roberts, knitting her brows; "and it is extremely wrong and foolish in your sisters to say so. I am not at all sure that she may not turn out quite as handsome as they are themselves. But that is not the point that is of the most importance to us just now."

And then she went on to explain what the reader knows already, respecting the situation and fortune of Miss Harrington; the immense advantage which the stipend she paid would be to the Roberts family in their present situation, and the very extraordinary skill with which she had managed to obtain it.

Considering the thoughtless age and sprightly temperament of her son, Mrs. Roberts had every reason to be satisfied with the degree of attention with which he listened to her.

"If things are as bad as you say, mother,"

he replied, "you have certainly made a good hit. But it is a confounded bore, too, to have a great ugly girl in the house, by way of a boarder. Every body will see in a moment, you know, that we are as poor as rats."

"Fear nothing on that score, dearest," replied his mother, "I shall take care to put every thing on a proper footing—and, for goodness sake, don't you let me ever hear you call her *boarder* again. It is exactly what I have been scolding your father for, Edward, and upon my word, it is more excusable in him than in you, because you ought to know so much better what's what, than we can ever expect him to do, poor, dear man."

"But what the deuce is she, ma'am—if she is not a boarder?" demanded Mr. Edward.

"A WARD, my dear boy—your father's ward—that is what she must be called. And if we all remember, on all occasions, to give her this title, everybody else will give it to her also, and the dear girl herself will be sure to adopt the idea—which will be a great advantage, because it will at once put her on a proper footing with us all."

"And will her aunt, Lady Moreton, and her cousin with the big eyes, adopt the idea, too, mother?" demanded the inquisitive son again.

"How like your mother you are, Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, with a look of great tenderness. "You see every thing with such astonishing quickness. No, my dear; most certainly Lady Moreton would not adopt the same idea, nor her cousin, Lady Forton, either. You are quite right; we should get into a very disagreeable scrape, perhaps, if we hazarded any thing of the kind, while we remain in Paris, and for that reason, as well as for some others, Edward, the best thing we can do will be to move off with as little delay as possible. It is perfectly clear that Madame de Soissonac means to cut us all, and this will make a great difference, I assure you. Such balls as hers, once every week, might be worth staying in Paris for, but I am sure the embassy isn't—the rudeness of the embassy people, considering the introduction we had, is perfectly disgusting. However, it is no use to talk of this now, especially as we have so many other things to think about; and in the first place, my dear Edward, I wanted to tell you that I hope you won't mind sleeping at an hotel for the few nights we shall stay here. You won't mind it, my dear, will you?"

"Mind it, ma'am?—yes, to be sure I shall mind it—having to pack up all my things twice over—and I, with such quantities of things upon my hands to do, and such lots of people to see. It will be a most horrid bore, ma'am, I assure you."

"I was afraid you would say so, my dearest Edward, I was indeed, and therefore I cannot be surprised at it. But what can I do, my dear? If we refuse to take her in at once, I am quite sure we shall lose her, and how will your bills be paid, Edward? There is not, as you will see yourself, if you will look about, any hole or corner in which we can put her—and it would look too odd, you know, to turn your sisters out and keep you in the house, wouldn't it? I am sure if it were not for the look of it, they should march out in double quick time, if you wished it."

"Nonsense, ma'am; but you may tell them, if you please, that I expect they will pack up my things for me," he replied, putting on his hat before the glass, and preparing to escape; "and don't forget to mention that they are not to read a single line—no, not a single word, remember, of any notes they find. I wish the governor's newly-invented ward was in the sea."

"Edward," said his mother, laying her hand impressively on his arm, as he passed her to go out, "Edward, I don't wish to dictate to you, I never did, and I never will; but let me say one word to you as a friend—never suffer your sisters to judge for you respecting female beauty. Girls are never fair judges of the beauty of each other, that is one thing, my dear, that I wish you to remember; and another is, that dear Bertha Harrington—I trust she will be dear Bertha to us all—remember, Edward, that dear Bertha Harrington is the daughter of a baronet, and that in all human probability she will have an income of three thousand a year. God bless you, my dear. Take your ride, Edward, and be sure that you shall find a comfortable room taken, and all your things carefully packed up and removed to it, by the time you return."

* * * * * *

The Lady Moreton and the Lady Forton were as punctual as heart could wish, in escorting Miss Bertha Harrington from their apartments in the Rue Rivoli, to those occupied by the Roberts family in the Rue Têtebout. The two elder ladies having

both of them business of considerable importance to transact at various shops, did not leave their carriage, and the young girl, wrapped in her dark mourning weeds, mounted the stairs, and entered the sitting room of her strange hosts alone. Mr. Roberts was shut up in his own little room, reading his Galignani, and Mrs. Roberts and her two daughters were the only occupants of the saloon. Mrs. Roberts remained tranquil for a moment, with her eye fixed on the door to see if any one was about to follow the young lady, but perceiving that she was decidedly alone, she hastily rose, stepped rapidly across the floor, and a good deal to the young lady's astonishment, enclosed her in a most affectionate embrace.

"My darling child," she exclaimed, "how delighted I am to see you! I did so wish that my poor dear girls should be thrown in the way of a young English girl of nearly their own age. I do not wish them to form intimacies with French girls, and therefore they have no intimate young friends at all; but now, thanks to the amiable kindness of your dear aunt, they will feel this want no longer. I feel exceedingly flattered, my dear Bertha, and so I am sure we all do, at the friendly confidence which Lady Moreton has shown in trusting you to our care; but, in fact, I never would have accepted the trust, had it not been for the sake of getting a companion for my dear girls. Come here, loves," she continued, beckoning her two daughters, who were engaged in looking out at the window and watching the showy equipage of Lady Moreton, as it drove down the street towards the boulevards, "come here."

The young ladies obeyed, and each of them in succession received the hand of Bertha, which Mrs. Roberts, in a very sentimental manner, deposited on their palms.

The sable stranger stood in the midst of them, as if she knew that it was her destiny thus to find herself she knew not where, and she knew not why. But she made a faint attempt to smile at the intimate young friends who were thus presented to her, and took a great deal of pains to prevent their seeing the tears which were gathering in her eyes. But the effort was in vain, for they made their escape, and ran trickling down her colorless cheeks. Whereupon Mrs. Roberts again seized upon her, and kissed her rather vehemently upon her forehead, saying,

"This won't do, will it, girls? What can we do to put her in spirits a little? What do you say to a glass of wine, my dear?"

"La, mamma! of course she won't drink wine of a morning—how can you think of such a thing?" said Agatha. "Let her come with Maria and me into her room. Her boxes are all there, and we will both of us help her to unpack them."

No objection being made to the proposal, the two Miss Robertses each seized upon a passive arm, and led her away. Having reached the room appropriated to her use, they entered it all together, and Maria, dropping the arm she had taken, shut to the door, and bolted it.

Bertha shook her head, and gently but decisively applied herself to the fastenings thus secured, and removed them.

"Not now, dear young ladies, not now," she said, holding the door open, that they might pass through it, "I do not want any thing out of my trunks just at present; and as my head is aching very much, I am sure you will have the kindness to excuse my wishing to be alone."

"Oh, just as you like, Miss Bertha!" replied Agatha, laughing; "only, you know, we shall never get on, if you shut yourself up in this way."

"I will be more sociable by and by," said Bertha, still steadily holding the door wide open in her hand.

"Come along, Agatha," said Maria, bouncing out of the room, "it is no good standing here, disputing about it."

Agatha appeared to be of the same opinion, and followed after, upon which the door was very quickly but very quietly closed, and the bolt also was very quickly but very quietly fastened also.

"Did you hear that?" said Maria, who heard the sound, notwithstanding its being so little obtrusive. "I'll tell you what, Agatha, I don't believe a word about her being so very young—she is too quiet by half—that girl likes to have her own way, and so you'll see; and I will tell you something else too—I shall not quarrel with her for being ugly, though I think her perfectly frightful, and I shall not quarrel with her for being cross, for I should snap my fingers at it; but I will not endure her giving herself any grand and great airs to me. Mamma may manage her as she likes, but I will *not* bear to be treated with pride."

"You are a fool, Maria," replied her elder sister. "She may be as proud as she likes for me, provided she does but pay enough for it."

DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

From Tait's Magazine.

The Memoirs of the Conquistador, Bernal Diaz Del Castillo, written by himself; containing a true and full Account of the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico and New Spain. Translated from the original Spanish by John Ingram Lockhart, F. R. A. S., Author of "Attica and Athens." 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 840. London: J. Hatchard & Son.

THIS is one of those curious old books to which, if enrolled among the great quarterly reviewers instead of the humble monthly chroniclers of literature, we should have liked to dedicate many pages. The author was a brave old soldado, the companion in arms of Cortes, in the conquest of New Spain, who, in old age and retirement, amused himself with writing the history of the 119 battles in which he had been engaged, and the memorable events he had witnessed. His translator truly says: "His account is acknowledged to be the only one in which we can place reliance, and it has been the magazine from which the most eloquent of the Spanish writers on the same subject, as well as those of other countries, have borrowed their best materials." It is somewhat remarkable that with so keen a scent among our litterateurs after whatever is best and most popular in foreign literature, the racy chronicle of Bernal Diaz should have so late been introduced to the British public, who, we are persuaded, will give it a warm welcome. A simple chronicle it is, or History behind the scenes, in undress and at her ease by the fireside, instead of wearing her dignified stage costume. Its tardy appearance is the more remarkable from the high and just character which Dr. Robertson, who has made considerable use of it in writing his history of America, has given of this racy narrative. We fully subscribe to his judgment when he says: "Bernal Diaz's account bears all the marks of authenticity, and is accompanied with such pleasant naïveté, with such interesting details, with such amusing vanity—and yet so pardonable in an old soldier, who had been, as he boasts, in a hundred and nineteen battles—as renders his book one of the most singular that is to be found in any language."

Besides this harmless vanity, Bernal Diaz displays some little jealousy of Cortes,—the monopolizer of all the glory, and a good share of the gold, which, however, is neither unnatural nor unamiable in a veteran *Conquistador* intimately conversant with the deeds of those whose prowess had enabled their leader to reap so rich a harvest. Two learned licentiates, to whom he had given a sight of his memoirs, charged him with vainglory, in recording his own achievements; from which he vindicated himself by referring to the honors the king had conferred on him for his services, and by the neglect which had been shown to him and his brethren in arms by the other historians of the conquest of Mexico. The old soldier says,—

Another reason why I have written this true account is, because the historians Illescas and Gomara never mention a word in our praise, but give to Cortes alone all the glory of our conquests. If they had been honestly inclined they would not have passed us, the Conquistadores, by in silence; a share of Cortes' heroic deeds is also due to me, for in all his battles I fought among the first; besides that, I was present in so many other engagements in the provinces, under his officers, as you must have seen in the course of this history. I can also claim my share of the inscription which Cortes put on the silver culverin we called the Phœnix, and which Cortes sent a present to his majesty from Mexico.

"Who," says the veteran, "could speak of these battles save those who were engaged in them,—not the sparrows that flew over our heads, nor the clouds that floated above the battle field?" And if he did not suppress his own achievements, he also did ample justice to those of his companions.

The heading of the short chapters of Bernal Diaz form of themselves a pithy epitome of the history of the Conquest of New Spain; proceeding in this way:—

How all the caziques and calachonis of the river Grijalva arrive with presents, and what happened after this.—How Dona Marina herself was a caziquess, and the daughter of distinguished personages; also a ruler over a people and several towns; and how she came to Tabasco.—How we arrive with our vessels in San Juan de Ulua, and what we did there.—How Teuthlille makes his report to Motecusuma, and gives him our presents; as also what further took place in our camp.—How Cortes goes in search of another harbor and a good spot to found a colony, and what further happened.—What happened on account of our bartering for gold, and of other things which took place in our camp.—How we elected Hernando Cortes captain-general and chief justice until we should receive the

emperor's commands on this head; and what further happened.

Dona Marina, referred to above, was the heroine of the conquest of Mexico. A more graphic account of this celebrated female is to be found in the pages of Bernal Diaz than in any other history; and a relation, interesting in itself, may serve as an example of his manner of writing.

On the following morning, it was one of the last days in March 1519, a number of caziques, with the principal personages of the Tabasco district and surrounding neighborhood, arrived. They paid us profound reverence, and brought a present, consisting in four diadems, some lizards, ear-rings, four ducks, figures like dogs, others with Indian faces, two sandals with golden soles, and various other trifling trinkets of gold, whose value I have forgotten. There were also cloaks as the Indians wear them, which are very commodious. The present altogether was of little value, (most likely the province possessed few riches,) and was certainly not to be compared to the twenty females with which they presented us, among whom one was a very fine woman, who subsequently became a convert to Christianity, and was named Dona Marina. Cortes was vastly pleased with this present, and held, by means of Aguilar, a long discourse with the caziques, telling them, among other things, that their present was very acceptable: but he had something further to beg, namely, that they should again return to their dwellings with their wives and children. He should not consider the peace really concluded, unless within the space of two days all the inhabitants had returned to the village. The caziques upon this issued the necessary orders, and in a couple of days all the families had returned. They showed the same readiness to comply with Cortes' wishes, when he desired them to do away with their idols and human sacrifices. He likewise, as well as he could, gave them some idea of our holy Christian faith, and how we adored only one God. We also showed them a very pious figure, representing the mother of God holding her blessed Son in her arms, and explained to them how we paid reverence to this figure, and by it to the mother of God who was in heaven. Hereupon the caziques answered, that they were much pleased with this great *Teclecigua-ta*, and that they should much like to keep it in their village. In their language, *Teclecigua-ta* means a woman of distinction.

Dona Marina was born a ruler over a people and country; for her parents had the dominion of a township called Painala, to which several other townships were subject, lying about twenty-four miles from the town of Guacasualco. Her father died when she was very young, and her mother married another young cazique. By him she had a son, of whom it appears they were both very fond, and to whom, after their death, they designed to leave their territories. In order, however, that the daughter of the first marriage might not stand in his way, she was conveyed secretly, during night-time, to an Indian family in Xicalango, they spreading the rumor she had died, which gained further belief from the circumstance, that a daughter of one of her female slaves happened to die at the time. The Indians of Xicalango did not keep the young girl themselves, but gave her to the inhabitants of Tabasco, by whom she was presented to Cortes. I knew her mother and half-brother myself, the latter having already reached manhood, and governed the township jointly with his mother. When they were subsequently both converted to Christianity, the latter was named Martha, and her son Lazaro. I was well acquainted with the whole of this circumstance; for in the year 1523, when Mexico and several other provinces had been subdued, and Christobal de Oli had rebelled in the Higueras, Cortes came to Guacasualco, and on that occasion visited Marina's birth-place. Most of the inhabitants of Guacasualco accompanied Cortes on this expedition; I myself was also among the number. As Dona Marina, in all the wars of New Spain, Tlascalla, and at the siege of Mexico, had rendered the greatest services in capacity of an interpretess, Cortes carried her every where with him. During this journey it also was that he married her to a cavalier of the township of Orizava, named Juan Xaramillo. Among others, there was present as a witness a certain Aranda of Tabasco, through whom this circumstance became immediately known. These are the true particulars of the whole case, not, however, as related by Gomara. For the rest, Marina had the most extensive influence in New Spain, and did with the Indians what she pleased.

While Cortes was staying in Guacasualco, he ordered all the caziques of the province to assemble, and advised them to adopt our holy religion. On this occasion, the mother and brother of Dona Marina also made their appearance with other caziques. They recognised each other immediately; the former, however, appeared to be in the greatest anxiety, thinking that they had merely been called there to be killed. Dona Marina, however, desired them to dry away their tears, and comforted them by saying, they were unconscious of what they were doing when they had sent her away to the inhabitants of Xicalango, and that she freely forgave the past. By this means, God certainly directed every thing for the best, turned her away from the errors of heathenism, and converted her to Christianity.

Thus destined, she likewise bore a son unto her master Cortes, and then married a cavalier named Juan Xaramillo. All this I consider of much greater importance than if she had been presented with the sole dominion of the whole of New Spain. She likewise gave pre-

sents to her relatives on their return home. What I have related is the strict truth, and I can swear to it. Gomara's account respecting this is wholly erroneous, and he adds many other circumstances which I shall leave without comment. This, however, is certain, that the whole affair reminds one of the history of Joseph and his brethren in Egypt, when they came into his power. After this diversion into matters which subsequently took place, I must relate how we first managed to understand Dona Marina. She was conversant with the language of Guacasualco, which is the Mexican, and with that of Tabasco. Aguilar, however, merely understood the latter, which is spoken throughout the whole of Yucatan. Dona Marina, had, therefore, first to make herself understood to Aguilar, who then translated what she said into Spanish. This woman was a valuable instrument to us in the conquest of New Spain. It was through her only, under the protection of the Almighty, that many things were accomplished by us: without her we never should have understood the Mexican language, and, upon the whole, have been unable to surmount many difficulties.

We can give but one of the many battles recorded by our veteran, but it is memorable as being the first battle fought by Cortes in New Spain.

Cortes being now certain that the Indians would renew the attack, immediately ordered all our horses to be brought on shore, and every one, our wounded not excepted, to hold himself in readiness. When our horses, which had been such a length of time at sea, now stepped on firm ground again, they appeared very awkward and full of fear; however, the day following, they had regained their usual liveliness and agility.

The Indians were already moving forward in search of us, when we came up with them: every one had a large bunch of feathers on his head, a cotton cuirass on, and their faces were daubed with white, black, and red colors. Besides having drums and trumpets, they were armed with huge bows and arrows, shields, lances, and large broadswords; they had also bodies of slingers, and others armed with poles hardened in the fire. The Indians were in such vast numbers that they completely filled the bean fields, and immediately fell upon us on all sides at once, like furious dogs. Their attack was so impetuous, so numerous were the arrows, stones, and lances with which they greeted us, that above seventy of our men were wounded in no time, and one named Saldana, was struck by an arrow in the ear, and instantly dropt down dead. With like fury they rushed at us with their pikes, at the same time pouring forth showers of arrows, and continually wounding our men. However, we fully repaid them with our crossbows, muskets, and heavy cannon, cutting right and left among them with our swords. By this means we forced them to give ground a little, but only that they might shower forth their arrows at a greater distance, where they thought themselves more secure from our arms. Even then our artillery man Mesa made terrible havoc among them, standing as they did crowded together and within the reach of the cannon, so that he could fire among them to his heart's content. Notwithstanding the destruction we made among their ranks, we could not put them to flight. I now remarked to our commander Diego de Ordas, that we should rush forward upon the Indians and close with them. My motive for advising this was, because I saw that they merely retreated from fear of our swords, but still continued to annoy us at a distance with arrows, lances, and large stones. De Ordas, however, considered this not expedient, as the enemy's numbers were so vast that every single man of us would have had to encounter three hundred of the enemy at once.

My advice was at length followed up, and we fell so heavily upon them that they retreated as far as the wells. All this time Cortes still remained behind with the cavalry, though we so greatly longed for that reinforcement: we began to fear that some misfortune might also have befallen him. I shall never forget the piping and yelling which the Indians set up at every shot we fired, and how they sought to hide their loss from us by tossing up earth and straw into the air, making a terrible noise with their drums and trumpets, and their war-whoop *Ala lala*.

In one of these moments Cortes came galloping up with the horse. Our enemies being still busily engaged with us, did not immediately observe this, so that our cavalry easily dashed in among them from behind. The nature of the ground was quite favorable for its manœuvres; and as it consisted of strong active fellows, most of the horses being, moreover, powerful and fiery animals, our small body of cavalry in every way made the best use of their weapons. When we, who were already hotly engaged with the enemy, espied our cavalry, we fought with renewed energy, while the latter, by attacking them in the rear at the same time, now obliged them to face about. The Indians, who had never seen any horses before, could not think otherwise than that horse and rider were one body. Quite astounded at this to them so novel a sight, they quitted the plain and retreated to a rising ground. Cortes now related why he had not come sooner. First, he had been delayed by the morass; then, again, he was obliged to fight his way through other bodies of the enemy whom he had met, in which five men and eight horses were wounded.

Having somewhat rested from our fatigue under the trees which stood on the field of battle, we praised God and the holy Virgin, and thanked them with uplifted hands for the complete victory they had granted us: and, as it was

the feast of the annunciation to the holy Virgin, the town which was subsequently built here in memory of this great victory, was named Santa Maria de la Vitoria. This was the first battle we fought under Cortes in New Spain.

After this pious solemnity we bandaged the wounds of our men with linen, which was all we had for that purpose. Those of our horses we dressed with melted fat, which we cut from the dead bodies of the Indians. We likewise took this opportunity of counting the number of killed left by the enemy on the field of battle. We found above eight hundred, numbers still showing signs of life. Our swords had done the most carnage among them, though many were killed by our cannon. Wherever the cavalry made its appearance the enemy had most work to do. The fighting lasted about an hour; and our enemies maintained their ground so well, that they did not quit the field of battle until our horse broke in among them. There were two caziques among the five prisoners we made.

As we were quite fatigued and hungry we returned to our quarters, buried the two soldiers, one of whom had been shot in the neck and the other in the ear, posted strong watches, then ate our supper and retired to rest.

Francisco Lopez de Gomara, in his account of this battle, says, that previous to the arrival of Cortes with the cavalry, the holy apostle St. Jacob, or St. Peter in person, had galloped up on a gray-colored horse to our assistance. I can only say, that for the exertion of our arms and this victory, we stand indebted to our Lord Jesus Christ; and that in this battle every individual man among us was set upon by such numbers of the enemy, that if each of them had merely thrown a handful of earth upon us we should have been buried beneath it. Certain it is, therefore, that God showed his mercy to us here, and it may, indeed, have been one of the two glorious apostles St. Jacob or St. Peter who thus came to our assistance. Perhaps on account of my sins I was not considered worthy of the good fortune to behold them; for I could only see Francisco de Morla on his brown horse galloping up with Cortes; and even at this very moment, while I am writing this, I can fancy I see all passing before my eyes just as I have related it; although I, an unworthy sinner, was not considered worthy of beholding one of the glorious apostles face to face. Yet again I never heard any of the four hundred soldiers, nor ever Cortes himself, nor any of the many cavaliers, mention this wonder or confirm its truth. We should certainly have built a church, and have called the town *Santiago* or *San Pedro de la Vitoria*, and not *Santa Maria de la Vitoria*. If, therefore, what Gomara relates is true, then we must indeed have been bad Christians not to have paid greater respect to the assistance which God sent us in the person of his holy apostle, and for having omitted to thank him daily for it in his own church.

Nevertheless, historian has must confess mentioned be ever heard a it who were p

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It was s Cortes pract stratagems w and his comp quer and hol populous re thrown them thing in the Diaz.

Cortes, who said smilingly men, that the our horses, a guns alone fig just struck me in this notion. of Juan Seden time ago, and standing, Th musician Orti and will quick you find this horses to sep may neither neigh, until I them." All t likewise orde heavily loaded

A little after in great state, their fashion. us, perfumed u giveness for w to be friendly f by our interp with a very wished them t owing to their the point of de of the inhabit vassals of the ror Charles, h us to this cou assist those w sway, which w were amicably ever, they wer Indians called which were al in some measu had made upo gave the signa The report wa the ball whizzi

be distinctly heard, as it was mid-day and not a breath of air stirring. The caziques, who had never seen this before, appeared in dismay, and believed all Cortes had said; who, however, desired Aguilar to comfort and assure them he had given orders that no harm should be done them. At this moment the stallion was brought and fastened at a short distance from the spot where Cortes and the caziques were holding the conference; as the mare was likewise near at hand, the stallion immediately began to neigh, stamp the ground, and rear itself, while its eyes were continually fixed on the Indians, who stood in front of Cortes's tent, as the mare was placed behind it. The caziques, however, thought the animal was making all these movements against them, and appeared greatly agitated. When Cortes found what effect this scene had made upon the Indians, he rose from his seat, and walking to the horse, took hold of the bridle, and desired his servant to lead it away. Aguilar, however, was to make the Indians believe that he had ordered the horse not to do them any injury.

While all this was going on, above thirty Indian porters (whom they term tamemes) arrived with fowls, baked fish, and various fruits: these porters, on account of their loads, had perhaps not been able to follow the caziques fast enough. A lively discourse was now kept up between Cortes and the caziques, who in the end left us perfectly contented, with the assurance that the following day they would return with a present.

The famous resolution taken by the warlike Cortes to destroy his ships, so that he must either complete his conquest or perish in the attempt, is thus briefly adverted to:—

While preparations were going on at Sempoalla for our march into the interior, numerous consultations were held with Cortes respecting every thing connected with it. We, his trustworthy adherents, proposed that all the vessels should be run on shore, in order at once to cut off all possibility of further mutiny, when we should have advanced far into the interior of the country. In which case, likewise, the pilots and sailors would be of greater use to us than by idling their time away in the harbor. I am well aware that the idea of destroying our vessels originated with Cortes himself, and that he merely shoved it on our shoulders for this reason, that if payment for the vessels should be demanded of him, he could throw the blame on us, and say that all was done at our own request; so that we both individually and collectively should have to assist in repaying the damages. This resolution was immediately adopted, and Cortes ordered the alguacil-major, Juan de Escalante, a young man of very great courage, and who was a close adherer to him, utterly hating Diego Velasquez, because he had neglected to give him any considerable commendary in Cuba, to take all the anchors, ropes, sails, in short every thing that might be of use to us out of the vessels, and run the latter all on shore, with the exception of the boats. The pilots, the old ships' masters, and those seamen who were unable to make the campaign with us, were to remain behind in the town, and employ themselves in catching fish with our two drag-nets in the harbor, where the former were in great abundance.

Juan de Escalante punctually obeyed these orders, and arrived in Sempoalla with an additional company formed of the sailors, of whom several became very excellent soldiers.

Passing many incidents of great interest, we copy out the entrance of the conquerors into the city of Mexico, and of the riches and splendor of that magnificent capital.

The following morning we left Iztapalapan, accompanied by all the principal caziques above mentioned. The road along which we marched was eight paces in breadth, and if I still remember ran in a perfectly straight line to Mexico. Notwithstanding the breadth, it was much too narrow to hold the vast crowds of people who continually kept arriving from different parts to gaze upon us, and we could scarcely move along. Besides this, the tops of all the temples and towers were crowded, while the lake beneath was completely covered with canoes filled with Indians, for all were curious to catch a glimpse of us. And who can wonder at this, as neither men like unto ourselves, nor horses, had ever been seen here before!

When we gazed upon all this splendor at once, we scarcely knew what to think, and we doubted whether all that we beheld was real. A series of large towns stretched themselves along the banks of the lake, out of which still larger ones rose magnificently above the waters. Innumerable crowds of canoes were plying every where around us; at regular distances we continually passed over new bridges, and before us lay the great city of Mexico in all its splendor.

And we who were gazing upon all this, passing through innumerable crowds of human beings, were a mere handful of men, in all 450, our minds still full of the warnings which the inhabitants of Huexotzinco, Tlascalla, and Tlalmanalco, with the caution they had given us not to expose our lives to the treachery of the Mexicans. I may safely ask the kind reader to ponder a moment, and say whether he thinks any men in this world ever ventured so bold a stroke as this?

When we had arrived at a spot where a narrow causeway led towards Cojohuacan, we were met by a number of caziques and distinguished personages, all attired in their most splendid garments. They had been despatched by Motecusuma to meet us, and bid us welcome in his name; and in token of peace

they touched the ground with their hands and kissed it. Here we halted for a few minutes, while the princes of Tetzcuco, Iztapalapan, Tlacupa, and Cojohuacan hastened in advance to meet Motecusuma, who was slowly approaching us, surrounded by other grandees of the kingdom, seated in a sedan of uncommon splendor. . . . . .

When it was announced to Cortes that Motecusuma himself was approaching, he alighted from his horse and advanced to meet him. Many compliments were now passed on both sides. Motecusuma bid Cortes welcome, who, through Marina, said, in return, he hoped his majesty was in good health. If I still remember rightly, Cortes, who had Marina next to him, wished to concede the place of honor to the monarch, who, however, would not accept of it, but conceded it to Cortes, who now brought forth a necklace of precious stones, of the most beautiful colors and shapes, strung upon gold wire, and perfumed with musk, which he hung about the neck of Motecusuma. Our commander was then going to embrace him, but the grandees by whom he was surrounded held back his arms, as they considered it improper. Our general then desired Marina to tell the monarch how exceedingly he congratulated himself upon his good fortune of having seen such a powerful monarch face to face, and of the honor he had done us by coming out to meet us himself. To all this Motecusuma answered in very appropriate terms, and ordered his two nephews, the princes of Tetzcuco and Cojohuacan, to conduct us to our quarters. He himself returned to the city. . . . . .

We had already been four days in the city of Mexico, and neither our commander nor any of us had, during that time, left our quarters, excepting to visit the gardens and buildings adjoining the palace. Cortes now, therefore, determined to view the city, and visit the great market, and the chief temple of Huitzilopochtli: he accordingly sent Geronimo Augilar, Doña Marina, and one of his pages named Orteguilla, who, by this time, understood a little of the Mexican language, to Motecusuma, to request his permission to view the different buildings of the city. Motecusuma, in his answer to this, certainly granted us permission to go where we pleased; yet he was apprehensive we might commit some outrage to one or other of his idols; he therefore resolved to accompany us himself, with some of his principal officers, and for this purpose, left his palace with a pompous retinue. Having arrived at a spot about half way between his palace and a temple, he stepped out of his sedan, as he would have deemed it a want of respect towards his gods to approach them any otherwise than on foot. He leant upon the arms of the principal officers of his court; others walked before him, holding up on high two rods, having the appearance of sceptres, which was a sign that the monarch was approaching. He himself, whenever he was carried in his sedan, held a short staff in his hand, one half of gold, the other of wood, very much like that used by our judges. In this way he came up to the temple, which he ascended, in company with many papas. On reaching the summit, he immediately began to perfume Huitzilopochtli, and to perform other ceremonies.

Our commander, attended by the greater part of our cavalry and foot, all well armed, as, indeed, we were at all times, had proceeded to the Tlatelulco: by command of Motecusuma, a number of caziques had come to meet us on our road there. The moment we arrived in this immense market, we were perfectly astonished at the vast numbers of people, the profusion of merchandise which was there exposed for sale, and at the good police and order that reigned throughout. The grandees who accompanied us drew our attention to the smallest circumstance, and gave us full explanation of all we saw. Every species of merchandise had a separate spot for its sale. We first of all visited those divisions of the market appropriated for the sale of gold and silver wares, of jewels, of cloths interwoven with feathers, and of other manufactured goods; besides slaves of both sexes. This slave market was upon as great a scale as the Portuguese market for negro slaves at Guinea. To prevent these from running away, they were fastened with halters about their necks, though some were allowed to walk at large. Next to these came the dealers in coarser wares—cotton, twisted thread, and cacao. In short, every species of goods which New Spain produces were here to be found; and every thing put me in mind of my native town Medino del Campo during fair time, where every merchandise has a separate street assigned for its sale. In one place were sold the stuffs manufactured of nequen; ropes, and sandals; in another place, the sweet maguey root, ready cooked, and various other things made from this plant. In another division of the market were exposed the skins of tigers, lions, jackals, otters, red deer, wild cats, and of other beasts of prey, some of which were tanned. In another place were sold beans and sage, with other herbs and vegetables. A particular market was assigned for the merchants in fowls, turkeys, ducks, rabbits, hares, deer, and dogs; also for fruit-sellers, pastry-cooks, and tripe-sellers. . . . . If I had to enumerate every thing singly, I should not so easily get to the end. And yet I have not mentioned the paper, which in this country is called amatl; the tubes filled with liquid amber and tobacco; the various sweet-scented salves, and similar things; nor the various seeds which were exposed for sale in the porticoes of this market, nor the medicinal herbs.

In this market-place there were also courts of justice, to which three judges and several constables were appointed, who inspected the goods exposed for sale. I had almost forgotten to mention the salt, and those who made the flint knives; also the fish, and a species of bread made of a kind of mud or slime collect-

ed from the surface of this lake, and eaten in that form, and has a similar taste to our cheese. Further, instruments of brass, copper, and tin; cups and painted pitchers of wood: indeed, I wish I had completed the enumeration of all this profusion of merchandise. The variety was so great that it would occupy more space than I can well spare to note them down in. . . . . On quitting the market, we entered the spacious yards which surround the chief temple. These appeared to encompass more ground than the market-place at Salamanca, and were surrounded by a double wall, constructed of stone and lime: these yards were paved with large white flag-stones, extremely smooth; and where these were wanting, a kind of brown plaster had been used instead, and all was kept so very clean that there was not the smallest particle of dust or straw to be seen any where.

Before we mounted the steps of the great temple, Motecusuma, who was sacrificing on the top to his idols, sent six papas and two of his principal officers to conduct Cortes up the steps. There were 114 steps to the summit; and, as they feared that Cortes would experience the same fatigue in mounting as Motecusuma had, they were going to assist him by taking hold of his arms. Cortes, however, would not accept of their proffered aid. When we had reached the summit of the temple, we walked across a platform where many large stones were lying, on which those who were doomed for sacrifice were stretched out. Near these stood a large idol, in the shape of a dragon, surrounded by various other abominable figures, with a quantity of fresh blood lying in front of it. Motecusuma himself stepped out of a chapel, in which his cursed gods were standing, accompanied by two papas, and received Cortes and the whole of us very courteously. "Ascending this temple, Malinche," said he to our commander, "must certainly have fatigued you!" Cortes, however, assured him, through our interpreters, that it was not possible for any thing to tire us. Upon this the monarch took hold of his hand and invited him to look down and view his vast metropolis, with the towns which were built in the lake, and the other towns which surrounded the city. Motecusuma also observed, that from this place we should have a better view of the great market.

The splendor of the Mexican kings may be gathered from the articles found in the wardrobe of the unfortunate Motecusuma, which was afterwards sent to Spain, along with 88,000 pesos in bars of gold.

The wardrobe was a valuable present, and well worthy of our great emperor's acceptance, as it contained jewels of the most precious kind, pearls of the size of hazel-nuts, and various other precious stones, which I should not like to enumerate singly, even if my memory would allow me. At the same time were sent the bones of the giants which we found in the temple of Cojohuacan, similar to those bones which were previously given to us by the Tlascallans, and which we had sent to Spain on a former occasion.

Three tigers, and several other curiosities, which I have now forgotten by name, were likewise shipped on board these two vessels.

A fundamental tenet of the new religion which the Spaniards had substituted for the ancient paganism of Mexico, was, the utmost reverence to the priests, and abject prostration to the insignia of the Catholic worship. Bernal Diaz thus describes the religious condition of the Indians before he left them.

After we had abolished idolatry and other abominations from among the Indians, the Almighty blessed our endeavors, and we baptized the men, women, and all the children born after the conquest, whose souls would otherwise have gone to the infernal regions. With the assistance of God, and by a good regulation of our most Christian monarch, of glorious memory, Don Carlos, and of his excellent son Don Philip, our most happy and invincible king, to whom may God grant a long life and an increase of territory, several pious monks of different orders arrived in New Spain, who travelled from place to place, preached the gospel to the inhabitants, and baptized new-born infants. . . . . It was also a great blessing for the Indians that the monks taught them to say their prayers in their own language, and frequently to repeat them. The monks have altogether so accustomed them to reverence every thing relating to religion, that they never pass by any altar or cross without falling down on their knees and repeating a Pater Noster or an Ave Maria. We also taught the Indians to make wax lights for the holy service, for, previous to our arrival, they made no manner of use of their wax. We taught them to be so obedient and respectful to the monks and priests, that whenever one of these religious men approach a township, the bells are rung, and the inhabitants go out to meet him with wax-lights in their hands; and they always give him a hospitable reception.

We have imbibed so much of Mr. Lockhart's admiration for this work as to be unwilling to part with it thus summarily. But our readers are already aware of the important events to which it is devoted; and the style in which they are treated is sufficiently indicated by the extracts which we have given. We therefore take leave of Bernal Diaz, offering Mr. Lockhart hearty thanks for this addition to what is at once solid and highly popular literature.

In justice to Mr. Lockhart, we must copy the concluding sentence of his pre-

face.—"With regard to the translation, which is from the old edition printed at Madrid in 1632, we have acted up to the author's desire, and have neither added nor taken any thing away, and have attempted to follow the original as closely as possible."

AFRICA IN FRANCE; OR, THE BEARD AND THE PIPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FRANCE has not made a greater impression on Africa than Africa appears to have made on France. In what respects Young Algiers or young Morocco, have as yet copied the manners and customs of their French conquerors, the accounts from the other side of the Mediterranean have not informed us; but nobody can walk through the streets of Paris without observing that a revolution is in rapid progress which is only to be ascribed to an intense admiration and a diligent imitation of the vanquished by the victors:

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit;

and, by the same law, we now see the bombarded Moors and the subjugated tribes of Barbary, imposing their *houkas* and their beards upon "*La Jeune France.*"

The French are turning their razors into swords; they seem more disposed to slaughter others than to shave themselves. The fierce and bearded Gaul, rushing through the Palais Royal, with his cigar flaming in his mouth, denouncing peace and Guizot, reminds one of the comet in Milton which

from its horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and *war*.

Once upon a time there was a "*Barbier de Paris,*" but the race and the trade is extinct; the "occupation is gone;" the French barbers have turned tobacconists, and their cutlers sell only sabres. Voltaire describes his countrymen as a cross between the monkey and the tiger. Times have changed, and the generation of to-day is rather a confusion of the monkey with the goat. The heroism of the Boulevards is downright hircine. The man is an appendage of the beard, not the beard of the man, as in the old age. When a party of young Frenchmen approach one, it is like the advance of a herd of goats, or the moving of a forest,—"Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane." If Macassar has done this, mighty is Macassar. Bear's grease it can hardly be, unless Ursa Major himself has been immolated to manure the moustaches of monsieur. Imagine a city of Muntzes, or a tribe of Ellenboroughs, or a wilderness of Sibthorpes: we know no other or clearer way to give an idea of the Paris of '44. Paris was always most attractive, but *its capillary* attractions must now be enormous. If "beauty leads us by *single* hair," what must manhood do with as many hairs as there are sands in the African deserts, or stars in the galaxy? Considering how natural is the love of proselytizing, it is any thing but surprising that France, having bearded herself, should endeavor to beard England. It is just the reverse of the fable of the fox who *lost* his tail, for France has *got* a tail to her chin, instead of losing one, and she quarrels with shaven states.

We never remember our neighbors so irritable as they are at present. The reason is obvious; they were never so exposed to be plucked by the beard. Fortunately, it is easier just now for England to pluck France by the beard than for France to return the affront. We are still respectable and razored. Our English *downs* may be exceedingly tame beside the French *forests*—but if beards put men out of humor, is it not better to go shorn? When we did wear our beards, we wore them merrily, and preferred wagging them at the board to wagging them in the battle-field. The French seem to be of opinion that, because knowedge is power, and wisdom strength, Solomon and Sampson ought to be united; forgetting how little the "robustious locks" of the latter served him, and how he was ultimately subdued by a Lorette with a pair of scissors. A future war with France would not be fought with the gun and the sword; her foes will meet her with the razor, and instead of mowing her ranks, shave them. The only difficulty would be to find razors of sufficient power to hew down the prodigious growth of the modern Gallic chin. Should the razor prove insufficient, we must only take a hint from the Menippus in Lucian, who proposes to shave the philosophers with a hatchet!

But it is not alone in the development of the moustaches, and the vegetation of whiskers, that we see manifest signs and tokens of the Africanization of France. Which of the fine arts have the French taught the Arabs and Algerines? It is clear that the latter have immensely improved the French in the fine art of smoking. Tobacco is no longer a luxury—it has become a necessary of Parisian life. The pipe is at once a passion and a principle; the cigar has become an institution, better established, like an article in the charter.

At the altitude of thirty or forty feet and upwards from *pavé* and *trottoir*, there is not a city in Europe more free from smoke than Paris. Mount the antique towers of Nôtre Dame, scale the column of Napoleon, or look down upon that gay city from the heights of Montmartre, or the dome of St. Geneviève (her patron). How clear and bright is the atmosphere; how easily you count the chimneys; how simple you think it would be to take an exact census of the very tiles! Such smoke as there is proceeding from wood-fires, is scarcely denser than the air with which it min-

gles. It climbs in thin transparent curls to the sky, and seems so ethereal as to have a natural right, like the incense scattered round a shrine, to go up to the gates of Heaven. What a contrast to the dense and sombre cloud which the chimneys of enormous London contribute to the gross firmament that broods over England! It is the fleshly steam from solid beef and pudding compared to the vapor yielded by the omelette, or to the savory spirit of a *vol-au-vent*. It is the atmosphere of the close tavern contrasted with that of the airy and lightsome café—what the Blue Post is to Tortoni's—what an eating-house in the Strand is to Véry's or Les Trois Frères.

Gazing down upon the Parisian streets and *places* from any of the commanding positions afforded by the public monuments, or presented by nature, the spectator can hardly believe that he is surveying the metropolis of the culinary world. The chimneys give but faint evidence of the boiling of a copper, or the simmering of a stew-pan. We miss those sable volumes which testify in our island to the activity of the kitchen, and the hospitality of the house. You would suppose that the French lived upon fruits and flowers, particularly in their delicious autumn, when Flora vies with Pomona to deck their hotels and furnish their desserts—when they might actually sweep their streets with roses and china-asters, and barricade them, if need were, with peaches and grapes.

But, alack! Paris is not the smokeless city which its chimneys proclaim it; far from it; we have only to come down from the house-top and enter the house itself, to discover by two offended senses that the lower region of her atmosphere is polluted by a more obnoxious vapor than the smoke of coal. How many cigars of Paris are equivalent to one chimney of London in the quantity of smoke issued, and the amount of public nuisance caused, let the Michael Cassios investigate; but it is certain that the cigar-smoking grievance has become a serious one in France. You have only to pass through the Palais-Royal, or take a turn on the tumultuous Boulevards, to see with your eyes and smell with your nose the universal use and abuse (convertible terms!) of tobacco in all its forms.

Let any one who doubts the progress of smoking, visit Paris, and convince his own nose and eyes. He will find that these are truly *piping* times of peace for "la belle France." We have always courted her alliance, but she never promised to be so great "at a *pinch*" before. The Frenchman was always a taker of snuff, but never such a smoker of pipes and consumer of cigars as now. The spirit of the age is the fume of tobacco; to look into the *estaminets* one would imagine that the dark ages had come again. *There* is to be seen the once enlightened Frenchman, ambitious as the sun to illuminate the world, enveloped in an impenetrable cloud of narcotic vapor, propagating darkness instead of diffusing light;—the apostle of freedom and equality caring only to make converts to cigars and proselytes to the pipe! Tobacco is the true *Roi des Français!* With his coffee, his beard, and his cigar, the Parisian seems to have made the Turk his model, and conceived the idea of advancing civilization by copying Constantinople. It is to be presumed that the tobacco-leaf will immediately succeed the lily in the arms of the French nation. They would seem, indeed, to have been fighting of late under the auspices of the *smoky* weed, if we may judge from the *puffs* that record their little sieges. Seeing the prints already executed of the French ships engaged with the batteries of Tangiers and Mogador, it was impossible to avoid remarking, "Possibly it is only the Prince de Joinville and his comrades smoking." The French smoke is more formidable than the French *fire*;—we could face their carbines easier than their cigars; can it be possible that they meditate another war of propagandism, and design to tobacconize, as they formerly sought to republicanize Europe? Approaching the Rhine, the cigars of Germany offer them a powerful alliance; they would have, too, the southern states of North America on their side, and the Ottomans would support them with ten thousand houkas. Perhaps the object of the attack on Morocco (if the bombardments were not mere smoking-matches, as has been already suggested.) was to force the Moors into the confederacy. If not, it was probably, like many other enterprises of the kind, a struggle for a pinch of snuff!

Time was, too, when the smoker was but of one sex, when nothing smoked that wore a petticoat, but now there is the *fumeuse* as well as the *fumeur*, and the gallant and inventive nation has contrived and executed a *cigare de dames* for the lips of the female French. Now, what unsexes a woman like tobacco? Tobacco grew not in Cyprus, nor is it related that Venus cultivated the weed in the parterres of Paphos. Joan of Arc was a woman, although she wielded the sword and the battle-axe, but a single cigar, or a cigarette, nay, one *cigare de dames*, would have changed her gender. Let a woman do anything human or inhuman but smoke!—if the work-box and the dressing-box are not sufficient for her, if even the box of *bon-bons* will not content her, if she must assume the habits of a man, let her put on a white coat and take to the coach-box, or a red coat and take to the letter-box, or a black coat and take to the pill-box, but there are two boxes that she must not meddle with, which are forbidden her by the nature of things, amongst the other *propria quæ maribus*,—the cigar-box and the snuff-box.

The box of Pandora was in all probability either one or the other of the two boxes last mentioned. Madame or Mdlle. Pandora took snuff or smoked; hence the ancients represen-

ted her box to be as full of plagues as is the budget of a chancellor of the exchequer of impositions. Let the fair French take warning from Pandora. Mesdames, and mademoiselles, if play the deuce you must, lay your pretty hands upon a lucifer-box, and set the world on fire, but touch not the *tabatière*,—eschew chewing,—and of all seductions, avoid the seduction of a cigar.

A cigar to feminine delicacy is a Tarquin or a Lovelace. Its fire is no vestal flame. Perhaps it is because the eastern houris smoke that the Mohammedan faith bars the gates of Paradise against them.

It was something to forfeit Eden for an apple, but to hazard it for a *cigarette* would exceed all the frivolities of woman.

We presume not to limit divine mercy: there may be forgiveness for her who smokes; but we are assuredly safe in affirming, that the light of a cigar is not the light that leads to *heaven*, although far as the eye can pierce it, it illuminates the Champs *Elysées*.

There has just appeared a brochure entitled, "De l'Action du Tabac sur la Santé," which is a gratifying proof that there are some Frenchmen not so stupified by smoking as to defend the use of the Virginian poison. The writer is a physician who combats the *passion* for tobacco by explaining its *action*, and if a ray of light can penetrate the estaminets, we trust that the pamphlet of "Le Docteur Boussison" will be read in those dim retreats.

Dr. Boussison tells us that the origin of tobacco is enveloped in darkness—"entourée de ténèbres." Of course it is smoke from first to last—the dusky tale of a cigar! It appears that in some countries tobacco, like religion, was propagated by persecution. The doctor tells us of a pope, a grand-duke, a Sophi, and a sultan, who had the good taste and the good sense to proscribe the weed, although they went perhaps too great a length when they made smoking a capital offence. A more reasonable and most appropriate punishment was cutting off the nose, and who will say that a confirmed smoker ought not to have his nose cut off, at the very least? In the present state of France it occurs to us, that smoking might be considerably discouraged by the more merciful penalty of felling the moustaches. Every customer of the tobacconist ought to be sent to the barber, or better still, there might be a shaving establishment attached to every estaminet, and the deposit of the beard might be made part of the price of a cigar.

The doctor enumerates, amongst the *agréments* of this charming plant, vertigo, derangement of the vision, intoxication, nausea, diarrhœa. Such are the fascinations of an estaminet and the attractions of a cigar-divan. That tobacco is a poison, is a position not overthrown by the fact that men become habituated to the pipe and the snuff-box. There is no poison to which a man may not inure his system by little and little. Such was the method pursued by Mithridates, who lived on poisons to escape being poisoned. We read in Hudibras that

> The Prince of Cambay's daily food
> Was asp, and basilisk, and toad.

The prince would in due time have been qualified to devour a boa-constrictor and wash it down with a flask of prussic acid.

The rage for tobacco promises utterly to destroy all that constitutes the fame of France. It seems first of all to threaten her *cuisine*. The Kitchen is in danger! This alarming tendency is manifest in its operations on the palate and effects on the stomach. It paralyzes the exquisite sense of taste, mars the appetite, and debilitates the digestive powers, by wasting both the peptic juice and the saliva. In the great affair of life, appetite corresponds with the pleasures of Imagination and Hope, taste with actual enjoyment, digestion with the pleasures of Memory. Appetite is our Akenside and Campbell; digestion our Rogers; we forget the poet—if any—who has sung the intermediate stage of bliss, worth the other two combined. But to the hardened "*fumeur*" what is palatable but his pipe or his cigar? —what *appétissant* but the odor of the estaminet?—what can he digest of more substance than a puff of smoke? The fathers of the French kitchen were not the votaries of tobacco. Their palate was healthy, their appetite vigorous, their stomach perfect, and their brain, consequently, busy, clear, fanciful, inventive. Upon these great and indispensable qualities they founded the culinary eminence of their country. In their days the kitchen smoked and not the cook; the estaminet presumed not to dispute the palm with the restaurant. Now, it is to be feared that France is in the decadence of her gastronomic reputation. Tobacco is, of all divinities, the most jealous, and its votaries end in being its victims.

Then what is to become of the airy and elastic temperament of the people? The French quicksilver will soon be transmuted into the dull metal of the Dutchman or the Turk. Smoke is light, but those who smoke are heavy. Melancholy marks them for her own. What sunshine can penetrate the cloud in which they wrap themselves; what music awake them from their grim repose? The pipe of the smoker is not the pipe to which swains dance. The fête of St. *Cloud* will ere long be the only rural festival in France. Summon the moustached Monsieur from the houka to the Polka—summon him you may—but you might just as well invite the Abd-el-Kader to an Irish jig, or ask the Emperor of Morocco to dance Sir Roger de Coverley. Paris, in short, will soon be one vast estaminet, or cigar-divan, a European Algiers, or a French Constantinople; and it will only remain to wear the turban, read the Koran, and take an annual pilgrimage to the black stone of Mecca.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.* 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.
2. *Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann.* 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1843–4.

Our readers will find a rich repast in the perusal of this article of Macaulay's. It is seldom we are able to furnish one so rich and useful. Ed.

More than ten years ago we commenced a sketch of the political life of the great Lord Chatham. We then stopped at the death of George the Second, with the intention of speedily resuming our task. Circumstances which it would be tedious to explain, long prevented us from carrying this intention into effect. Nor can we regret the delay. For the materials which were within our reach in 1834 were scanty and unsatisfactory, when compared with those which we at present possess. Even now, though we have had access to some valuable sources of information which have not yet been opened to the public, we cannot but feel that the history of the first ten years of the reign of George the Third is but imperfectly known to us. Nevertheless, we are inclined to think that we are in a condition to lay before our readers a narrative neither uninstructive nor uninteresting. We therefore return with pleasure to our long interrupted labor.

We left Pitt in the zenith of prosperity and glory, the idol of England, the terror of France, the admiration of the whole civilized world. The wind, from whatever quarter it blew, carried to England tidings of battles won, fortresses taken, provinces added to the Empire. At home, factions had sunk into a lethargy, such as had never been known since the great religious schism of the sixteenth century had roused he public mind from repose.

In order that the events which we have to relate may be clearly understood, it may be desirable that we should advert to the causes which had for a time suspended the animation of both the great English parties.

If, rejecting all that is merely accidental, we look at the essential characteristics of the Whig and the Tory, we may consider each of them as the representative of a great principle, essential to the welfare of nations. One is, in an especial manner, the guardian of liberty, and the other, of order. One is the moving power, and the other the steadying power of the state. One is the sail, without which society would make no progress, the other the ballast, without which there would be the small safety in a tempest. But, during the forty-six years which followed the accession of the house of Hanover, these distinctive peculiarities seemed to be effaced. The Whig conceived that he could not better serve the cause of civil and religious freedom than by strenuously supporting the Protestant dynasty. The Tory conceived that he could not better prove his hatred of revolution than by attacking a government to which a revolution had given being. Both came by degrees to attach more importance to the means than to the end. Both were thrown into unnatural situations; and both, like animals transported to an uncongenial climate, languished and degenerated. The Tory, removed from the sunshine of the court, was as a camel in the snows of Lapland. The Whig, basking in the rays of royal favor, was as a reindeer in the sands of Arabia.

Dante tells us that he saw, in Malebolge, a strange encounter between a human form and a serpent. The enemies, after cruel wounds inflicted, stood for a time glaring on each other. A great cloud surrounded them, and then a wonderful metamorphosis began. Each creature was transfigured into the likeness of its antagonist. The serpent's tail divided itself into two legs; the man's legs intertwined themselves into a tail. The body of the serpent put forth arms; the arms of the man shrank into his body. At length the serpent stood up a man, and spake; the man sank down a serpent, and glided hissing away. Something like this was the transformation which, during the reign of George the First, befell the two English parties. Each gradually took the shape and color of its foe; till at length the Tory rose up erect the zealot of freedom, and the Whig crawled and licked the dust at the feet of power.

It is true that, when these degenerate politicansdiscussed questions merely speculative, and, above all, when they discussed questions relating to the conduct of their own grandfathers, they still seemed to differ as their grandfathers had differed. The Whig, who, during three Parliaments, had never given one vote against the court, and who was ready to sell his soul for the Comptroller's staff, or for the Great Wardrobe, still professed to draw his political doctrines from Locke and Milton, still

worshipped the memory of Pym and Hampden, and would still, on the thirtieth of January, take his glass, first to the man in the mask, and then to the man who would do it without a mask. The Tory, on the other hand, while he reviled the mild and temperate Walpole as a deadly enemy of liberty, could see nothing to reprobate in the iron tyranny of Stafford and Laud. But, whatever judgment the Whig or the Tory of that age might pronounce on transactions long past, there can be no doubt that, as respected the practical questions then pending, the Tory was a reformer, and indeed an intemperate and indiscreet reformer, while the Whig was conservative even to bigotry. We have ourselves seen similar effects produced in a neighboring country by similar causes. Who would have believed, fifteen years ago, that M. Guizot and M. Villemain would have to defend property and social order against the Jacobinical attacks of such enemies as M. Genoude and M. de La Roche Jaquelin?

Thus the successors of the old Cavaliers had turned demagogues; the successors of the old Roundheads had turned courtiers. Yet was it long before their mutual animosity began to abate; for it is the nature of parties to retain their original enmities far more firmly than their original principles. During many years, a generation of Whigs whom Sidney would have spurned as slaves, continued to wage deadly war with a generation of Tories whom Jefferies would have hanged for republicans.

Through the whole reign of George the First, and through nearly half of the reign of George the Second, a Tory was regarded as an enemy of the reigning house, and was excluded from all the favors of the crown. Though most of the country gentlemen were Tories, none but Whigs were created peers and baronets. Though most of the clergy were Tories, none but Whigs were created deans and bishops. In every county, opulent and well-descended Tory squires complained that their names were left out out of the commission of the peace; while men of small estate and mean birth, who were for toleration and excise, septennial parliaments and standing armies, presided at quarter sessions, and became deputy lieutenants.

By degrees some approaches were made towards a reconciliation. While Walpole was at the head of affairs, enmity to his power induced a large and powerful body of Whigs, headed by the heir-apparent of the throne, to make an alliance with the Tories, and a truce even with the Jacobites. After Sir Robert's fall, the ban which lay on the Tory party was taken off. The chief places in the administration continued to be filled by Whigs, and, indeed, could scarcely have been filled otherwise; for the Tory nobility and gentry, though strong in numbers and in property, had among them scarcely a single man distinguished by talents, either for business or for debate. A few of them, however, were admitted to subordinate offices; and this indulgence produced a softening effect on the temper of the whole body. The first levee of George the Second after Walpole's resignation was a remarkable spectacle. Mingled with the constant supporters of the house of Brunswick, with the Russells, the Cavendishes, and the Pelhams, appeared a crowd of faces utterly unknown to the pages and gentlemen-ushers, lords of rural manors, whose ale and fox-hounds were renowned in the neighborhood of the Mendip hills, or round the Wrekin, but who had never crossed the threshold of the palace since the days when Oxford, with the white staff in his hand, stood behind Queen Anne.

During the eighteen years which followed this day, both factions were gradually sinking deeper and deeper into repose. The apathy of the public mind is partly to be ascribed to the unjust violence with which the administration of Walpole had been assailed. In the body politic, as in the natural body, morbid languor generally succeeds to morbid excitement. The people had been maddened by sophistry, by calumny, by rhetoric, by stimulants applied to the national pride. In the fulness of bread, they had raved as if famine had been in the land. While enjoying such a measure of civil and religious freedom as, till then, no great society had ever known, they had cried out for a Timoleon or a Brutus to stab their oppressors to the heart. They were in this frame of mind when the change of adminstration took place; and they soon found that there was to be no change whatever in the system of government. The natural consequences followed. To frantic zeal succeeded sullen indifference. The cant of patriotism had not merely ceased to charm the public ear, but had become as nauseous as the cant of Puritanism after the downfall of the Rump. The hot fit was over: the cold fit had begun: and it was long before seditious arts, or even real grievances, could bring back the fiery

paroxysm which had run its course, and reached its termination.

Two attempts were made to disturb this tranquillity. The banished heir of the house of Stuart headed a rebellion; the discontented heir of the house of Brunswick headed an opposition. Both the rebellion and the opposition came to nothing. The battle of Culloden annihilated the Jacobite party; the death of Prince Frederic dissolved the faction which, under his guidance, had feebly striven to annoy his father's government. His chief followers hastened to make their peace with the ministry; and the political torpor became complete.

Five years after the death of Prince Frederic, the public mind was for a time violently excited. But this excitement had nothing to do with the old disputes between Whigs and Tories. England was at war with France. The war had been feebly conducted. Minorca had been torn from us. Our fleet had retired before the white flag of the House of Bourbon. A bitter sense of humiliation, new to the proudest and bravest of nations, superseded every other feeling. The cry of all the counties and great towns of the realm was for a government which would retrieve the honor of the English arms. The two most powerful men in the country were the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt. Alternate victories and defeats had made them sensible that neither of them could stand alone. The interests of the state, and the interests of their own ambition, impelled them to coalesce. By their coalition was formed the ministry which was in power when George the Third ascended the throne.

The more carefully the structure of this celebrated ministry is examined, the more shall we see reason to marvel at the skill or the luck which had combined in one harmonious whole such various and, as it seemed, incompatible elements of force. The influence which is derived from stainless integrity, the influence which is derived from the vilest arts of corruption, the strength of aristocratical connection, the strength of democratical enthusiasm, all these things were for the first time found together. Newcastle brought to the coalition a vast mass of power, which had descended to him from Walpole and Pelham. The public offices, the church, the courts of law, the army, the navy, the diplomatic service, swarmed with his creatures. The boroughs, which long afterwards made up the memorable schedules A and B, were represented by his nominees. The great Whig families, which during several generations had been trained in the discipline of party warfare, and were accustomed to stand together in a firm phalanx, acknowledged him as their captain. Pitt, on the other hand, had what Newcastle wanted, an eloqence which stirred the passions and charmed the imagination, a high reputation for purity, and the confidence and ardent love of millions.

The partition which the two ministers made of the powers of government was singularly happy. Each occupied a province for which he was well qualified; and neither had any inclination to intrude himself into the province of the other. Newcastle took the treasury, the civil and ecclesiastical patronage, and the disposal of that part of the secret service money which was then employed in bribing members of Parliament. Pitt was secretary of state, with the direction of the war and of foreign affairs. Thus the filth of all the noisome and pestilential sewers of government was poured into one channel. Through the other passed only what was bright and stainless. Mean and selfish politicians, pining for commissionerships, gold sticks, and ribands, flocked to the great house at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields. There, at every levee, appeared eighteen or twenty pair of lawn sleeves; for there was not, it was said, a single Prelate who had not owed either his first elevation or some subsequent translation to Newcastle There appeared those members of the House of Commons in whose silent votes the main strength of the government lay. One wanted a place in the excise for his butler. Another came about a prebend for his son. A third whispered that he had always stood by his Grace and the Protestant succession; that his last election had been very expensive; that potwallopers had now no conscience; that he had been forced to take up money on mortgage; and that he hardly knew where to turn for five hundred pounds. The Duke pressed all their hands, passed his arms round all their shoulders, patted all their backs, and sent away some with wages, and some with promises. From this traffic Pitt stood haughtily aloof. Not only was he himself incorruptible, but he shrank from the loathsome drudgery of corrupting others. He had not, however, been twenty years in Parliament, and ten in office,

by his colleagues. Hating the practice, yet despairing of putting it down, and doubting whether, in those times, any ministry could stand without it, he determined to be blind to it He would see nothing, know nothing, believe nothing. People who came to talk to him about shares in lucrative contracts, or about the means of securing a Cornish corporation, were soon put out of countenance by his arrogant humility. They did him too much honor. Such matters were beyond his capacity. It was true that his poor advice about expeditions and treaties was listened to with indulgence by a gracious sovereign. If the question were, who should command in North America, or who should be ambassador at Berlin, his colleagues would probably condescend to take his opinion. But he had not the smallest influence with the secretary of the treasury, and could not venture to ask even for a tide-waiter's place.

It may be doubted whether he did not owe as much of his popularity to his ostentatious purity, as to his eloquence, or to his talents for the administration of war. It was every where said, with delight and admiration, that the great Commoner, without any advantages of birth or fortune, had, in spite of the dislike of the court and of the aristocracy, made himself the first man in England, and made England the first country in the world; that his name was mentioned with awe in every palace from Lisbon to Moscow; that his trophies were in all the four quarters of the globe; yet that he was still plain William Pitt, without title or riband, without pension or sinecure place. Whenever he should retire, after saving the state, he must sell his coach-horses and his silver candlesticks. Widely as the taint of corruption had spread, his hands were clean. They had never received, they had never given, the price of infamy. Thus the coalition gathered to itself support from all the high and all the low parts of human nature, and was strong with the whole united strength of virtue and of Mammon.

Pitt and Newcastle were co-ordinate chief ministers. The subordinate places had been filled on the principle of including in the government every party and shade of party, the avowed Jacobites alone excepted; nay, every public man who, from

The Whigs, according to what was then considered as their prescriptive right, held by far the largest share of power. The main support of the administration was what may be called the great Whig connection—a connection which, during near half a century, had generally had the chief sway in the country, and which derived an immense authority from rank, wealth, borough interest, and firm union. To this connection, of which Newcastle was the head, belonged the houses of Cavendish, Lennox, Fitzroy, Bentinck, Manners, Conway, Wentworth, and many others of high note.

There were two other powerful Whig connections, either of which might have been a nucleus for a formidable opposition. But room had been found in the government for both. They were known as the Grenvilles and the Bedfords.

The head of the Grenvilles was Richard Earl Temple. His talents for administration and debate were of no high order. But his great possessions, his turbulent and unscrupulous character, his restless activity, and his skill in the most ignoble tactics of faction, made him one of the most formidable enemies that a ministry could have. He was keeper of the privy seal. His brother George was treasurer of the navy. They were supposed to be on terms of close friendship with Pitt, who had married their sister, and was the most uxorious of husbands.

The Bedfords, or, as they were called by their enemies, the Bloomsbury gang, professed to be led by John Duke of Bedford, but in truth led him wherever they chose, and very often led him where he never would have gone of his own accord. He had many good qualities of head and heart, and would have been certainly a repectable, and possibly a distinguished man, if he had been less under the influence of his friends, or more fortunate in choosing them. Some of them were indeed, to do them justice, men of parts. But here, we are afraid, eulogy must end. Sandwich and Rigby were able debaters, pleasant boon companions, dexterous intriguers, masters of all the arts of jobbing and electioneering, and, both in public and private life, shamelessly immoral. Weymouth had a natural eloquence, which sometimes astonished those who knew how little he

owed to study. But he was indolent and dissolute, and had early impaired a fine estate with the dice-box, and a fine constitution with the bottle. The wealth and power of the Duke, and the talents and audacity of some of his retainers, might have seriously annoyed the strongest ministry. But his assistance had been secured. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Rigby was his secretary; and the whole party dutifully supported the measures of the government.

Two men had, a short time before, been thought likely to contest with Pitt the lead of the House of Commons—William Murray and Henry Fox. But Murray had been removed to the Lords, and was Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. Fox was indeed still in the Commons. But means had been found to secure, if not his strenuous support, at least his silent acquiescence. He was a poor man; he was a doting father. The office of Paymaster-General during an expensive war was, in that age, perhaps the most lucrative situation in the gift of the goverment. This office was bestowed on Fox. The prospect of making a noble fortune in a few years, and of providing amply for his darling boy Charles, was irresistibly tempting. To hold a subordinate place, however profitable, after having led the House of Commons, and having been intrusted with the business of forming a ministry, was indeed a great descent. But a punctilious sense of personal dignity was no part of the character of Henry Fox.

We have not time to enumerate all the other men of weight and talents who were, by some tie or other, attached to the government. We may mention Hardwicke, reputed the first lawyer of the age; Legge, reputed the first financier of the age; the acute and ready Oswald; the bold and humorous Nugent; Charles Townshend, the most brilliant and versatile of mankind; Elliot, Barrington, North, Pratt. Indeed, as far as we recollect, there were in the whole House of Commons only two men of distinguished abilities who were not connected with the government; and those two men stood so low in public estimation, that the only service which they could have rendered to any government would have been to oppose it. We speak of Lord George Sackville and Bubb Dodington.

Though most of the official men, and all the members of the cabinet, were reputed Whigs, the Tories were by no means excluded from employment. Pitt had gratified many of them with commands in the militia, which increased both their income and their importance in their own counties; and they were therefore in better humor than at any time since the death of Anne. Some of the party still continued to grumble over their punch at the Cocoa-Tree; but in the House of Commons not a single one of the malecontents durst lift his eyes above the buckle of Pitt's shoe.

Thus there was absolutely no opposition. Nay, there was no sign from which it could be guessed in what quarter opposition was likely to arise. Several years passed during which Parliament seemed to have abdicated its chief functions. The Journals of the House of Commons during four sessions, contain no trace of a division on a party question. The supplies, though beyond precedent great, were voted without discussion. The most animated debates of that period were on road bills and inclosure bills.

The old King was content; and it mattered little whether he were content or not. It would have been impossible for him to emancipate himself from a ministry so powerful, even if he had been inclined to do so. But he had no such inclination. He had once, indeed, been strongly prejudiced against Pitt, and had repeatedly been ill used by Newcastle; but the vigor and success with which the war had been waged in Germany, and the smoothness with which all public business was carried on, had produced a favorable change in the royal mind.

Such was the posture of affairs when, on the 25th of October 1760, George the Second suddenly died, and George the Third, then twenty-two years old, became King. The situation of George the Third differed widely from that of his grandfather and that of his great-grandfather. Many years had now elapsed since a sovereign of England had been an object of affection to any part of his people. The first two Kings of the House of Hanover had neither those hereditary rights which have often supplied the defect of merit, nor those personal qualities which have often supplied the defect of title. A prince may be popular with little virtue or capacity, if he reigns by birthright derived from a long line of illustrious predecessors. An usurper may be popular, if his genius has saved or aggrandized the nation which he gov-

erns. Perhaps no rulers have in our time had a stronger hold on the affection of subjects than the Emperor Francis, and his son-in-law, the Emperor Napoleon. But imagine a ruler with no better title than Napoleon, and no better understanding than Francis. Richard Cromwell was such a ruler; and, as soon as an arm was lifted up against him, he fell without a struggle, amidst universal derision. George the First and George the Second were in a situation which bore some resemblance to that of Richard Cromwell. They were saved from the fate of Richard Cromwell by the strenuous and able exertions of the Whig party, and by the general conviction that the nation had no choice but between the house of Brunswick and Popery. But by no class were the Guelphs regarded with that devoted affection, of which Charles the First, Charles the Second, and James the Second, in spite of the greatest faults, and in the midst of the greatest misfortunes, received innumerable proofs. Those Whigs who stood by the new dynasty so manfully with purse and sword, did so on principles independent of, and indeed almost incompatible with, the sentiment of devoted loyalty. The moderate Tories regarded the foreign dynasty as a great evil, which must be endured for fear of a greater evil. In the eyes of the high Tories, the Elector was the most hateful of robbers and tyrants. The crown of another was on his head; the blood of the brave and loyal was on his hands. Thus, during many years, the Kings of England were objects of strong personal aversion to many of their subjects, and of strong personal attachment to none. They found, indeed, firm and cordial support against the pretender to their throne; but this support was given, not at all for their sake, but for the sake of a religious and political system which would have been endangered by their fall. This support, too, they were compelled to purchase by perpetually sacrificing their private inclinations to the party which had set them on the throne, and which maintained them there.

At the close of the reign of George the Second, the feeling of aversion with which the house of Brunswick had long been regarded by half the nation had died away; but no feeling of affection to that house had yet sprung up. There was little, indeed, in the old King's character to inspire esteem or tenderness. He was not our countryman. He never set foot on our soil till he was more than thirty years old. His speech bewrayed his foreign origin and breeding. His love for his native land, though the most amiable part of his character, was not likely to endear him to his British subjects. That he was never so happy as when he could exchange St. James's for Hernhausen; that, year after year, our fleets were employed to convoy him to the Continent; that the interests of his kingdom were as nothing to him when compared with the interests of his Electorate, could scarcely be denied. As to the rest, he had neither the qualities which make dulness respectable, nor the qualities which make libertinism attractive. He had been a bad son and a worse father; an unfaithful husband and an ungraceful lover. Not one magnanimous or humane action is recorded of him; but many instances of meanness, and of a harshness which, but for the strong constitutional restraints under which he was placed, might have made the misery of his people.

He died; and at once a new world opened. The young King was a born Englishman. All his tastes and habits, good or bad, were English. No portion of his subjects had any thing to reproach him with. Even the remaining adherents of the house of Stuart could scarcely impute to him the guilt of usurpation. He was not responsible for the Revolution, for the Act of Settlement, for the suppression of the risings of 1715 and of 1745. He was innocent of the blood of Derwentwater and Kilmarnock, of Balmerino and Cameron. Born more than fifty years after the old line had been expelled, fourth in descent and third in succession of the Hanoverian dynasty, he might plead some show of hereditary right. His age, his appearance, and all that was known of his character, conciliated public favor. He was in the bloom of youth; his person and address were pleasing. Scandal imputed to him no vice; and flattery might, without any glaring absurdity, ascribe to him many princely virtues.

It is not strange, therefore, that the sentiment of loyalty, a sentiment which had lately seemed to be as much out of date as the belief in witches or the practice of pilgrimage, should, from the day of his accession, have begun to revive. The Tories in particular, who had always been inclined to King-worship, and who had long felt with pain the want of an idol be-

fore whom they could bow themselves down, were as joyful as the priests of Apis, when, after a long interval, they had found a new calf to adore. It was soon clear that George the Third was regarded by a portion of the nation with a very different feeling from that which his two predecessors had inspired. They had been merely first Magistrates, Doges, Stadtholders; he was emphatically a King, the anointed of heaven, the breath of his people's nostrils. The years of the widowhood and mourning of the Tory party were over. Dido had kept faith long enough to the cold ashes of a former lord; she had at last found a comforter, and recognized the vestiges of the old flame. The golden days of Harley would return; the Somersets, the Lees, and the Wyndhams would again surround the throne. The latitudinarian Prelates, who had not been ashamed to correspond with Doddridge and to shake hands with Whiston, would be succeeded by divines of the temper of South and Atterbury. The devotion which had been so signally shown to the house of Stuart—which had been proof against defeats, confiscations, and proscriptions, which perfidy, oppression, ingratitude, could not weary out—was now transferred entire to the house of Brunswick. If George the Third would but accept the homage of the Cavaliers and High-churchmen, he should be to them all that Charles the First and Charles the Second had been.

The Prince whose accession was thus hailed by a great party long estranged from his house, had received from nature a strong will, a firmness of temper to which a harsher name might perhaps be given, and an understanding not, indeed, acute or enlarged, but such as qualified him to be a good man of business. But his character had not yet fully developed itself. He had been brought up in strict seclusion. The detractors of the Princess-Dowager of Wales affirmed that she had kept her children from commerce with society, in order that she might hold an undivided empire over their minds. She gave a very different explanation of her conduct. She would gladly, she said, see her sons and daughters mix in the world, if they could do so without risk to their morals. But the profligacy of the people of quality alarmed her. The young men were all rakes; the young women made love, instead of waiting till it was made to them. She could not bear to expose those whom she loved best to the contaminating influence of such society. The moral advantages of the system of education which formed the Duke of York, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Queen of Denmark, may perhaps be questioned. George the Third was indeed no libertine; but he brought to the throne a mind only half opened, and was for some time entirely under the influence of his mother and of his Groom of the Stole, John Stuart, Earl of Bute.

The Earl of Bute was scarcely known, even by name, to the country which he was soon to govern. He had indeed, a short time before he came of age, been chosen to fill a vacancy which, in the middle of a parliament, had taken place among the Scotch representative peers. He had disobliged the Whig ministers by giving some silent votes with the Tories, had consequently lost his seat at the next dissolution, and had never been re-elected. Near twenty years had elapsed since he had borne any part in politics. He had passed some of those years at his seat in one of the Hebrides, and from that retirement he had emerged as one of the household of Prince Frederic. Lord Bute, excluded from public life, had found out many ways of amusing his leisure. He was a tolerable actor in private theatricals, and was particularly successful in the part of Lothario. A handsome leg, to which both painters and satirists took care to give prominence, was among his chief qualifications for the stage. He devised quaint dresses for masquerades. He dabbled in geometry, mechanics, and botany. He paid some attention to antiquities and works of art, and was considered in his own circle as a judge of painting, architecture, and poetry. It is said that his spelling was incorrect. But though, in our time, incorrect spelling is justly considered as a proof of sordid ignorance, it would be most unjust to apply the same rule to people who lived a century ago. The novel of Sir Charles Grandison was published about the time at which Lord Bute made his appearance at Leicester House. Our readers may perhaps remember the account which Charlotte Grandison gives of her two lovers. One of them, a fashionable baronet, who talks French and Italian fluently, cannot write a line in his own language without some sin against orthography; the other, who is represented as a most respectable specimen of the young aristocracy, and something of a virtuoso, is described as spelling pretty well for a lord.

On the whole, the Earl of Bute might fairly be called a man of cultivated mind. He was also a man of undoubted honor. But his understanding was narrow, and his manners cold and haughty. His qualifications for the part of a statesman were best described by Frederic, who often indulged in the unprincely luxury of sneering at his dependents. 'Bute,' said his royal highness, 'you are the very man to be envoy at some small, proud German court where there is nothing to do.'

Scandal represented the Groom of the Stole as the favored lover of the Princess-Dowager. He was undoubtedly her confidential friend. The influence which the two united exercised over the mind of the King was for a time unbounded. The princess, a woman and a foreigner, was not likely to be a judicious adviser about affairs of state. The earl could scarcely be said to have served even a noviciate in politics. His notions of government had been acquired in the society which had been in the habit of assembling round Frederic at Kew and Leicester House. That society consisted principally of Tories, who had been reconciled to the house of Hanover by the civility with which the Prince had treated them, and by the hope of obtaining high preferment when he should come to the throne. Their political creed was a peculiar modification of Toryism. It was the creed neither of the Tories of the seventeenth, nor of the Tories of the nineteenth century; it was the creed, not of Filmer and Sacheverell, not of Perceval and Eldon, but of the sect of which Bolingbroke may be considered as the chief doctor. This sect deserves commendation for having pointed out and justly reprobated some great abuses which sprang up during the long domination of the Whigs. But it is far easier to point out and reprobate abuses, than to propose reforms; and the reforms which Bolingbroke proposed would either have been utterly inefficient, or would have produced much more mischief than they would have removed.

The revolution had saved the nation from one class of evils, but had at the same time—such is the imperfection of all things human—engendered or aggravated another class of evils which required new remedies. Liberty and property were secure from the attacks of prerogative. Conscience was respected. No government ventured to infringe any of the rights solemnly recognized by the instrument which had called William and Mary to the throne. But it cannot be denied that, under the new system, the public interests and the public morals were seriously endangered by corruption and faction. During the long struggle against the Stuarts the chief object of the most enlightened statesmen had been to strengthen the House of Commons. The struggle was over, the victory was won, the House of Commons was supreme in the state; and all the vices which had till then been latent in the representative system were rapidly developed by prosperity and power. Scarcely had the executive government become really responsible to the House of Commons, when it began to appear that the House of Commons was not really responsible to the nation. Many of the constituent assemblies were under the absolute control of individuals: many were notoriously at the command of the highest bidder. The debates were not published; it was very seldom known out of doors how a gentleman had voted. Thus, while the ministry was accountable to the Parliament, the majority of the Parliament was accountable to nobody. Under such circumstances, nothing could be more natural than that the members should insist on being paid for their votes, should form themselves into combinations for the purpose of raising the price of their votes, and should at critical conjunctures extort large wages by threatening a strike. Thus the Whig ministers of George the First and George the Second, were compelled to reduce corruption to a system, and to practise it on a gigantic scale.

If we are right as to the cause of these abuses, we can scarcely be wrong as to the remedy. The remedy was surely not to deprive the House of Commons of its weight in the state. Such a course would undoubtedly have put an end to parliamentary corruption and to parliamentary factions; for when votes cease to be of importance they will cease to be bought; and when knaves can get nothing by combining they will cease to combine. But to destroy corruption and faction by introducing despotism, would have been to cure bad by worse. The proper remedy evidently was, to make the House of Commons responsible to the nation; and this was to be effected in two ways—first, by giving publicity to parliamentary proceedings, and thus placing every member on his trial before the tribunal of public opinion: and secondly, by so reforming the con-

stitution of the House, that no man should be able to sit in it who had not been returned by a respectable and independent body of constituents.

Bolingbroke and Bolingbroke's disciples recommended a very different mode of treating the diseases of the state. Their doctrine was, that a vigorous use of the prerogative by a patriot King would at once break all factious combinations, and supersede the pretended necessity of bribing members of Parliament. The King had only to resolve that he would be master, that he would not be held in thraldom by any set of men, that he would take for ministers any persons in whom he had confidence, without distinction of party, and that he would restrain his servants from influencing, by immoral means, either the constituent body or the representative body. This childish scheme proved that those who proposed it knew nothing of the nature of the evil with which they pretended to deal. The real cause of the prevalence of corruption and faction was, that a House of Commons, not accountable to the people, was more powerful than the King. Bolingbroke's remedy could be applied only by a King more powerful than the House of Commons. How was the patriot Prince to govern in defiance of the body without whose consent he could not equip a sloop, keep a battalion under arms, send an embassy, or defray even the charges of his own household? Was he to dissolve the Parliament? And what was he likely to gain by appealing to Sudbury and Old Sarum against the venality of their representatives? Was he to send out privy seals? Was he to levy ship-money? If so, this boasted reform must commence in all probability by civil war, and, if consummated, must be consummated by the establishment of absolute monarchy. Or was the patriot King to carry the House of Commons with him in his upright designs? By what means? Interdicting himself from the use of corrupt influence, what motive was he to address to the Dodingtons and Winningtons? Was cupidity, strengthened by habit, to be laid asleep by a few fine sentences about virtue and union?

Absurd as this theory was, it had many admirers, particularly among men of letters. It was now to be reduced to practice; and the result was, as any man of sagacity must have foreseen, the most piteous and ridiculous of failures.

On the very day of the young King's accession, appeared some signs which indicated the approach of a great change. The speech which he made to his council was not submitted to the cabinet. It was drawn up by Bute, and contained some expressions which might be construed into reflections on the conduct of affairs during the late reign. Pitt remonstrated, and begged that these expressions might be softened down in the printed copy; but it was not till after some hours of altercation that Bute yielded; and, even after Bute had yielded, the King affected to hold out till the following afternoon. On the same day on which this singular contest took place, Bute was not only sworn of the privy council, but introduced into the cabinet.

Soon after this, Lord Holderness, one of the secretaries of state, in pursuance of a plan concerted with the court, resigned the seals. Bute was instantly appointed to the vacant place. A general election speedily followed, and the new secretary entered parliament in the only way in which he then could enter it, as one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland.*

Had the ministers been firmly united, it can scarcely be doubted that they would have been able to withstand the court. The parliamentary influence of the Whig aristocracy, combined with the genius, the virtue, and the fame of Pitt, would have been irresistible. But there had been in the cabinet of George the Second latent jealousies and enmities, which now began to show themselves. Pitt had been estranged from his old ally Legge, the chancellor of the exchequer. Some of the ministers were envious of Pitt's popularity; others were, not altogether without cause, disgusted by his imperious and haughty demeanor; others, again, were honestly opposed to some parts of his policy. They admitted that he had found the country in the depths of humiliation, and had raised it to the height of glory; they admitted that he had conducted the war with energy, ability, and splendid success. But they began to hint that the drain on the resources of the state was unexampled, and that the public debt was increasing with a speed at which Montague or Godolphin would have stood aghast. Some of the acquisitions made by our fleets and armies were, it was acknowledged, profitable as well as honorable; but now

* In the reign of Anne, the House of Lords had resolved that, under the 23d article of Union, no Scotch peer could be created a peer of Great Britain. This resolution was not annulled till the year 1782.

that George the Second was dead, a courtier might venture to ask why England was to become a party in a dispute between two German powers. What was it to her whether the house of Hapsburg or the house of Brandenburg ruled in Silesia? Why were the best English regiments fighting on the Maine? Why were the Prussian battalions paid with English gold? The great minister seemed to think it beneath him to calculate the price of victory. As long as the Tower guns were fired, as the streets were illuminated, as French banners were carried in triumph through the streets of London, it was to him a matter of indifference to what extent the public burdens were augmented. Nay, he seemed to glory in the magnitude of these sacrifices, which the people, fascinated by his eloquence and success, had too readily made, and would long and bitterly regret. There was no check on waste or embezzlement. Our commissaries returned from the camp of Prince Ferdinand to buy boroughs, to rear palaces, to rival the magnificence of the old aristocracy of the realm. Already had we borrowed, in four years of war, more than the most skilful and economical government would pay in forty years of peace, But the prospect of peace was as remote as ever. It could not be doubted that France, smarting and prostrate. would consent to fair terms of accommodation; but this was not what Pitt wanted. War had made him powerful and popular: with war, all that was brightest in his life was associated: for war his talents were peculiarly fitted. He had at length begun to love war for its own sake, and was more disposed to quarrel with neutrals than to make peace with enemies.

Such were the views of the Duke of Bedford and of the Earl of Hardwicke; but no member of the government held these opinions so strongly as George Grenville, the Treasurer of the Navy. George Grenville was brother-in-law of Pitt, and had always been reckoned one of Pitt's personal and political friends. But it is difficult to conceive two men of talents and integrity more unlike each other. Pitt, as his sister often said, knew nothing accurately except Spenser's Fairy Queen. He had never applied himself steadily to any branch of knowledge. He was a wretched financier. He never became familiar even with the rules of that House of which he was the brightest ornament. He had never studied public law as a system; and was, indeed, so ignorant of the whole subject, that George the Second, on one occasion, complained bitterly, that a man who had never read Vattel should presume to undertake the direction of foreign affairs. But these defects were more than redeemed by high and rare gifts; by a strange power of inspiring great masses of men with confidence and affection; by an eloquence which not only delighted the ear, but stirred the blood and brought tears into the eyes; by originality in devising plans; by vigor in executing them. Grenville, on the other hand, was by nature and habit a man of details. He had been bred a lawyer; and he had brought the industry and acuteness of the Temple into official and parliamentary life. He was supposed to be intimately acquainted with the whole fiscal system of the country. He had paid especial attention to the law of Parliament, and was so learned in all things relating to the privileges and orders of the House of Commons, that those who loved him least pronounced him the only person competent to succeed Onslow in the Chair. His speeches were generally instructive, and sometimes, from the gravity and earnestness with which he spoke, even impressive; but never brilliant, and generally tedious. Indeed, even when he was at the head of affairs, he sometimes found it difficult to obtain the ear of the House. In disposition as well as in intellect, he differed widely from his brother-in-law. Pitt was utterly regardless of money. He would scarcely stretch out his hand to take it; and when it came, he threw it away with childish profusion. Grenville, though strictly upright, was grasping and parsimonious. Pitt was a man of excitable nerves, sanguine in hope, easily elated by success and popularity, keenly sensible of injury, but prompt to forgive; Grenville's character was stern, melancholy, and pertinacious. Nothing was more remarkable in him than his inclination always to look on the dark side of things. He was the raven of the House of Commons, always croaking defeat in the midst of triumphs, and bankruptcy with an overflowing exchequer. Burke, with general applause, compared Grenville, in a time of quiet and plenty, to the evil spirit whom Ovid described looking down on the stately temples and wealthy haven of Athens, and scarce able to refrain from weeping because she could find nothing at which to weep. Such a man was not likely to be popular. But to unpopularity Grenville opposed a dogged determination, which sometimes forced even those who hated him to respect him.

It was natural that Pitt and Grenville, being such as they were, should take very different views of the situation of affairs. Pitt could see nothing but the trophies; Grenville could see nothing but the bill. Pitt boasted that England was victorious at once in America, in India, and in Germany—the umpire of the Continent, the mistress of the sea. Grenville cast up the subsidies, sighed over the army extraordinaries, and groaned in spirit to think that the nation had borrowed eight millions in one year.

With a ministry thus divided, it was not difficult for Bute to deal. Legge was the first who fell. He had given offence to the young King in the late reign, by refusing to support a creature of Bute at a Hampshire election. He was now not only turned out, but in the closet, when he delivered up his seal of office, was treated with gross incivility.

Pitt, who did not love Legge, saw this event with indifference. But the danger was now fast approaching himself. Charles the Third of Spain had early conceived a deadly hatred of England. Twenty years before, when he was King of the two Sicilies, he had been eager to join the coalition against Maria Theresa. But an English fleet had suddenly appeared in the Bay of Naples. An English captain had landed, had proceeded to the palace, had laid a watch on the table, and had told his majesty that, within an hour, a treaty of neutrality must be signed, or a bombardment would commence. The treaty was signed; the squadron sailed out of the bay twenty-four hours after it had sailed in; and from that day the ruling passion of the humbled Prince was aversion to the English name. He was at length in a situation in which he might hope to gratify that passion. He had recently become King of Spain and the Indies. He saw, with envy and apprehension, the triumphs of our navy, and the rapid extension of our colonial Empire. He was a Bourbon, and sympathized with the distress of the house from which he sprang. He was a Spaniard; and no Spaniard could bear to see Gibraltar and Minorca in the possession of a foreign power. Impelled by such feelings, Charles concluded a secret treaty with France. By this treaty, known as the Family Compact, the two powers bound themselves, not in express words, but by the clearest implication, to make war on England in common. Spain postponed the declaration of hostilities only till her fleet, laden with the treasures of America, should have arrived.

The existence of the treaty could not be kept a secret from Pitt. He acted as a man of his capacity and energy might be expected to act. He at once proposed to declare war against Spain, and to intercept the American fleet. He had determined, it is said, to attack without delay both Havanna and the Philippines.

His wise and resolute counsel was rejected. Bute was foremost in opposing it, and was supported by almost the whole cabinet. Some of the ministers doubted, or affected to doubt, the correctness of Pitt's intelligence; some shrank from the responsibility of advising a course so bold and decided as that which he proposed; some were weary of his ascendency, and were glad to be rid of him on any pretext. One only of his colleagues agreed with him, his brother-in-law, Earl Temple.

Pitt and Temple resigned their offices. To Pitt the young King behaved at parting in the most gracious manner. Pitt, who, proud and fiery every where else, was always meek and humble in the closet, was moved even to tears. The King and the favorite urged him to accept some substantial mark of royal gratitude. Would he like to be appointed governor of Canada? A salary of £5000 a-year should be annexed to the office. Residence would not be required. It was true that the governor of Canada, as the law then stood, could not be a member of the House of Commons. But a bill should be brought in authorizing Pitt to hold his government together with a seat in Parliament, and in the preamble should be set forth his claims to the gratitude of his country. Pitt answered, with all delicacy, that his anxieties were rather for his wife and family than for himself, and that nothing would be so acceptable to him as a mark of royal goodness which might be beneficial to those who were dearest to him. The hint was taken. The same gazette which announced the retirement of the secretary of state, announced also, that, in consideration of his great public services, his wife had been created a peeress in her own right, and a pension of three thousand pounds a-year for three lives had been bestowed on himself. It was doubtless thought that the rewards and honors conferred on the great minister would have a conciliatory effect on the public mind. Perhaps, too, it was thought that his popularity, which had partly arisen from

the contempt which he had always shown for money, would be damaged by a pension: and indeed a crowd of libels instantly appeared, in which he was accused of having sold his country. Many of his true friends thought that he would have best consulted the dignity of his character by refusing to accept any pecuniary reward from the court. Nevertheless, the general opinion of his talents, virtues, and services, remained unaltered. Addresses were presented to him from several large towns. London showed its admiration and affection in a still more marked manner. Soon after his resignation came the Lord Mayor's day. The King and the royal family dined at Guildhall. Pitt was one of the guests. The young sovereign, seated by his bride in his state coach, received a remarkable lesson. He was scarcely noticed. All eyes were fixed on the fallen minister; all acclamations directed to him. The streets, the balconies, the chimney-tops burst into a roar of delight as his chariot passed by. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows. The common people clung to the wheels, shook hands with the footmen, and even kissed the horses. Cries of 'No Bute!' 'No Newcastle salmon!' were mingled with the shouts of 'Pitt for ever!' When Pitt entered Guildhall, he was welcomed by loud huzzas and clapping of hands, in which the very magistrates of the city joined. Lord Bute, in the mean time, was hooted and pelted through Cheapside, and would, it was thought, have been in some danger, if he had not taken the precaution of surrounding his carriage with a strong body-guard of boxers. Many persons blamed the conduct of Pitt on this occasion, as disrespectful to the King. Indeed, Pitt himself afterwards owned that he had done wrong. He was led into this error, as he was afterwards led into more serious errors, by the influence of his turbulent and mischievous brother-in-law, Temple.

The events which immediately followed Pitts's retirement raised his fame higher than ever. War with Spain proved to be, as he had predicted, inevitable. News came from the West Indies that Martinique had been taken by an expedition which he had sent forth. Havanna fell; and it was known that he had planned an attack on Havanna. Manilla capitulated: and it was believed that he had meditated a blow against Manilla. The American fleet, which he had proposed to intercept, had unloaded an immense cargo of bullion in the haven of Cadiz, before Bute could be convinced that the court of Madrid really entertained hostile intentions.

The session of Parliament which followed Pitt's retirement passed over without any violent storm. Lord Bute took on himself the most prominent part in the House of Lords. He had become secretary of state, and indeed prime minister, without having once opened his lips in public except as an actor. There was, therefore, no small curiosity to know how he would acquit himself. Members of the House of Commons crowded the bar of the Lords, and covered the steps of the throne. It was generally expected that the orator would break down; but his most malicious hearers were forced to own that he had made a better figure than they expected. They, indeed, ridiculed his action as theatrical, and his style as tumid. They were especially amused by the long pauses which, not from hesitation but from affectation, he made at all the emphatic words, and Charles Townsend cried out, 'Minute guns!' The general opinion, however, was, that if Bute had been early practised in debate he might have become an impressive speaker.

In the Commons, George Grenville had been intrusted with the lead. The task was not, as yet, a very difficult one: for Pitt did not, think fit to raise the standard of opposition. His speeches at this time were distinguished, not only by that eloquence in which he excelled all his rivals, but also by a temperance and a modesty which had too often been wanting to his character. When war was declared against Spain, he justly laid claim to the merit of having foreseen what had at length become manifest to all, but he carefully abstained from arrogant and acrimonious expressions; and this abstinence was the more honorable to him, because his temper, never very placid, was now severely tried, both by gout and by calumny. The courtiers had adopted a mode of warfare, which was soon turned with far more formidable effect against themselves. Half the inhabitants of the Grub-Street garrets paid their milk-scores, and got their shirts out of pawn by abusing Pitt. His German war, his subsidies, his pension, his wife's peerage, were shin of beef and gin, blankets and baskets of small coal, to the starving poetasters of the Fleet. Even in the House of Commons, he was, on one occasion during this session, assailed with an insolence and malice which called forth the

indignation of all men of all parties; but he endured the outrage with majestic patience. In his younger days he had been but too prompt to retaliate on those who attacked him; but now, conscious of his great services, and of the space which he filled in the eyes of all mankind, he would not stoop to personal squabbles. 'This is no season,' he said, in the debate on the Spanish war, 'for altercation and recrimination. A day has arrived when every Englishman should stand forth for his country. Arm the whole; be one people; forget every thing but the public. I set you the example. Harassed by slanderers, sinking under pain and disease, for the public I forget both my wrongs and my infirmities!' On a general review of his life, we are inclined to think that his genius and virtue never shone with so pure an effulgence as during the session of 1762.

The session drew towards the close; and Bute, emboldened by the acquiescence of the Houses, resolved to strike another great blow, and to become first minister in name as well as in reality. That coalition, which a few months before had seemed all powerful, had been dissolved. The retreat of Pitt had deprived the government of popularity. Newcastle had exulted in the fall of the illustrious colleague whom he envied and dreaded, and had not foreseen that his own doom was at hand. He still tried to flatter himself that he was at the head of the government; but insults heaped on insults at length undeceived him. Places which had always been considered as in his gift, were bestowed without any reference to him. His expostulations only called forth significant hints that it was time for him to retire. One day he pressed on Bute the claims of a Whig Prelate to the archbishopric of York. 'If your grace thinks so highly of him,' answered Bute, 'I wonder that you did not promote him when you had the power.' Still the old man clung with a desperate grasp to the wreck. Seldom, indeed, have Christian meekness and Christian humility equalled the meekness and humility of his patient and abject ambition. At length he was forced to understand that all was over. He quitted that court where he had held high office during forty-five years, and hid his shame and regret among the cedars of Claremont. Bute became first lord of the treasury.

The favorite had undoubtedly committed a great error. It is impossible to imagine a tool better suited to his purposes than that which he thus threw away, or rather put into the hands of his enemies. If Newcastle had been suffered to play at being first minister, Bute might securely and quietly have enjoyed the substance of power. The gradual introduction of Tories into all the departments of the government might have been effected without any violent clamor, if the chief of the great Whig connection had been ostensibly at the head of affairs. This was strongly represented to Bute by Lord Mansfield, a man who may justly be called the father of modern Toryism, of Toryism modified to suit an order of things under which the House of Commons is the most powerful body in the state. The theories which had dazzled Bute could not impose on the fine intellect of Mansfield. The temerity with which Bute provoked the hostility of powerful and deeply-rooted interests, was displeasing to Mansfield's cold and timid nature. Expostulation, however, was vain. Bute was impatient of advice, drunk with success, eager to be, in show as well as in reality, the head of the government. He had engaged in an undertaking, in which a screen was absolutely necessary to his success, and even to his safety. He found an excellent screen ready in the very place where it was most needed; and he rudely pushed it away.

And now the new system of government came into full operation. For the first time since the accession of the house of Hanover, the Tory party was in the ascendant. The prime minister himself was a Tory. Lord Egremont, who had succeeded Pitt as secretary of state, was a Tory, and the son of a Tory. Sir Francis Dashwood, a man of slender parts, of small experience, and of notoriously immoral character, was made chancellor of the exchequer, for no reason that could be imagined, except that he was a Tory and had been a Jacobite. The royal household was filled with men whose favorite toast, a few years before, had been the 'King over the water.' The relative position of the two great national seats of learning was suddenly changed. The University of Oxford had long been the chief seat of disaffection. In troubled times, the High Street had been lined with bayonets; the colleges had been searched by the King's messengers. Grave doctors were in the habit of talking very Ciceronian treason in the theatre; and the under-graduates drank bumpers to Jacobite toasts, and chanted

Jacobite airs. Of four successive Chancellors of the University, one had notoriously been in the Pretender's service; the other three were fully believed to be in secret correspondence with the exiled family. Cambridge had therefore been especially favored by the Hanoverian Princes, and had shown herself grateful for their patronage. George the First had enriched her library; George the Second had contributed munificently to her senate-house. Bishoprics and deaneries were showered on her children. Her Chancellor was Newcastle, the chief of the Whig aristocracy; her High-Steward was Hardwicke, the Whig head of the law. Both her burgesses had held office under the Whig ministry. Times had now changed. The University of Cambridge was received at St. James's with comparative coldness. The answers to the addresses of Oxford were all graciousness and warmth.

The watchwords of the new government were prerogative and purity. The sovereign was no longer to be a puppet in the hands of any subject, or of any combination of subjects. George the Third would not be forced to take ministers whom he disliked, as his grandfather had been forced to take Pitt. George the Third would not be forced to part with any whom he delighted to honor, as his grandfather had been forced to part with Carteret. At the same time, the system of bribery which had grown up during the late reigns was to cease. It was ostentatiously proclaimed that, since the accession of the young King, neither constituents nor representatives had been bought with the secret service money. To free Britain from corruption and oligarchical cabals, to detach her from continental connections, to bring the bloody and expensive war with France and Spain to a close, such were the specious objects which Bute professed to procure.

Some of these objects he attained. England withdrew, at the cost of a deep stain on her faith, from her German connections. The war with France and Spain was terminated by a peace, honorable indeed and advantageous to our country, yet less honorable and less advantageous than might have been expected from a long and almost unbroken series of victories, by land and sea, in every part of the world. But the only effect of Bute's domestic administration was to make faction wilder and corruption fouler than ever.

The mutual animosity of the Whig and Tory parties had begun to languish after the fall of Walpole, and had seemed to be almost extinct at the close of the reign of George the Second. It now revived in all its force. Many Whigs, it is true, were still in office. The Duke of Bedford had signed the treaty with France. The Duke of Devonshire, though much out of humor, still continued to be Lord-Chamberlain. Grenville who led the House of Commons, and Fox who still enjoyed in silence the immense gains of the Pay-Office, had always been regarded as strong Whigs. But the bulk of the party throughout the country regarded the new minister with abhorrence. There was, indeed, no want of popular themes for invective against his character. He was a favorite; and favorites have always been odious in this country. No mere favorite had been at the head of the government, since the dagger of Felton reached the heart of the Duke of Buckingham. After that event, the most arbitrary and the most frivolous of the Stuarts had felt the necessity of confiding the chief direction of affairs to men who had given some proof of parliamentary or official talent. Strafford, Falkland, Clarendon, Clifford, Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, Danby, Temple, Halifax, Rochester, Sunderland, whatever their faults might be, were all men of acknowledged ability. They did not owe their eminence merely to the favor of the sovereign. On the contrary, they owed the favor of the sovereign to their eminence. Most of them, indeed, had first attracted the notice of the court by the capacity and vigor which they had shown in opposition. The Revolution seemed to have for ever secured the state against the domination of a Carr or a Villiers. Now, however, the personal regard of the King had at once raised a man who had seen nothing of public business, who had never opened his lips in Parliament, over the heads of a crowd of eminent orators, financiers, diplomatists. From a private gentleman, this fortunate minion had at once been turned into a secretary of state. He had made his maiden speech when at the head of the administration. The vulgar resorted to a simple explanation of the phenomenon, and the coarsest ribaldry against the Princess Mother was scrawled on every wall and in every alley.

This was not all. The spirit of Party, roused by impolitic provocation from its long sleep, roused in turn a still fiercer and

more malignant Fury, the spirit of national animosity. The grudge of Whig against Tory was mingled with the grudge of Englishman against Scot. The two sections of the great British people had not yet been indissolubly blended together. The events of 1715 and of 1745 had left painful and enduring traces. The tradesmen of Cornhill had been in dread of seeing their tills and warehouses plundered by bare-legged mountaineers from the Grampians. They still recollected that Black Friday, when the news came that the rebels were at Derby, when all the shops in the city were closed, and when the Bank of England began to pay in sixpences. The Scots, on the other hand, remembered, with natural resentment, the severity with which the insurgents had been chastised, the military outrages, the humiliating laws, the heads fixed on Temple Bar, the fires and quartering-blocks on Kennington Common. The favorite did not suffer the English to forget from what part of the island he came. The cry of all the south was that the public offices, the army, the navy, were filled with high-cheeked Drummonds and Erskines, Macdonalds and Macgillivrays, who could not talk a Christian tongue, and some of whom had but lately begun to wear Christian breeches. All the old jokes on hills without trees, girls without stockings, men eating the food of horses, pails emptied from the fourteenth story, were pointed against these lucky adventurers. To the honor of the Scots it must be said, that their prudence and their pride restrained them from retaliation. Like the princess in the Arabian tale, they stopped their ears tight, and, unmoved by the shrillest note of abuse, walked on, without once looking around, straight towards the Golden Fountain.

Bute, who had always been considered as a man of taste and reading, affected, from the moment of his elevation, the character of a Mæcenas. If he expected to conciliate the public by encouraging literature and art, he was grievously mistaken. Indeed, none of the objects of his munificence, with the single exception of Johnson, can be said to have been well selected; and the public, not unnaturally, ascribed the selection of Johnson rather to the Doctor's political prejudices than to his literary merits. For a wretched scribbler named Sheffeare, who had nothing in common with Johnson except violent Jacobitism, and who had stood in the pillory for a libel on the Revolution, was honored with a mark of royal approbation, similar to that which was bestowed on the author of the English Dictionary, and of the Vanity of Human Wishes. It was remarked that Adam, a Scotchman, was the court architect, and that Ramsay, a Scotchman, was the court painter, and was preferred to Reynolds. Mallet, a Scotchman of no high literary fame, and of infamous character, partook largely of the liberality of the government. John Home, a Scotchman, was rewarded for the tragedy of Douglas, both with a pension and with a sinecure place. But, when the author of the Bard, and of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, ventured to ask for a Professorship, the emoluments of which he much needed, and for the duties of which he was, in many respects, better qualified than any man living, he was refused; and the post was bestowed on the pedagogue under whose care the favorite's son-in-law, Sir James Lowther, had made such signal proficiency in the graces and in the humane virtues.

Thus, the first lord of the treasury was detested by many as a Tory, by many as a favorite, and by many as a Scot. All the hatred which flowed from these various sources soon mingled, and was directed in one torrent of obloquy against the treaty of peace. The Duke of Bedford, who negotiated that treaty, was hooted through the streets. Bute was attacked in his chair, and was with difficulty rescued by a troop of guards. He could hardly walk the streets in safety without disguising himself. A gentleman who died not many years ago used to say, that he once recognized the favorite Earl in the piazza of Covent Garden, muffled in a large coat, and with a hat and wig drawn down over his brows. His lordship's established type with the mob was a jack-boot, a wretched pun on his Christian name and title. A jack-boot, generally accompanied by a petticoat, was sometimes fastened on a gallows, and sometimes committed to the flames. Libels on the court, exceeding in audacity and rancor any that had been published for many years, now appeared daily both in prose and verse. Wilkes, with lively insolence, compared the mother of George the Third to the mother of Edward the Third, and the Scotch minister to the gentle Mortimer. Churchill, with all the energy of hatred, deplored the fate of his country, invaded by a new race of savages, more cruel and ravenous than

the Picts or the Danes, the poor, proud children of Leprosy and Hunger. It is a slight circumstance, but deserves to be recorded, that in this year pamphleteers first ventured to print at length the names of the great men whom they lampooned. George the Second has always been the K——. His ministers had been Sir R—— W——, Mr. P——, and the Duke of N——. But the libellers of George the Third, of the Princess Mother, and of Lord Bute, did not give quarter to a single vowel.

It was supposed that Lord Temple secretly encouraged the most scurrilous assailants of the government. In truth, those who knew his habits tracked him as men track a mole. It was his nature to grub underground. Whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul crooked labyrinth below. But Pitt turned away from the filthy work of opposition, with the same scorn with which he had turned away from the filthy work of government. He had the magnanimity to proclaim every where the disgust which he felt at the insults offered by his own adherents to the Scottish nation, and missed no opportunity of extolling the courage and fidelity which the Highland regiments had displayed through the whole war. But, though he disdained to use any but lawful and honorable weapons, it was well known that his fair blows were likely to be far more formidable than the privy thrusts of his brother-in-law's stiletto.

Bute's heart began to fail him. The Houses were about to meet. The treaty would instantly be the subject of discussion. It was probable that Pitt, the great Whig connection, and the multitude, would all be on the same side. The favorite had professed to hold in abhorrence those means by which preceding ministers had kept the House of Commons in good-humor. He now began to think that he had been too scrupulous. His Utopian visions were at an end. It was necessary, not only to bribe, but to bribe more shamelessly and flagitiously than his predecessors, in order to make up for lost time. A majority must be secured, no matter by what means. Could Grenville do this? Would he do it? His firmness and ability had not yet been tried in any perilous crisis. He had been generally regarded as a humble follower of his brother Temple, and of his brother-in-law Pitt, and was supposed, though with little reason, to be still favorably inclined towards them. Other aid must be called in. And where was other aid to be found?

There was one man whose sharp and manly logic had often in debate been found a match for the lofty and impassioned rhetoric of Pitt, whose talents for jobbing were not inferior to his talents for debate, whose dauntless spirit shrank from no difficulty or danger, and who was as little troubled with scruples as with fears. Henry Fox, or nobody, could weather the storm which was about to burst. Yet was he a person to whom the court, even in that extremity, was unwilling to have recourse. He had always been regarded as a Whig of the Whigs. He had been the friend and disciple of Walpole. He had long been connected by close ties with William Duke of Cumberland. By the Tories he was more hated than any man living. So strong was their aversion to him, that when, in the late reign, he attempted to form a party against the Duke of Newcastle, they had thrown all their weight into Newcastle's scale. By the Scots, Fox was abhorred as the confidential friend of the conqueror of Culloden. He was, on personal grounds, most obnoxious to the Princess Mother. For he had, immediately after her husband's death, advised the late King to take the education of her son, the heir-apparent, entirely out of her hands. He had recently given, if possible, still deeper offence; for he had indulged, not without some ground, the ambitious hope that his beautiful sister-in-law, the Lady Sarah Lennox, might be queen of England. It had been observed that the King at one time rode every morning by the grounds of Holland House, and that, on such occasions, Lady Sarah, dressed like a shepherdess at a masquerade, was making hay close to the road, which was then separated by no wall from the lawn. On account of the part which Fox had taken in this singular love-affair, he was the only member of the Privy Council who was not summoned to the meeting at which his majesty announced his intended marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg. Of all the statesmen of the age, therefore, it seemed that Fox was the last with whom Bute, the Tory, the Scot, the favorite of the Princess Mother, could, under any circumstances, act. Yet to Fox Bute was now compelled to apply.

Fox had many noble and amiable qualities, which in private life shone forth in full lustre, and made him dear to his chil-

dren, to his dependents, and to his friends; but as a public man he had no title to esteem. In him the vices which were common to the whole school of Walpole appeared, not perhaps in their worst, but certainly in their most prominent form; for his parliamentary and official talents made all his faults conspicuous. His courage, his vehement temper, his contempt for appearances, led him to display much that others, quite as unscrupulous as himself, covered with a decent veil. He was the most unpopular of the statesmen of his time, not because he sinned more than many of them, but because he canted less.

He felt his unpopularity; but he felt it after the fashion of strong minds. He became, not cautious, but reckless, and faced the rage of the whole nation with a scowl of inflexible defiance. He was born with a sweet and generous temper; but he had been goaded and baited into a savageness which was not natural to him, and which amazed and shocked those who knew him best. Such was the man to whom Bute, in extreme need, applied for succor.

Such succor Fox was not unwilling to afford. Though by no means of an envious temper, he had undoubtedly contemplated the success and popularity of Pitt with bitter mortification. He thought himself Pitt's match as a debater, and Pitt's superior as a man of business. They had long been regarded as well paired rivals. They had started fair in the career of ambition. They had long run side by side. At length Fox had taken the lead, and Pitt had fallen behind. Then had come a sudden turn of fortune, like that in Virgil's foot-race. Fox had stumbled in the mire, and had not only been defeated, but befouled. Pitt had reached the goal, and received the prize. The emoluments of the Pay-Office might induce the defeated statesman to submit in silence to the ascendency of his competitor, but could not satisfy a mind conscious of great powers, and sore from great vexations. As soon, therefore, as a party arose adverse to the war and to the supremacy of the great war-minister, the hopes of Fox began to revive. His feuds with the Princess Mother, with the Scots, with the Tories, he was ready to forget, if, by the help of his old enemies, he could now regain the importance which he had lost, and confront Pitt on equal terms.

The alliance was, therefore, soon concluded. Fox was assured that, if he would pilot the government out of its embarrassing situation, he should be rewarded with a peerage, of which he had long been desirous. He undertook on his side to obtain, by fair or foul means, a vote in favor of the peace. In consequence of this arrangement he became leader of the House of Commons; and Grenville, stifling his vexation as well as he could, sullenly acquiesced in the change.

Fox had expected that his influence would secure to the court the cordial support of some eminent Whigs who were his personal friends, particularly of the Duke of Cumberland and of the Duke of Devonshire. He was disappointed, and soon found that, in addition to all his other difficulties, he must reckon on the opposition of the ablest prince of the blood, and of the great house of Cavendish.

But he had pledged himself to win the battle; and he was not a man to go back. It was no time for squeamishness. Bute was made to comprehend that the ministry could be saved only by practising the tactics of Walpole to an extent at which Walpole would have stared. The Pay-Office was turned into a mart for votes. Hundreds of members were closeted there with Fox, and, as there is too much reason to believe, departed carrying with them the wages of infamy. It was affirmed by persons who had the best opportunities of obtaining information, that twenty-five thousand pounds were thus paid away in a single morning. The lowest bribe given, it was said, was a bank-note for two hundred pounds.

Intimidation was joined with corruption. All ranks, from the highest to the lowest, were to be taught that the King would be obeyed. The Lords-Lieutenant of several counties were dismissed. The Duke of Devonshire was especially singled out as the victim by whose fate the magnates of England were to take warning. His wealth, rank, and influence, his stainless private character, and the constant attachment of his family to the house of Hanover, did not secure him from gross personal indignity. It was known that he disapproved of the course which the government had taken; and it was accordingly determined to humble the Prince of the Whigs, as he had been nicknamed by the Princess Mother. He went to the palace to pay his duty. 'Tell him,' said the King to a page, 'that I will not see him.' The page hesitated. 'Go to him,' said the King, 'and tell him those very words.' The message was delivered. The Duke tore off his gold key, and went

away boiling with anger. His relations who were in office instantly resigned. A few days later, the King called for the list of privy-councillors, and with his own hand struck out the Duke's name.

In this step there was at least courage, though little wisdom or good-nature. But as nothing was too high for the revenge of the court, so also was nothing too low. A persecution, such as had never been known before and has never been known since, raged in every public department. Great numbers of humble and laborious clerks were deprived of their bread, not because they had neglected their duties, not because they had taken an active part against the ministry, but merely because they had owed their situations to the recommendation of some nobleman or gentleman who was against the peace. The proscription extended to tide-waiters, to gaugers, to doorkeepers. One poor man to whom a pension had been given for his gallantry in a fight with smugglers, was deprived of it because he had been befriended by the Duke of Grafton. An aged widow, who, on account of her husband's services in the navy, had, many years before, been made housekeeper to a public office, was dismissed from her situation, because it was imagined that she was distantly connected by marriage with the Cavendish family. The public clamor, as may well be supposed, grew daily louder and louder. But the louder it grew, the more resolutely did Fox go on with the work which he had begun. His old friends could not conceive what had possessed him. 'I could forgive,' said the Duke of Cumberland, 'Fox's political vagaries, but I am quite confounded by his inhumanity. Surely he used to be the best-natured of men.'

At last Fox went so far as to take a legal opinion on the question, whether the patents granted by George the Second were binding on George the Third. It is said that, if his colleagues had not flinched, he would at once have turned out the tellers of the Exchequer and justices in Eyre.

Meanwhile the Parliament met. The ministers, more hated by the people than ever, were secure of a majority, and they had also reason to hope that they would have the advantage in the debates as well as in the divisions. For Pitt was confined to his chamber by a severe attack of gout. His friends moved to defer the consideration of the treaty till he should be able to attend. But the motion was rejected. The great day arrived. The discusion had lasted some time, when a loud huzza was heard in Palace-yard. The noise came nearer and nearer, up the stairs, through the lobby. The door opened, and from the midst of a shouting multitude came forth Pitt, borne in the arms of his attendants. His face was thin and ghastly, his limbs swathed in flannels, his crutch in his hand. The bearers set him down within the bar. His friends instantly surrounded him, and with their help he crawled to his seat near the table. In this condition he spoke three hours and a half against the peace. During that time he was repeatedly forced to sit down and use cordials. It may well be supposed that his voice was faint, that his action was languid, and that his speech, though occasionally brilliant and impressive, was feeble when compared with his best oratorical performances. But those who remembered what he had done, and who saw what he suffered, listened to him with emotion stronger than any that mere eloquence can produce. He was unable to stay for the division, and was carried away from the House amidst shouts as loud as those which had announced his arrival.

A large majority approved the peace. The exultation of the court was boundless. 'Now,' exclaimed the Princess Mother, 'my son is really King.' The young sovereign spoke of himself as freed from the bondage in which his grandfather had been held. On one point, it was announced, his mind was unalterably made up. Under no circumstances whatever should those Whig grandees, who had enslaved his predecessors and endeavored to enslave himself, be restored to power.

His vaunting was premature. The real strength of the favorite was by no means proportioned to the number of votes which he had, on one particular division, been able to command. He was soon again in difficulties. The most important part of his budget was a tax on cider. This measure was opposed, not only by those who were generally hostile to his administration, but also by many of his supporters. The name of excise had always been hateful to the Tories. One of the chief crimes of Walpole, in their eyes, had been his partiality for this mode of raising money. The Tory Johnson had in his Dictionary given so scurrilous a definition of the word 'Excise,' that the Commissioners of Excise had seriously thought of prosecuting him. The counties which the new impost particularly

affected had always been Tory counties. It was the boast of John Philips, the poet of the English vintage, that the Cider-land had ever been faithful to the throne, and that all the pruning-hooks of her thousand orchards had been beaten into swords for the service of the ill-fated Stuarts. The effect of Bute's fiscal scheme was to produce an union between the gentry and yeomanry of the Cider-land and the Whigs of the capital. Herefordshire and Worcestershire were in a flame. The city of London, though not so directly interested, was, if possible, still more excited. The debates on this question irreparably damaged the government. Dashwood's financial statement had been confused and absurd beyond belief, and had been received by the House with roars of laughter. He had sense enough to be conscious of his unfitness for the high situation which he held, and exclaimed, in a comical fit of despair, 'What shall I do? The boys will point at me in the street, and cry, "There goes the worst chancellor of the exchequer that ever was."' George Grenville came to the rescue, and spoke strongly on his favorite theme, the profusion with which the late war had been carried on. That profusion, he said, had made taxes necessary. He called on the gentlemen opposite to him to say where they would have a tax laid, and dwelt on this topic with his usual prolixity. 'Let them tell me where,' he repeated, in a monotonous and somewhat fretful tone. 'I say, sir, let them tell me where. I repeat it, sir; I am entitled to say to them—tell me where.' Unluckily for him, Pitt had come down to the House that night, and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections thrown on the war. He revenged himself by murmuring, in a whine resembling Grenville's, a line of a well-known song, 'Gentle shepherd, tell me where.' 'If,' cried Grenville, gentlemen are to be treated in this way'——Pitt, as was his fashion when he meant to mark extreme contempt, rose deliberately, made his bow, and walked out of the House, leaving his brother-in-law in convulsions of rage, and every body else in convulsions of laughter. It was long before Grenville lost the nickname of the gentle shepherd.

But the ministry had vexations still more serious to endure. The hatred which the Tories and Scots bore to Fox was implacable. In a moment of extreme peril, they had consented to put themselves under his guidance. But the aversion with which they regarded him broke forth as soon as the crisis seemed to be over. Some of them attacked him about the accounts of the Pay-Office. Some of them rudely interrupted him when speaking, by laughter and ironical cheers. He was naturally desirous to escape from so disagreeable a situation, and demanded the peerage which had been promised as the reward of his services.

It was clear that there must be some change in the composition of the ministry. But scarcely any, even of those who, from their situation, might be supposed to be in all the secrets of the government, anticipated what really took place. To the amazement of the Parliament and the nation, it was suddenly announced that Bute had resigned.

Twenty different explanations of this strange step were suggested. Some attributed it to profound design, and some to sudden panic. Some said that the lampoons of the opposition had driven the Earl from the field; some that he had taken office only in order to bring the war to a close, and had always meant to retire when that object had been accomplished. He publicly assigned ill health as his reason for quitting business, and privately complained that he was not cordially seconded by his colleagues; and that Lord Mansfield, in particular, whom he had himself brought into the cabinet, gave him no support in the House of Peers. Lord Mansfield was, indeed, far too sagacious not to perceive that Bute's situation was one of great peril, and far too timorous to thrust himself into peril for the sake of another. The probability, however, is, that Bute's conduct on this occasion, like the conduct of most men on most occasions, was determined by mixed motives. We suspect that he was sick of office; for this is a feeling much more common among ministers than persons who see public life from a distance are disposed to believe. And nothing could be more natural than that this feeling should take possession of the mind of Bute. In general, a statesman climbs by slow degrees. Many laborious years elapse before he reaches the topmost pinnacle of preferment. In the earlier part of his career, therefore, he is constantly lured on by seeing something above him. During his ascent he gradually becomes inured to the annoyances which belong to a life of ambition. By the time that he has attained the highest point, he has become patient of labor and callous of abuse. He is kept constant to his voca-

tion, in spite of all its discomforts, at first by hope, and at last by habit. It was not so with Bute. His whole public life lasted little more than two years. On the day on which he became a politician he became a cabinet minister. In a few months he was, both in name and in show, chief of the administration. Greater than he had been he could not be. If what he already possessed was vanity and vexation of spirit, no delusion remained to entice him onward. He had been cloyed with the pleasures of ambition before he had been seasoned to its pains. His habits had not been such as were likely to fortify his mind against obloquy and public hatred. He had reached his forty-eighth year in dignified ease, without knowing, by personal experience, what it was to be ridiculed and slandered. All at once, without any previous initiation, he had found himself exposed to such a storm of invective and satire as had never burst on the head of any statesman. The emoluments of office were now nothing to him: for he had just succeeded to a princely property by the death of his father-in-law. All the honors which could be bestowed on him he had already secured. He had obtained the Garter for himself, and a British peerage for his son. He seems also to have imagined, that by quitting the treasury he should escape from danger and abuse without really resigning power, and should still be able to exercise in private supreme influence over the royal mind.

Whatever may have been his motives, he retired. Fox at the same time took refuge in the House of Lords; and George Grenville became first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer.

We believe that those who made this arrangement fully intended that Grenville should be a mere puppet in the hands of Bute; for Grenville was as yet very imperfectly known even to those who had observed him long. He passed for a mere official drudge; and he had all the industry, the minute accuracy, the formality, the tediousness, which belong to the character. But he had other qualities which had not yet shown themselves—devouring ambition, dauntless courage, self-confidence amounting to presumption, and a temper which could not endure opposition. He was not disposed to be any body's tool; and he had no attachment, political or personal, to Bute. The two men had, indeed, nothing in common, except a strong propensity towards harsh and unpopular courses. Their principles were fundamentally different.

Bute was a Tory. Grenville would have been very angry with any person who should have denied his claim to be a Whig. He was more prone to tyrannical measures than Bute: but he loved tyranny only when disguised under the forms of constitutional liberty. He mixed up, after a fashion then not very unusual, the theories of the republicans of the seventeenth century with the technical maxims of English law, and thus succeeded in combining anarchical speculation with arbitrary practice. The voice of the people was the voice of God; but the only legitimate organ through which the voice of the people could be uttered was the Parliament. All power was from the people; but to the Parliament the whole power of the people had been delegated. No Oxonian divine had ever, even in the years which immediately followed the Restoration, demanded for the King so abject, so unreasoning a homage, as Grenville, on what he considered as the purest Whig principles, demanded for the Parliament. As he wished to see the Parliament despotic over the nation, so he wished to see it also despotic over the court. In his view, the prime minister, possessed of the confidence of the House of Commons, ought to be mayor of the palace. The King was a mere Childeric or Chilperic, who might well think himself lucky in being permitted to enjoy such handsome apartments at St. James's, and so fine a park at Windsor.

Thus the opinions of Bute and those of Grenville were diametrically opposed. Nor was there any private friendship between the two statesmen. Grenville's nature was not forgiving; and he well remembered how, a few months before, he had been compelled to yield the lead of the House of Commons to Fox.

We are inclined to think, on the whole, that the worst administration which has governed England since the Revolution was that of George Grenville. His public acts may be classed under two heads, outrages on the liberty of the people, and outrages on the dignity of the crown.

He began by making war on the press. John Wilkes, member of parliament for Aylesbury, was singled out for persecution. Wilkes had, till very lately, been known chiefly as one of the most profane, licentious, and agreeable rakes about town. He was a man of taste, reading, and engaging manners. His sprightly conversation was

the delight of green-rooms and taverns, and pleased even grave hearers when he was sufficiently under restraint to abstain from detailing the particulars of his amours, and from breaking jests on the New Testament. His expensive debaucheries forced him to have recourse to the Jews. He was soon a ruined man, and determined to try his chance as a political adventurer. In parliament he did not succeed. His speaking, though pert, was feeble, and by no means interested his hearers so much as to make them forget his face, which was so hideous that the caricaturists were forced, in their own despite, to flatter him. As a writer, he made a better figure. He set up a weekly paper, called the North Briton. This journal, written with some pleasantry, and great audacity and impudence, had a considerable number of readers. Forty-four numbers had been published when Bute resigned; and, though almost every number had contained matter grossly libellous, no prosecution had been instituted. The forty-fifth number was innocent when compared with the majority of those which had preceded it, and indeed contained nothing so strong as may now be found daily in the leading articles of the Times and Morning Chronicle. But Grenville was now at the head of affairs. A new spirit had been infused into the administration. Authority was to be upheld. The government was no longer to be braved with impunity. Wilkes was arrested under a general warrant, conveyed to the Tower, and confined there with circumstances of unusual severity. His papers were seized, and carried to the Secretary of State. These harsh and illegal measures produced a violent outbreak of popular rage, which was soon changed to delight and exultation. The arrest was pronounced unlawful by the Court of Common Pleas, in which Chief-Justice Pratt presided, and the prisoner was discharged. This victory over the government was celebrated with enthusiasm both in London and in the Cider-counties.

While the ministers were daily becoming more odious to the nation, they were doing their best to make themselves also odious to the court. They gave the King plainly to understand that they were determined not to be Lord Bute's creatures, and exacted a promise that no secret adviser should have access to the royal ear. They soon found reason to suspect that this promise had not been observed. They remonstrated in terms less respectful than their master had been accustomed to hear, and gave him a fortnight to make his choice between his favorite and his cabinet.

George the Third was greatly disturbed. He had but a few weeks before exulted in his deliverance from the yoke of the great Whig connection. He had even declared that his honor would not permit him ever again to admit the members of that connection to his service. He now found that he had only exchanged one set of masters for another set still harsher and more imperious. In his distress he thought on Pitt. From Pitt it was possible that better terms might be obtained than either from Grenville, or from the party of which Newcastle was the head.

Grenville, on his return from an excursion into the country, repaired to Buckingham House. He was astonished to find at the entrance a chair, the shape of which was well known to him, and indeed to all London. It was distinguished by a large boot, made for the purpose of accommodating the great Commoner's gouty leg. Grenville guessed the whole. His brother-in-law was closeted with the King. Bute, provoked by what he considered as the unfriendly and ungrateful conduct of his successors, had himself proposed that Pitt should be summoned to the palace.

Pitt had two audiences on two successive days. What passed at the first interview led him to expect that the negotiation would be brought to a satisfactory close; but on the morrow he found the King less complying. The best account, indeed the only trustworthy account of the conference, is that which was taken from Pitt's own mouth by Lord Hardwicke. It appears that Pitt strongly represented the importance of conciliating those chiefs of the Whig party who had been so unhappy as to incur the royal displeasure. They had, he said, been the most constant friends of the house of Hanover. Their power and credit were great; they had been long versed in public business. If they were to be under sentence of exclusion, a solid administration could not be formed. His Majesty could not bear to think of putting himself into the hands of those whom he had recently chased from his court with the strongest marks of anger. 'I am sorry, Mr. Pitt,' he said, 'but I see this will not do. My honor is concerned. I must support my honor.' How his Majesty succeeded in supporting his honor, we shall soon see.

Pitt retired, and the King was reduced to request the ministers whom he had been on the point of discarding, to remain in office. During the two years which followed, Grenville, now closely leagued with the Bedfords, was the master of the court; and a hard master he proved. He knew that he was kept in place only because there was no choice except between himself and the Whigs. That under any circumstances the Whigs would be forgiven, he thought impossible. The late attempt to get rid of him had roused his resentment; the failure of that attempt had liberated him from all fear. He had never been very courtly. He now began to hold a language, to which, since the days of Cornet Joyce and President Bradshaw, no English King had been compelled to listen.

In one matter, indeed, Grenville, at the expense of justice and liberty, gratified the passions of the court while gratifying his own. The persecution of Wilkes was eagerly pressed. He had written a parody on Pope's Essay on Man, entitled the Essay on Woman, and had appended to it notes, in ridicule of Warburton's famous Commentary.

This composition was exceedingly profligate, but not more so, we think, than some of Pope's own works—the imitation of the second satire of the first book of Horace, for example; and to do Wilkes justice, he had not, like Pope, given his ribaldry to the world. He had merely printed at a private press a very small number of copies, which he meant to present to some of his boon companions, whose morals were in no more danger of being corrupted by a loose book, than a negro of being tanned by a warm sun. A tool of the government, by giving a bribe to the printer, procured a copy of this trash, and placed it in the hands of the ministers. The ministers resolved to visit Wilkes's offence against decorum with the utmost rigor of the law. What share piety and respect for morals had in dictating this resolution, our readers may judge from the fact, that no person was more eager for bringing the libertine poet to punishment than Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. On the first day of the session of Parliament, the book, thus disgracefully obtained, was laid on the table of the Lords by the Earl of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Bedford's interest had made Secretary of State. The unfortunate author had not the slightest suspicion that his licentious poem had ever been seen, except by his printer, and by a few of his dissipated companions, till it was produced in full Parliament. Though he was a man of easy temper, averse from danger, and not very susceptible of shame, the surprise, the disgrace, the prospect of utter ruin, put him beside himself. He picked a quarrel with one of Lord Bute's dependents, fought a duel, was seriously wounded, and, when half recovered, fled to France. His enemies had now their own way both in the Parliament and in the King's Bench. He was censured; expelled from the House of Commons; outlawed. His works were ordered to be burned by the common hangman. Yet was the multitude still true to him. In the minds even of many moral and religious men, his crime seemed light when compared with the crime of his accusers. The conduct of Sandwich, in particular, excited universal disgust. His own vices were notorious; and, only a fortnight before he laid the Essay on Woman before the House of Lords, he had been drinking and singing loose catches with Wilkes at one of the most dissolute clubs in London. Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, the Beggar's Opera was acted at Covent-Garden theatre. When Macheath uttered the words—'That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me I own surprised me,'—pit, boxes, and galleries, burst into a roar which seemed likely to bring the roof down. From that day Sandwich was universally known by the nickname of Jemmy Twitcher. The ceremony of burning the North Briton was interrupted by a riot. The constables were beaten; the paper was rescued; and, instead of it, a jackboot and a petticoat were committed to the flames. Wilkes had instituted an action for the seizure of his papers, against the under-secretary of state. The jury gave a thousand pounds damages. But neither these nor any other indications of public feeling had power to move Grenville. He had the Parliament with him, and according to his political creed the sense of the nation was to be collected from the Parliament alone.

Soon, however, he found reason to fear that even the Parliament might fail him. On the question of the legality of general warrants, the opposition, having on its side all sound principles, all constitutional authorities, and the voice of the whole nation, mustered in great force, and was joined by many who did not ordinarily vote against the government. On one occasion

the ministry, in a very full House, had a majority of only fourteen votes. The storm, however, blew over. The spirit of the opposition, from whatever cause, began to flag at the momegt when success seemed most certain. The session ended without any change. Pitt, whose eloquence had shone with its usual lustre in all the principal debates, and whose popularity was greater than ever, was still a private man. Grenville, detested alike by the court and by the people, was still minister.

As soon as the Houses had risen, Grenville took a step, which proved, even more signally than any of his past acts, how despotic, how acrimonious, and how fearless his nature was. Among the gentlemen not ordinarily opposed to the government, who on the great constitutional question of general warrants, had voted with the minority, was Henry Conway, brother of the Earl of Hertford, a brave soldier, a tolerable speaker, and a well-meaning, though not a wise or vigorous politician. He was now deprived of his regiment, the merited reward of faithful and gallant service in two wars. It was confidently asserted that in this violent measure the King heartily concurred.

But whatever pleasure the persecution of Wilkes or the dismissal of Conway may have given to the royal mind, it is certain that his Majesty's aversion to his ministers increased day by day. Grenville was as frugal of the public money as of his own, and morosely refused to accede to the King's request that a few thousand pounds might be expended in buying some open fields to the west of the gardens of Buckingham House. In consequence of this refusal, the fields were soon covered with buildings, and the King and Queen were overlooked in their most private walks by the upper windows of a hundred houses. Nor was this the worst. Grenville was as liberal of words as he was sparing of guineas. Instead of explaining himself in that clear, concise, and lively manner, which alone could win the attention of a young mind new to business, he spoke in the closet just as he spoke in the House of Commons. When he had harangued two hours, he looked at his watch, as he had been in the habit of looking at the clock opposite the Speaker's chair, apologized for the length of his discourse, and then went on for an hour more. The members of the House of Commons can cough an orator down, or can walk away to dinner: and they were by no means sparing in the use of these privileges when Grenville was on his legs. But the poor young King had to endure all this eloquence with mournful civility. To the end of his life he continued to talk with horror of Grenville's orations.

About this time took place one of the most singular events in Pitt's life. There was a certain Sir William Pynsent, a Somersetshire baronet of Whig politics, who had been a Member of the House of Commons in the days of Queen Anne, and retired to rural privacy when the Tory party, towards the end of her reign, obtained the ascendency in her councils. His manners were eccentric. His morals lay under very odious imputations. But his fidelity to his political opinions was unalterable. During fifty years of seclusion he continued to brood over the events which had driven him from public life, the dismissal of the Whigs, the peace of Utrecht, the desertion of our allies. He now thought that he perceived a close analogy between the well-remembered events of his youth and the events which he had witnessed in extreme old age; between the disgrace of Marlborough and the disgrace of Pitt; between the elevation of Harley and the elevation of Bute; between the treaty negotiated by St. John and the treaty negotiated by Bedford; between the wrongs of the house of Austria in 1712 and the wrongs of the house of Brandenburg in 1762. This fancy took such possession of the old man's mind that he determined to leave his whole property to Pitt. In this way Pitt unexpectedly came into possession of near three thousand pounds a-year. Nor could all the malice of his enemies find any ground for reproach in the transaction. Nobody could call him a legacy-hunter. Nobody could accuse him of seizing that to which others had a better claim. For he had never in his life seen Sir William; and Sir William had left no relation so near as to be entitled to form any expectations respecting the estate.

The fortunes of Pitt seemed to flourish; but his health was worse than ever. We cannot find that, during the session which began in January, 1765, he once appeared in Parliament. He remained some months in profound retirement at Hayes, his favorite villa, scarcely moving except from his arm-chair to his bed, and from his bed to his arm-chair, and often employing his wife as his amanuensis in his most confidential

correspondence. Some of his detractors whispered that his invisibility was to be ascribed quite as much to affectation as to gout. In truth his character, high and splendid as it was, wanted simplicity. With genius which did not need the aid of stage-tricks, and with a spirit which should have been far above them, he had yet been, through life, in the habit of practising them. It was, therefore, now surmised that, having acquired all the consideration which could be derived from eloquence and from great services to the state, he had determined not to make himself cheap by often appearing in public, but, under the pretext of ill-health, to surround himself with mystery, to emerge only at long intervals and on momentous occasions, and at other times to deliver his oracles only to a few favored votaries, who were suffered to make pilgrimages to his shrine. If such were his object, it was for a time fully attained. Never was the magic of his name so powerful, never was he regarded by his country with such superstitious veneration, as during this year of silence and seclusion. While Pitt was thus absent from parliament, Grenville proposed a measure destined to produce a great revolution, the effects of which will long be felt by the whole human race. We speak of the act for imposing stamp-duties on the North American colonies. The plan was eminently characteristic of its author. Every feature of the parent was found in the child. A timid statesman would have shrunk from a step, of which Walpole, at a time when the colonies were far less powerful, had said—'He who shall propose it, will be a much bolder man than I.' But the nature of Grenville was insensible to fear. A statesman of large views would have felt, that to lay taxes at Westminster on New England and New-York, was a course opposed, not indeed to the letter of the statute-book, or to any decision contained in the Term Reports, but to the principles of good government, and to the spirit of the constitution. A statesman of large views would also have felt, that ten times the estimated produce of the American stamps would have been dearly purchased by even a transient quarrel between the mother country and the colonies. But Grenville knew of no spirit of the constitution distinct from the letter of the law, and of no national interests except those which are expressed by pounds, shillings, and pence. That his policy might give birth to deep discontents in all the provinces, from the shore of the Great Lakes to the Mexican sea; that France and Spain might seize the opportunity of revenge; that the Empire might be dismembered; that the debt—that debt with the amount of which he perpetually reproached Pitt—might, in consequence of his own policy, be doubled; these were possibilities which never occurred to that small, sharp mind.

The Stamp Act will be remembered as long as the globe lasts. But, at the time, it attracted much less notice in this country than another act which is now almost utterly forgotten. The King fell ill, and was thought to be in a dangerous state. His complaint, we believe, was the same which, at a later period, repeatedly incapacitated him for the performance of his regal functions. The heir-apparent was only two years old. It was clearly proper to make provision for the administration of the government, in case of a minority. The discussions on this point brought the quarrel between the court and the ministry to a crisis. The King wished to be intrusted with the power of naming a regent by will. The ministers feared, or affected to fear, that, if this power were conceded to him, he would name the Princess Mother, nay, possibly the Earl of Bute. They, therefore, insisted on introducing into the bill words confining the King's choice to the royal family. Having thus excluded Bute, they urged the King to let them, in the most marked manner, exclude the Princess-Dowager also. They assured him that the House of Commons would undoubtedly strike her name out, and by this threat they wrung from him a reluctant assent. In a few days, it appeared that the representations by which they had induced the King to put this gross and public affront on his mother were unfounded. The friends of the Princess in the House of Commons moved that her name should be inserted. The ministers could not decently attack the parent of their master. They hoped that the opposition would come to their help, and put on them a force to which they would gladly have yielded. But the majority of the opposition, though hating the Princess, hated Grenville more, beheld his embarrassment with delight, and would do nothing to extricate him from it. The Princess's name was accordingly placed in the list of persons qualified to hold the regency.

The King's resentment was now at the height. The present evil seemed to him more intolerable than any other. Even the junta of Whig grandees could not treat him worse than he had been treated by his present ministers. In his distress he poured out his whole heart to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland. The duke was not a man to be loved; but he was eminently a man to be trusted. He had an intrepid temper, a strong understanding, and a high sense of honor and duty. As a general, he belonged to a remarkable class of captains—captains, we mean, whose fate it has been to lose almost all the battles which they have fought, and yet to be reputed stout and skilful soldiers. Such captains were Coligni and William the Third. We might, perhaps, add Marshal Soult to the list. The bravery of the Duke of Cumberland was such as distinguished him even among the princes of his brave house. The indifference with which he rode about amidst musket-balls and cannon-balls was not the highest proof of his fortitude. Hopeless maladies, horrible surgical operations, far from unmanning him, did not even discompose him. With courage, he had the virtues which are akin to courage. He spoke the truth, was open in enmity and friendship, and upright in all his dealings. But his nature was hard; and what seemed to him justice was rarely tempered with mercy. He was, therefore, during many years one of the most unpopular men in England. The severity with which he had treated the rebels after the battle of Culloden, had gained for him the name of the butcher. His attempts to introduce into the army of England, then in a most relaxed state, the rigorous discipline of Potsdam, had excited still stronger disgust. Nothing was too bad to be believed of him. Many honest people were so absurd as to fancy that, if he were left regent during the minority of his nephews, there would be another smothering in the Tower. These feelings, however, had passed away. The Duke had been living, during some years, in retirement. The English, full of animosity against the Scots, now blamed his royal highness only for having left so many Camerons and Macphersons to be made gaugers and custom-house officers. He was, therefore, at present a favorite with his countrymen, and especially with the inhabitants of London.

He had little reason to love the King, and had shown clearly, though not obtrusively, his dislike of the system which had lately been pursued. But he had high and almost romantic notions of the duty which, as a prince of the blood, he owed to the head of his house. He determined to extricate his nephew from bondage, and to effect a reconciliation between the Whig party and the throne, on terms honorable to both.

In this mind he set off for Hayes, and was admitted to Pitt's sick room. For Pitt would not leave his chamber, and would not communicate with any messenger of inferior dignity. And now began a series of errors on the part of the illustrious statesman, errors which involved his country in difficulties and distresses more serious even than those from which his genius had formerly rescued her. His language was haughty, unreasonable, almost unintelligible. The only thing which could be discerned through a cloud of vague and not very gracious phrases was, that he would not at that moment take office. The truth, we believe, was this. Lord Temple, who was Pitt's evil genius, had just formed a new scheme of politics. Hatred of Bute and of the Princess had, it should seem, taken entire possession of Temple's soul. He had quarrelled with his brother George, because George had been connected with Bute and the Princess. Now that George appeared to be the enemy of Bute and the princess, Temple was eager to bring about a general family reconciliation. The three brothers, as Temple, Grenville, and Pitt, were popularly called, might make a ministry, without leaning for aid either on Bute or on the Whig connection. With such views, Temple used all his influence to dissuade Pitt from acceding to the propositions of the Duke of Cumberland. Pitt was not convinced. But Temple had an influence over him such as no other person had ever possessed. They were very old friends, very near relations. If Pitt's talents and fame had been useful to Temple, Temple's purse had formerly, in times of great need, been useful to Pitt. They had never been parted in politics. Twice they had come into the cabinet together; twice they had left it together. Pitt could not bear to think of taking office without his chief ally. Yet he felt that he was doing wrong, that he was throwing away a great opportunity of serving his country. The obscure and unconciliatory style of the answers which he returned to the overtures of the Duke of Cumberland, may be ascribed to the embarrassment and vexation

of a mind not at peace with itself. It is said that he mournfully exclaimed to Temple,

'Extinxi te meque, soror, populumque, patresque Sidonios, urbemque tuam.'

The prediction was but too just.

Finding Pitt impracticable, the Duke of Cumberland advised the King to submit to necessity, and to keep Grenville and the Bedfords. It was, indeed, not a time at which offices could safely be left vacant. The unsettled state of the government had produced a general relaxation through all the departments of the public service. Meetings, which at another time would have been harmless, now turned to riots, and rapidly rose almost to the dignity of rebellions. The Houses of Parliament were blockaded by the Spitalfields weavers. Bedford House was assailed on all sides by a furious rabble, and was strongly garrisoned with horse and foot. Some people attributed these disturbances to the friends of Bute, and some to the friends of Wilkes. But, whatever might be the cause, the effect was general insecurity. Under such circumstances the King had no choice. With bitter feelings of mortification, he informed the ministers that he meant to retain them.

They answered by demanding from him a promise on his royal word never more to consult Lord Bute. The promise was given. They then demanded something more. Lord Bute's brother, Mr. Mackenzie, held a lucrative office in Scotland. Mr. Mackenzie must be dismissed. The King replied that the office had been given under very peculiar circumstances, and that he had promised never to take it away while he lived. Grenville was obstinate, and the King, with a very bad grace, yielded.

The session of Parliament was over. The triumph of the ministers was complete. The King was almost as much a prisoner as Charles the First had been, when in the Isle of Wight. Such were the fruits of the policy which, only a few months before, was represented as having for ever secured the throne against the dictation of insolent subjects.

His majesty's natural resentment showed itself in every look and word. In his extremity, he looked wistfully towards that Whig connection, once the object of his dread and hatred. The Duke of Devonshire, who had been treated with such unjustifiable harshness, had lately died, and had been succeeded by his son, who was still a boy. The King condescended to express his regret for what had passed, and to invite the young Duke to court. The noble youth came, attended by his uncles, and was received with marked graciousness.

This and many other symptoms of the same kind irritated the ministers. They had still in store for their sovereign an insult which would have provoked his grandfather to kick them out of the room. Grenville and Bedford demanded an audience of him, and read him a remonstrance of many pages, which they had drawn up with great care. His Majesty was accused of breaking his word, and of treating his advisers with gross unfairness. The Princess was mentioned in language by no means eulogistic. Hints were thrown out that Bute's head was in danger. The King was plainly told that he must not continue to show, as he had done, that he disliked the situation in which he was placed; that he must frown upon the opposition, that he must carry it fair towards his ministers in public. He several times interrupted the reading, by declaring that he had ceased to hold any communication with Bute. But the ministers, disregarding his denial, went on; and the King listened in silence, almost choked by rage. When they ceased to read, he merely made a gesture expressive of his wish to be left alone. He afterwards owned that he thought he should have gone into a fit.

Driven to despair he again had recourse to the Duke of Cumberland; and the Duke of Cumberland again had recourse to Pitt. Pitt was really desirous to undertake the direction of affairs, and owned, with many dutiful expressions, that the terms offered by the King were all that any subject could desire, But Temple was impracticable; and Pitt, with great regret, declared that he could not, without the concurrence of his brother-in-law, undertake the administration.

The Duke now saw only one way of delivering his nephew. An administration must be formed of the Whigs in opposition, without Pitt's help. The difficulties seemed almost insuperable. Death and desertion had grievously thinned the ranks of the party lately supreme in the state. Those among whom the Duke's choice lay might be divided into two classes, men too old for important offices, and men who had never been in any important office before. The cabinet must be composed of broken invalids or of raw recruits.

This was an evil, yet not an unmixed evil. If the new Whig statesmen had little experience in business and debate, they were, on the other hand, pure from the taint of that political immorality which had deeply infected their predecessors. Long prosperity had corrupted that great party which had expelled the Stuarts, limited the prerogatives of the Crown, and curbed the intolerance of the Hierarchy. Adversity had already produced a salutary effect. On the day of the accession of George the Third, the ascendency of the Whig party terminated; and on that day the purification of the Whig party began. The rising chiefs of that party were men of a very different sort from Sandys and Winnington, from Sir William Younge and Henry Fox. They were men worthy to have charged by the side of Hampden at Chalgrove, or to have exchanged the last embrace with Russell on the scaffold in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. They carried into politics the same high principles of virtue which regulated their private dealings, nor would they stoop to promote even the noblest and most salutary ends by means which honor and probity condemn. Such men were Lord John Cavendish, Sir George Saville, and others whom we hold in honor as the second founders of the Whig party, as the restorers of its pristine health and energy, after half a century of degeneracy.

The chief of this respectable band was the Marquis of Rockingham, a man of splendid fortune, excellent sense, and stainless character. He was indeed nervous to such a degree, that, to the very close of his life, he never rose without great reluctance and embarrassment to address the House of Lords. But, though not a great orator, he had in a high degree some of the qualities of a statesman. He chose his friends well; and he had, in an extraordinary degree, the art of attaching them to him by ties of the most honorable kind. The cheerful fidelity with which they adhered to him through many years of almost hopeless opposition, was less admirable than the disinterestedness and delicacy which they showed when he rose to power.

We are inclined to think that the use and the abuse of party cannot be better illustrated than by a parallel between two powerful connections of that time, the Rockinghams and the Bedfords. The Rockingham party was, in our view, exactly what a party should be. It consisted of men bound together by common opinions, by common public objects, by mutual esteem. That they desired to obtain, by honest and constitutional means, the direction of affairs, they openly avowed. But, though often invited to accept the honors and emoluments of office, they steadily refused to do so on any conditions inconsistent with their principles. The Bedford party, as a party, had, as far as we can discover, no principle whatever. Rigby and Sandwich wanted public money, and thought that they should fetch a higher price jointly than singly. They therefore acted in concert, and prevailed on a much more important and a much better man than themselves to act with them.

It was to Rockingham that the Duke of Cumberland now had recourse. The Marquis consented to take the treasury. Newcastle, so long the recognized chief of the Whigs, could not well be excluded from the ministry. He was appointed keeper of the privy seal. A very honest clear-headed country gentleman, of the name of Dowdeswell, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. General Conway, who had served under the Duke of Cumberland, and was strongly attached to his royal highness, was made Secretary of State, with the lead in the House of Commons. A great Whig nobleman, in the prime of manhood, from whom much was at that time expected, Augustus Duke of Grafton, was the other Secretary.

The oldest man living could remember no government so weak in oratorical talents and in official experience. The general opinion was, that the ministers might hold office during the recess, but that the first day of debate in Parliament would be the last day of their power. Charles Townshend was asked what he thought of the new administration. 'It is," said he, 'mere lutestring: pretty summer wear. It will never do for the winter.'

At this conjuncture Lord Rockingham had the wisdom to discern the value, and secure the aid, of an ally, who, to eloquence surpassing the eloquence of Pitt, and to industry which shamed the industry of Grenville, united an amplitude of comprehension to which neither Pitt nor Grenville could lay claim. A young Irishman had, some time before, come over to push his fortune in London. He had written much for the booksellers; but he was best known by a little treatise, in which the style and reasoning of Bolingbroke were mimicked with exquisite skill, and by a theory, of more ingenuity than soundness, touching the

pleasures which we receive from the objects of taste. He had also attained a high reputation as a talker, and was regarded by the men of letters who supped together at the Turk's Head as the only match in conversation for Dr. Johnson. He now became private secretary to Lord Rockingham, and was brought into Parliament by his patron's influence. These arrangements, indeed, were not made without some difficulty. The Duke of Newcastle, who was always meddling and chattering, adjured the first lord of the treasury to be on his guard against this adventurer, whose real name was O'Burke, and whom his Grace knew to be a wild Irishman, a Jacobite, a Papist, a concealed Jesuit. Lord Rockingham treated the calumny as it deserved; and the Whig party was strengthened and adorned by the accession of Edmund Burke.

The party, indeed, stood in need of accessions; for it sustained about this time an almost irreparable loss. The Duke of Cumberland had formed the government, and was its main support. His exalted rank and great name in some degree balanced the fame of Pitt. As mediator between the Whigs and the court, he held a place which no other person could fill. The strength of his character supplied that which was the chief defect of the new ministry. Conway, in particular, who, with excellent intentions and respectable talents, was the most dependent and irresolute of human beings, drew from the counsels of that masculine mind a determination not his own. Before the meeting of Parliament the Duke suddenly died. His death was generally regarded as the signal of great troubles, and on this account, as well as from respect for his personal qualities, was greatly lamented. It was remarked that the mourning in London was the most general ever known, and was both deeper and longer than the Gazette had prescribed.

In the mean time, every mail from America brought alarming tidings. The crop which Grenville had sown, his successors had now to reap. The colonies were in a state bordering on rebellion. The stamps were burned. The revenue officers were tarred and feathered. All traffic between the discontented provinces and the mother country was interrupted. The Exchange of London was in dismay. Half the firms of Bristol and Liverpool were threatened with bankruptcy, In Leeds, Manchester, Nottingham, it was said that three artisans out of every ten had been turned adrift. Civil war seemed to be at hand; and it could not be doubted, that, if once the British nation were divided against itself. France and Spain would soon take part in the quarrel.

Three courses were open to the ministers. The first was to enforce the Stamp Act by the sword. This was the course on which the King, and Grenville, whom the King hated beyond all living men, were alike bent. The natures of both were arbitrary and stubborn. They resembled each other so much that they could never be friends; but they resembled each other also so much, that they saw almost all important practical questions in the same point of view. Neither of them would bear to be governed by the other; but they perfectly agreed as to the best way of governing the people.

Another course was that which Pitt recommended. He held that the British Parliament was not constitutionally competent to pass a law for taxing the colonies. He therefore considered the Stamp Act as a nullity, as a document of no more validity than Charles's writ of ship-money, or James's proclamation dispensing with the penal laws. This doctrine seems to us, we must own, to be altogether untenable.

Between these extreme courses lay a third way. The opinion of the most judicious and temperate statesmen of those times was, that the British constitution had set no limit whatever to the legislative power of the British King, Lords, and Commons, over the whole British Empire. Parliament, they held, was legally competent to tax America, as Parliament was legally competent to commit any other act of folly or wickedness, to confiscate the property of all the merchants in Lombard Street, or to attaint any man in the kingdom of high treason, without examining witnesses against him, or hearing him in his own defence. The most atrocious act of confiscation or of attainder is just as valid an act as the Toleration Act or the Habeas Corpus Act. But from acts of confiscation and acts of attainder, lawgivers are bound, by every obligation of morality, systematically to refrain. In the same manner ought the British legislature to refrain from taxing the American colonies. The Stamp Act was indefensible, not because it was beyond the constitutional competence of Parliament, but because it was unjust and impolitic,

sterile of revenue, and fertile of discontents. These sound doctrines were adopted by Lord Rockingham and his colleagues, and were, during a long course of years, inculcated by Burke, in orations, some of which will last as long as the English language.

The winter came; the Parliament met; and the state of the colonies instantly became the subject of fierce contention. Pitt, whose health had been somewhat restored by the waters of Bath, reappeared in the House of Commons, and, with ardent and pathetic eloquence, not only condemned the Stamp Act, but applauded the resistance of Massachusetts and Virginia; and vehemently maintained, in defiance, we must say, of all reason and of all authority, that, according to the British constitution, the supreme legislative power does not include the power to tax. The language of Grenville, on the other hand, was such as Strafford might have used at the council-table of Charles the First, when news came of the resistance to the liturgy at Edinburgh. The colonists were traitors; those who excused them were little better. Frigates, mortars, bayonets, sabres, were the proper remedies for such distempers.

The ministers occupied an intermediate position; they proposed to declare that the legislative authority of the British Parliament over the whole Empire was in all cases supreme; and they proposed, at the same time, to repeal the Stamp Act. To the former measure Pitt objected; but it was carried with scarcely a dissentient voice. The repeal of the Stamp Act Pitt strongly supported; but against the government was arrayed a formidable assemblage of opponents. Grenville and the Bedfords were furious. Temple, who had now allied himself closely with his brother, and separated himself from Pitt, was no despicable enemy. This, however, was not the worst. The ministry was without its natural strength. It had to struggle, not only against its avowed enemies, but against the insidious hostility of the King, and of a set of persons who, about this time, began to be designated as the King's friends.

The character of this faction has been drawn by Burke with even more than his usual force and vivacity. Those who know how strongly, through his whole life, his judgment was biassed by his passions, may not unnaturally suspect that he has left us rather a caricature than a likeness; and yet there is scarcely, in the whole portrait, a single touch of which the fidelity is not proved by facts of unquestionable authenticity.

The public generally regarded the King's friends as a body of which Bute was the directing soul. It was to no purpose that the Earl professed to have done with politics, that he absented himself year after year from the levee and the drawing-room, that he went to the north, that he went to Rome. The notion, that, in some inexplicable manner, he dictated all the measures of the court, was fixed in the minds, not only of the multitude, but of some who had good opportunities of obtaining information, and who ought to have been superior to vulgar prejudices. Our own belief is that these suspicions were unfounded, and that he ceased to have any communication with the King on political matters some time before the dismissal of George Grenville. The supposition of Bute's influence is, indeed, by no means necessary to explain the phenomena. The King, in 1765, was no longer the ignorant and inexperienced boy who had, in 1760, been managed by his mother and his groom of the stole. He had, during several years, observed the struggles of parties, and conferred daily on high questions of state with able and experienced politicians. His way of life had developed his understanding and character. He was now no longer a puppet, but had very decided opinions both of men and things. Nothing could be more natural than that he should have high notions of his own prerogatives, should be impatient of opposition, and should wish all public men to be detached from each other and dependent on himself alone; nor could any thing be more natural than that, in the state in which the political world then was, he should find instruments fit for his purposes.

Thus sprang into existence and into note a reptile species of politicians never before and never since known in our country. These men disclaimed all political ties, except those which bound them to the throne. They were willing to coalesce with any party, to abandon any party, to undermine any party, to assault any party, at a moment's notice. To them, all administrations and all oppositions were the same. They regarded Bute, Grenville, Rockingham, Pitt, without one sentiment either of predilection or of aversion. They were the King's friends. It is to be observed that this friendship implied no personal intimacy. These people had never lived with their

master, as Dodington at one time lived with his father, or as Sheridan afterwards lived with his son. They never hunted with him in the morning, or played cards with him in the evening; never shared his mutton, or walked with him among his turnips. Only one or two of them ever saw his face, except on public days. The whole band, however, always had early and accurate information as to his personal inclinations. None of these people were high in the administration. They were generally to be found in places of much emolument, little labor, and no responsibility; and these places they continued to occupy securely while the cabinet was six or seven times reconstructed. Their peculiar business was not to support the ministry against the opposition, but to support the King against the ministry. Whenever his Majesty was induced to give a reluctant assent to the introduction of some bill which his constitutional advisers regarded as necessary, his friends in the House of Commons were sure to speak against it, to vote against it, to throw in its way every obstruction compatible with the forms of Parliament. If his Majesty found it necessary to admit into his closet a Secretary of State or a First Lord of the Treasury whom he disliked, his friends were sure to miss no opportunity of thwarting and humbling the obnoxious minister. In return for these services, the King covered them with his protection. It was to no purpose that his responsible servants complained to him that they were daily betrayed and impeded by men who were eating the bread of the government. He sometimes justified the offenders, sometimes excused them, sometimes owned that they were to blame, but said that he must take time to consider whether he could part with them. He never would turn them out; and, while every thing else in the state was constantly changing, these sycophants seemed to have a life-estate in their offices.

It was well known to the King's friends, that though his Majesty had consented to the repeal of the Stamp Act, he had consented with a very bad grace, and that though he had eagerly welcomed the Whigs, when, in his extreme need and at his earnest entreaty, they had undertaken to free him from an insupportable yoke, he had by no means got over his early prejudices against his deliverers. The ministers soon found that, while they were encountered in front by the whole force of a strong opposition, their rear was assailed by a large body of those whom they had regarded as auxiliaries.

Nevertheless, Lord Rockingham and his adherents went on resolutely with the bill for repealing the Stamp Act. They had on their side all the manufacturing and commercial interests of the realm. In the debates the government was powerfully supported. Two great orators and statesmen, belonging to two different generations, repeatedly put forth all their powers in defence of the bill. The House of Commons heard Pitt for the last time, and Burke for the first time, and was in doubt to which of them the palm of eloquence should be assigned. It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn.

For a time the event seemed doubtful. In several divisions the ministers were hard pressed. On one occasion, not less than twelve of the King's friends, all men in office, voted against the government. It was to no purpose that Lord Rockingham remonstrated with the King. His Majesty confessed that there was ground for complaint, but hoped that gentle means would bring the mutineers to a better mind. If they persisted in their misconduct, he would dismiss them.

At length the decisive day arrived. The gallery, the lobby, the Court of Requests, the staircases, were crowded with merchants from all the great ports of the island. The debate lasted till long after midnight. On the division, the ministers had a great majority. The dread of civil war, and the outcry of all the trading towns of the kingdom, had been too strong for the combined strength of the court and the opposition.

It was in the first dim twilight of a February morning that the doors were thrown open, and that the chiefs of the hostile parties showed themselves to the multitude. Conway was received with loud applause. But when Pitt appeared, all eyes were fixed on him alone. All hats were in the air. Loud and long huzzas accompanied him to his chair, and a train of admirers escorted him all the way to his home. Then came forth Grenville. As soon as he was recognized, a storm of hisses and curses broke forth. He turned fiercely on the crowd, and caught one man by the throat. The bystanders were in great alarm. If a scuffle began, none could say how it might end. Fortunately the person who had been collared only said, 'If I may not hiss, sir, I hope I may laugh,' and laughed in Grenville's face.

The majority had been so decisive, that all the opponents of the ministry, save one, were disposed to let the bill pass without any further contention. But solicitation and expostulation were thrown away on Grenville. His indomitable spirit rose up stronger and stronger under the load of public hatred. He fought out the battle obstinately to the end. On the last reading he had a sharp altercation with his brother-in-law, the last of their many sharp altercations. Pitt thundered in his loftiest tones against the man who had wished to dip the ermine of a British King in the blood of the British people. Grenville replied with his wonted intrepidity and asperity. 'If the tax,' he said, 'were still to be laid on, I would lay it on. For the evils which it may produce my accuser is answerable. His profusion made it necessary. His declarations against the constitutional powers of King, Lords, and Commons, have made it doubly necessary. I do not envy him the huzza. I glory in the hiss. If it were to be done again, I would do it.'

The repeal of the Stamp Act was the chief measure of Lord Rockingham's government. But that government is entitled to the praise of having put a stop to two oppressive practices, which, in Wilkes's case, had attracted the notice and excited the just indignation of the public. The House of Commons was induced by the ministers to pass a resolution, condemning the use of general warrants, and another resolution, condemning the seizure of papers in cases of libel.

It must be added, to the lasting honor of Lord Rockingham, that his administration was the first which, during a long course of years, had the courage and the virtue to refrain from bribing members of Parliament. His enemies accused him and his friends of weakness, of haughtiness, of party spirit; but calumny itself never dared to couple his name with corruption.

Unhappily his government, though one of the best that has ever existed in our country, was also one of the weakest. The King's friends assailed and obstructed the ministers at every turn. To appeal to the King was only to draw forth new promises and new evasions. His Majesty was sure that there must be some misunderstanding. Lord Rockingham had better speak to the gentlemen. They should be dismissed on the next fault. The next fault was soon committed, and his Majesty still continued to shuffle. It was too bad. It was quite abominable; but it mattered less as the prorogation was at hand. He would give the delinquents one more chance. If they did not alter their conduct next session, he should not have one word to say for them. He had already resolved that, long before the commencement of the next session, Lord Rockingham should cease to be minister.

We have now come to a part of our story which, admiring as we do the genius and the many noble qualities of Pitt, we cannot relate without much pain. We believe that, at this conjuncture, he had it in his power to give the victory either to the Whigs or to the King's friends. If he had allied himself closely with Lord Rockingham, what could the court have done? There would have been only one alternative, the Whigs or Grenville; and there could be no doubt what the King's choice would be. He still remembered, as well he might, with the utmost bitterness, the thraldom from which his uncle had freed him, and said about this time, with great vehemence, that he would sooner see the devil come into his closet than Grenville.

And what was there to prevent Pitt from allying himself with Lord Rockingham? On all most important questions their views were the same. They had agreed in condemning the peace, the Stamp Act, the general warrants, the seizure of papers. The points on which they differed were few and unimportant. In integrity, in disinterestedness, in hatred of corruption, they resembled each other. Their personal interests could not clash. They sat in different Houses, and Pitt had always declared that nothing should induce him to be first lord of the treasury.

If the opportunity of forming a coalition beneficial to the state, and honorable to all concerned, was suffered to escape, the fault was not with the Whig ministers. They behaved towards Pitt with an obsequiousness which, had it not been the effect of sincere admiration and of anxiety for the public interests, might have been justly called servile. They repeatedly gave him to understand that, if he chose to join their ranks, they were ready to receive him, not as an associate, but as a leader. They had proved their respect for him by bestowing a peerage on the person who, at that time, enjoyed the largest share of his confidence, Chief-Justice Pratt. What then was there to divide Pitt from the Whigs? What, on the other hand, was there in common be-

tween him and the King's friends, that he should lend himself to their purposes—he who had never owed any thing to flattery, or intrigue, he whose eloquence and independent spirit had overawed two generations of slaves and jobbers, he who had twice been forced by the enthusiasm of an admiring nation on a reluctant Prince?

Unhappily the court had gained Pitt, not, it is true, by those ignoble means which were employed when such men as Rigby and Wedderburn were to be won, but by allurements suited to a nature noble even in its aberrations. The King set himself to seduce the one man who could turn the Whigs out without letting Grenville in. Praise, caresses, promises, were lavished on the idol of the nation. He, and he alone, could put an end to faction, could bid defiance to all the powerful connections in the land united, Whigs and Tories, Rockinghams, Bedfords, and Grenvilles. These blandishments produced a great effect. For though Pitt's spirit was high and manly, though his eloquence was often exerted with formidable effect against the court, and though his theory of government had been learned in the school of Locke and Sidney, he had always regarded the person of the sovereign with profound veneration. As soon as he was brought face to face with royalty, his imagination and sensibility became too strong for his principles. His Whiggism thawed and disappeared; and he became, for the time, a Tory of the old Ormond pattern. Nor was he by any means unwilling to assist in the work of dissolving all political connections. His own weight in the state was wholly independent of such connections. He was therefore inclined to look on them with dislike, and made far too little distinction between gangs of knaves associated for the mere purpose of robbing the public, and confederacies of honorable men for the promotion of great public objects. Nor had he the sagacity to perceive that the strenuous efforts which he made to annihilate all parties tended only to establish the ascendency of one party, and that the basest and most hateful of all.

It may be doubted whether he would have been thus misled, if his mind had been in full health and vigor. But the truth is, that he had for some time been in an unnatural state of excitement. No suspicions of this sort had yet got abroad. His eloquence had never shone with more splendor than during the recent debates. But people afterwards called to mind many things which ought to have roused their apprehensions. His habits were gradually becoming more and more eccentric. A horror of all loud sounds, such as is said to have been one of the many oddities of Wallenstein, grew upon him. Though the most affectionate of fathers, he could not at this time bear to hear the voices of his own children, and laid out great sums at Hayes in buying up houses contiguous to his own, merely that he might have no neighbors to disturb him with their noise. He then sold Hayes, and took possession of a villa at Hampstead, where he again began to purchase houses to right and left. In expense, indeed, he vied, during this part of his life, with the wealthiest of the conquerors of Bengal and Tanjore. At Burton Pynsent, he ordered a great extent of ground to be planted with cedars. Cedars enough for the purpose were not to be found in Somersetshire. They were therefore collected in London, and sent down by land carriage. Relays of laborers were hired; and the work went on all night by torchlight. No man could be more abstemious than Pitt; yet the profusion of his kitchen was a wonder even to epicures. Several dinners were always dressing; for his appetite was capricious and fanciful; and at whatever moment he felt inclined to eat, he expected a meal to be instantly on the table. Other circumstances might be mentioned, such as separately are of little moment, but such as, when taken together, and when viewed in connection with the strange events which followed, justify us in believing that his mind was already in a morbid state.

Soon after the close of the session of parliament, Lord Rockingham received his dismissal. He retired, accompanied by a firm body of friends, whose consistency and uprightness enmity itself was forced to admit. None of them had asked or obtained any pension or any sinecure, either in possession or in reversion. Such disinterestedness was then rare among politicians. Their chief, though not a man of brilliant talents, had won for himself an honorable fame, which he kept pure to the last. He had in spite of difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable, removed great abuses and averted a civil war. Sixteen years later, in a dark and terrible day, he was again called upon to save the state, brought to the very brink of ruin by the same perfidy and obstinacy which had embarrassed, and at length overthrown, his first administration.

Pitt was planting in Somersetshire when he was summoned to court by a letter written with the royal hand. He instantly hastened to London. The irritability of his mind and body were increased by the rapidity with which he travelled; and when he reached his journey's end he was suffering from fever. Ill as he was, he saw the King at Richmond, and undertook to form an administration.

Pitt was scarcely in the state in which a man should be who has to conduct delicate and arduous negotiations. In his letters to his wife, he complained that the conferences in which it was necessary for him to bear a part heated his blood and accelerated his pulse. From other sources of information we learn, that his language, even to those whose co-operation he wished to engage, was strangely peremptory and despotic. Some of his notes written at this time have been preserved, and are in a style which Louis the Fourteenth would have been too well bred to employ in addressing any French gentleman.

In the attempt to dissolve all parties, Pitt met with some difficulties. Some Whigs, whom the court would gladly have detached from Lord Rockingham, rejected all offers. The Bedfords were perfectly willing to break with Grenville; but Pitt would not come up to their terms. Temple, whom Pitt at first meant to place at the head of the treasury, proved intractable. A coldness indeed had, during some months, been fast growing between the brothers-in-law, so long and so closely allied in politics. Pitt was angry with Temple for opposing the repeal of the Stamp Act. Temple was angry with Pitt for refusing to accede to that family league which was now the favorite plan at Stowe. At length the Earl proposed an equal partition of power and patronage, and offered, on this condition, to give up his brother George. Pitt thought the demand exorbitant, and positively refused compliance. A bitter quarrel followed. Each of the kinsmen was true to his character. Temple's soul festered with spite, and Pitt's swelled into contempt. Temple represented Pitt as the most odious of hypocrites and traitors. Pitt held a different, and perhaps a more provoking tone. Temple was a good sort of man enough, whose single title to distinction was, that he had a large garden, with a large piece of water, and a great many pavilions and summer-houses. To his fortunate connection with a great orator and statesman he was indebted for an importance in the state which his own talents could never have gained for him. That importance had turned his head. He had begun to fancy that he could form administrations, and govern Empires. It was piteous to see a well-meaning man under such a delusion.

In spite of all these difficulties, a ministry was made, such as the King wished to see, a Ministry in which all his Majesty's friends were comfortably accommodated, and which, with the exception of his Majesty's friends, contained no four persons who had ever in their lives been in the habit of acting together. Men who had never concurred in a single vote found themselves seated at the same board. The office of paymaster was divided between two persons who had never exchanged a word. Most of the chief posts were filled either by personal adherents of Pitt, or by members of the late ministry, who had been induced to remain in place after the dismissal of Lord Rockingham. To the former class belonged Pratt, now Lord Camden, who accepted the great seal, and Lord Shelburne, who was made one of the Secretaries of State. To the latter class belonged the Duke of Grafton, who became First Lord of the Treasury, and Conway, who kept his old position both in the government and in the House of Commons. Charles Townshend, who had belonged to every party, and cared for none, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pitt himself was declared prime minister, but refused to take any laborious office. He was created Earl of Chatham and the privy seal was delivered to him.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the failure, the complete and disgraceful failure, of this arrangement, is not to be ascribed to any want of talents in the persons whom we have named. None of them were deficient in abilities; and four of them, Pitt himself, Shelburne, Camden, and Townshend, were men of high intellectual eminence. The fault was not in the materials, but in the principle on which the materials were put together. Pitt had mixed up these conflicting elements, in the full confidence that he shouldbe able to keep them all in perfect subordination to himself, and in perfect harmony with each other. We shall soon see how the experiment succeeded.

On the very day on which the new prime minister kissed hands, three-fourths of that popularity which he had long enjoyed without a rival, and to which he owed the greater part of his authority, departed from him.

A violent outcry was raised, not against that part of his conduct which really deserved severe condemnation, but against a step in which we can see nothing to censure. His acceptance of a peerage produced a general burst of indignation. Yet surely no peerage had ever been better earned; nor was there ever a statesman who more needed the repose of the Upper House. Pitt was now growing old. He was much older in constitution than in years. It was with imminent risk to his life that he had, on some important occasions, attended his duty in Parliament. During the session of 1764, he had not been able to take part in a single debate. It was impossible that he should go through the nightly labor of conducting the business of the government in the House of Commons. His wish to be transferred, under such circumstances, to a less busy and a less turbulent assembly was natural and reasonable. The nation, however, overlooked all these considerations. Those who had most loved and honored the great Commoner, were loudest in invective against the new-made lord. London had hitherto been true to him through every vicissitude. When the citizens learned that he had been sent for from Somersetshire, that he had been closeted with the King at Richmond, and that he was to be first minister, they had been in transports of joy. Preparations were made for a great entertainment. and for a general illumination. The lamps had actually been placed round the Monument, when the Gazette announced that the object of all their enthusiasm was an Earl. Instantly the feast was countermanded. The lamps were taken down. The newspapers raised the roar of obloquy. Pamphlets, made up of calumny and scurility, filled the shops of all the booksellers; and of those pamphlets, the most galling were written under the direction of the malignant Temple. It was now the fashion to compare the two Williams, William Pulteney and William Pitt. Both, it was said, had, by eloquence and simulated patriotism, acquired a great ascendency in the House of Commons and in the country. Both had been intrusted with the office of reforming the government. Both had, when at the height of power and popularity, been seduced by the splendor of the coronet. Both had been made earls, and both had in a moment become objects of aversion and scorn to the nation, which a few hours before had regarded them with affection and veneration.

The clamor against Pitt appears to have had a serious effect on the foreign relations of the country. His name had till now acted like a spell at Versailles and Saint Ildefonso. English travellers on the Continent had remarked, that nothing more was necessary to silence a whole room-full of boasting Frenchmen, than to drop a hint of the probability that Mr. Pitt would return to power. In an instant there was deep silence: all shoulders rose, and all faces were lengthened. Now, unhappily, every foreign court, in learning that he was recalled to office, learned also that he no longer possessed the hearts of his countrymen. Ceasing to be loved at home, he ceased to be feared abroad. The name of Pitt had been a charmed name. Our envoys tried in vain to conjure with the name of Chatham.

The difficulties which beset Chatham were daily increased by the despotic manner in which he treated all around him. Lord Rockingham had, at the time of the change of ministry, acted with great moderation, had expressed a hope that the new government would act on the principles of the late government; and had even interfered to prevent many of his friends from quitting office. Thus Saunders and Keppel, two naval commanders of great eminence, had been induced to remain at the Admiralty, where their services were much needed. The Duke of Portland was still lord-chamberlain, and Lord Besborough postmaster. But within a quarter of a year, Lord Chatham had so effectually disgusted these men, that they all retired in deep disgust. In truth, his tone, submissive in the closet, was at this time insupportably tyrannical in the cabinet. His colleagues were merely his clerks for naval, financial, and diplomatic business. Conway, meek as he was, was on one occasion provoked into declaring that such language as Lord Chatham's had never been heard west of Constantinople, and was with difficulty prevented by Horace Walpole from resigning, and rejoining the standard of Lord Rockingham.

The breach which had been made in the government by the defection of so many of the Rockinghams, Chatham hoped to supply by the help of the Bedfords. But with the Bedfords he could not deal as he had dealt with other parties. It was to no purpose that he bade high for one or two members of the faction, in the hope of detaching them from the rest. They were to be had; but they were to be had only in the

lot. There was indeed for a moment some wavering and some disputing among them. But at length the counsels of the shrewd and resolute Rigby prevailed. They determined to stand firmly together, and plainly intimated to Chatham that he must take them all, or that he should get none of them. The event proved that they were wiser in their generation than any other connection in the state. In a few months they were able to dictate their own terms.

The most important public measure of Lord Chatham's administration was his celebrated interference with the corn-trade. The harvest had been bad; the price of food was high; and he thought it necessary to take on himself the responsibility of laying an embargo on the exportation of grain. When Parliament met, this proceeding was attacked by the opposition as unconstitutional, and defended by the ministers as indispensably necessary. At last, an act was passed to indemnify all who had been concerned in the embargo.

The first words uttered by Chatham, in the House of Lords, were in defence of his conduct on this occasion. He spoke with a calmness, sobriety, and dignity, well suited to the audience which he was addressing. A subsequent speech which he made on the same subject was less successful. He bade defiance to aristocratical connections, with a superciliousness to which the Peers were not accustomed, and with tones and gestures better suited to a large and stormy assembly than to the body of which he was now a member. A short altercation followed, and he was told very plainly that he should not be suffered to browbeat the old nobility of England.

It gradually became clearer and clearer that he was in a distempered state of mind. His attention had been drawn to the territorial acquisitions of the East India Company, and he determined to bring the whole of that great subject before Parliament. He would not, however, confer on he subject with any of his colleagues. It was in vain that Conway, who was charged with the conduct of business in the House of Commons, and Charles Townshend, who was responsible for the direction of the finances, begged for some glimpse of light as to what was in contemplation. Chatham's answers were sullen and mysterious. He must decline any discussion with them; he did not want their assistance; he had fixed on a person to take charge of his measure in the House of Commons. This person was a member who was not connected with the government, and who neithey had, nor deserved to have, the ear of the House—a noisy, purseproud, illiterate demagogue, whose Cockney English and scraps of mis-pronounced Latin were the jest of the newspapers—Alderman Beckford. It may well be supposed that these strange proceedings produced a ferment through the whole political world. The city was in commotion. The East India Company invoked the faith of charters. Burke thundered against the ministers. The ministers looked at each other, and knew not what to say. In the midst of the confusion, Lord Chatham proclaimed himself gouty, and retired to Bath. It was announced, after some time, that he was better, that he would shortly return, that he would soon put every thing in order. A day was fixed for his arrival in London. But when he reached the Castle inn at Marlborough, he stopped, shut himself up in his room, and remained there some weeks. Every body who travelled that road was amazed by the number of his attendants. Footmen and grooms, dressed in his family livery, filled the whole inn, though one of the largest in England, and swarmed in the streets of the little town. The truth was, that the invalid had insisted that, during his stay, all the waiters and stable-boys of the Castle should wear his livery.

His colleagues were in despair. The Duke of Grafton proposed to go down to Marlborough in order to consult the oracle. But he was informed that Lord Chatham must decline all conversation on business. In the mean time, all the parties which were out of office, Bedfords, Grenvilles, and Rockinghams, joined to oppose the distracted government on the vote for the land-tax. They were reinforced by almost all the county members, and had a considerable majority. This was the first time that a ministry had been beaten on an important division in the House of Commons since the fall of Sir Robert Walpole. The administration, thus furiously assailed from without, was torn by internal dissensions. It had been formed on no principle whatever. From the very first, nothing but Chatham's authority had prevented the hostile contingents which made up his ranks from going to blows with each other. That authority was now withdrawn, and every thing was in commotion. Conway, a brave soldier, but in civil affairs the

most timid and irresolute of men, afraid of disobliging the King, afraid of being abused in the newspapers, afraid of being thought factious if he went out, afraid of being thought interested if he stayed in, afraid of every thing, and afraid of being known to be afraid of any thing, was beaten backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock between Horace Walpole who wished to make him prime minister, and Lord John Cavendish who wished to draw him into opposition. Charles Townshend, a man of splendid talents, of lax principles, and of boundless vanity and presumption, would submit to no control. The full extent of his parts, of his ambition, and of his arrogance, had not yet been made manifest; for he had always quailed before the genius and the lofty character of Pitt. But now that Pitt had quitted the House of Commons, and seemed to have abdicated the part of chief minister, Townshend broke loose from all restraint.

While things were in this state, Chatham at length returned to London. He might as well have remained at Marlborough. He would see nobody. He would give no opinion on any public matter. The Duke of Grafton begged piteously for an interview, for an hour, for half an hour, for five minutes. The answer was, that it was impossible. The King himself repeatedly condescended to expostulate and implore. 'Your duty,' he wrote, 'your own honor, require you to make an effort.' The answers to these appeals were commonly written in Lady Chatham's hand, from her lord's dictation; for he had not energy even to use a pen. He flings himself at the King's feet. He is penetrated by the Royal goodness, so signally shown to the most unhappy of men. He implores a little more indulgence. He cannot as yet transact business. He cannot see his colleagues. Least of all can he bear the excitement of an interview with majesty.

Some were half inclined to suspect that he was, to use a military phrase, malingering. He had made, they said, a great blunder, and had found it out. His immense popularity, his high reputation for statesmanship, were gone for ever. Intoxicated by pride, he had undertaken a task beyond his abilities. He now saw nothing before him but distresses and humiliations; and he had therefore simulated illness, in order to escape from vexations which he had not fortitude to meet. This suspicion, though it derived some color from that weakness which was the most striking blemish of his character, was certainly unfounded. His mind, before he became first minister, had been, as we have said, in an unsound state; and physical and moral causes now concurred to make the derangement of his faculties complete. The gout, which had been the torment of his whole life, had been suppressed by strong remedies. For the first time since he was a boy at Oxford, he passed several months without a twinge. But his hand and foot had been relieved at the expense of his nerves. He became melancholy, fanciful, irritable. The embarrassing state of public afiairs, the grave responsibility which lay on him, the consciousness of his errors, the disputes of his colleagues, the savage clamors raised by his detractors, bewildered his enfeebled mind. One thing alone, he said, could save him. He must repurchase Hayes. The unwilling consent of the new occupant was extorted by Lady Chatham's entreaties and tears; and her lord was somewhat easier. But if business were mentioned to him, he, once the proudest and boldest of mankind, behaved like an hysterical girl, trembled from head to foot, and burst into a flood of tears.

His colleagues for a time continued to entertain the expectation that his health would soon be restored, and that he would emerge from his retirement. But month followed month, and still he remained hidden in mysterious seclusion, and sunk, as far as they could learn, in the deepest dejection of spirits. They at length ceased to hope or to fear any thing from him; and, though he was still nominally Prime Minister, took without scruple steps which they knew to be diametrically opposed to all his opinions and feelings, allied themselves with those whom he had proscribed, disgraced those whom he most esteemed, and laid taxes on the colonies, in the face of the strong declarations which he had recently made.

When he had passed about a year and three quarters in gloomy privacy, the King received a few lines in Lady Chatham's hand. They contained a request, dictated by her lord, that he might be permitted to resign the Privy Seal. After some civil show of reluctance, the resignation was accepted. Indeed Chatham was, by this time, almost as much forgotten as if he had already been lying in Westminster Abbey.

At length the clouds which had gathered over his mind broke and passed away. His gout returned, and freed him from a more cruel malady. His nerves were newly braced. His spirits became buoyant. He woke as from a sickly dream. It was a strange recovery. Men had been in the habit of talking of him as of one dead, and, when he first showed himself at the King's levee, started as if they had seen a ghost. It was more than two years and a half since he had appeared in public.

He, too, had cause for wonder. The world which he now entered was not the world which he had quitted. The administration which he had formed had never been, at any one moment, entirely changed. But there had been so many losses and so many accessions, that he could scarcely recognize his own work. Charles Townshend was dead. Lord Shelburne had been dismissed. Conway had sunk into utter insignificance. The Duke of Grafton had fallen into the hands of the Bedfords. The Bedfords had deserted Grenville, had made their peace with the King and the King's friends, and had been admitted to office. Lord North was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was rising fast in importance. Corsica had been given up to France without a struggle. The disputes with the American colonies had been revived. A general election had taken place. Wilkes had returned from exile, and, outlaw as he was, had been chosen knight of the shire for Middlesex. The multitude was on his side. The Court was obstinately bent on ruining him, and was prepared to shake the very foundations of the constitution for the sake of a paltry revenge. The House of Commons, assuming to itself an authority which of right belongs only to the whole legislature, had declared Wilkes incapable of sitting in Parliament. Nor had it been thought sufficient to keep him out. Another must be brought in. Since the freeholders of Middlesex had obstinately refused to choose a member acceptable to the Court, the House had chosen a member for them. This was not the only instance, perhaps not the most disgraceful instance, of the inveterate malignity of the Court. Exasperated by the steady opposition of the Rockingham party, the King's friends had tried to rob a distinguished Whig nobleman of his private estate, and had persisted in their mean wickedness till their own servile majority had revolted from mere disgust and shame. Discontent had spread throughout the nation, and was kept up by stimulants such as had rarely been applied to the public mind. Junius had taken the field, had trampled Sir William Draper in the dust, had well nigh broken the heart of Blackstone, and had so mangled the reputation of the Duke of Grafton that his grace had become sick of office, and was beginning to look wistfully towards the shades of Euston. Every principle of foreign, domestic, and colonial policy which was dear to the heart of Chatham, had, during the eclipse of his genius, been violated by the government which he had formed.

The remaining years of his life were spent in vainly struggling against that fatal policy which, at the moment when he might have given it a death-blow, he had been induced to take under his protection. His exertions redeemed his own fame, but they effected little for his country.

He found two parties arrayed against the government, the party of his own brothers-in-law, the Grenvilles, and the party of Lord Rockingham. On the question of the Middlesex election these parties were agreed. But on many other important questions they differed widely; and were, in truth, not less hostile to each other than to the court. The Grenvilles had, during several years, annoyed the Rockinghams with a succession of acrimonious pamphlets. It was long before the Rockinghams could be induced to retaliate. But an ill-natured tract, written under Grenville's direction, and entitled a State of the Nation, was too much for their patience. Burke undertook to defend and avenge his friends, and executed the task with admirable skill and vigor. On every point he was victorious, and nowhere more completely victorious than when he joined issue on those dry and minute questions of statistical and financial detail in which the main strength of Grenville lay. The official drudge, even on his own chosen ground, was utterly unable to maintain the fight against the great orator and philosopher. When Chatham reappeared, Grenville was still writhing with the recent shame and smart of this well-merited chastisement. Cordial co-operation between the two sections of the opposition was impossible. Nor could Chatham easily connect himself with either. His feelings, in spite of many affronts given and received, drew him towards the Grenvilles. For he had strong domestic affections; and his

nature, which, though haughty, was by no means obdurate, had been softened by affliction. But from his kinsmen he was separated by a wide difference of opinion on the question of colonial taxation. A reconciliation, however, took place. He visited Stowe, he shook hands with George Grenville; and the Whig freeholders of Buckinghamshire, at their public dinners, drank many bumpers to the union of the three brothers.

In opinions, Catham was much nearer to the Rockinghams than to his own relatives. But between him and the Rockinghams there was a gulf not easily to be passed. He had deeply injured them, and, in injuring them, had deeply injured his country. When the balance was trembling between them and the court, he had thrown the whole weight of his genius, of his renown, of his popularity, into the scale of misgovernment. It must be added, that many eminent members of the party still retained a bitter recollection of the asperity and disdain with which they had been treated by him at the time when he assumed the direction of affairs. It is clear from Burke's pamphlets and speeches, and still more clear from his private letters, and from the language which he held in conversation, that he long regarded Chatham with a feeling not far removed from dislike. Chatham was undoubtedly conscious of his error, and desirous to atone for it. But his overtures of friendship, though made with earnestness, and even with unwonted humility, were at first received by Lord Rockingham with cold and austere reserve. Gradually the intercourse of the two statesmen became courteous and even amicable. But the past was never wholly forgotten.

Chatham did not, however, stand alone. Round him gathered a party small in number, but strong in great and various talents. Lord Camden, Lord Shelburne, Colonel Barre, and Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, were the principle members of this connection.

There is no reason to believe that, from this time till within a few weeks of Chatham's death, his intellect suffered any decay. His eloquence was almost to the last heard with delight. But it was not exactly the eloquence of the House of Lords. That lofty and passionate, but somewhat desultory declamation in which he excelled all men, and which was set off by looks, tones, and gestures, worthy of Garrick or Talma, was out of place in a small apartment where the audience often consisted of three or four drowsy prelates, three or four old judges, accustomed during many years to disregard rhetoric, and to look only at facts and arguments, and three or four listless and supercilious men of fashion, whom any thing like enthusiasm moved to a sneer. In the House of Commons, a flash of his eye, a wave of his arm, had sometimes cowed Murray. But in the House of Peers, his utmost vehemence and pathos produced less effect than the moderation, the reasonableness, the luminous order, and the serene dignity, which characterized the speeches of Lord Mansfield.

On the question of the Middlesex election, all the three divisions of the opposition acted in concert. No orator in either House defended what is now universally admitted to have been the constitutional cause, with more ardor or eloquence than Chatham. Before this subject had ceased to occupy the public mind, George Grenville died. His party rapidly melted away; and in a short time most of his adherents appeared on the ministerial benches.

Had George Grenville lived many months longer, the friendly ties which, after years of estrangement and hostility, had been renewed between him and his brother-in-law, would, in all probability, have been a second time violently dissolved. For now the quarrel between England and the North American colonies took a gloomy and terrible aspect. Oppression provoked resistance; resistance was made the pretext for fresh oppression. The warnings of all the greatest statesmen of the age were lost on an imperious court and a deluded nation. Soon a colonial senate confronted the British Parliament. Then the colonial militia crossed bayonets with the British regiments. At length the commonwealth was torn asunder. Two millions of Englishmen, who, fifteen years before, had been as loyal to their prince and as proud of their country as the people of Kent or Yorkshire, separated themselves by a solemn act from the Empire. For a time it seemed that the insurgents would struggle to small purpose against the vast financial and military means of the mother country. But disasters, following one another in rapid succession, rapidly dispelled the illusions of national vanity. At length a great British force, exhausted, famished, harassed on every side by a hostile peasantry, was compelled to deliver up its arms. Those governments which

England had, in the late war, so signally humbled, and which had during many years been sullenly brooding over the recollections of Quebec, of Minden, and of the Moro, now saw with exultation that the day of revenge was at hand. France recognised the independence of the United States; and there could be little doubt that the example would soon be followed by Spain.

Chatham and Rockingham had cordially concurred in opposing every part of the fatal policy which had brought the state into this dangerous situation. But their paths now diverged. Lord Rockingham thought, and, as the event proved, thought most justly, that the revolted colonies were separated from the Empire for ever, and that the only effect of prolonging the war on the American continent would be to divide resources which it was desirable to concentrate. If the hopeless attempt to subjugate Pennsylvania and Virginia were abandoned, war against the house of Bourbon might possibly be avoided, or, if inevitable, might be carried on with success and glory. We might even indemnify ourselves for part of what we had lost, at the expense of those foreign enemies who had hoped to profit by our domestic dissensions. Lord Rockingham, therefore, and those who acted with him, conceived that the wisest course now open to England, was to acknowledge the independence of the United States, and to turn her whole force against her European enemies.

Chatham, it should seem, ought to have taken the same side. Before France had taken any part in our quarrel with the colonies, he had repeatedly, and with great energy of language, declared that it was impossible to conquer America; and he could not without absurdity maintain that it was easier to conquer France and America together than America alone. But his passions overpowered his judgment, and made him blind to his own inconsistency. The very circumstances which made the separation of the colonies inevitable, made it to him altogether insupportable. The dismemberment of the Empire seemed to him less ruinous and humiliating, when produced by domestic dissensions, than when produced by foreign interference. His blood boiled at the degradation of his country. Whatever lowered her among the nations of the earth, he felt as a personal outrage to himself. And the feeling was natural. He had made her so great. He had been so proud of her; and she had been so proud of him. He remembered how, more than twenty years before, in a day of gloom and dismay, when her possessions were torn from her, when her flag was dishonored, she had called on him to save her. He remembered the sudden and glorious change which his energy had wrought, the long series of triumphs, the days of thanksgiving, the nights of illumination. Fired by such recollections, he determined to separate himself from those who advised that the independence of the colonies should be acknowledged. That he was in error, will scarcely, we think, be disputed by his warmest admirers. Indeed, the treaty by which, a few years later, the republic of the United States was recognised, was the work of his most attached adherents and of his favorite son.

The Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham had, during some time, absented himself from Parliament, in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He was in a state of great excitement. His medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and to remain at home. But he was not to be controlled. His son William, and his son-in-law Lord Mahon, accompanied him to Westminster. He rested himself in the Chancellor's room till the debate commenced, and then, leaning on his two young relations, limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully recorded. He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large, and his face so emaciated, that none of his features could be discerned except the high curve of nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire.

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his dis-

course, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused, that in speaking of the Act of Settlement, he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but, while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year. His bed was watched to the last, with anxious tenderness, by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by his political opponents, and regarded with more awe than love even by his political associates. But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes.

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not, in both Houses of Parliament, ten personal adherents. Half the public men of the age had been estranged from him by his errors, and the other half by the exertions which he had made to repair his errors. His last speech had been an attack at once on the policy pursued by the government, and on the policy recommended by the opposition. But death at once restored him to his old place in the affection of his country. Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great, and which had stood so long? The circumstances, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great statesman, full of years and honors, led forth to the senate-house by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of his country, could not but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. Detraction was overawed. The voice even of just and temperate censure was mute.—Nothing was remembered but the lofty genius, the unsullied probity, the undisputed services, of him who was no more. For once, all parties were agreed. A public funeral, a public monument, were eagerly voted. The debts of the deceased were paid. A provision was made for his family. The city of London requested that the remains of the great man whom she had so long loved and honored, might rest under the dome of her magnificent cathedral. But the petition came too late. Every thing was already prepared for the interment in Westminster Abbey.

Though men of all parties had concurred in decreeing posthumous honors to Chatham, his corpse was attended to the grave almost exclusively by opponents of the government. The banner of the lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barré, attended by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham. Burke, Savile, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession. The chief mourner was young William Pitt. After the lapse of more than twenty-seven years, in a season as dark and perilous, his own shattered frame and broken heart were laid, with the same pomp, in the same consecrated mould.

Chatham sleeps near the northern door of the Church, in a spot which has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other end of the same transept has long been to poets. Mansfield rests there, and the second William Pitt, and Fox, and Grattan, and Canning, and Wilberforce. In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his own effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce, that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.

LOUISA QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

From the Literary Gazette.

"*Characteristic Traits from the Life of Frederic William III.*" *By Bishop Eylert, preacher to His Majesty at Potsdam. From Vol. II., just published at Magdeburg.* [This is the work from which the selections by Mr. Birch were made, noticed in our last No.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*]

It is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that we take up that portion of Bishop Eylert's second volume, which renders the beautiful, the gentle, the highly-gifted Louisa Queen of Prussia "a familiar acquaintance" to us. There is such queenly dignity blended with the gentle sweetness of the woman—such unaffected goodness of heart set off by the most exalted and expansive Christian principle—that her life is a model, no less for the sovereign than for the humblest female in the land.

Passing over the historical events connected with her career, and the general biography—her birth, beauty, accomplishments, marriage to the crown-prince of Prussia, when both in the bloom of youth, and her lamented death—we proceed to select some of the more private traits of her exemplary life and character:—

"So great was the fame of her charity, that not a day passed without bringing her petitions from the most remote parts of the kingdom. These she generally answered by her own hand, accompanying her gifts by words of the kindest interest, thus furnishing a beautiful commentary upon that expressive text of the holy Scriptures, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.'

"During her residence in Potsdam," says Bishop Eylert, "the queen generally sent for my investigation the innumerable petitions addressed to her, and I had often the happiness of being the almoner of her charities. She was wont to say, 'it ought to be our chief object to remove the origin and causes of poverty, and to make the needy better and happier by their own active exertions. But then,' she added, in the genuine spirit of a woman, 'whether the poor man really deserves our aid,—that is not for us to inquire. Who can know and weigh that? The lines which separate merited and unmerited poverty are so finely traced, and run so closely into one another! And how does our heavenly Father act towards us? is he not all mercy and compassion?' This pious feeling, and the look of affectionate sympathy which expressed it, were habitual; she carried it so far, that if she beheld from the window of the palace, or in driving through the streets, a countenance which told of sorrow or suffering, she could not divest herself of the impression till she had investigated into the cause. This extreme readiness to afford relief, as we might suppose, sometimes led her into mistakes.

"During one of her walks in the park near the palace at Potsdam, she saw a pale and emaciated man resting upon one of the seats; and as he was poorly dressed, the queen imagined that he was in distress, and therefore ordered her page to present him with four Frederic's dollars. He was, however, a respectable citizen of Potsdam, who had just recovered from a severe illness, and had come into the park to enjoy the fresh country air. He therefore declined the proffered gift with a proper feeling of independence. The queen, who had in the mean time pursued her walk, was no sooner informed of this, than she turned back to reassure the old man, whom she fancied that she must have hurt. 'Pardon me,' said the queen; 'I did not wish to wound your feelings; but you must at least permit me to provide for your recovery by sending you every day such nourishment as your kitchen may perhaps not furnish. The king loves the good burgesses of his own native city of Potsdam, and I join in this feeling with all my heart.' The worthy master Van der Leeden rose up in grateful emotion before his benignant sovereign; and for many weeks did he daily receive supplies from the royal kitchen.

"The allowances which the queen received every quarter from the king, through his privy-counsellor, M. Wolter, were often inadequate to supply these daily liberalities. She therefore begged him to make some advances; but Wolter was straightforward, conscientious, and very particular in his accounts: 'All my accounts,' replied he, 'are made up every month; I am not permitted to enter any advances among the expenditure—it is contrary to the king's positive orders. But indeed, your majesty, it will not do to go on in this way; you will give till you have impoverished yourself.' The queen replied, with much kindness, 'My good Wolter, I love my children; and the word *Land's-child* (Landeskind) sounds sweetly in my ears; and I am ravished with the thought that I am with my best friend,* the land's-father, also the land's-mother. I cannot, dare not, separate from him; but must give help wherever it is required.' 'Well,' said the faithful Wolter, I will tell his majesty.' 'If you think that it will not make him angry,' rejoined the queen. But he, the most tender and happiest of husbands, with a heart and hand as ready as hers, did not upbraid. A few days after, the queen found the drawer of her writing-desk replenished. 'What angel can have placed it there?' exclaimed the queen. 'The angel,' replied the king, 'is Legion. I know not what may be his name, and I know but one; but you know the beautiful text, '*So* He giveth His beloved sleeping.' (Germ. trans. Psalm cxxvi.)

"On occasion of some splendid military *fête*, which was celebrated in the church at Potsdam, the king and queen attended in state; every seat had been long occupied, when a worthy and highly respectable lady, who was a member of the congregation, entered the

* This was the queen's favorite term when speaking of the king.

church. Being unacquainted with its different localities, she, in her search for some vacant spot, suddenly found herself in the passage leading to the queen's closet. She opened the door, and, to her astonishment, beheld the royal party, who were already engaged in their devotions. She was about to withdraw, when one of the ladies kindly motioned her to remain; and with the natural humility of her character, she silently took the most retired place. But she little suspected the storm which this was to draw down upon her. No sooner had the queen left the pew, than the master of the ceremonies went up to the poor woman, in virtue of his office, and censured her in the most vehement manner for presuming to force herself into the royal presence, and thus violate every law of decorum. The assurances that her offence had been unintentional were unavailing, even when she had stated the name and rank of her husband: she was treated as if she had been guilty of *lèse majesté*. She came to me," says Bishop Eylert, "in the deepest distress, but appeared most of all to be affected by the thought that she should have appeared to be wanting in due respect to the queen. While she was still speaking, Count von Brühl, the queen's chamberlain, entered with a message from her majesty, requiring my immediate attendance. On entering the audience-chamber, the queen came up instantly, saying, 'I entreat you to tell me what has happened in your church. I have just learnt that a very worthy lady has been shamefully abused by my chamberlain. And for what reason?—would you credit it?—merely because she had entered my pew during divine service. Every body knows what the king and I think of court-etiquette; it may not be altogether dispensed with, but surely there ought to be some difference made when in the house of God. I cannot tell you how deeply I am grieved at this occurrence, although I am personally innocent. But I entreat you to settle this affair. Dine with us to-day on Peacock's Island, and let me hear that this worthy lady feels satisfied; to-morrow you must come again, and bring her with you; and tell her I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance.'

"It is impossible to estimate the blessings which resulted, not only to the royal family, but even to the whole country, from the royal union. If we had not the most independent testimony of eye-witnesses, the pure, simple, heartfelt picture of domestic bliss might be taken for some beautiful idyll, rather than a scene of real life, retaining all its force and freshness under every circumstance,—a happiness such as is rarely found even in the less restrained intercourse of private life, and yet more rarely on a throne. It may readily be supposed that the devoted affection, the simple, unaffected union of the king and queen, would not submit to the trammels of old court etiquette.

"Wherever the king saw that remonstrances would be unavailing, he possessed a peculiarly happy manner of carrying his point by some sportive act. When he had made such a resolve, he retained his wonted gravity; but there was always a singular play of the countenance, accompanied by a sarcastic smile. 'Well,' said the king one day to the Countess von Voss, the queen's first lady of the bedchamber, who was a stringent observer of etiquette,—'Well, I will conform; and to prove this to you, I will request you to announce me, and to demand whether I may have the honor of an audience of my consort, her royal highness the crown-princess; I am desirous of paying my respects to her, and I trust she will be graciously pleased to grant my wish.' The lady of the bedchamber, who had often mourned the sad dereliction of court-etiquette, was overjoyed at this triumph of the good bygone customs. She hastened to prepare herself, in order to announce the desired audience—an intimation to which she flattered herself she should receive a gracious reply. Who, then, can paint her astonishment when, on entering the apartment to announce her royal lord, she found that he had anticipated her, and was actually walking arm-in-arm with the queen, then still princess? The king burst into a loud hearty laugh, exclaiming, "You see, my dear Lady Voss, that my wife and I meet and converse together without being announced; this is what we wish and desire, and this is according to all good Christian rules. But you are a charming lady of the bedchamber, and shall henceforth be called, 'Dame d'Etiquette.'

"On another occasion, when the customary ceremonials attendant on a gratulatory visit of the court to an allied court, were under discussion, the lady of the bedchamber observed, that the departure to and from the palace must take place in one of the principal state-carriages, drawn by eight richly-caparisoned horses, two coachmen, and three of the body-jäger, in their state-liveries. 'Well,' said the king, smiling, 'thus, then, you shall order it.' When this splendid equipage drove up the next day, the king, with great violence, lifted her ladyship into it, rapidly closed the door, and calling out '*On!*' to the drivers, sprung hastily, with the queen, into his ordinary carriage, which was open, and drawn by a pair of horses only, and drove himself after his grand state-coach, amid the acclamations of the crowd."

The following is a somewhat novel but pleasing proof of the perfect understanding which subsisted between the royal pair:—

"It was the king's custom, after receiving presentations in the cabinet, to hasten, though but for a few moments, to the queen's apartments, to breakfast with her; his favorite refreshment being fresh-gathered fruit. He saw on entering, a very pretty cap lying on her work-table. He gaily demanded its cost. 'Oh, it is by no means well,' replied the queen, sportively, 'when husbands require to know the price of their wives' millinery; they don't understand it, and then fancy every thing too dear.' 'But you may tell me how much this

cap cost? I should like to know.' 'Well, I have chosen a cheap one—it costs only four dollars.' 'Only four dollars? terribly dear for such a thing!' And while standing at the window, continuing to amuse himself about its price, he perceived one of the guard of invalids crossing the court; he motioned him to enter. On coming into the apartment, the king said: 'The lady sitting on that sofa has a great deal of money; for what think you, old comrade, she has paid for the cap which is lying upon the table? But don't suffer yourself to be blinded by the fine rose-colored ribbon.' The old veteran, who had but little experience in such affairs, shrugged his shoulders, and said, laconically, 'Well, it may have cost some groschen.' 'Do you hear that? said the king; 'groschen, indeed! Four dollars did she pay for it! Go now and ask the fair lady to give you just as many.' Looking up with a smile at her husband, she instantly opened her purse, and placed four new dollar-pieces in the soldier's hand. 'But,' added she, playfully, 'look at that illustrious gentleman who is standing in the window; he has a great deal more money than I; all that I have comes from him, and he gives willingly: now go to *him*, and make him give you double—eight dollars.' With a merry laugh, the queen turned to see how this command would come off at the hands of the ever-ready king. On this occasion, however, there was somewhat of backwardness in his responses. Shrugging his shoulders, yet laughing and wishing the veteran all happiness, the eight pieces were forthcoming. It was the man's good fortune to have beheld the happiest of husbands and wives; and on leaving the room he overheard their mirthful and gladsome laugh."

Decorative-art Society.—This society, the formation of which we announced last year, has resumed its meetings. On Wednesday last, a paper was read by Mr. Cowtan, 'On Paper Hangings,' in which an account was given of the rise and progress of the manufacture in this country, illustrated by specimens of various dates. It was contended that the higher principles of art were more truly appreciated and more extensively applied by the manufacturers, some sixty years since, (amongst those named were Sheringham and the Echardts, assisted by the artists Boileau, Fuseli, Jones, &c.,) than by those of the present day. During the discussion which ensued, it was observed that our paper-stainers do not, as formerly, employ artists as an integral part of their establishment, but content themselves with purchasing their blocks from the designer, whose artistic character thus necessarily merges in that of a mere dealer in carved wood. Their conduct in this particular was disadvantageously contrasted with that of the calico-printers, a somewhat analogous trade, who were said to employ from five to ten designers for their especial service, although they do not produce more pieces per annum than some of the larger paper-staining houses.—*Athenæum.*

COURSES OF ENGLISH READING.

From Fraser's Magazine.

It was said upon one occasion, by a very stout gentleman of the last century, that it is surprising to observe how small a quantity of reading there is in the world: yet, if his subsequent conversation with the younger Burke and Boswell be correctly reported, he has furnished a solution of his own problem. The progress which the understanding makes through a book, he conceived to have in it more of pain than pleasure; and no man, he ventured to assert, ever reads a work of science from pure inclination, the books really perused with pleasure being only such light compositions as contain a quick succession of events. The reader will, doubtless, have identified the stout gentleman of our quotation with that great Dr. Johnson, whose critical shoes have creaked over the threshold of the present generation, in all that unoiled roughness in which Boswell determined to preserve them. In uttering his last remark, he was probably thinking of the day when he read through Fielding's *Amelia* without stopping. But the assertion is not well founded, and if Johnson had known any thing of Cambridge education, he would have immediately perceived its fallacy. Peacock's Algebra is the *Ivanhoe* of St. John's; and we have known a man of science whose constant and favorite companion among shady lanes was Bland's Collection of Problems. This taste, however, is not easily imparted. Whatever may be the contagion of the gown, Mr. Blakesley or Mr. Thurtell could give some interesting illustrations to show that the infection of the differential calculus spreads slowly; and the present popular Master of Trinity cannot fail to number, among his tutorial reminiscences, a considerable party of Young England, absolutely deaf to the charmings of pulleys and Bramah. The difficulty resides in awakening a taste for a pump or a poem.

We approve of Johnson's suggestion, to turn a boy loose into a library—having previously removed all works of an injurious tendency—and to let him graze as he likes. Nothing can be worse than to enclose him in one small field of knowledge, with thorn hedges, a cord, and a staple. The confinement of the pasture destroys its relish. Instead of binding down his eye and attention to a single book, let him please his appetite in the selection; and,

above all, abstain from discouraging him by a statement of difficulties beyond the reach of his understanding. If he find the trunk of the tree too huge and knotty for his arms to encircle it, he will, of his own accord, soon abandon the attempt to climb to the boughs. Nor is another caution of the Doctor's undeserving of regard. If a man or a boy begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, he advises him not to turn back and commence methodically at the first page, lest the inclination to the task should lose its heat, or entirely forsake him. In addition to the removal of all books harmful to the spiritual health, the field ought to be carefully weeded from modern miscellanies and every body's abridgments. An opinion of Gray has been recorded that might be pondered with advantage by those whom it concerns: he thought that the abundance of dictionaries of all kinds promised badly for the literature of the age, because rich and profound learning is never derived from such sources, but drawn at the fountain-head; and the inducements to idleness which such compilations hold out, effectually weaken, if they do not entirely quench, the spirit and the industry to study a subject in the original authorities. We think it, accordingly, no topic of rejoicing, when a young man is versed in the intellectual statistics of *The Literary Gazette*, or fond of paddling, with the water just up to his toes, in the streamlet of *The Penny Cyclopædia*. This is what we call, to borrow Gray's description of Harris's *Hermes*, the *shallow profound*. "It is amazing to consider to what an universality of learning people make pretensions here. There is not a drawer, a chair, or a hackney-coachman, but is politician, poet, and judge of polite literature." The words are Shenstone's and were written from London in 1740. A hundred years have certainly not diminished their truth. There is around and among us the chatter, but not the refinement of taste. The sale of 3000 copies of *Paradise Lost* in eleven years, would, according to the frank admission of Hallam, have been a very satisfactory success in our own times. Yet that success was obtained in the seventeenth century, and against the full strength of ignorance, prejudice, and vice. An internal machinery of life worked the noble ship into the haven, in defiance of wind and tide. "There is sometimes a want of congeniality in public taste, which no power of genius will overcome." But say rather, that there is always an indisposition among the many to welcome or to admire the beautiful and pure in art. Is it conceivable that Spenser should ever be the poet of the Reform Club? The atmosphere of popular feeling and thought grows every day denser and cloudier; if the song-thrush would sing, it must ascend above the mist, and out of the sight of the vulgar, and there, followed only by a few loving eyes,

"Scatter its loose notes in the waste of air."

We think that this turning free of the young intellect may often be productive of excellent results. Fergusson was made a man of science by seeing his father mend the roof of the house by the aid of a prop and lever; Vaucanson might never have exhibited his remarkable mechanical talents, if he had not in his boyhood been shut up in a room with nothing but a clock for a companion. By a similar process of imitation a few sunny hours over Hooker may make a Field, and Spenser may yet create many a future Cowley.

While we were thinking of the difficult hills which all benevolent Clarksons have to climb, in their efforts to mitigate the slavery of ignorance, we met with a volume entitled, *A Course of English Reading, adapted to Every Taste and Capacity.** The author is a clergyman, the Rev. James Pycroft. Now the book has merits, and may do good; but one objection to it should be stated at once. The work itself contains not only internal indications, but a distinct avowal of having been composed for the youthful scholar alone, and with a sort of wavering inclination towards the feminine gender. "Complete essays on these comprehensive subjects," says the writer, in allusion to history, &c., "are not to be expected from one who addresses himself to the young and inexperienced student, and whose chief ambition is to be useful." This caution is pointed by Pope's admonition to quarrelsome critics, about regarding

"The writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend."

Certainly not: but then, instead of page 98, these wise words should have appeared in page 1. If a course of reading be "adapted to every taste and every capacity," it must also be suited to every *age*; for the

* Published by Longman and Co. 1844.

taste and the capacity fluctuate with the changes of time. If this book be addressed strictly and singly to young persons, then the title-page ought to be altered; if to persons of maturer life, then the course itself should be amended. As it is, you pass under the arch of Buckingham Palace, and find yourself in an infant school at Pimlico. The contents of the volume are also open to rebuke; there is rather too much of flippancy, and not quite enough of accuracy. Some of the remarks, however, are ingenious, and calculated to be beneficial to the young ladies and gentlemen of whom the compiler speaks in his preface. We cannot approve of his hints for educating a female order of commentators upon the Scriptures. After giving an account of a young lady, who delights in writing the marginal references of the Bible upon some paper most mystically arranged in vertical columns, he adds, "This is a much more profitable employment than knitting, though ladies may be allowed to do both;" and astonishes us with the question, "Who would not be more proud of a mother who bequeathed him a commentary than a quilt?" We are so sacrilegious as to say, with unblushing effrontery, that we should prefer the *quilt:* and the reason is obvious, and to our mind unimpeachable. We already possess several commentaries, but never had a quilt. Lady Jane Grey, reading Plato, was surely invading with sufficient hardihood the privileges of the universities; but even Ascham himself would have shrunk from the Commentary. There is truth, as well as neatness, in the lines of Cowper,—

> "Great offices will have
> Great talents; and God gives to every man
> The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
> That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
> Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."

Mr. Pycroft professes, then, to teach us *what to read.* The offer should be welcomed. In the present day we live, as it were, in a mill, and the driving tide of business among the wheels keeps up a perpetual tumult and foam. Intervals of repose are all the opportunities of study and reflection that many of us can hope to obtain. A foot upon the cradle and a finger upon Horace, may be the fate of more than one literary descendant of Hooker. How can these intervals be best employed for the purposes of mental cultivation? Every one feels, and acknowledges with Johnson, that snatches of reading will not make a Bentley or a Clarke, but then Bentleys and Clarkes make themselves. No man of genius ever sailed over literature by the map of his predecessors; he marks his course by the stars overhead in the heaven of intellect.

How to read, and what to read, are questions more easily asked than answered. Look, for instance, at *history.* Temple requested a mutual friend to obtain from Gray a plan for studying modern history, not confined to any particular period, but beginning and ending at the epochs he might deem to be most expedient. We gather from the recently published correspondence of Nichols, that Gray disliked the task—"You aggravate my misfortunes by twitting me with Temple, as if a pack of names of books and editions were any cure for his uneasiness, and that I withheld it from him." What Temple desired was, not a pack of names, but a list of a few of the best and most necessary in each period, sufficient to compose a historical chain, and continue it unbroken: and what he asked for himself in vain, has been supplied to all students by Gray's successor in the historic chair of Cambridge. Smyth's *Lectures on Modern History*—already recommended in Regini—afford a clear and safe light to the inexperienced traveller along these rugged paths of investigation. Pycroft, having the professor's arm to lean upon, maintains a good pace and a very becoming attitude in this section of his labors; the suggestion, to choose some *particular branch* of modern history, is plausible, but inconvenient, if rigidly carried out. No spectacle can be more absurd, than a person familiar with an episode in the life of a nation; acquainted with its manhood, but ignornnt of its childhood and old age. It is knowing one's way to St. Paul's without having ever heard of the Mansion-house, Still, by all means, select some "*strong points.*" Among these Pycroft justly enumerates: (1.) The early history till about the time of the Conquest. (2.) The era of the middle ages, including the feudal system, chivalry, and the crusades. (3.) The dawn of discovery — printing — gunpowder — compass, &c. (4.) Civil Wars, (5.) Revolution of 1688. Here, with the help of Smyth (why does he call the good professor, *Dr. Smyth?* as if every stain and wrinkle in that bombasin M. A. gown did not reject the title!), Pycroft mentions some important books, and his directions for reading

them are plain and judicious. He calls Robertson's introduction to his Charles V. very valuable; but, perhaps, the reader sometimes feels with Nichols, that it is tiresome to wade into the history, through five hundred pages on feudal tenures and other barbarisms. Bacon's Henry VII. and part of Montesquieu will also do very well; but why bring us back to cheap literature, "with that very popular author, Mr. James," and his romances about chivalry and the Black Prince? It may be interesting to our readers to learn Gray's view with regard to English history. The work of Hume, he considered to be deficient in all the elements of excellence. Rapin's he esteemed as the *only general history of England*, and he said that, by consulting the copious and excellent marginal references, and referring to the original authors and authorities which they indicate, an admirable narrative might be compiled. For one interesting episode in our annals, Clarendon, of course, must be studied. Gray places him at the head of all modern historians. His power of Vandyck-painting has drawn many eyes to his page; but we should not forget, among the charms of his style, its adaptations to the scenes and transactions described. He never employs Titian's purple, except to invest Titian's senators. "Would you not laugh," said Ben Jonson, "to meet a great councillor of state in a flat cap, with his trunk hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, his gloves under his girdle, and yonder haberdasher in a velvet gown furred with sables?" It was happily remarked by Horace Walpole, of Burnet's style, that it seems as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his reader, in plain, honest terms, what he had seen and heard. Clarendon may participate in this panegyric. Atterbury's letter upon this history may be consulted. Warburton, also, in his letters to Hurd, gives a slight outline of a course of English historical reading.

We have already expressed our approval of the advice given to young students to take up one great author, and study him over and over again. No system of mental training can be more healthful; all eminent persons have tried it, and profited by it. Bossuet had his Homer; Hooker, his Cicero; Chatham, his Barrow; Milton, his Euripides; Gray, his Spenser. But we complain that Pycroft does not send his pupils to the best books, nor even, in many cases, name them. *Knight's Weekly Volumes* would have found especial favor in his eyes, had they been published a few months earlier. Now we lay it down, as an axiom of Alexandrian authority, that no modern compilation, under whatever tempting aspect it may present itself, should be allowed to usurp the place of the elder productions upon a similar subject. As a general rule we are justified in affirming, *that the old book is easier than the new.* There is no necessity to consult Mr. Jeffrey while we can refer to Mr. Addison; and why recommend "Charlotte Elizabeth" as a most able writer," when such a guide as Jeremy Taylor invites you to take him down from the shelf? Some of Pycroft's theological dissertations are particularly meagre and unsatisfactory. What advantage will a student derive from being told that Taylor is "a writer of great fertility and depth of thought?" or that Hammond wrote "a paraphrase of the New Testament?" or that Barrow's *Sermons* are "a mine of brilliant thoughts and sterling arguments?" These authors are most voluminous. Taylor alone would suffocate any weak inquirer by the unexpected rush of his rhetoric. A course of English reading should point out the *portions* of those books best adapted to supply, not only improvement, but an adequate idea of the writer's genius and mode of thought. This might easily be done. The *Holy Living and Dying;* the *Liberty of Prophesying;* and about eight sermons, including those on the *Second Advent of Christ;* the *Apples of Sodom;* the *Marriage Ring;* and the *House of Feasting;* would be sufficient to furnish a clear outline of Taylor—a bunch of grapes to draw the appetite into the vineyard. Hammond could be judged by shorter specimens; while of Barrow, not only the sermons on the Government of the Tongue (alluded to by Pycroft), but two or three on graver points of doctrine, should be carefully selected. Praise for happiness or force of expression is quite insufficient homage to his wonderful capacity. He was the Dryden of our prose, and might, indeed, be justly characterized by those verses in which Churchill indicated the genius of the poet, since, like Dryden, whenever

> "His subject rises proud to view;
> With equal strength the preacher rises too;
> With strong invective, noblest vigor fraught,
> Thought still springs up and rises out of thought."

What Johnson intended to convey, by saying that Barrow was prolix and involved, we cannot comprehend. Probably Sir John Hawkins misunderstood the remark. At all events the censure is untrue. Lord Chatham studied him till he knew by heart several of his most difficult discourses; while one of the most famous preachers of modern times, Robert Hall, admired in him the splendid union of Aristotle's logic with Plato's imagination. Thus he obtained the suffrages of the senate and pulpit, and should be searched and imitated by both. We would recommend the youthful scholar to take up the sermon on Easter-day (Acts ii. 24). It is written in the best manner of Barrow, with a grave majesty of language, and a subduing dignity of thought. How noble is the argument employed to show the impossibility, of the *divine* having been divorced and sundered from the *human* nature of Jesus Christ! "For surely that nature, which, diffusing itself throughout the universe, communicates an enlivening influence to every part of it, and quickens the least spire of grass, according to the measure of its nature and the proportion of its capacity, would not wholly leave a nature assumed into its bosom, and, what is more, into the very unity of the Divine Person, breathless and inanimate and divested of its divine and noblest perfections." How naturally, in the perusal of such passages as these, do we give utterance to our applause, in the exclamation of Parr, *Θαυμαζω δε Βαρρονον*!

Mr. Pycroft seems to have taken for a guide in theological reading, Mr. Bickersteth, a good and devoted man, but in whose ecclesiastical literature we do not repose much confidence. Accordingly, the student is presented with a list of twelve works, to which it is said that God has assigned the utmost influence in producing extensively a spirit of religion. The list is so characteristic of the school from which it proceeds, that we give it as a curiosity.—

Adams' Private Thoughts.
Alleine's Alarm.
Baxter's Call.
Baxter's Saints' Rest
Beveridge's Private Thoughts.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
Doddridge's Rise and Progress.
Hervey's Theron and Aspasio.
Law's Serious Call.
Milner's History of the Church.
Scott's Force of Truth.
Wilberforce's Practical View.

Now of some of these books it would be impossible to speak with too glowing a praise. Baxter's *Call* was lauded by Coleridge, and we think that Watts said that he would rather have been the author of it than of *Paradise Lost*. Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* is admirable, with some exceptions. We have seen his *Family Expositor* upon the private table of one of the most eminent of living Bishops, and who is much nearer to *Oxford* than to *Bedford Row*. The *Private Thoughts* of Beveridge contain passages of exquisite beauty, devotion, and grace. The romance of Bunyan is familiar to half the cottage windows and old spectacles of England. How much of this popularity may be owing to that vivid facility of description which, according to Hallam, entitles him to be called the father of our novelists, we shall not attempt to determine. It is more interesting to remember, with the same critic, that almost every circumstance and metaphor in the Old Testament find a place bodily and literally in the story of the pilgrim. And this incorporation of Scriptural truth lends to his fancy a richness and charm which it did not in reality possess, and might well awaken in other minds the affectionate interest which it excited in Cowper, when he addressed him,—

"Ingenious dreamer! in his well-told tale,
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail,
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile."

The *Serious Call* of Law has won almost equal applause, though for a different cause. But who, in the name of common sense and experience (except Mr. Bickersteth), ever attributed to the *Theron and Aspasio* of Hervey an extensive propagation of the Gospel? Is this the Hervey of whom Southey said, that, being the most undeserving, he had been the most popular of writers?

To the last three names upon the list, Milner, Scott, and Wilberforce, we can have no objection; they were each and all good men and true, though we beg to dissent from many of their opinions. Let them be admitted into the catalogue of practical works, so it be not to the exclusion of higher candidates. They have no claims to have their foreheads encircled with this glory of evangelizing the world. Would they not be beneficially replaced by the *Holy Living and Dying* of Taylor, the *Contemplations* of Hall, and the shorter writings of Fuller? Surely the *Holy Living and Dying*, that divine pastoral, as Coleridge styled

it, has carried consolation and hope into unnumbered chambers of sickness, penitence, and death. If universality of reception be required, what work is more *popular?* If adaptation to the wants of daily life, what work is more *practical?* Of the two treatises, that on *Holy Dying* is more eloquent; but it is well remarked by Heber, that it may often happen, and perhaps has frequently happened, that men who have read it for its beauties have been impressed by the lesson it conveys; "and by beginning with the *Holy Dying*, have been led to study his *Holy Living* with more advantage." Hall has much of his sweetness, and certainly not less of his affectionate fervor of devotion. Fuller, differing in voice, resembles both in the language of his heart. Scripture is a garden to each, full of flowers, fountains, and sunshine.

ανθεμαδε χρυσου φλεγει,
τα μεν χερσιθεν απ' αγλαων δενδρεων,
ὑδωρ δ' αλλα φερβει.*

If we are always sorry to discover a disposition to substitute modern for elder books in any path of literature, we are especially so in the science of theology. This is to dethrone the monarch, in order to set up his chamberlain. Whatever is good in modern theology is plundered from the old; it is the same coinage melted down and restruck, with a new date and a different inscription. The ignorance subsisting with regard to the antiquities of our ecclesiastical learning emboldens the marauder; and Euripides was furnishing no inapt motto for modern Bampton and Hulsean lecturers when he wrote (*Rhes.* 69), *Ἐν νυφῃ δραπετης μεγα σθενει*, which, being interpreted, means that *a thief is very brave in the twilight.* The amusing fact is, that the gold thus stolen, re-coined and circulated, buys reputation for the stealer, and sometimes enables him to retire with a recommendation from contemporary criticism to the pension-list of posterity. Examples abound. In Miller's *Bampton Lectures*, there is a striking illustration of a portrait seeming to turn every way upon the spectator. No thought can be happier; and Keble has not only imitated, but mentioned it in his *Christian Year.* But the image is taken from one of the sermons of Donne, dean of St. Paul's under James I., where we have read it. We say, then, to all students, and with a particular emphasis to those who, by reason of youth or leisure, enjoy larger opportunities of research:—Never read modern books when old ones are extant, and can be readily procured upon the same subjects. Never go to Palmer, when every library will supply Hooker. If the well be not too deep for others, surely it is not for *you;* and there is this objection to receiving the water from another person, that you never know *what has been in the bucket!* The study of the great productions of intellect not only requires, but demands earnest, patient, devout attention. Reynolds, gradually and painfully awaking to the beauty of Raffaelle, is the emblem of the student lingering over Milton, Shakspeare, or Donne; and Condillac, a French writer upon logic, has a very happy and effective illustration. He supposes a traveller to arrive, in the night, at a castle commanding a rich view of the surrounding country. If, upon the following morning, and when the sun had risen above the horizon, the window shutters were flung open for a moment, and then closed again, the visitor would catch, indeed, a glimpse of the landscape, but no object could be distinctly perceived or remembered, since all the scene would be broken up into a wavering, glimmering uncertainty of light and shade. If, on the other hand, the windows be left open, and the traveller suffered to survey, with a lingering eye, the woods, and fields, and streams, and villages, spread out before him, he acquires a distinct and lasting recollection of the scene, with all its charms. Now every book of genius is a castle from which the scenery of the writer's imagination is to be surveyed. The sunshine is the intelligent attention of the mind, and a drowsy indifference may surely be the shutters excluding at once the sun and the landscape. If this indifference be subdued, these shutters opened for a minute, a glimpse of the scenery may be obtained, but indistinct, and broken, and soon vanishing away. It is only when the full attention of the understanding is given, when the sunshine is suffered to stream in unshaded, that the eye embraces all the objects in their beauty and harmony. And, perhaps, no one has ever wandered along these sumptuous palaces of thought without experiencing sensations of awe and surprise. Telemachus, gazing upon the splendid spoils in the house of Menelaus, represents the admiring scholar

οιδε ιδοντες
θαυμαζον κατα δωμα Διοτρεφους βασιληος,
ωστε γαο ηελιου αιγλη πελεν γε σεληνης
θωμα.—*Od.* iv. 43.

* Pindar, Ol. ii. 130.

We are better pleased with the outline of "reading for controversialists," or, we should prefer to say, "reading for evidences of Christianity." The name of Paley stands, of course, at the beginning of the list. As an epitome of argument intended and adapted to give a rapid and popular view of the subject, the *Evidences*, by Paley, deserve all their reputation. His *Horæ Paulinæ* belongs to a higher order of excellence. The present Bishop of London once spoke to us of this book as the most splendid specimen of analytical and inductive reasoning to be found in any language. The summary of St. Paul's character, at the conclusion, swells into a tone of eloquence that might have rolled from the lips of Barrow. Watson's *Apology for the Bible* should, of course, be read; but it is not satisfactory, and the writer was unbecomingly anxious to conciliate the respect of Gibbon. The difference of his manner towards Gibbon and Paine, is absolutely amusing; yet, of the two, the sneering elegance of the historian was the more perilous. Of Butler's *Analogy* the perusal cannot be commenced too soon, nor continued too long. In praising one author, let us, however, be just to others. Pycroft, in giving some sensible directions for reading the Bible, and truly asserting that it comprises all that the moral philosophers of ancient and modern times overlooked or discovered, sets out his proof in this manner: "Butler may be said to have been the corrector of the ancient ethical writers; Mackintosh, Robert Hall, and Chalmers, acknowledge that they were taught by Butler, and Butler pretends only to have been taught by Scripture." But, if Butler advanced such a claim to complete originality, he was doing great injustice to one of his most eminent predecessors in the science of ethics. Hallam has shown, that a considerable portion of the second and third chapters of the *Analogy* was drawn from Bishop Cumberland's treatise *De Legibus Naturæ*, &c., published in 1672. Paley's footprints may also be traced up to the same well. Opinions have differed as to the salutariness of the argument pursued by Butler. Gray dissuaded Nichols from reading the *Analogy*, having previously given the same advice to Mason; while every one remembers the remark of Pitt, in returning the book to Wilberforce, that there is nothing which analogy may not prove, if once admitted as a mode of positive demonstration. Sharp told the late Mr. Horner, that the merit of the *Analogy* lay in the writer's proportioning of his language to the degree of his assent, and in communicating that degree perspicuously to his readers. Horner confessed himself to be too imperfectly acquainted with Butler to feel the force of the remark, though he admitted its general importance. We are not quite certain that we comprehend the meaning of Sharp; but he probably intended nothing more than Parr, when noticing the caution and sagacity of Butler, in all his argnments from any *supposed cause*, to guard his readers from applying that supposition to an injurious use or purpose. There is a criticism on Butler worthy of perusal, by Parr, in a letter to Mr. Courteney; it is contained in the eighth volume of his collected works, p. 527.

It may be observed, that Bishop Taylor seems to agree with Butler (*Anal.* part i. pp. 81, 135) in his view of the depravity of human nature, admitting a great but not entire alienation from all that is beautiful and good. He asserted, that amid the moral ruin some fragments of the divine image might be discovered. For example (*Works*, ix. 41), he shows, that a man naturally loves his parents and himself, and revolts from certain sins. Our nature is defective in not knowing, or not voluntarily loving, "those supernatural excellencies which are appointed and commanded by God as the means of bringing us to a supernatural condition."

A first perusal of Butler is seldom agreeable; but he grows and brightens upon us, as the habit of gazing earnestly at the remote scenery of philosophic speculations gives to the intellectual eye a stronger vision. It was profoundly remarked, by an accomplished person recently deceased (Mr. Davison), that the *Principia* of Newton, on the doctrine of fluxions, may be understood by a youth of eighteen, but that the *Iliad*, or the *Epistles* of Horace, or the *History* of Clarendon, can never be comprehended in all their variety of observation, until many original efforts on the part of the reader himself shall have conducted him to that point of view from which he can survey the structures of fancy and wisdom in the posture of design and combination in which they were beheld by the architects themselves. This is peculiarly our case with Butler. He cannot be read until he has been studied. Hence it is that Paley has done such good service to the cause of religion, by reproducing, in

his own transparent diction, some of the profound thoughts of his predecessor. Pycroft relates an anecdote (new to us) of the Duke of Wellington, who, in hearing one of his officers speak lightly of Revelation, asked him, "Did you ever read Paley?" "No." "Then you are not qualified to give an opinion." Paley modernized Butler; and certainly, if the *Fables* of Dryden owed a large portion of their beauty to tales of Chaucer, the *Evidences* drew their purest lustre of conviction from the *Analogy*.

After theology and history, or indeed before the second, we should place poetry among the studies to be illustrated in a course of reading.

So much has been written on the subject, the directions for the journey are so many and so easy, that no difficulty ought to be experienced in showing or in following the way. Modern criticism has repaired all the sign-posts which had been shattered by the rough weather of time. We turned, therefore, with little fear, to Pycroft's *Course of Poetical Reading*. The opening sentence scattered our hopes. "Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* will be a hand-book or guide to the poets." Yes, indeed; a hand-book to the sights of London, omitting Westminster Abbey; or a catalogue of the pictures in the National Gallery, leaving out the Correggios. Johnson's *Lives* are precisely such a hand-book to poetry; beginning with Cowley, they end with Lyttleton. Milton, indeed, is there; so are Dryden, and Pope, and Collins, and Gray. Some of the remarks on Milton are worthy of the theme; and the estimate of Dryden and Pope is conceived in a noble spirit of appreciation. But what of the learned elegance of Gray or the picturesque sensibility of Collins? Is Johnson a guide to them? does he exhibit them? did he know them? did he feel them? Some of the defects of these biographies resided in the subject, some in the author. Johnson has given a description of their manner of composition. "Some time in March," are his words, "I finished the *Lives of the Poets*, which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste." That we have so much worth reading in these books is chiefly owing to a taste that gradually grew up in his mind while he wrote, and induced him to expand the brief prefaces originally proposed by the bookseller and contemplated by himself. But the imperfectness of the design remained, and could not be eradicated. He sat down to write of Poets, not only without materials, but without a plan. It is asserted that his intimate acquaintance with our poetic history rendered the task of recording its progress both grateful and easy. But this has been affirmed without sufficient deliberation. A certain kind of acquaintance with the subject he assuredly possessed; for of what branch of English literature was Johnson entirely ignorant? With our richest Elizabethan imagination, however, he was slightly, if at all, acquainted. He had, in his pillaging way, sailed down some of the broader rivers and streams of imaginative thought, and, as the diversified scenery along the banks began to return upon his meditating eye, he might readily transfer to his page some pleasing glimpses of the landscape. But, in truth, why should he take the trouble of reading, much less of describing, poetry, which he would have known only to despise? What he wanted in enthusiasm and delicacy of taste, he compensated by a recklessness of critical self-will unparalleled in our language. Hallam has noticed this feeling, when observing that Johnson, "who admired Dryden as much as he could any one," has, from his natural inclination to censure, exaggerated the defects of his poetry. "His faults of negligence are beyond recital. Such is the unevenness of his composition, that ten lines are seldom found together without something of which the reader is ashamed." This assertion Hallam refutes by a reference to *Mac Flecknoe*, a poem containing four hundred lines, without presenting a single example of debility or negligence. This feature in Johnson's critical character ought to have been pointed out. It showed its presence even in his conversation upon his own feelings and prejudices; thus he professed to despise devotional poetry and the pathetic in general, and yet was often seen bursting into tears, while reciting a verse from the famous *Dies iræ, dies illa*.

Mr. Pycroft seems really to have adopted—a very unusual instance of credulity in a physician—his own prescription, and to have confidently taken Johnson's *Lives* as a hand-book to our poetry. When he tells his pupils that of Chaucer few read more than one or two tales, he ought to have advised them to increase the quantity. "As a painter of manners," said Southey, "he is accurate as Richardson;

as a painter of character, true to the life and spirit as Hogarth." The more he is examined, the more he rises in the estimation of the reader. This is a fertile and healthful field to dig in. Spenser is somewhat better treated; Shakspeare "no one should ever cease reading." In returning to the smaller bards, a rich cluster of names tempts the reader, who is, however, recommended, if of "limited opportunities," to read such poems as Johnson and other critics point out. But on consulting Johnson's work as a "handbook to the facts," and finding there a very unpromising account of Collins and Gray, would a reader of limited opportunities be likely to look out for the opinions of other critics of better taste? Surely not: and Collins and Gray would be lost to him. When Pycroft does venture upon a note of information, by way of supplement to Johnson, we cannot bestow upon it unlimited commendation. Of Dryden he writes, "His *Fables*, *Annus Mirabilis*, and translation of Virgil, are the most celebrated." Is this criticism true? do these poems afford an outline of the poet's temper of mind and invention? would any one gather from it that, in the art of arguing in rhyme, he had attained to a consummate mastery, and that in crushing vehemence of sarcasm, he stood alone in English verse?—

"Medios violentus in hostes,
Fertur, ut excussis elisus nubibus ignis."

We are not objecting to the works specified. His *Fables* are for the most part admirable. The *Annus Mirabilis* was one of his early works, and Hallam commends its continuity of excellencies, placing it above Waller's *Panegyric*, and Denham's *Cooper's Hill*. The translation of Virgil is remarkable for its occasional splendor, but it is not happily accomplished. Hear Hallam again. "Dryden was little fitted for a translator of Virgil; his mind was more rapid and vehement than that of his original, but by far less elegant and judicious. This translation seems to have been made in haste; it is more negligent than any of his own poetry, and the style is often almost studiously, and, as it were, spitefully vulgar." Whoever wishes to understand the peculiar genius of Dryden, should read *Mac Flecknoe*. He looked upon it with great affection. "If any thing of mine is good," he said at Will's, "it is my *Mac-Flecknoe*." It was the original of the *Dunciad*, and Scott reminds us, that if the satire of Pope has the merit of more copiousness and variety, to Dryden belongs the charm of a closer and compacter fable, and of a single and undisturbed aim. Pope scatters his ridicule like hail among the leaves; Dryden hurls down the condensed fire of his indignation, with a fury that rends the boughs asunder. We learn from Nichols that Gray placed the *Absalom and Achitophel* in the first rank of poems. With regard to his historical plays, one remark may be made to show how unsafe a hand-book the biographies of Johnson afford, even in slight particulars; he praises the *Spanish Friar* for what he calls "the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots." A criticism proved by Hallam to be utterly without foundation; the comic scenes in this play, consisting entirely of "an intrigue, which Lorenzo, a young officer, carries on with a rich usurer's wife; but there is not, even by accident, any relation between his adventures and the love and murder which go forward in the palace."

We cannot compliment Mr. Pycroft on his estimate of Pope. The *Rape of the Lock* may be, and we think it is, the best of all heroi-comical poems; but where do we read or hear that the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard* "is the most immoral and impious poem ever sanctioned?" Its morality we admit to be questionable—or, rather, quite unquestionable—but is it *impious?* Of course its immorality is essentially irreligious; and, therefore, in a certain sense, impious; but the analogy is forced, and is not that intended by the objector. It is related of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation, that he would sometimes fling away Virgil, in which he took great delight, declaring that it had a devil. Eloisa's letter seems to have excited the feelings of our critic with equal vigor, though in a different direction. Nor should we say that his anger was entirely misplaced. Hallam, recording the influence exercised by Abelard upon the temper of his age, alludes in a note to the injustice of Pope, in putting into the mouth of Eloisa, in what he calls this unrivalled epistle, the sentiments of a coarse and abandoned woman; the real cause of her refusal to marry Abelard being an ardent affection, that shrank from interposing any obstacle to his career of ecclesiastical dignity. In truth, all sweeping condemnations are unwise and impolitic. When Burnet denounced Dryden as a monster of immodesty and impurity of all sorts, he awoke the indignant remonstrance of Lord Lansdowne,

which obtained a qualifying apology from the bishop's youngest son. Gray believed that Pope had a good heart: we think so too; and we think also with Atterbury that in moral subjects, and in drawing characters, he outdid himself. Even in this very epistle, with what beauty of sentiment, and light of religious fervor, he describes the pure and tranquil delights of a mind surrendered to holy thoughts and contemplations:—

"Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels brought her golden dreams;
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing.
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day."

The character of Thomson is not correct. "All admire the sensibility and natural beauty of the *Seasons*." All ought, but do not. Horace Walpole was insensible to their charm. "But," says Pycroft, "he had not the art of giving effect with a few touches." Stranger still: why this was the very art which he had! When he described the autumnal gale, *brushing with shadowy gust* the field of corn, is there one man outside the Ophthalmic Hospital, who does not see the ears rustling, glistening, darkening? Mr. Wordsworth's Susan never saw the trees wave with a greener coolness in the valley of Lothbury. In truth, no true poet, brought up at the knees of Nature, and taught to read her book in the open air, ever failed to possess and to indicate this faculty. It is the eyesight of his art; what masters in this kind were Virgil and Horace! Thus, when the first writer says in the third Georgic,

"Aut sic ubi nigrum
Ilicibus crebris sacra nemus *accubet* umbra,"

Keble remarks, that it creates the scene before us. "Rem universam ante oculos ponit, quasi quodam jactu pencilli, illud *accubet*." So Horace charms the spectator with the magic of a word,—

"Usticæ cubantis
Levia personuere saxa."

With regard to Thomson, Pycroft would have been imparting to his pupil a correcter notion, if he had preserved the distinction, so happily suggested by Gray, between the *two different styles of the poet*. In the art of describing the appearances of nature, he thought that Thomson possessed a talent beyond all poets, but that out of that walk, and especially in his moral delineations, he always became *verbose;* here, truly, he "had not the art of giving effect with a few touches."

It will have been apparent, from the previous observations, that we consider the suggestions offered for a course of reading in English poetry, to be very insufficient. Now if we were drawing up a course of reading, adapted not to any age, but to the young and inexperienced student, we should never begin by telling him that Johnson's *Lives* would be his hand-book of poetry. We should rather say to him, Your time is short, and your opportunities of study are small; you do not, therefore, wish to criticise but appreciate verses. Begin, then, by reading carefully the little sketch of English poetry which Southey inserted by way of episode in his Memoir of Cowper. It is brief, and necessarily imperfect, and shows one remarkable omission in the case of Goldsmith; but every fragment by such a writer, on such a subject, possesses a distinct value. Having done this, you will be able to glance, with some advantage, at the same author's Specimens of the poets from Chaucer to Jonson. When you have looked over these, buy the Specimens selected by Campbell. Our friend Mr. Nickisson will supply you with a copy for fifteen shillings. The book is well worth the money; the biographical sketches are very elegant, and the preliminary essay gives a popular and instructive view of the progress of our verse. This will be your second step. Now take Warton's History, not as it came from the pen of its author, but *rich with the spoils of time*. Purchase the edition issued by Tegg in 1840, in three volumes, which, embracing the additions and corrections of Price in 1824, has been improved by the numerous notes and illustrations of living scholars. You will find in these volumes abundant treasures, not only of poetic, but of general literature. First, there is Price's very interesting preface; then come the *Dissertations on the Origin of Romantic Fiction; On the Introduction of Learning;* and on the *Gesta Romanorum*—each and all full of charms to every lover of taste and antiquity. Warton had a fine eye for the gray majesty of our elder literature; and to his patient hand we owe many a sweet flower of thought that bloomed among the ruins of works which their architects expected to have been immortal. He had the enthusiasm of the minstrel,

"Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace,
The cloysters' moonlight chequered floor to trace,
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at matins due,
Stream through the storied windows' holy hue."

Southey said wittily, and perhaps truly, of Warton's rhymes, that they resembled a new medal, spotted with artificial dust; his powers of execution were certainly inferior to the quickness of his perception. But he was an admirable guide to the buildings, which he had neither skill nor vigor to design to erect. The outline of the drama is only slightly and almost parenthetically included in the survey of Warton. The student who has sufficient curiosity and patience of research, will examine the subject in the pages of Mr. John Payne Collier; or, with more ease and pleasure, in his recent biography of Shakspeare. Of the subsidiaries to Warton it is not necessary to speak. Percy, to whom modern poetry owes so large a debt, carries his letter of recommendation in the title-page. Southey's specimens of the later English poets were intended as a supplement to the specimens of the earlier writers by Ellis; the one series concluding with Charles II., the other commencing with his successor James. Southey considered that the two, combined, might be consulted for a view of the rise, progress, and decline of our poetry. Of the specimens produced by Southey it may be observed, that they were selected upon a wrong principle; they give notices of *poetasters*, not of *poets*, and, with a few exceptions, contribute illustrations, not to the history of imagination, but of dulness. Among other defects, Southey, in this work, falls into the error already mentioned in Johnson. He wants the faculty of perceiving and commending the genius of those who differed from his own theory of taste. Thus, he had the courage to say that Pope had nothing in common with Milton and Shakspeare, except *verse;* but, surely, he had the power of moving the heart and of delighting the eye; and, in the picturesque and the pathetic, he belonged to the same family, though it may be as the youngest brother. The occasional essays of men of eminence, upon various poets and their works, will furnish entertaining opportunities of improving the taste. It is very interesting to look on Ariosto, painted by Titian and illustrated by Sismondi. Perhaps, of modern writers, Schlegel and Coleridge will give the deepest insight into the imagination of Shakspeare; only it will be necessary to have made some progress in suggestive criticism, before you take up the page of the philosopher of Highgate. For example, the illustration of the union in Shakspeare of the creative power and intellectual energy, seems, at first glance, more difficult than the faculty it is thought to illustrate; he compares them "to two rapid streams that, at their first meeting within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strive to repel each other, and intermix reluctantly in tumult, but, soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend and dilate, and flow on in one current, and with one voice." A few moments of reflection, however, will disperse the obscurity; and these should be willingly bestowed. The water is generally clear in proportion to the depth of the spring. Again, no reader should omit Gray's essay on English metres, which Mathias printed in his edition of the poet's works. It was to have formed a chapter in the history of poetry that Gray projected, but subsequently relinquished. The remarks on Lydgate should also be read, as a model of what criticism ought to be—at once calm, generous, sensitive, and refined. Some of the prefaces to the Aldine poets will shed light upon several obscure pages of our poetic annals. Warton's history terminates at the beginning of the Elizabethan age. He died at the moment when, after passing through the outer courts of the temple of imagination, his hand was stretched out to lift the curtain from the shrine. Every scholar may bewail the catastrophe. The richest page of our verse, one on which Fancy had bestowed her most splendid illumination, lay open before him. Spenser, his own Spenser, the theme of his affection, the inspiration of his song, beckoned him to the garden, where, in the words of Warton himself, he *stood alone, without a class, and without a rival.*

There is another kind of books essential to the useful pursuit of poetical knowledge —works on taste. Pycroft offers a very scanty supply. Burke and Alison are the chief authors of reputation whom he mentions. He refers, indeed, to the critical papers in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, and especially to Wilson's articles on Spenser, so elaborately commended by Hallam. The professor has few admirers more ardent than ourselves; but, while we delight in reading, we should be slow to receive all his critical canons. That eloquence, which Hallam compares to the

rush of mighty waters, bears the reader too swiftly along "in the stream of unhesitating eulogy," for him to examine, with sufficient accuracy and care, the scenery through which he is being hurried. With all his faults of mysticism, we look on Coleridge as a soberer guide. His feeling of the beautiful is equally intense, and his utterance of it is somewhat more restricted. When he seems to be most cloudy, an earnest gaze will commonly pierce the mist. Hallam says, that he does not quite understand the remark of Coleridge, that "Spenser's descriptions are not in the true sense of the word picturesque, but are composed of a wonderful series of images, as in our dreams." To us, the meaning of the passage is sufficiently obvious. The descriptions of Spenser frequently want that exquisite harmony and adjustment of parts, which we seldom look for in vain in the representations of Virgil or in the pictures of Raffaelle. He could not restrain the ardor of his fancy to that chastity of composition which rejects every word or color not required to give force and tone to the delineation. Hence it happens that his pictures have a glittering haziness, like a landscape viewed in the glimmer of an autumnal sky, when the rising sun is beginning to kindle the vapor over the remote villages.

To this indulgence of the fancy, also, is to be attributed the discord between the images introduced, when the relation of parts to each other and to the whole is not preserved. And this is the characteristic of all the scenery of dreams. In this manner, we think that the remark of Coleridge becomes more intelligible. His critical works must be diligently perused. We would also refer to three writers not mentioned by Pycroft, but of rare merit and excellence in their art; Price on the picturesque, Whately on landscape-gardening, and Payne Knight on the beautiful. Gilpin's various publications on woodland scenery will suggest many thoughts of interest. We think, also, that Reynolds' discourses ought to be combined with every course of poetical reading. We like to see the Muse of Painting holding her lamp over the book of Fancy. Especially, we recommend Price and Whately, as being less known, and far less generally read. The lights which they bring the sister arts to shed upon each other, are extremely beautiful. Payne Knight, with less of elegance, has more of learning, and is far beyond Burke in all the acuteness and precision which familiarity and research are calculated to bestow. Criticism is only of any real value when it works under the light and heat of a presiding and governing taste:—

"Turn'd to this sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colors fade or rise."

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN.—A very interesting anecdote appears in some of the continental journals, respecting the young Queen Isabella of Spain. It seems that her Majesty, meeting the procession of the holy sacrament, descended from her carriage and walked with the priest who carried the viaticum to the lodging of a young girl who was dying of consumption. The young girl was wretchedly poor, and her Majesty, before she left her, emptied the contents of her purse, and on her return to the palace, ordered that a further sum, equal to about 310 francs, should be forwarded to her, with a small daily allowance in addition. Nor was this all. She desired two of her physicians to attend and report to her whether there was any hope of recovery. Having declared that there was still hope for the invalid if she could get into the country, the queen immediately issued orders that she should be removed to one of her own farm-houses. This admirable proof of her Majesty's active practical benevolence, has greatly increased the popular devotion of which the young queen is the universal object in Madrid. —*Court Journal.*

MEMORIAL TO DR. DALTON.—A meeting has been held among the inhabitants of Manchester, for the purpose of determining on the character to be given to a public memorial in honor of their illustrious townsman, the late Dr. Dalton—a philosopher who, as one of the speakers expressed it, "found chemistry an art, and left it a science;" and we think they have done themselves very great honor by the sentiments expressed on the occasion. The general impression was in favor of a permanent professorship of chemistry, as suited to the wants and interests of the locality, and the most appropriate expression of the claims of the illustrious dead to honor amongst his townsmen and throughout the world. This is in the right spirit; which does the noblest homage to learning when it spreads it—holds up the example of the great in the form which best helps its teaching, and supplies the peculiar wants of a neighborhood, in the name of the departed genius which served in that same ministration, all its days. A town that can boast a Dalton, would overlook a great means of distinction, wanting a school of chemistry; and, as was observed by another of the speakers, "the step they were now taking might be only the first to some great future university." There seemed to be a feeling, among some, that a statue should be added to the professorship; and a hint, offered in the way of compromise, was received with favor:—that "of three noble streets about to be opened by the corporation, that which was still unnamed should be called *Dalton Street.*"—*Athenæum.*

YOUNG ENGLAND.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Coningsby; or, the New Generation.* By B. D'Israeli, M. P. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

2. *Historic Fancies.* By the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M. P. 8vo. London: 1844.

3. *England's Trust, and other Poems.* By Lord John Manners, M. P. London: 1844.

Having been sometimes asked, What do the terms 'Young England' import? we have been induced to gratify the less informed of our readers with a notice of the very small party who rejoice in that name—a notice brief and slight, but which may suffice, for the present, to give some idea of its composition and pretensions. Should any circumstances occur to invest it with further importance, we may hereafter be induced to resume the subject in a more detailed and elaborate manner.

We must, however, say that this party, though small, and in some of its aspects rather laughable, is yet entitled to more attention than it seems to have received. But this claim arises more perhaps from the causes from which it has sprung, and the feelings of which it is the exponent, than from any immediate practical results to which it can lead. Though, as just stated, it is nowhere numerous, it has nevertheless had some influence on the proceedings of the House of Commons, owing to the ability of its members in that house. In the House of Lords it is not avowedly represented by more than one lay peer and a bishop. But its influence is greater than its numbers, and its organization is on the whole complete. After a curious inspection and enumeration of the limbs and features of a new-born infant, we recollect once upon a time to have heard that the first observation of a wondering but intelligent child was—'Dear baby has got a little of every thing.' So it is with 'Young England.' It has got a little of every thing;—a little of history, somewhat more of metaphysics, a small portion of unintelligible theology, expanded and inflated into an enormous bubble, bright in prismatic colors, but bursting at the first touch of a feather; and a very little political economy, almost as bubble-like and inflated—not to mention other smaller accomplishments. As Swift said of the garden of his friend Dr. Delany:—

> 'You scarce upon the borders enter,
> Before you're in the very centre;
> Yet in this narrow compass we
> Observe a vast variety.'

But we are far from intending or wishing to depreciate the attainments of the party. There never was one which, for its numbers, has produced so many parliamentary speakers and so many authors. Their inditers of verse are particularly numerous: 'Tam multa genera linguarum sunt in hoc mundo! et nihil sine voce est!' Among the chief ornaments of the fraternity are those named at the head of this article. Their works may be said to contain a pretty full exposition of their political creed, and exemplification of their intellectual powers. Both the one and the other appear to us to have been misapprehended in some respects. By themselves and their immediate followers, they have been made the victims of exaggerated encomium. They are possessed by the evil spirit of a *coterie*. When Mr. Smythe dedicates his 'Historic Fancies' to Lord John Manners, he takes occasion to designate that very amiable young nobleman as 'the Philip Sydney of our generation;' and, in return, the Poems of this modern Sydney are 'admiringly as well as affectionately inscribed to his friend.' In 'Coningsby,' the individuals who compose the party are so clearly designated, and some of the likenesses are so striking, that the addition of their names would only be a needless formality; and they are held up to public veneration as the future regenerators of England and of mankind. Being for the most part young men, their historian, Mr. D'Israeli, declares war against age, and proclaims that England is alone to be saved by its youth; and he decides with equal confidence, that the very restricted circle of which he is the eulogist, contains all the patriots and apostles who are to produce a new order of things. 'Thou art the man!' he says to his hero, with all the emphasis of a self-inspired and self-accredited prophet. On the other hand, those who depreciate 'Young England,' represent them as vain, disappointed, and selfish adventurers, with whom the *spretæ injuria formæ* is the only moving power; and who, if they had been admitted to a share in the distribution of political honors, would have been the panegyrists of much that they are now the loud-

est to condemn. Had they been made Lords of the Treasury or under Secretaries of State, it is sneeringly suggested we should have heard less of them as authors or moralists. The praise is absurd and exaggerated; but we think the censure still more unjust. There are larger and higher principles appealed to—there are occasionally more generous aspirations to be discovered among them, than can, by any reasonable possibility, be reconciled with low, sordid, or insincere views. And if we shall have occasion to deal somewhat severely with their faults and their mistakes, it is because we think that many members of the party are deserving of better and nobler things than belong to the destiny which they are striving, by fantastic means, to work out for themselves.

Their first characteristic is their presumption. Desirous to fix their own statues on the most elevated pedestal, they act as determined iconoclasts,—thinking that to build they must first destroy, and that it is from among ruins only that they can obtain their materials.

> 'The time is out of joint, O cursed spite!
> That ever we were born to set it right.'

They apply these lines with this qualification only, that they never express any aversion to the task, nor any doubt of their ability to perform it. 'The Whigs,' say they, 'are worn out.'—'Conservatism is a sham, and Radicalism a pollution.'—'Loyalty is dead, and reverence is only a galvanized corpse.' They accordingly conclude that they, and they alone, are called forth, and competent to effect the salvation of the country. Politically connected, whilst in opposition, with the Tory party—giving to that party now in office a general, though occasionally a vituperative support, they must be held as possessing a competent knowledge of what Conservatism is. The following dialogue between the heroes of Mr. D'Israeli's very clever, but in some respects very objectionable Novel, describes their feelings, after the triumph of the Conservative cause, at a successful election for the borough of Cambridge:

> '"By Jove!" said the panting Buckhurst, throwing himself on the sofa, "it was well done—never was any thing better done. An immense triumph—the greatest triumph the Conservative cause has had; and yet," he added, laughing, "if any fellow were to ask me what the Conservative cause was, I am sure I should not know what to say."
>
> '"Why, it's the cause of our glorious institutions," said Coningsby; "a Crown robbed of its prerogatives—a Church controlled by a Commission—and an Aristocracy that does not lead."
>
> '"Under whose genial influence the order of the Peasantry—a country's pride—has vanished from the face of the land," said Henry Sydney, "and is succeeded by a race of serfs who are called laborers, and who burn ricks."
>
> '"Under which," continued Coningsby, "the crown has become a cipher, the church a sect, the nobility drones, and the people drudges."
>
> '"It's the great constitutional cause," said Lord Vere, "that refuses every thing to argument—yields every thing to agitation. Conservative in Parliament, destructive out of doors—that has no objection to any change, provided only it be effected by unauthorized means."
>
> '"The first public association of men," said Coningsby, "who have worked for an avowed end without enunciating a single principle."
>
> '"And who have established political infidelity throughout the land," said Lord Henry.
>
> '"By Jove!" said Buckhurst, "what infernal fools we have made ourselves this last week!"

Conversations such as this are likely to have taken place at the close of very many elections besides that at Cambridge; and we know well in how many circles, and among how many politicians, this language is now held in bitterness of heart and disappointment. We also know how reluctant is the support given to the present government by men professing such opinions.

In another and more serious passage, we are informed on the same authority, that 'Conservatism is an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connexions. Conservatism discards prescription, shrinks from principle, disavows progress: having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future.' This, to a certain extent, we admit to be true, and it is the result of the false position in which the government has placed itself. They fear to acknowledge boldly the principles on which they are acting; and they dare not act on the principles which they so long openly professed, or permitted their friends to profess on their behalf.

Such is the estimate formed of the Conservative leaders by a section of that body.

The results of their system of government are described in terms not more flattering, by another of their accredited organs;—'The misery of the lower orders was never in any country more universal or more intense. Our foreign relations are unstable and precarious. An income-tax has been resorted to, for the first time in a season of peace. The House of Commons has stultified itself on two occasions. The House of Lords, virtually abdicating in 1832, has become little more than a mere chamber of registry.' This, again, is an exaggerated picture; but it must be borne in mind that it comes from the pen of no opposition writer, but from that of a supporter of the very government whose acts are censured in such unmitigated terms. The fact, we believe, is, that Young England, like a much larger and more important portion of the public, are indignant because they have been deceived. They feel the want of some fixed political faith, or of some strong and binding political attachments. The government neither avows any distinct political creed, nor commands any personal sympathies. The elements of strength which depend on respect and on attachment, are alike wanting. Cold and apathetic indifference—the most fatal symptoms of a political paralysis—are visible both in and out of Parliament.

The second failing of this party is almost as much opposed to their usefulness and success as the first. Presumption is invariably productive of exaggeration. Rejecting all experience, separating themselves from all the great parties, their opinions become singular and forced. 'If the Whigs take the road through Hyde Park, and the Tories the Hammersmith road,' said Grattan, 'you will be sure to see Harry Banks creeping along the Park wall on his hands and knees.' This applies to Young England in all respects, except in the submissive attitude of creeping. On the contrary, they are professed posture-masters. We must be permitted to call their affectation of singularity and exaggeration, a vulgarism. To excite surprise is no such very difficult task. It is done more certainly by a monster than by an Apollo. For one painter who can emulate the delicate and transparent skies and distances of Claude, a hundred pretenders to art may be found to parody the blood-red sun and inky mountains of Martin. Every sound with this school becomes a shriek, every attitude a distortion. A few extracts will disclose the tone of the School, and at the same time exemplify the phraseology of their principal author. The preparation for a first meeting between an Eton schoolboy and a somewhat formidable uncle, is there described as denoting 'that desperation which the scaffold requires. His face was pale; his hand was moist; his heart beat with tumult.' The attachment of schoolboys is depicted in this piece of fantastic jargon:—'At school, friendship is a passion. It entrances the being; it tears the soul. All love of after life can never bring its rapture or its wretchedness; no bliss so absorbing; no pangs of despair so keen: what insane sensitiveness; what frantic sensibility; what earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul are confined in the single phrase—a schoolboy's friendship!' The only resemblance that we have ever met to this, is in a description said to have been given by an American citizen to his favorite horse. 'He is a thunder and lightning creature, with a dash of the earthquake in him.' In another passage, a storm in the forest induces Mr. D'Israeli at once to borrow and to deform one of the most exquisite passages in Mr. Taylor's noble Poem of 'Edwin the Fair.' 'The wind howled, the branches of the forest stirred, and sent forth sounds like an incantation. The various voices of the mighty trees were distinguishable as they sent forth their terror or their agony. The oak roared, the beech shrieked, the elm sent forth its deep and long-drawn groan, the passion of the ash was heard in moans of thrilling anguish.'

These passages are not to be viewed as merely exemplifying vices of style. In fact, they do much more. The same absurd inflation, as already noticed, extends to principles and opinions. The politics of the school are founded on the rejection of all experience; its philosophy on a contempt for all experiment. 'Great men never want experience,' is the dogma of Mr. D'Israeli; and upon this theory he argues that youth alone can perform great or good actions, and that the age of thirty-seven is the fatal bound which neither patriotism nor genius can pass. The inutility of experience he seeks to prove by a long catalogue, in which are whimsically united as inexperienced men, Raphael and Grotius, Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, Luther and Lord Clive, Innocent III., William Pitt, and Don John of Austria. This is abundantly ridiculous. The men with whom we are dealing, delight in rejecting all common sense

as the type and evidence of vulgar expediency.

'To shun the expedient and the good pursue,'

they take as their motto. But they never condescend to distinguish between that low and selfish principle of action which is misnamed expediency, and that generous and enlarged expediency which is but another word for wisdom. True expediency is but the application of a just principle to practice;—not by any sacrifice of the principle, but by applying it with a wise adaptation to circumstances. To shorten sail in a storm, to spread out canvass when the wind abates, is acting according to expediency; but yet neither the one alternative nor the other frees the pilot from the duty of keeping the vessel in her true course, studying the best chart, and fixing his eyes on the stars or on the compass. It is only when expediency is mean and selfish that it is debased; and debased more especially when it resolves itself wholly into personal interests. How far the expediency of which Young England most loudly complains comes within this category, it is for that party and not for us to decide.

The conclusions drawn from English history on their principles, are as extravagant as the principles themselves. 'Man is only great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination.' Going in search of these, it is therefore in the relation between the feudal monarch and his subjects, between the baronial noble and his vassals, that Mr. D'Israeli seeks for the true ties of obligation and sympathy. As to our present condition, it seems that we cannot even boast of being governed by a legitimate sovereign. Lord John Manners informs us, that it is at the tomb of the Stuarts

——'that religion sings
Her requiem o'er our latest rightful kings;'

and he asks despondingly,

'Where now is that fond reverence which spread
A holy halo round each royal head,
And show'd the world that more than earthly thing,
The Lord's anointed in a sceptred king?'

Hence, also, Beckett, Wolsey, and Laud, are designated as saints and martyrs—the regular clergy as 'a staff of holy men;' 'her once keen sword' is still described as the just attribute of the Church; and we are conjured to imitate those times, when, 'unrestrained by mortmain's jealous laws,' piety was permitted to offer gold and gems,

'To deck the forehead of the queen of heaven.'

All that marks the progress of modern times, is denounced—

'Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.'

Nor are these frenzied ideas confined to poetry only. The Revolution of 1688, is denounced as authoritatively in prose as in verse. Our Parliamentary constitution is represented as copied from the Venetian Senate—the representative system as but 'a happy device of a ruder age, to which it was admirably adapted; an age of semi-civilization, but a system which now exhibits many symptoms of desuetude.' The happiest expedient of the political philosophy of modern times for combining liberty and order, power with responsibility, is scornfully rejected. The only real principle of representation adapted to our era, Mr. D'Israeli considers to be public opinion, of which the public Journals are the practical expositors, and which, with the Monarch, is to be supreme.

The state of society is dealt with, as might be anticipated, in quite as extraordinary a manner as our laws and constitution. The middle classes seem to be excluded, as unworthy of all consideration. The eyes of Young England can only discover in the body politic, what they consider the head of gold and the feet of clay;—the heart, which carries on the circulation, forms no part of that body. For the very lowest class of all, the strongest sympathy is professed, and we believe honestly felt, but it is strangely manifested. It is not proposed to improve their condition by the extension of knowledge. On the contrary, those times are spoken of with respect, when

'On them no lurid light had knowledge spread,
But faith stood them in education's stead.'

But though education, law, commerce, and liberty, are proscribed, it may be some consolation to learn, that an equivalent will be found in the unrestrained practice of almsgiving;—that all will be set to rights by the re-establishment of monasteries, and the resumption of those happy days,

'When good and bad were all unquestion'd fed,
When monks still practised their dear Lord's [command,
And rain'd their charity throughout the land.'

To accomplish the mighty purposes of political and social regeneration, a holy alliance is recommended between the Crown and the Chartists! The former must be gratified by unrestrained power; the latter soothed by food and sports. *Panem et circenses;* bread and bulls—Mummers and Morris-Dancers. If these blessings are not speedily communicated to the people, or if, when given, they do not satisfy, we are informed, that

'The greatest class of all shall know its rights,
And the poor trampled people rise at last.'

Mr. Smythe, it is true, seems to suggest a link between the Crown and the People, which, if restored, might do much, according to his 'Historic Fancies,' to unite them. He would reintroduce the practice of touching for the Evil—a 'graceful superstition,' which operated a 'direct communication between the highest and the lowest, between the king and the poor. Dr. Johnson, *a man of the people if ever there was one,* was yet prouder of having been touched by Queen Anne when he was a child, than he was of all his heroism under misfortune.' A further agency, extending over all, is sought for in the Church, altered, however, in its constitution and its principles. It is to be rendered democratic in character. 'The priests of God are to be the tribunes of the people,' observes Mr. D'Israeli. 'The church is also to be relieved from its alliance with the state, by being placed above it, and no longer subject to the indignity of having its bishops virtually appointed by the House of Commons, now a sectarian assembly.'

We must here, for the present, take leave of these harebrained speculators; not, however, without acknowledging, that amidst their extravagances we find strong indications of a high-minded and generous spirit. We, in particular, see much to approve and to admire in their sympathy for human suffering, and in their active desire to relieve it, wherever found. But let them 'love wisely, not too well.' It is not by wordy declamations against the New Poor-Law, or in such unjust and unwise interferences with Labor, as were last Session so unanswerably and eloquently exposed by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, that their duty will be best performed. It is by laboring to free industry from restraint—to procure a repeal of all restrictive laws and oppressive duties—and not by the empirical nostrums of their present creed, that they will best serve the cause of the laboring poor, and the social interests of their country. We would fain find some apology for their heresies. The stream is as yet near its fountain, and in its shallow bed only bubbles and frets itself into foam. A time may, and we hope will come, when its course will be more calm, and its waters equally pure. We are much inclined to think that their errors may in great measure be ascribed to the disgust felt at the want of all true elevation of purpose on the part of our Rulers and the Legislature. It is from the want of a solid Temple and a true Faith, that men betake themselves to Idols; and we are not without hopes that among the disciples of this errant school, which is not without redeeming characteristics, Truth may yet find some of her most rational worshippers.

SUE'S WANDERING JEW.—The immorality of M. Sue's romance of *Le Juif Errant* is gravely assailed in some of the leading periodicals of the French capital. We ask seriously, says one of the journals, can the description of those infamous orgies with which M. Sue has filled the last two numbers, produce any other feeling than disgust? The blasphemous language he puts into the mouths of the populace, whole pages filled with accounts of drunkenness and vice, from the reality of which we should turn away in horror—are such scenes proper for publication in a work destined to penetrate every where, and to fall under the eyes of our wives and daughters? It is preposterous to say that descriptions of this nature are written with a view to ameliorate the condition of the working classes. The morality of the public house is a disgrace to our civilization. If, continues the critic, we suffer the *Roman-feuilleton* to be carried on in this way, it will peril the moral and literary reputation of France in the eyes of the whole world.

We know from undeniable authority, that M. Eugene Sue has sold *Le Juif Errant* to his publishers for 210,000 francs.—*Court Journal.*

PROPOSED RAILROAD FROM CIVITA-VECCHIA TO ROME, PROHIBITED BY THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.—The Papal Government has refused the proposition made by an English company, for the establishment of a railroad from Civita-Vecchia to Rome. The King of Naples, on the contrary, would willingly extend as far as Gaeta the line which is now arrested at Caserte. It might even be carried to Terracine, if the Pope would consent to establish a road from Rome to that city. But as yet, all propositions have been rejected by his Holiness.—*Ibid.*

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S VISIT TO VICTORIA.

From the Court Journal.

Louis Philippe has once more landed on our shores, after an absence of nearly thirty years, during a greater part of which Europe has witnessed in his person the spectacle of a great man struggling with adversity. His master mind has, however, enabled him to grapple successfully with difficulties, before which many a bolder and less adventurous spirit would have recoiled. The presence of the King of the French as the honored guest of our Sovereign is an event of deep and stirring interest to all classes of the community. Whether we regard this auspicious interchange of courtesy, at the present juncture, between the two most powerful monarchs of the universe, in a political or social point of view, its importance as an historical occurrence of the first magnitude must be conceded by all who take the slightest notice of public affairs. The principle of hereditary succession is a part and parcel of our constitution, and any departure from the fixed rules and spirit of legitimacy is viewed with distrustful jealousy by the great majority of the British people, but it should be remembered that there is a tide in the affairs of nations as well as of men, and this tide was taken at the flood by Louis Philippe. The bark which bore this adventurous Cæsar and his fortunes was steered by him with surpassing dexterity in its perilous course, until he was carried by the current of events to his present lofty position, where we have since seen him upholding the dignity of his country, and by his prudence, skill, and indomitable perseverance, enabling France to maintain her place among the nations of Europe.

Louis Philippe, by the steady policy he has pursued since his accession to the throne of France, has entitled himself to the respect of the world. He has preserved peace when that was no easy task; he has maintained the dignity of his crown without disturbing the tranquillity of Europe; and by the firmness of his government he has prevented the irritable feelings of his subjects from embroiling his country in war. France and England have but too often regarded each other, from their position, as "natural enemies;" let us hope that, in future, this circumstance, which has been so frequently a cause for war, will be good ground for peace.

There could be in this country but one feeling of respect for the talents and the station of the illustrious Monarch, now on a visit to her Majesty. It is impossible that Louis Philippe could expect other than a warm welcome in England: and in this he has not been disappointed. A century ago such a visit as that paid by our loved Queen to France last year, and the return which Louis Philippe is making, would have been considered next to impossible. But the petty jealousies which then existed between nations and individuals have now happily passed away, and given place to more open and kindly feeling amongst crowned heads, a feeling which cannot fail to have its influence on other classes.

The King of the French, as the monarch of a great country, was entitled to our respect and attention; and as the personal friend of our Sovereign, he has received a welcome which he cannot hereafter reflect upon but with feelings of the highest satisfaction. His Majesty has lived too long in the world, and has seen too much of the vicissitudes of fortune, not fully to appreciate the genuine and manly expression of a nation's feelings which he has experienced on this occasion. His reception has been warm and generous—it was the respect which a great nation can afford to pay to a great man.

Since his arrival the proudest and the haughtiest nobles of the land have flocked from their feudal castles to pay their respects to him whom all have delighted to honor. Men of high principle and of every shade of political opinion have laid aside their prejudices to offer their respectful homage to the Monarch who has achieved such magnificent and such peaceful triumphs. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by the illustrious Hero of the age, hastened to greet the august traveller, and welcome him to our shores, ere he had yet landed from the stately vessel which conveyed him across the Channel.

There are two circumstances connected with this visit which have impressed us with even a higher opinion of Louis Philippe; —the first is the feeling manner in which he alluded to the friendship existing between him and our own loved Queen:—"I account it my very good fortune," said his Majesty, at Portsmouth, "to be again visiting your shores, and enabled to express to her Majesty my sincere affection, my warm friendship, and my gratitude for the many tokens of friendship she has bestowed upon me." We are happy in believing this the language of sincerity. This compliment to the Queen of Great Britain was delicately uttered in the midst of the subjects of both countries, and before the King had touched our shores. Nor can the visit to Twickenham on Thursday be regarded but as an evidence that Louis Philippe has not forgotten the protection and hospitality he once experienced as an exile in this country. We repeat, that the friendly intercourse between the Sovereigns of France and England cannot fail to have an influence, however remote, upon the political relations of both countries, and to strengthen his Majesty's hands in the good work of peace, which it has been his aim to preserve since his accession to the throne of France.

This, it must be acknowledged by all who have the welfare of their country at heart, is a consummation most devoutly to be wished, and at which all must rejoice. The record of this auspicious event, and of the triumphant

reception which the King of the French has received at the hands of the English people will be perused by posterity with pride and pleasure, and will fill one of the brightest pages in the history of this country.

There is but one drawback to the general satisfaction which has been experienced in the manner of his Majesty's sojourn in this country. The absurd and ridiculous cant of a portion of the French press cannot but have given pain to the illustrious Monarch now in England. It is true that these records of fancied insults to the honor of France are put forth, not because they are believed, but from a desire to keep alive those feelings of hostility to England which no doubt exist amongst a certain class in France. We are so far sorry for this, as it may be a matter of annoyance to the King; but we have full confidence in the assurance of his Majesty that, in the preservation of the friendly relations between the two countries, he will be assisted by the right-thinking and the majority of the people of his own. The warmth with which his Majesty has been greeted must be an assurance to him of the respect in which he is held in Great Britain, and that the feeling of the great bulk of our countrymen is with him in his determination to preserve peace between France and England.

TO LOUIS PHILIPPE

ON HIS VISITING ENGLAND.

We bid thee welcome to our friendly shore,
Lord of the vintage bowers of sunny France;
And call the Magnates of the Isle to pour
Their greetings forth, with festal song and dance.

Not that thou art enthronéd, do we sing
The votive lay, or sweep the breathing lyre;
Holy and pure the Muses' offering,
Nor diadems their plaudits can inspire!

But thine the gifts which sanctify and raise
The peasant's cottage or the kingly throne;
Thine the just tribute of the warmest praise,
From hearts with feelings kindred to thine own!

Nestor of Monarchs! o'er thy thoughtful brow,
If ruthless Time with furrowing hand hath past,
Still lingers there the imperishable glow
Which worth and wisdom round their votaries cast.

A Patriot King! 'tis thine, with steady hand,
The lawless rage of faction to control;
To shed the light of science o'er the land,
And waft thy France's fame from pole to pole.

Thou smilest calmly at th' assassin's knife;
No dastard fears thy steadfast soul can know;
Nor mortal guilt shall touch thy guarded life,
For round thee Heaven its Ægis bright shall throw.

Not here thy full reward! yet even here
The sacred ties of social love are thine;
Ties which can hallow sorrow's gushing tear,
And o'er affliction breathe a calm divine.

Then welcome to the stronghold of the brave;
Valor and worth shall twine the wreath for thee.
We hail thy passage o'er the bounding wave,
And hymn thee to the Island of the Free!

H. B. K.

AKERMAN'S NEW TESTAMENT.

From the Literary Gazette.

The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The text from the Authorized Version. With Historical Notes and Numismatic Illustrations, by J. Y. Akerman, F. S. A. Part I. 8vo. J. Russell Smith.

An edition of the New Testament with popular *explanatory* notes has long been a desideratum. The notes which have hitherto been added to the text, are generally of a doctrinal character, and for the larger class of readers, are, to say the least, of very little use. There is much in the New Testament, which the ordinary reader is totally unable to understand without the help of historical notes; for it abounds with allusions and expressions borrowed from the manners and passing events of the day. No passages are more difficult than those which relate to the money of the time: they are translated either by words which give no exact idea of the original, or by the general expression, *a piece of money*, when the word in the original conveys a more exact and definite idea. There is no person more capable of explaining this part of the subject than Mr. Akerman: and we are rejoiced to see that he has entered upon the task with zeal. His numismatic illustrations are not confined to the explanations of the direct allusions to different kinds of money in the sacred text; but he brings his numismatic knowledge not only to explain historical difficulties, but to furnish new and most decisive evidence of the authenticity of holy writ. In fact, he has done as much (if not more) for the New Testament as the Gronovii and Grævii of former days did in this department of criticism for the classical writers of antiquity. His notes are entirely explanatory and he has carefully avoided entering into all subjects of a controversial or doctrinal nature; so that we can safely recommend his edition of the New Testament to all classes of readers, to whatever religious sect they may belong. We will only add one or two specimens of his notes and illustrations. On our Saviour's denunciations against Tyre and Sidon (Matt. xi. 21), it is observed:

"*Tyre and Sidon.* Of these great and famous cities of antiquity we have many numismatic monuments, the types of which show that idol-worship reigned in them. Though often in the neighborhood of both, our Lord appears not to have entered within them. In the mention of these cities in the same sentence with

Bethsaida and Chorazin, he seems to allude to the idolatrous practices of the people. Even an outline of the histories of Tyre and Sidon could not be comprised within the limits of a note. Specimens of their earliest known coins are here given; but these are not anterior to the days of the Seleucidæ, who struck money in both these cities on the same model The first is a tetradrachm of Tyre, with the laureated head of Hercules, the Baal or lord of their city (see *Arrian. Exped.* lib. ii. 16), reverse, an eagle standing on a rudder. Legend: *ΤΥΡΟΥ ΙΕΡΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΑΣΥΛΟΥ*; i. e. (money) of *Tyre the holy and inviolable.* This is probably an example of the pieces mentioned by Josephus (*Bell. Jud.* lib. ii. c. 21, s. 2) as coins of Tyre, containing four Attic drachmas. The titles of 'holy,' or 'sacred and inviolable,' boasted by many Greek cities, and pompously inscribed on their coins, were probably of service to Tyre and Sidon at a later period, when Cleopatra endeavored to persuade Antony to give her those cities (*Joseph. Ant.* lib. xv. c. 4, s. 1). The other coin is of Sidon, and of the same denomination. The obverse bears a turreted female head, personifying the city; the reverse has the eagle and palm-branch, with the legend, *ΣΙΔΟΝΙΩΝ ΙΕΡΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΑΣΥΛΟΥ.* i. e. (money) of the *Sidonians the holy and inviolable;* ΘΙ., i. e. the year 19 of the era of the Seleucidæ."

In the translation of Matt. xvii. 24, "Doth not your master pay tribute?" under the word *tribute* is concealed the name of the coin which in the original indicates the sum paid; Mr. Akerman observes:

"*Doth not your master pay tribute?* *Ὁ διδάσκαλος ὑμῶν οὐ τελεῖ τὰ δίδραχμα*; the didrachma here mentioned was the *half-shekel* which the Jews were commanded to pay yearly for the support of the Temple (see *Exod.* xxx 13). On the taking of Jerusalem by the Romans, they were compelled to pay this sum to Jupiter Capitolinus (see Xiphilin's Abrid. of *Dion. Cassius*, lib. lx; and Josephus, *Bell. Jud.* vii. 6, § 6). The *hemi-staters* current in Syria at this time, in all probability were occasionally used for the half-shekel. the stater being equal to the shekel, as ver. 27 shows."

We only add another example, shewing how the editor sometimes, in explaining his text contrives to convey more general information of an interesting nature. The text is Matt. xx. 2.

"*A penny a day.* The penny here mentioned was the *denarius*, which, at the time of our Lord's ministry, was equivalent in value to about sevenpence-halfpenny of our money. With the decline of the Roman empire the denarius was, by degrees, debased; and, before the time of Diocletian, had entirely disappeared, or, rather, had ceased to be struck in the imperial mints; but this emperor restored the coinage of silver, and denarii were again minted, though reduced in weight This reduction went on after the division of the empire, until the denarius, once a very beautiful *medalet*, became a coin of very inferior execution, low relief, and reduced thickness and weight. On the model of these degenerated coins some of the types of our Anglo-Saxon money were struck, under the denomination of 'penny,' and of the weight of twenty-four grains; hence the term 'penny-weight.' The weight of these pennies declined before the Norman Conquest; and, in subsequent reigns, they were gradually reduced until the time of Elizabeth, when the penny in silver was a mere spangle, as it is at this day. The term 'denarius' is yet preserved in our notation of pounds, shillings, and pence, by *£. s. d.* The relative value of money in ancient and modern times is a subject of much difficulty of illustration, and need not be discussed in this note; but it is worthy a passing observation, that, in this country, in the middle ages, a penny-a-day appears to have been the pay of a field-laborer. Among the Romans the denarius was the daily pay of a soldier (*Tacit. Ann.* lib. i. c. 17)."

CHAIN BRIDGES.—The Liverpool Albion reports as follows, of a scheme so gigantic, that it needs all our modern faith in the miracles of science to believe in its success.—"We have heard that the practicability of connecting the opposite shores of the Mersey by a stupendous chain bridge, is under consideration. It is said, that, by the formation of a viaduct, on the principle of an inclined plane, on arches, commencing at the top of James-street, to the margin of the river, a sufficient elevation may be obtained. A similar erection on the Woodside bank of the river would, of course, be requisite. Our active and enterprising Cheshire neighbors would, no doubt, readily assist in promoting a project so magnificent. Such a work would throw all other suspension bridges into the shade, and be a world's wonder."—To this notice, we may add, that an iron bridge is about to be thrown over the Neva, at St. Petersburg, to replace the Bridge of Boats, the Isaac's bridge—the ironwork for which has been contracted for by a Liverpool house, and the piles are to be of the granite of Finland. The bridge will be 1078 feet in length, and will have seven arches, the centre of 156 English feet, and the others on each side respectively 143, 125, and 107 feet. This great work will supply the means of communication, in the very centre of the Russian capital, which the tides from the gulf, with a west wind, and the ice from up the river, have long been supposed to render impossible. The modern application of iron to bridges has lessened the difficulty; and the Emperor, with his characteristic impetuosity, has ordered that the bridge shall be completed within a time impossible any where but in St. Petersburg,—and greatly in favor of the future operations of the gulf-tide and the floating ice.—*Athenæum.*

BENEKE'S THEORY AND PRACTICE OF EDUCATION.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Erziehungs und Unterrichts-lehre. Von Dr. Friedrich Edward Beneke. (Theory of Education.) 2 Bände. 8 vo. 2te Auflage. Berlin. 1842.

'Tis now within a few months of a full century, since 'on the margin of fair Zurich's waters' was born the great apostle of regenerated pædagogy in modern times —Henry Pestalozzi; and Pestalozzi, if German Switzerland is a part of Germany, was a German. This man, indeed, was not the first German, whose healthy instinct had brought him as an educator directly in contact with living nature, making a breach in the hard wall of separation between the school and the world, which the 'humanists' with their stone and lime classics so long doggedly upheld: the pious Francke in Halle, Salzmann, Rochow, and Bazedow, had preceded him; but Pestalozzi was the first who caused the word 'education,' like a new gospel, to thrill through Europe, and made the little town of Yverdon, with its old castle, as famous in the moral world as Paris, with its bastiles and butcheries, was in the political. Since his day much has been done for the good cause in many places; but amidst all the echoing of famous educational names at home and abroad, it requires no very nice-discerning judgment of the ear to know that Germany has been, and is, the key-note of the song. 'Das paedagogische Deutschland' is the name of one of Diesterweg's books; one might apply this appellation to the whole country—'pædagogic Germany,'—and, adopting an idea of Wolfgang Menzel, suggest, that instead of an eagle, the arms of the nation (when the *nation* appears) should be a goose, with a professor standing beside as a supporter, and plucking a quill out of its wing; for truly, as a shrewd observer once said, when we trace matters to the fountain head, 'Deutschland is governed by its universities much more than by its princes.' We do not here intend to stir the discussion which Herr Huber's recent work* provokes, whether the German gymnasia or the great English schools are the best: but as a country, no man we suppose of common information will be disposed to deny that not Prussia only, but the whole of Germany, is much better supplied with education, both as regards quantity and quality, than Great Britain. This being the case, it is only natural to expect that German literature should exhibit the greatest number of original and standard works on education: that these indefatigable workers in the prolific world of books should have reduced their manifold experience in this matter to some system of generally recognized and universally available principles: that in fact pædagogy in these latter days should constitute with them a new science, as political economy does amongst ourselves. Here, in England, indeed, where it has long been the practice to make any body a schoolmaster, and to make no very particular demands on the energy or eloquence of professors, the claims of the science of teaching *a b c* or *alpha, beta, gamma*, to a place in the learned roll, may not be very distinctly understood; but a French statesman, who knows something about the matter, speaks in very different language. 'The science of education,' says he, 'is an essential branch of moral and political philosophy, and, like all other departments of science worthy of that name, it has need of being surrounded by the light of experience; and to avoid the danger of being misled by fantastic theories, we must lose no opportunity of obtaining an accurate acquaintance with the various systems of education that are followed by all great civilized nations.'† We shall therefore say that the Germans have done well to erect 'paedagogik' into the dignity of a separate science; and that their voluminosity in this department is at once a sign of their past, and a prophecy of their future progress in the noble art of which this science deduces the principles, and systematizes the rules. Let us now see what Herr Beneke has got to say.

The Berlin professor commences, as an English one would do, with a 'Vorrede' (a preface); from that he goes on to an 'Einleitung' (a leading into—an introduction; and this 'Einleitung,' extending over

* It is a common remark that love goes by contrast as much as by similarity. So Milton's favorites, among the ancient poets, were Euripides and Ovid, men in every respect the reverse of himself; and Professor Huber, in his work on 'the English Universities,' (English by Newman 3 vols., 1843,) seems to have set himself the task of championing these institutions through thick and thin, for no other reason than that they are in all respects precisely the reverse of the corresponding institutions in his own country.

† Cousin on 'Education in Holland,' by Leonhard Horner. London, 1838.

101 pages, starts in the true German style, with a 'Grundbegriff,' or fundamental notion of what education is. In the preface to the first edition, which was published in 1834, we are informed that 'while in the first decennium of the present century the indefatigable diligence and sound judgment of Niemeyer, the nice practical tact and the fine human warmth of Schwartz, the piercing perspicacity of Herbart, and Jean Paul's sparkling combinations, had in close succession, done much for the science of pædagogy, and since that time many treatises on separate branches had appeared, still, in respect of scientific completeness, no work of any note on education had issued from the German press.' This fact concerns us little, but the alleged cause of it is worth our hearing. 'The science of pædagogy,' says the professor, 'depends altogether on the science of psychology; it is, in fact, only the application of psychology, as astronomy, projectiles, and other branches of natural philosophy, are the application of mathematics. But in Germany, for the last twenty years, psychology, or the experimental science of mind, has been almost altogether neglected. Our high soaring countrymen allowed themselves to be carried off their legs by the Bacchantic whirl of speculation; and transported now into one system and now into another, by help of which they hoped at last to gain that sublime point from which they might be able to 'die Welt und Gott in ihrem innersten Wesen zu erfassen und zu construiren' to comprehend and to construct the world and God in their inmost substance; from this position they considered themselves entitled to look down with contempt on experience, and such experimental sciences as Psychology and Education. But now,' continues the professor, 'we have boxed the compass of abstract thought, and are content to learn wisdom, like other fools, from *experience*.' Our high flown Hegelian and Schellingian philosophers condescend to take a lesson from Locke, and Bacon, and the schoolmaster abroad.' Now this, if it be true, (as we know from divers signs it is), is the best news we have heard from Germany for a long time. There are to be no more Hegels in Berlin. The last one died of the cholera in 1832. The Germans are going to be practical. They are about to traverse the intellectual, as they are even now doing the physical, world, with something tangible—with railroads. They are going to write sentences that have a beginning and an end, and to billow out thoughts whose depths may be sounded. This is very good. Let the duty be taken off to-morrow, that we may all buy German books.

Having in his introduction based pædagogy upon the fundamental principles of psychology,* our author divides the whole subject with great judgment into two parts. The doctrine of 'education' (Erziehungslehre), and the doctrine of 'instruction' (Unterrichts-lehre). This is the favorite distinction made by that excellent educationist, Mr. Stow, in Glasgow. To instruct, says the northern philanthropist, 'is comparatively an easy matter; a retail dealing in special commodities, a dexterous juggling with so many balls; but in order to educate, you must not merely instruct, but you must *train*; to have an educational system at all, it must be a 'training system.' This is what the iniquisitive traveller will find writen in large letters in the lobby of the Normal school of Glasgow; and to the same purpose the German tells us that *instruction* deals almost exclusively in mere intellectual notions or exercises of external dexterity, while *education* has mainly to do with the formation of the character through the emotions.' There is nothing new in this, certainly; but is a great and important truth; a mere *teacher* does not do half his work: he must work on the heart and on the habits, as well as on the head of his pupils. A brain is not the only part of a boy; and his brain is a thing of living growth and arborescence, not an empty box which an adult can furnish with labelled tickets of various arts and sciences, and then say—my work is done, behold an educated young gentleman! Herr Beneke, then, proceeds to divide the 'Erziehungslehre' into three great branches: the training of the intellectual powers, consciousness, conception, memory, imagination, judgment, &c.; the training of the moral, religious, and æsthetical emotions, and the training of the body, or what we commonly call physical education. This exhausts the first volume. The second volume systematizes the 'Unterrichts-lehre,' or theory of instruction, in the following order. 1. General views and bearings. 2. Comparative value of the

* It may be mentioned here, that professor Beneke has published several works on mental philosophy that have attracted considerable attention in Germany. He is a philosopher of the practical and experimental school; and this is a novelty in Deutschland.

different subjects of instruction. 3. General view of the most famous methods of instruction. 4. View of the special methods for the different subjects. 5. The different sort of schools. 6. The organization and admininistration of schools.

From this short outline of the comprehensive contents of the present volumes, the reader will see at once that it would be in vain for us to attempt any thing like a separate discussion of the whole subjects embraced. Under the single head of 'methods of instruction,' for instance, Pestalozzi alone, and his influence, direct and indirect, on all the modern improvements in pædagogy, would furnish matter for a separate discussion no less curious than instructive; then there are Bell and Lancaster, men most wise of all mortals to transmute a sorry necessity, on occasions, into a sovereign virtue; in the teaching of languages, again, how much might be said in commendation of Hamilton and others, who, though not philosophers of the very highest class, have at least had sense enough to see that, in the art of imitating sounds, a reasoning man may not be ashamed to take a lesson from an unreasoning parrot; and last of all we have Jacotot, a man splendidly made, as Frenchmen are apt to be, with one idea, but in whose one idea, as in all fresh natural ideas, there is an essential truth, which those will certainly find who have toleration enough to exclude nothing from its proper place in the world, and discrimination enough to know where that place is. But there is a wide question, before the discussion of the methods of instruction; and it is one on which the practical educationists in this country are more disagreed perhaps than on any other. *What* are you to teach the little boys? Are you to rate their intellectual proficiency by a Latin rudiments and qui, quæ, quod merely, as they do in Aberdeen? or are you to teach them with Biber, to build up castles of cubes architecturally that they may see before them in solid incarnation, the great algebraic mys-

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tery $a+b=a^2+2\,a\,b+b^2$?—or are you to set them rambling through the fields, and wading through the bogs, that they may finger stamens and pistils, and learn that what was once called a geranium is now called a pelargonium, and that a water-lily is no lily at all, but a nymphæa alba, or lutea as the case may be? Are you to teach this or that or the other, or all the three? These are questions about which all men who philosophize on the subject are not quite agreed; and even when they are agreed, they may beat the air, how often with unapproachable blasts of truth: but there is an army of pedants that have battering rams. To repeat all these blasts, and to encounter the strokes of these battering rams in formal array, and in pitched battle, cannot be our object here; we shall merely, by a few extracts, endeavor to let our readers know how Herr Beneke reconciles the combatants. He has done it, to our judging, with admirable tact: he has given a verdict in favor of both parties;—the Humanists and Realists (as the two great educational parties are called in Germany*) are not only tolerated but encouraged; and while each is taught that it is for its own benefit to borrow as much from the other as may be, both are advised for the maintenance of their independent existence, to keep themselves separate: for they have different objects, and belong to different spheres. This is an important catholic truth in education by no means sufficiently recognized in this country; and therefore we particularly request the reader's attention to what follows.

What you are to teach your children, says the professor, depends altogether on what they are meant for: in other words, according to their probable future destiny in life ought to be their present preparation for the business of life in the schools. Now if we take a survey of the different classes of persons claiming education from the state, we shall find that there are three classes, whose position in society, and vocation in life, are so distinct that they do not admit of receiving a well calculated course of education in common. There are, in the first place, those who are destined with material means to work on matter—laborers and artizans: these receive an education fitted for their wants in a separate class of schools called in Germany 'Volkschulen,' or schools of the people. Then, above these, there is a large class of men whose destiny it is to work on the same external world, but by intellectual means; thus a mason works on stone and lime with his hand, an architect with his mind. Those who are in this position are educated in schools of their own, called 'Mittelschulen' or 'Bürgerschulen;' middle schools, as being placed midway between the 'Volkschulen,' and the third class that we are about to mention; 'Bürger-

* Corresponding to the classical ascendency and useful knowledge parties among ourselves.

schulen,' because the mass of those who in commercial and manufacturing cities belong to the 'Bürgher' or citizen class will, under a well-ordered system, find their most appropriate education in these schools. Lastly, there is a class of persons in society whose high privilege it is to work by mind upon mind; to this class, statesmen, clergymen, teachers of youth, literary and scientific men of all kinds, belong. For those who are destined to put forth their energies in this sphere, a higher, more extensive, and more speculative education, is necessary. For such the 'Gymnasia' or 'Gelehrte Schulen' are open; and open not as a finishing school, but merely as an introduction to the universities.

This threefold division of the great public schools in Germany being distinctly in his eyes, the reader will now be prepared to appreciate the justice of the author's reasoning in the following extract. The question discussed is a much controverted one in Germany, but not less so among ourselves. 'Whether in schools destined for the sons of the middle classes, in the 'Bürgerschulen,' the learned languages, and especially the Latin, ought to be admitted as a subject of instruction.' Herr Beneke answers decidedly, 'No!' and for the following reasons:

"Those who advocate the claim of the learned languages are wont to bring this forward in the first place, that our modern intellectual culture is historically so intimately connected with antiquity, that into any thorough course of education, going beyond the claims of mere necessity, at least one of the ancient languages ought to be admitted. But the answer to this is evident; our intellectual culture in modern times has made itself gradually more and more free from the influence of ancient literature, in such a manner as that it is now able to stand on its own merits and in a position altogether independent. Those, indeed, whose position in the social system calls upon them to know and to teach, not only what the world now is and ought to be, but also how it came to be, what it is, and through what strange mutations and metamorphoses it has passed, may, nay must, go back to the original germs and far withdrawn beginnings of things; but for such as mean only to work on the prepared foundation of modern society, and whose activity is principally directed to the external relations of life, such laborious pilgrimages into the remote past are neither necessary nor expedient. It is to be particularly observed, also, that the ancients, however high they stand in literature and philosophy, are in those branches of science which are most useful to the classes we now speak of, particularly defective; in mathematics and natural history and physics, the staple of a good Bürger education, we can learn little from the ancients which will repay the trouble of studying them; and the little that may be learned, is to be learned by him only who is at once a man of profound science, a philosopher, and a scholar, not certainly by a merchant, an agriculturist, or an engineer.

"As little weight are we disposed to allow the argument that Latin ought to be taught in Bürger-schools as a sort of preparation and test for those who may possibly be advanced from those schools to the gymnasia and the universities; for it is perverse and preposterous for the sake of one or two to miseducate the whole; and, besides this, an elementary instruction in Latin is by no means a thing peculiarly calculated to afford such a preparation and test as is supposed. Many a boy will make admirable proficiency in Latin vocables and paradigms merely because he is too dull and stupid for any thing more intellectual; dead words and formulas will find a ready entrance where the lack of strong vital pulsations leaves the chambers of the brain empty. There are many better ways of judging of a boy's aptitude for the higher branches of learning than by forcing him to tack a few Latin sentences together; and if parents have so miscalculated their son's inclinations and capacities as to send him to a Bürger-school, when he ought to have been sent to a gymnasium, they must just take consequences and go back to the starting point.

"But the Latin language, we are told further, is in many views the only proper basis of all knowledge. To this I answer directly,—name the branch of knowledge to the attainment of which Latin is *now* essential, to which Latin is to such an extent the key, that the profit to be obtained will stand in an intelligible relation to the labor expended? That many technical phrases in the different sciences are derived from the Latin, is an argument that scarcely can be advanced seriously. These phrases can easily be explained etymologically as they occur; and besides, this reason, if it were any reason at all, would be a much stronger plea for the introduction of Greek than of Latin into the education of a German merchant or engineer. As for what is commonly said that the Latin is the root of most modern languages, and must, therefore, be studied, if not for its own sake, at least for the sake of these, there is a practical fallacy in this, too obvious to demand any labored refutation. The time spent in the Latin preparation for learning the modern languages, might have been as well spent in learning the languages themselves. The bulk of the language, that is to say, the vocables, can be taken up as readily in an English, or a Spanish, as in a Roman shape. And what should we say of the man who, when building a house, first throws away all his money on a magnificent threshold, and then finds that he

has been laboriously constructing an entry to nothing? Such is the wisdom of many of those who learn Latin, that they may with the greater ease learn French, Spanish, and Italian.

"The next argument is that drawn from the more formal side of the question. Latin, it is urged, however useless as an acquisition, is so admirable as a mental discipline that it cannot be exchanged for any other subject of study that might seem more directly to bear upon the education of the 'Bürger' class. But here also, unfortunately, the advocates of classical ascendancy are found sadly at fault. No well-instructed educationist will deny the superior virtues of the ancient languages as instruments of mental discipline; but this discipline is most beneficial in the higher steps of advancement, when the spirit of ancient literature begins to be breathed sensibly upon the soul of the student; the mere external elements of language, and the simple combinations of syntax, have comparatively little power in training the intellect; can achieve nothing that may not be attained in a far superior degree by the study of the mother tongue and foreign languages.

"But, continue the Latinists, granting all this, is not the learning of the Latin language, if nothing more, at least one of the best exercises for improving the memory that the circle of school instruction presents? This argument is the weakest of all. For to exercise the memory on that which does not materially advance the understanding, is surely any thing but wise; and then considering how rich the materials are which modern science presents for exercising, nay, severely trying the retentive powers of the mind, what need is there that we should resort to the artificial machinery of the vocables of a dead tongue? There is a danger, moreover, that by overtaxing the memory with extraneous things (which Latin words certainly are in a Bürger-school) a general distaste to learning may be generated in the minds of the scholars. And, after all, it is a great mistake in psychology to suppose, that there is any abstract faculty of memory which can be improved by exercise: memory is improved by exercise, not absolutely, but only in the particular direction of the exercise: and so it may be that the improvement of the memory in the direction of the dead languages, however great, may, to all the effects and purposes which belong to the educated modern Bürger, be worse than fruitless."

Latin, therefore, is to be altogether excluded from the Bürger-schools, in the opinion of Herr Beneke; and the Berlin professor, it is instructive to see, merely systematizes the current opinion of a great class of intelligent citizens in our commercial and manufacturing cities. These men have long been convinced that the old grammar-schools, in which Latin and Greek are exclusive or preponderant, however useful as preparatory palæstræ for philosophising clergymen and gentlemen with a large library, are not the schools for them; and they have, accordingly, in Glasgow and elsewhere, taken various steps, more or less successful, to hunt down the pedantic old autocracy of the Humanists. This is good; but it does not, therefore, follow, as some eager innovators will have it, that Homer and Virgil are to be banished from our public schools altogether, and steam-engines and calculating machines substituted in their place. *Μη γενοιτο!*—Let it not be!—Let us not snap cruelly the golden chain that has so long and so pleasantly bound us to the past!—Let us not unbridge the mystic gulf of centuries profanely!—Let Virgil and Homer live, as good things, and among the best, for those who have time and capacity to 'drink deep of the Pierian spring,' that never yet gave strength to shallow bibbers. How this is to be done, we have already, we think, sufficiently indicated. Let Latin and Greek be reserved for a higher class of schools, for the gymnasia; and let none be sent to begin Latin there who is not likely seriously to carry it out in the university. This is Herr Beneke's opinion; and, however different the practice of good old England in many places may be, there can be no doubt it is a sound opinion. But we shall now hear at greater length how chivalrously our catholic-hearted educationist champions those very classics in the gymnasia, which in the Bürger-schools he had so decidedly condemned.

"As to what they urge against the ancient languages, in the first place, that they are too far removed from our modern habits of thought, too strange, to interest or to edify us, I must be allowed to say, without meaning to say any thing paradoxical, that this very strangeness is precisely the thing that ought to invite our familiarity. For, while the classical student works himself sympathetically into the sentiments and manner of expression of the ancient world, he by this very act necessarily receives a mental expansion and a breadth of view that the study of no modern languages could have conferred; for in these last both the modes of thought and the matter coincide so much with our own that for the purpose of supplementing our intellectual deficiencies, they must ever be comparatively feeble. Besides, this greater contrast between the ancient habits of thought and the modern, has a strong virtue to stir the interest, and to fix the attention; an ancient author, even where he is only second or third rate, is in-

finitely more suggestive than a modern, merely because he is ancient; it is by the strong power of contrast that we most readily learn to compare: and in the habit of extended comparison and faithful deduction, the art of philosophizing consists.

"In the second place: if it be a more difficult task to attain an available knowledge of the ancient languages than of the modern, this difficulty also is an advantage. It has been and is the most perverse of all methods of proceeding in education, to think only how we may make all instruction as easy as possible for the learner. Knowledge of any kind can be easily taken up and appropriated only in proportion as it is superficial. When the time for instruction commences, the time for play is over; the time for intellectual exertion is come; and it is the business of the teacher so to select and apportion the objects of teaching that they may afford a course of gymnastics to the learner. Instead, therefore, of inventing methods to make study easy, some talk might be expected to be made of the best art of inventing difficulties. Now there are few studies that present such a complete course of intellectual gymnastics as the study of ancient literature. We do not speak here of the mere external elements of ancient literature—the lexicographical and grammatical frame-work—all this we most willingly give up to the objector, as by no means peculiarly fitted either to expand or to strengthen the mind; and the more such merely mechanical processes, can be facilitated and accelerated, the better. But the sacrifice which we make in mastering the mere externals of ancient learning, is more than compensated by the developing power which they possess in so eminent a degree when duly followed out. Those compositions which can be had without any great demands on our intellectual activity, flit across our minds superficially, leaving scarcely a trace behind. Take, for example, any historical or poetical work in our mother tongue or in any modern language. Spurred on by an interest in the subject, we drive rapidly forward from one point of prominence to another; but this very celerity of progress, which is so pleasant, prevents us from thoroughly grasping and detaining the characters and events as they pass before us; at the end of our movement there remains but an imperfect shadowy outline of what we have read; and in a short time even this shadowy outline vanishes. The same thing happens with the mere style and manner of expression. We may pause, perhaps, for a moment over this and the other passage, peculiarly pointed and impressive; but in general we are in too great a hurry to receive any distinct impression from the beauties of style; or will not dwell on a passage long enough to know in what its rhetorical excellence consists. And if this be so with grown up men how much more must it be the case with young persons whose minds are so disposed to triviality and dissipation. It is the duty of the teacher, therefore, rather to put a drag on the light and rattling spirits of youth than to pioneer the road too smoothly before them. Now this salutary drag on the precipitancy of youthful minds is exactly what the ancient languages are so well calculated to supply. While the scholar is laboriously employed in constructing piecemeal a historical, poetical, or rhetorical whole, from the biographies of a Plutarch, the tragedies of a Sophocles, or the orations of a Demosthenes, he is forced to expend as much intellectual strength on a single elementary trait as he does on a whole work in the mother tongue, or on a whole comparison in any modern tongue; and in this way both the matter and the manner of the thing read are appropriated and assimilated in a way most conducive to a healthful reproduction on the part of the receiver, and to a free development of the higher powers of reflection on the phenonema of the intellectual world.

"But it is not only that ancient literature, by power of contrast, is more suggestive to us moderns; there is, at the same time, a simplicity of character both in the thoughts and in the manner of expression of the ancients that is more readily appreciable by the youthful mind than the more complex relations of our modern development. The works of the ancients, are a mirror of the childhood and boyhood of humanity: our children and boys now understand these works by a natural sympathy, better than our men. There is too much reflection and philosophizing of all kinds in modern literature for the juvenile taste; there is something more elementary and immediate, more fresh, and, as it were, transparent among the ancients. The ancient world also presents something more self-contained, less straggling and involved than the moderns. If the approach to the view be, as we have admitted, more laborious, the objects, when they fairly start out from the mist, are more tangible and more comprehensible.

"This holds true of ancient literature in a triple sense: it is true of the grammatical combinations in the first place (compare Herodotus, for instance, in this respect, with Hume or Gibbon); it is no less true of the forms which art assumed in the hands of antiquity; the ancient Epos, the ancient tragedy, and the ancient eloquence and philosophy, are nearer to the mind of young persons in modern times than works of the same class in our own tongue; and it is true, finally, of the matter of the classics as well as of their style, of the characters of the various relations of life, social and political. The distance in point of time between an ancient and a modern is more than compensated to the young mind by the proximity in point of tone, and sentiment, and character. Ancient history, for example, how infinitely more simple than the modern! it is more the history, in fact, of individual men, or of separate groups and masses of men easily distinguishable; and the relations that occur between

them are at the same time comparatively simple; the passions and the motives also of the historical characters (think only of the patriarchs in the book of Genesis, or the leaders in the Trojan war) are simpler and more kindred to the habits of thought and feeling that characterize young persons. Modern history, on the other hand, the nearer it comes to the young student in point of time, the farther it recedes from him in point of affinity; its complicated relations, its strange disguises, its state plots and counterplots, and diplomatic intrigues, may be made to envelope the youthful mind, but they can never mould it. In whatever light, therefore, we view the matter, ancient literature, when the scholar fairly enters into the spirit of it, affords a much more congenial nourishment for young minds than modern.

"It is to be observed, moreover, that this bond of connection which attaches us to the ancient mind, is not one of psychological relationship merely; it is essentially also an historical tie. Our whole modern culture is what it is in a great measure as a growth from the fertile soil of antiquity, and continues still to draw no inconsiderable part of its nourishment from the same source. As the modern languages can be grammatically comprehended only through the medium of the Latin out of which they sprung; so in tracing back the various branch streams of modern intellect we arrive, from whatever point we may have set out, always at the same two fresh fountains of Greece and Rome; so that if a man will not be content to receive traditionally, and by a blind instinct, but strives with a full consciousness and a sympathetic reproduction to understand the modern mind, he can do so in no way at once so speedily and so thoroughly, as by beginning with the ancient. The food, which whether we will or no, we must receive from the ancients with shut eyes, a classical education enables us to adopt and to enjoy with open vision.

"Whatever truth there may be in these representations is independent altogether, it will be observed, of any mere external elegance and polish that may belong to the remains of ancient literature handed down to us. The advantages of which we have been talking result from the essential character of ancient works, in thought, and emotion, and expression: these advantages belong to them as products of the ancient mind, not as models of what is finished and satisfying in works of art But when we consider further, that in addition to the simplicity and tangibility of their contents, and their less complex character generally, the works of the ancients stand unrivalled as models of chasteness and truth in art, we find ourselves provided with another and a most salutary check against that looseness, ill-regulated luxuriance, and extravagance, by which the compositions of modern literature have too frequently been characterized. There is another matter, also, of no small importance in estimating the influence which the pattern specimens of ancient literature exert on the modern mind; on account of the different situation in which we are placed, and the different circumstances by which we are surrounded, there is much less danger of a slavish and passive imitation of antiquity, than there is in the case of a modern model. An ancient model will be admired, and exercise a beneficial influence on the taste of those who admire it; but as it does not excite, and is not meant to excite to any imitation of exactly the same kind, it seems to stimulate exertion without inciting a discouraging comparison. The classic models of our own literature, on the other hand, stand so near to us, and so obviously incite comparison with our own performances, that a servile imitation, or a despairful abandonment of self-development, is too apt to be the result of the early admiration which is fixed on them.

"To meet these views, many persons interested in the education of youth have proposed, that instead of the classical languages, the old German should be used in our higher schools. In our early Teutonic literature, it is alleged, we have a contrast to the modern development of the German mind, sufficiently strong to stimulate the reflective faculty, and at the same time an extension of the view beyond the narrowness of the present horizon. But to this proposal there are two obvious objections. Our old German literature, in the first place, though different in several accessory modifications, is, in its fundamental ideas, the same as the modern. The contrast, therefore, is not sufficiently marked and decided for the purpose. In the second place, even supposing the fundamental ideas of our old German poetry were every thing that could be desired in this respect, the forms of art in which they have been handed down to us, are any thing but models. As in every other point of human culture, so in literary development, the progress of the northern nations was at first exceedingly slow and painful. It was not till after they had appropriated and worked up the early ripe literature of the southern nations that they began to exert their independent energies in a more vigorous form, and to create works in some respects superior to the models by which they had originally been stimulated. In consequence of this difference of historical development, it is altogether impossible for us Germans to go back to the sources of our civilization with the same intellectual benefit that the Greeks did to theirs, or that even we ourselves can go to the civilization of the Greeks; much less can young persons grow up healthily in an environment that is full of waste places and monstrosities even for full grown men.

"But, continue the advocates of the old German education, do we not historically grow out of German ground—are we not GERMANS—and shall we be at home at Rome, and at Athens, and every where—only not amongst

ourselves?—Here also there is a fallacy. What we are as a literary people, we are in a much greater degree through the influence of the Greeks and Romans, and more lately of the English and the French, than through the continued working of our own most ancient national literature. Nay, it has been experimentally manifested (as it was supereminently in the late war of liberation in 1813) that as often as an attempt has been made to bring old Germanism into the fore-ground of our modern culture, so often (after a little artificial parading) has it been thrown aside. People, however patriotic, had such an instinctive, if not always conscious, feeling of the inferiority of these northern productions to those of the south and east, that, in spite of all patriotic trumpeting, and blowing up, the Niebelungen was forced in a few years to leave the Iliad and the Odyssey in quiet possession of the academic ground. We do not pretend to decide which course of development is the preferable for a people, a development thoroughly and entirely national, or a complex growth springing from varied foreign impregnation; but Providence has so ordered it that the development of the German people should be in this latter fashion decidedly: and with this, as an arrangement of Providence, beyond the hope of human change, we must ever be content.

"We conclude, therefore, on a review of the whole matter, that for him who wishes to plant himself upon the highest position of intellectual cultivation, an initiation into ancient literature is absolutely indispensable. Only when so initiated is he in a condition to survey comprehensively, to contemplate clearly, and to see profoundly into what human nature under its various aspects can achieve; by the aid of ancient learning alone is the educator enabled to extend his view beyond the narrow horizon of the now which encompasses him, and to distinguish between that which is merely local or temporary, and that which is of universal and human significancy. And this extent of vision alone, it unquestionably is that entitles a man to say, that he is *educated* in the highest and complete sense of that word."

We have patintly followed our author through this long defence of classical education, because, hackneyed as the theme may be, it is not always that it is handled with the requisite degree of discrimination and appreciation. Many of our eulogizers of a Latin and Greek education in this country, plead the cause of classicality on grounds which are satisfactory enough in the abstract, but which have no bearing whatsoever on the circumstances to which they are meant to be applied. Herr Beneke, however, takes anxious care that he shall not play off upon us any sophism of this kind. He tells us not only *what* classics are worth, but *for whom*—'für denjenigen welcher auf die höchste Bildungsstufe gestellt werden soll,'—for him whom it is intended to plant upon the highest platform of intellectual culture. Thus his championship of a classical education for the gymnasia, is in the most perfect harmony with his determined exclusion of the same studies from the Bürger-schools. 'Non omnia possumus omnes;' the merchant goes to his counting-house, the young agriculturist to his model farm, when the young philosopher is going from Homer and Herodotus in the gymnasium, to Plato and Immanuel Kant in the university. This is the way they manage matters in Germany; but among ourselves there is still reason to fear that the true position and value of classical education in relation to the different classes of society, and their intellectual wants, is not every where distinctly understood; that there is too much of a general indiscriminating idol-worship of the mere letter of Greek and Latin, to which languages, in their mere rudiments and disciplinarian externals, a sort of magic virtue is attributed, as if they alone, without aid from living poetry and philosophy, and without the least regard either to social position or intellectual wants, had the power of turning every thing into gold. On some such notion as this the exclusive classicism of Oxford, and whatever in England is connected with that, seems to depend; while in Scotland we find, in many places, herds of young men who should begin and end their education at a commercial school, drilled for five years principally into the mere beggarly elements of Latin, and then sent to college (still in the shape of mere *boys*) for a little more Latin, and a little Greek, that they may forget both in a year or two over the toils of the *comptoir* and the recreations of the circulating library. Now how do the Berlin educationist's sensible remarks apply to such a case as this? Plainly thus, that one-half of the lads, who in Scotland study Latin and Greek at grammar-schools and universities, should have been sent to a Bürger-school, from which the classical languages were excluded, and the other half should have been brought beyond the point of nibbling at a shell, and really taught to live in the atmosphere, and drink from the fountains, of ancient wisdom. As things stand at present we have good reason, with the late Profes-

sor Walker,* to despair altogether of the cause of classical literature beyond the Tweed, and to denounce the present system, not merely as a futile abortion in itself, but as one of the greatest hindrances to a rational system of education, that the three angles of our triangle contain. In England, wherever the old system of exclusive classicality still prevails, we have at least one thing thoroughly studied in the schools, and carried afterwards in the universities to that point of perfection in which intellectual pleasure and profit are combined; but classicality in Scotland is a mere obstructive heap of grammatical thorns and brambles, neither producing any fruit of itself, nor allowing seeds of a more hopeful character to find their way through its choking superincumbence. †

We shall now give the English reader a sample of Herr Beneke's sensible and thoroughly practical views on the 'methods of education;' and from this part of his subject we can select nothing more appropriate than the remarks on the monitorial system. Fully alive to the necessary defects of this overtrumpeted machinery, the Berlin professor has too much judgment to overlook its manifold advantages. The monitorial system, wisely applied, teaches the educator to make a virtue of necessity; and he who can do this commands a charm, not of the highest kind, but one which, in such a world as the present, is likely to be more generally available than any other.

"Let us first consider the quantity of instruction given by the method of Bell and Lancaster; and here it seems to us evident where there is an ordinary degree of skill displayed in the school arrangements, that each individual scholar receives a greater share of the master's time and attention under the monitorial system than by the common plan according to which scholars of all different degrees of advancement fall to be instructed by a single teacher. For in proportion as diversities of this kind exist in a class, the master is forced to split his time and attention into so many altogether independent sections; and while he is occupied with one section the others will either be less beneficially occupied than they might be, under monitors, or are altogether idle. On the other hand, if the teacher can devolve the exhausting business of mere preparation and repetition on others, it is clear that so much time and strength as was lost on this can now be devoted to the proper business of instruction.

"As little, however, is it to be denied that even this preparation and repetition, and much more so the instruction, properly so called, when they are superintended by scholars, do not admit, with regard to all subjects, of being efficiently carried into practice; for there is always something 'mechanical' about the teaching of a monitor which, if teaching is to be intellectual, necessarily renders the instrument inadequate to the effect desired. This may be granted; but there are certain subjects that admit of being communicated, if not altogether, at least in some degree, only in a manner that may comparatively be termed mechanical; nay, we may go further and say that the extraneous admixture of sparks of spirit, so to speak, into these subjects, tends to produce confusion rather than to excite interest, and is, consequently, more prejudicial than beneficial to the real work of teaching. We shall, therefore, do wisely to make a distinction; and, unless where sorry necessity compels, apply the monitorial method only to those subjects in which the instruction given must necessarily be in a great measure mechanical; as spelling, writing, drawing, arithmetic, and the external frame-work of geography and history. To the province of the monitorial method (to repeat what we have said under another phase) belong all those subjects, and those subjects only, that can be transferred so completely by a good teacher to an apt scholar, that the scholar can feel the communicated elements, so far as they go, perfectly in his own power, and is ready to transfer them distinctly and without confusion to another; while, on the other hand, all those subjects are to be withheld from the handling of a pupil teacher, which are capable only of a very imperfect transference from the master to the scholar. To this category belong all exercises prescribed especially for the training of the understanding, all instruction in religion, in morality, and in the inner spirit and significance of history. But with all this limitation, is it not a decided gain that what may and must be taught, to a certain degree, mechanically, is by the monitorial method taught more certainly in a school with only one master than it can be without this instrumentality?

"If we consider further to what an extent this merely mechanical part of instruction is and must be practised in every school, let the teacher be as vivacious and intellectual as he pleases; we shall be forced on a review of the real details of the matter to admit that unless in a few peculiarly fortunate cases, a certain number of the scholars will, in all classes, soon begin to fall behind; and whenever this takes

* Evidence before the Royal Commission for visiting the Scottish Universities, 1827.

† We happen to have lay besides us an extract from an old number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which expresses in a single sentence the essentially false position of classical learning in Scotland. 'Nothing has more contributed in this country to disparage the cause of classical education than the rendering it the education of ALL. With us the learned languages are taught at once too extensively, and not intensively enough.'

place, the teacher, where he has no assistants, must either allow this number to lag, and finally give them up as a hopeless job, or by extraordinary care bestowed upon a few dullards, deprive the good scholars of that attention of which they are more worthy. I know it from the best authority that, high as our system of elementary instruction in Prussia undoubtedly stands, and zealous as are the exertions of our educational officials, there are nevertheless children even here, in Berlin, who, after four or five years regular attendance at school, can neither read nor write with any readiness. If such things happen in the green tree, what are we to expect from the dry? And is it then wise, to remain in a state of vain self satisfaction with an imagined perfection, and refuse the aid of a method, which, whatever may be its defects, can certainly, when actively superintended, be made to achieve that which our most active men without it must in the nature of things often fail to do? Let monitors, therefore by all means be employed, to do that which can be done by monitors: and if the instruction which they can give is at best merely mechanical, let us bear in mind that this intellectual mechanics is at least in itself better than nothing, and that when once there, it may readily be made the bridge to something higher, that could never have existed without it.

"It now remains to make a remark or two on the quality of the instruction communicated by the mutual method. Now here, the main advantage seems to be—what indeed we have already mentioned—that by portioning out the scholars, according to their different progress and capacities, into a great many separate groups, and giving each a suitable drilling by appropriately furnished monitors, every scholar at every individual moment is kept actively employed according to the exact measure of his wants and attainments, and neither above nor beneath the mark. Now when details are to be taken up mechanically in teaching, this is not something merely, but it is all.

"Such is the clear gain for the taught scholar; for the teaching scholar the profit is much higher. The object that had hitherto been his only by actual adoption, becomes, in the very act of teaching, his by inward energetic vitality, the inalienable property of his knowing faculty. The frequent repetition which he practises gives him certainty and confidence in the application of what he knows; what he had first learned diligently it may be, but imperfectly and more or less clumsily, he now learns to use with ready dexterity and decided talent. Then there is the special pleasure that arises in the mind from the consciousness of a thorough command of a subject: this again begets a warmer love to the subject, and acts as the most active of all spurs to further acquisition; so that, taking every thing together, the mechanical part of teaching becomes to the teacher-scholar what it never can be to the principal teacher, not merely not mechanical in the offensive sense of that word, but one of the most healthy and beneficial of intellectual exercises.

"But there are indirect advantages resulting from the monitorial system, not inferior, perhaps, to its immediate influence; and among these we must mention the various postures and movements which the execution of this method renders necessary, and which form a most convenient channel for the outlet of that instinct of corporeal movement which is so characteristic of healthy young persons. But besides this incidental gymnastics the scholars are thus accustomed to submit not merely to the direct power of discipline embodied in the person of the master, but to subordination and control in a much wider and more varied sphere. For however much of mere surface work there may be in this sort of school training—something analogous to the externalities of which common military drill is made up—it is not the less certain that the observance of this external discipline removes the occasion for many an offence both of an inward origin, and drawing inward and moral consequences in its train. Discipline once acknowledged in a few mechanical outward acts, may by degrees control and mould the whole character. And accordingly we find, that, while within the walls of the school, the Bell and Lancaster teachers have been able to boast that their method has enabled them to dispense with every kind of corporeal punishment, beyond these bounds it is alleged that of those who have been subjected to thorough discipline under this system, a smaller proportion has been convicted for police offences than of children educated in the ordinary schools. In addition to all this, we must observe the important moral lesson daily taught to those who are under the influence of the monitorial system; namely, that no man lives for himself alone in this world, but that every man, according to his ability and opportunities, must endeavor to make himself useful to his fellows: and this great truth is not impressed upon the memory of the young scholar merely, but it is imprinted on his heart, transferred to his will, and worked into the daily habitude and custom of his existence.

"A single word now remains for the influence of this method on the principal teacher. On this head the most discordant opinions are every where expressed: and we hear in the same breath the complaint that the constant superintendence and eager watchfulness over every part of a complicated machinery which this method requires, is too much for the strength of a common man; and that other complaint, which is certainly not consistent with it, that by handing over the principal part of his work to his scholars, the master is apt to become lazy and inefficient. Now with regard to this point it appears to me that they are decidedly in the wrong who imagine that the Bell and Lancaster method, because it enables a good teacher to do more than he could other-

wise accomplish, is therefore an easier method for him, and a method which may be satisfied with a less efficient man than the common service demands. So far from this, it seems certain that to teach by monitors is a more difficult task for the masters than to teach without them: a more vivid and energetic power of generalship must be exhibited. The commander-in-chief in a great battle, though he has and can have no particular post, is in fact present every where. As a compensation, however, for this greater demand upon his energy, the monitorial system spares the teacher a great part of that merely mechanical inculcation which is so wearisome; and saves him from that stupifying and blunting influence, which long continued and unremitting occupation with the mere elementary part of teaching never fails to exercise on the intellect."

Here our limits command us to refrain. The extracts we have made are sufficient, we think, to convince the friends of education in this country that a complete treatise, conceived in the same catholic and comprehensive spirit, and so thoroughly discriminating and practical, must be regarded as a most valuable contribution to a branch of social science, more talked about in these times than perhaps any other, but less understood. There are plenty of loose ideas, indeed, afloat on this important subject, but comparatively few fixed principles; and the cause of this confusion is plain: people must study so complex a subject before they can hope to comprehend it; study first its principles in the psychology of the human mind, and then its details in the practice of various skilful persons. To all who are in search of a wise pilot through these seas, we can most conscientiously recommend Dr. Friedrich Beneke.

Algeria a Viceroyalty.—We have positive information that there has been lately discussed in the Council of Ministers a question of erecting Algeria into a viceroyalty, and conferring it upon the Duc d'Aumale. It has even been intimated to the Court of Naples, that the daughter of the Prince de Salerno is destined to fill the rank of Vice-Queen. The idea has been adopted by the council in principle, but we are not able to say that any final decision as to its mode of execution has been come to.—*Galignani.*

Talleyrand.—Those who may be disposed to study the character of that modern Machiaval, Prince Talleyrand, will find it admirably portrayed in the remarkable work of the Baron Menneval, entitled *Napoleon and Marie Louise.—Court Jour.*

LORD JEFFREY'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

From the North British Review.

We promise our readers much pleasure and profit in the perusal of this article, our first cutting from the new Review. We think, from the specimens before us, we shall be inclined often to use it.—Ed.

Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 4 vols. London. 1844.

The name perfixed to these volumes would, at any time within the last forty years, have ensured for them the attention and interest of the public. The author's early celebrity and long-sustained reputation, must have rendered any effort from his pen an event in the republic of letters which a faithful historian would hasten to record. To us, who are just commencing our career of criticism, the present work comes laden with peculiar lessons and recollections; and on these we may be allowed to dwell shortly without apology to our readers. It is a service of honor and duty, as well as of gratification, to introduce our efforts in the cause of sound literature by some notice of this remarkable collection, and to consider what instruction we may derive in our self-imposed labors from the writings of the greatest living master of our art.

Other eminent writers in the Edinburgh Review have already published separately the most celebrated of their contributions. A comparison of those now before us with the essays of contemporary critics, naturally suggests itself as the most appropriate test we could use, for estimating accurately their peculiar merits in the school of composition to which they belong. But however high we may be disposed to rate them in such a contrast, it occurs to us, that it is not in that way, or under a process of discrimination so conducted, that their qualities—their best and highest qualities—can be rightly appreciated. They were not written for publication in such a shape; neither were they intended as popular writings, simply suited to catch the taste or excite the enthusiasm of the day. They were all parts of a great and gradually matured system of criticism; and the object aimed at in by far the greatest proportion of the essays before us, was not so much to pro-

duce a pleasing, or attractive, or interesting piece of writing, as to enforce great principles of thought—to scourge error, and bigotry, and dulness—to instil into the public mind a just sense of the essential requisites of taste and truth in literature—and to disperse and wear away, by constant energy, that crust of false sentiment which obscured and nearly extinguis ed the genius of this country, at the commencement of the present century.

None of these Reviewers, certainly, wrote for separate publication; but perhaps it is only of Jeffrey that any such systematic plan can be predicated. Not only had the occasional contributors to the Review the advantage, for the most part, of choosing their own subject, and their own time, which an editor could not enjoy; but, in general, their writings partake much more of the nature of fugitive essays than of disquisitions connected by any common object, or tending *collectively* to any specific result. Macaulay's Reviews, for instance, are not criticisms, and might often more appropriately have had men than books for their subject. They are philosophical discourses—gorgeous descriptions—picturesque reflections on history and literature; but they have seldom any claim to a place in the pages of a Review beyond the use of it as the vehicle of their communication to the public. With Jeffrey's criticisms it is altogether different. They are occupied much more with the work immediately in hand, and treat it as a subject for analysis more than as a mere text for discourse. The dissertations which occur in them are always brought directly to bear upon the peculiar task of the Reviewer. No man, indeed, who reads these volumes can fail to admire the vast range of subject which this selection embraces, and the wonderful versatility which has so successfully compassed so wide a circuit of literature and philosophy. But these are not their greatest triumphs. They are to be regarded not merely as the types or indications, but as, in a great measure, the instruments of a great intellectual progress—of a change which, for its extent, might almost be called a revolution—in the tone of thought prevalent in this country both in politics and letters.

At no time in our history, perhaps, had originality or manliness of thought sunk so low as at the end of last century. On all subjects, independence of action or opinion seems to have been renounced by the great mass of the people. Men had ceased to think for themselves, either on matters of public policy, or on the lighter subjects of literature and taste. Terrified by the horrors of the French Revolution, the great majority of the nation abandoned all concern about their liberty, and trusted blindly to their rulers for freedom and safety: and the universal feeling which absorbed nearly all the enthusiasm of the age, was dread and detestation of revolutionary principles It is difficult, indeed, to look back without a smile to the childish panic which appears to have possessed the country, of which more than one indication may be found, even in the calm and philosophical pages now before us. In the crisis of the imaginary danger, every thing venerable and sacred to British liberty was forgotten. Even its first principles became suspected, if a Jacobin taint could be discovered in them; and all were laid, with the confidence of infatuation, at the foot of the Crown, or the Minister of the day.

It cannot be denied, that however unenlightened these sentiments may now appear, they entirely occupied the minds, not merely of the majority of the Houses of Parliament, and of the aristocracy, but the great body of the people. On the other hand, there was another, an infinitely smaller class, whose opinions, though very different, were hardly more conducive to the health and vigor of public feeling. These were the disciples of the French Revolution—men who, looking to that great event as the harbinger of a renovated state of society, regarded the name of antiquity as equivalent to tyranny—seeing nothing august or wise in any established institution, and searching for the foundation of liberty in the dispersion of all acknowledged axioms of religion or government. There was a foppery about these men and their opinions, which, even if they had not been distracted by the turmoil of the times, and the danger to which the minority in which they stood exposed them, was as fatal to the freedom of thought, or the generous action of the mind, as the blind zeal of their opponents. Between these two sections there stood, indeed, a middle party, which with all its faults, kept alive the flame which has since burnt so brightly, under a leader, who may well be regarded as the impersonation of broad, manly intellect. But, great in talent, it was a band of little weight with the country. The stain of the Coalition, and the personal enmity of the Sovereign, had left Fox, during the remainder of his polit-

ical career, without the means of public influence—a star too far removed from the political orbit, to warm by its beams, even while it dazzled by its brilliancy. It was one, and not the least of the calamities of the time, that England's greatest statesman was excluded from her service, and his vast endowments of mind, exercised for half a century in his country's service, produced no result so great, as has that legacy he left her, in the lessons of masculine philosophy, and the burning love of freedom, which breathe through the disjected remains of his eloquence, and will last while the constitution endures.

That such a state of public sentiment should have chilled and repressed all the independent efforts of genius, is not wonderful. But the poverty of the land in literature, at the time we speak of, can hardly be traced to any cause so recent. Indeed, speculations on the causes which lead to that constant ebb and flow of literary talent, which may be observed in the history of all countries, are at the best unsatisfactory. The contingencies from which they spring are generally too intricate, and their causes too remote, to admit of accurate deduction on the subject. We might theorize long and learnedly enough on the dreary interval between Pope and Cowper, without discovering any satisfactory solution of it in the state of the community, public or social, during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Looking at it in the mass, from whatever causes the result may be supposed to arise, no similar period of British history, since the age of Elizabeth, was so little respectable in learning or in fancy. The earlier portion of it, no doubt, produced Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson—names as great in their own sphere, as any of which our country can boast. Bolingbroke, their superior in power as in acquirement, was a giant of a former age. Burke, his pupil, belonged rather to politics than literature; and his writings, ardent and enthusiastic as they were, rather served to scathe and wither up independence of spirit in the nation. The great historians, on the contrary, alike in the florid delineations of the English and the classic accuracy of the Scottish authors, are marked by an artificial coldness and indifference, which was one of the features of the time. No natural passion, no heart-born enthusiasm or forgetfulness of art, find place in their great and elaborate works. In poetry, the retrospect is still more barren. To a few, indeed, who flourished during the commencement of the period, it is impossible to deny a respectable place among British authors. Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins, were all, individually, poets of no mean order; and although none of them entitled to rank in the first, may be considered as high in the second class. But whatever their individual power or merits may be, and these cannot be denied or undervalued, they not only did not rise to the highest walks of the art, but they eminently failed in producing effect on the public taste, or stamping their genius on the character of the times. The fetters which Pope had worn so gracefully, remained as an heirloom to his poetical descendants, till all the fancy and elegance of the first master had disappeared, and nothing remained but a certain smooth and empty monotony, without music or strength, and full of exolete tropes, and insipid extravagance. This slavish adherence to the artificial rules of a school which it required all the genius of its author to reconcile with vigor or energy, completely degraded the poetry of the age. The whimsical humors of the Rolliad, or Peter Pindar, or the Anti-Jacobin, do infinitely more credit to its originality, than many volumes of what in those days, passed for the inspired efforts of a more ambitious muse. The hermit voice of Cowper, speaking from his solitude, in rough and nervous English, and the impassioned strains of Burns, couched in a language all but foreign to ordinary readers, were among the first examples of emancipation from this ancient thraldom, and the assertion of the genuine power of vigorous and unfettered fancy. But they were no indications of a purer tone of public sentiment. Thrown on their own resources, and drawing from the deep spring of their own thoughts, the English recluse, and the Scottish peasant, spoke the language of nature, because in them it had not been corrupted by constant contact with a vitiated standard of taste.

But towards the end of the century, the waters were being stirred. When society is moved to its depths, powers otherwise dormant are called forth; and thus great public convulsions are always found to produce unusual manifestations of intellectual vigor. So the Augustan age followed the wars of the Republic; and all our own great masters of literature burst into a blaze, from the struggles of the Reformation and the Commonwealth. The singular agitations of the public mind, produced by

the political convulsions of the Continent, while their first effect in this country was, as we have seen, rather to banish than to stimulate independence of intellect, could not fail ultimately to promote it. It is easy to discern at that period the dawning efforts of our national genius to free itself from its long imposed restraints, and to give itself natural vent, through unaccustomed channels. But, as might have been anticipated, in its first exertions, it strayed into all devious paths, and, while endeavoring to shake off its old chains, was in danger of aspiring after a license equally at variance with the just rules of taste. Originality and novelty were sought for, from sources as far as possible removed from the authorized models which had so long sustained their supremacy. "*Ignotas accedere fontes*," seemed to be the common object. William Taylor was exploring the newly found mine of German literature; Wordsworth courted nature and simplicity in lyrical ballads; Southey alternated between sapphics and dithyrambics, and Scott was searching for an unexhausted theme among the lays and romances of the Troubadours. The feeling of disgust and weariness at the threadbare topics and flat style of the preceding age was so intense, that the most palpable solecisms of taste and metre were likely to come into fashion as a mere relief. It was at this juncture, happily, that a CENSOR suddenly arose—a tribunal was erected—singularly exempt from extravagant excitement—professing to seek its canon of criticism from the pure fountain of nature, and the deep wells of our ancient literature—and administering its self-created laws with all the cold severity and calm determination of an acknowledged judge.

The object of the "Edinburgh Review" was not only to establish a higher standard of merit, but a purer, bolder, and simpler taste, and to induce on the public mind habits of calm and just thinking, and a spirit of unprejudiced inquiry after truth and justice in politics. How far it succeeded in applying true normal rules of judgment in the discharge of its judicial functions, we may inquire immediately. What it did accomplish was astonishing. Without patronage, without name, under the tutelage of no great man, and uncaressed as yet by any fashionable circle, propounding heresies of all sorts against the ruling fancies of the day, whether political, poetical, or social, by sheer vigor of mind, resolution of purpose, and an unexampled combination of mental qualities, five or six young men in our somewhat provincial metropolis laid the foundation of an empire, to which, in the course of a few years, the intellect of Europe did homage. For the time, no despotism could be more complete. The "Review" was the mirror by which men of taste adjusted their thoughts, and poets adorned their numbers. The young aspirant after fame looked fearfully to the dreaded oracle, while he waited for the response which was to fix his literary destiny. The believers in the virtue of all existing things stood aghast at the unconsecrated hands which were laid on the objects of their idolatry, but they too learned to fear its power, and to smart under its lash. Merciless in chastisement, and fearless in opinion, it rudely dispersed the dull tribe who for years had sung and said to a drowsy public the praises of the King and Constitution, and cleared the ground for worthier and manlier occupants. The device they bore upon their shield, "*Judex damnatur dum nocens absolvitur*," carried as much terror as ever a war-cry did over a field of chivalry. Spurred by the defying challenge, men of might buckled on their armor and tasked their utmost strength, and were considered to have acquired renown if they only kept their seat against so formidable a foe.

A periodical work on such a scale, entirely devoted to criticism, was a happy thought, and much of its first effect upon the public undoubtedly was derived from the novelty and propriety of the design, as well as from the vigor of its execution. It was a step in advance in the science of criticism, reducing it to a more systematic form, and affording more enlarged oportunities for its exercise. Since the days of Johnson there had been nothing vigorous or efficient in the shape of criticism. The sturdy old moralist himself no doubt wielded his mace with great effect, and, although to modern taste his language is oppressively redundant, and his principles of judgment sometimes capricious, and oftener minute and desultory, his writings afford a rich vein of sound appreciation of the true elements of genius, and the peculiar beauties and powers of the English language. Since his time, although critics formed themselves on the models he had left behind him, the art had gradually degenerated, and had entirely ceased to produce any influence in the correction or chastisement

of offences against sound taste. The monthly periodicals of the day to which, in general, critical dissertations were confined, down to the date of the Edinburgh Review, were constructed after the fashion approved ever since the year 1730. These magazines were compilations, thrown together without much attention to method, and consisting partly of original writing, but chiefly of extracts from such works of the day as were likely to be interesting, mixed up with the ordinary gossip of the newspapers. They were thus a pleasant medley of every thing; where a new invention in mechanics, or a recipe in cookery, or the particulars of some astonishing *lusus naturæ*, might be found in the same page with dissertations on the deepest subjects of philosophy or science. There is much ability and good writing in some of these magazines. In the *New Monthly*, for instance, any one who chooses to take the trouble, may extract from the superincumbent mass a great deal that is interesting. But the talent which was contributed to such publications was, in fact, for all practical purposes, completely smothered by the load of matter by which it was surrounded. Succeeding to these cumbrous and unmanageable vehicles of public opinion, the method, clearness, and vivacity of the Review showed in favorable contrast, as a smart four-in-hand stage-coach of the present day may be supposed to do, compared with the lumbering conveyances in which our ancestors travelled. It thus started with all the attractions of novelty, as well as with those of power.

While the Review was received with singular favor by the public generally, the feelings it excited were by no means those of unmingled admiration in all quarters. On the contrary, it hit so hard the prejudices of many influential classes, that its vigor and ability only rendered it more obnoxious. Authors were also not unwilling to impugn the partiality or fairness of a tribunal, through the ordeal of which so few could pass with credit. In looking into the "Memoirs of William Taylor," lately published, we find, in the letters of Southey, who was a great correspondent of his, a good illustration of the feelings by which our author and his Review were regarded by the irritable race to which the poet belonged. He never speaks of Jeffrey but with a degree of bitterness which indicates much of the fear, as well as the smart, of injured vanity; and we have no doubt that many of his tuneful brethren at that time participated in his sentiments. It is worth remarking, however, that Taylor, so far from taking the trouble to apply any balm to his wounds, never fails to put in a word of praise of the Scotch Reviewers. Taylor's commendation is valuable, as the expression of the opinion of a rival critic, speaking of genius which had eclipsed his own. He was the principal contributor to the "Monthly Review," and is fairly entitled to the praise, not only of having done much to introduce the taste for German literature in this country, but also of having first adventured the broader and more scientific style of criticism which the Edinburgh Review afterwards carried to so much perfection. While he was well able to appreciate the kindred merits of the new Journal, the simplicity and disinterestedness of his praise adds greatly to its value. "It is not," he says in 1809, in answer to one of Southey's invectives, "with Jeffrey's politics that I am in love; but with his brilliant and definite expressions, and his subtle argumentative power. I have not seen the Quarterly Review. It is said to rival that of Jeffrey; *but I should be surprised if there is literary strength enough in any other combination to track so many good opinions so well as the Edinburgh Reviewers.*"*

This brings us to speak of the work which is at present our more peculiar theme, and of its author, the director and head of this formidable confederacy. It is simply a reprint of selected articles from the Review, without any addition by the author, with the exception of the preface, and some occasional notes. Here and there he has curtailed an article, sometimes to adapt it to modern readers, and sometimes for other reasons, explained at the places where they occur. Apart from its other merits, it cannot fail to interest as a memorial of the wisdom, policy, and triumphs of the government of the autocrat of criticism, to which, unlike most abdicated monarchs, he looks calmly back with honest but well-tempered pride, undisturbed by the cravings of ambition, and undisquieted by the recollection of former strife. The dignity proper to his station may have, in some degree, moderated the vivacity and point for which the subjects of the little annotations scattered up and down these volumes afford considerable scope; but, on

* Memoirs of William Taylor, vol. ii., p. 272.

the other hand, there is something most attractive in the mellowed light thrown over the whole, from a flame which once burned so fiercely;—in the gentle candor and the unassuming and considerate reflection, untinctured by a single drop of gall, with which he recurs to conflicts which are now matter of history in our literary annals. Not a vestige is to be found there of the touchy vanity common to authorship; nor even of the natural dogmatism of a man engaged during an ardent life in the maintenance of strong opinions. It is with a kind of apologetic diffidence, rather than with any vaunt of consistency, that in writing of his earlier feuds, he intimates that he still thinks as he then thought, but with all kind words of the antagonists who remain, and kinder of those who are departed, and an amiable and unbidden regret for the strength of words, which grate upon his memory, while he cannot feel them to be undeserved. Such was the mind of the man whose name at one time, among a certain class, was a synonym for bitterness, revilings, and all uncharitableness, and who certainly enjoyed no small amount of fear and hatred among those who knew nothing of him except through the terrors of his lash.

It is not fair, perhaps, to contrast the ebullitions of a poet impatient of the recent smart, with the quiet reminiscences of such a work as this; but having just spoken of Southey, and we would wish to speak reverently of the memory of so powerful an intellect, we cannot but turn to the tribute paid by the once dreaded critic to the two most inveterate of his adversaries.

"I have, in my time, said petulant and provoking things of Mr. Southey:—and such as I would not say now. But I am not conscious that I was ever unfair to his poetry: and if I have noted what I thought its faults, in too arrogant and derisive a spirit, I think I have never failed to give hearty and cordial praise to its beauties—and generally dwelt much more largely on the latter than the former. Few things, at all events, would now grieve me more, than to think I might give pain to his many friends and admirers, by reprinting, so soon after his death, any thing which might appear derogatory either to his character or his genius; and therefore, though I cannot say that I have substantially changed any of the opinions I have formerly expressed as to his writings, I only insert in this publication my review of his last considerable poem; which may be taken as conveying my matured opinion of his merits—and will be felt, I trust, to have done no scanty or unwilling justice to his great and peculiar powers."—Vol. iii., p. 133.

"I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry. And forgetting, that even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste, or venial self-partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *vivacités* of expression. And indeed, so strong has been my feeling in this way, that considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his genius, and how entirely I respect his character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But, when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion, might be held to import a retraction which I am as far as possible from intending; or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable.

"I finally resolved, therefore, to reprint my review of 'The Excursion;' which contains a pretty full view of my griefs and charges against Mr. Wordsworth; set forth, too, I believe, in a more temperate strain than most of my other inculpations—and of which I think I may now venture to say farther, that if the faults are unsparingly noted, the beauties are not penuriously or grudgingly allowed: but commended to the admiration of the reader with at least as much heartiness and goodwill."—Vol. ii., p. 233.

The preface is conceived in the same gentle spirit. The episode concerning Sir Walter Scott, with which it concludes, is not without interest; but we would certainly have preferred its omission. *Pace tanti nominis*, it was hardly worth Jeffrey's while to have taken such anxious notice of the observation, even though it came from Scott.

It is explained in the preface, that these volumes do not contain a third of the author's contributions to the "Review," independently of the constant labor of revising, altering, and editing those of his coadjutors. When it is recollected that the party on whom this task was thrown, was, during the entire period, a barrister in

great practice, and that he arrived ultimately at the highest honors, both officially and professionally, which a Scottish advocate can hold, some idea may be formed of the wonderful versatility of powers and rapidity of execution which he must have had at his command. Any one who has had the duty of an editor imposed on him, will understand how greatly the extensive occupations of the reviewer enhance the merits of his literary labors. For a dull, ill-tempered man, fancy could not imagine a more refined and perfect torment than the life of an editor. Tied to a stake—a mark for every disappointed friend or foe to fling at—daily devoured by the petulance of authors—the jealousies and intolerable delays of contributors, and the grumblings of publishers—and doomed to a task never ending—still beginning—more hopeless and interminable than the labors of the fabled sisters, "speeding to-day, to be put back to-morrow"—an editor might well require leisure the most uninterrupted, and patience almost patriarchal, if he hoped to enjoy his life, or to retain it long. Indeed we are satisfied, that not all the intellectual qualities which he brought to the service, could have enabled Lord Jeffrey triumphantly to accomplish both his literary and professional distinctions, but for a natural sweetness and suavity of temper, that left his mind serene and unruffled for all his tasks, and enabled him to throw off with his books, equally the harassments of the editor, and the anxieties of the law.

Written amid such avocations, the selections contained in these volumes are presented to the public in a separate shape. The articles are arranged, not chronologically, but under distinct classes of general literature, history, poetry, politics, and miscellaneous subjects.

This arrangement has certainly the advantage of presenting, in a continuous and unbroken view, the author's sentiments on the varied subjects embraced in the collection. On the other hand, it exposes the articles themselves, as the author seems to be aware, to the most trying test to which they could be subjected. As despatches sent out from time to time—orders in Council, so to speak, promulgated as occasion or delinquency required—it might frequently happen that the same doctrines might be often enforced, and the same reprimands repeated with advantage. But when thus collected, after the emergencies have passed away, and read continuously as contemporaneous essays, it was inevitable that they should present the recurrence of analogous discussions to a much greater degree than would be either natural or agreeable in a connected work; and the classification adopted, of course increases the effect of these repetitions.

This defect is most prominent in those treatises which are otherwise the most valuable; as the author most frequently reverts to those topics on which he had thought most deeply, and which he considered most important. In fact, it is a defect quite inseparable from the style of composition. We do not say, as Fox did of reported speeches, that if these treatises make a good book, they must have been bad reviews; but nothing can be clearer, than that in following out a bold and extensive system of criticism, intended and adapted to correct the corrupted taste of the age, much of their weight and influence depended on the frequency with which the blow was repeated. Articles which stand side by side in these volumes, were separated by the distance of years; and during the interval, the changes in public feeling, or the revolutions of literature, gave zest and propriety to reflections, which, as they are here placed, seem merely echoes or reproductions of the thoughts of a few pages before.

Perhaps there is another leading feature of these Essays, which is calculated to diminish their popularity as a connected work; we mean the didactic or metaphysical cast which distinguish the most elaborate of their number. The prevalent taste for studies of that nature which reigned in Scotland at their date, naturally led the pupils of Reid and Stewart to exercise on literature and politics, the habits of inquiry which they had learned in those celebrated schools. Fashion has, in some degree, antiquated the science; and at the present day, the mysticism of metaphysics is more in favor than its pure inductions. But while it cannot be denied, that this character of the work before us may detract a little from its qualifications as a competitor for popular favor, it is far from diminishing its intrinsic merit. It was, as we have said, one of the leading objects of the Review, to introduce and enforce more correct principles of reasoning and taste. As Lord Jeffrey says in his preface, the "Review aimed high from the first:"—

"And refusing to confine itself to the humble task of pronouncing on the mere liter-

ary merits of the works that came before it, professed to go deeply into *the Principles* on which its judgments were to be rested; as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate. And, on the whole, I think it is now pretty generally admitted, that it attained the end it aimed at. Many errors there were, of course, and some considerable blunders; abundance of indiscretions, especially in the earlier numbers; and far too many excesses, both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame. But with all these drawbacks, I think it must be allowed to have substantially succeeded—in familiarizing the public mind (that is, the minds of very many individuals) with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit, than had ever before been brought as effectually home to their apprehensions, and also in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence of all such occasional writings, not only in this country, but over the greater part of Europe, and the free States of America; while it proportionally enlarged the capacity, and improved the relish, of the growing multitudes to whom such writings were addressed, for 'the stronger meats' which were then first provided for their digestion."—P. ix.

Now, in the attainment of this object, it was essential that the subjects of controversy should be reduced to their elements, and that the foundation of a more solid and enduring canon of judgment should be laid on a correct basis of sound principle. Hence the great utility of that habit of analysis which was favored by the taste of the time, and of which our author is so great a master. It is true, some of these analytical processes read now like a series of self-evident propositions; and we sometimes think it was hardly worth while to use an instrument so subtile to extract so plain a truth. But it must be borne in mind, that what we think self-evident and axiomatic, were the very propositions, the denial or disregard of which lay at the root of the misgovernment and perverted taste of the day; and the fact, that these principles, which were so utterly forgotten when his labors commenced, and so frequently derided and repudiated during his advocacy of them, are now received and acknowledged on all hands as rudimental—so that the demonstration of them appears superfluous—is perhaps the most flattering testimony which could be paid to the efficiency and moral influence of his writings.

No better illustration of these remarks occurs to us than the Review of Mr. Leckie's "Essay on the British Government," vol. iv., p. 1. So gross and foolish a libel on constitutional liberty, would hardly, perhaps, at present find a reader, and certainly not a reviewer; nor, on the other hand, would any politician, or class of politicians, so far commit themselves with the public, as to deny, that all government flows from the people, and has the good of the people as its only end. But when this elaborate defence of very plain principles was composed, a man was not thought either a knave or a fool, but, on the contrary, a truly loyal British subject, deserving of great rewards, and very often receiving them, who stood up for the divine right of kings, and the sinfulness of questioning the absolute wisdom of any constituted authority. Nor must we rashly conclude, that although such notions are now obsolete, they are necessarily extinct. We have seen some strange resurrections in our own day. Opinions which have at any time taken a strong hold on intelligent men, never die, however pernicious or absurd; nor is a country or age ever safe against their reappearance. It was by exorcisms such as those of the Edinburgh Review, that the incantations which deluded the nation were broken, and the rabble rout dispersed; but even now, when so many seem disposed to forsake modern light for ancient darkness, and when we find dogmas which we thought buried with the monks that held them, reacquiring their power over even the learned and enlightened, it is impossible to say how soon we may be sent back to the very demonstrations which we think so elementary, for weapons to defend all we hold sacred in our national institutions.

But passing from these peculiarities, we regard this work as a very valuable addition to the permanent literature of the country. It is a book not to be read only—but studied. It is a vast repertory, or rather a system or institute, embracing the whole circle of letters—if we except the exact sciences—and contains within itself, not in a desultory form, but in a well digested scheme, more original conception, bold and fearless speculation, and just reasoning on all kinds and varieties of subjects than are to be found in any English writer with whom we are acquainted, within the present or the last generation.

It would be a very unwarrantable trespass on the time of our readers, to follow our author in detail through the work before us. It presents all the variety of an un-

dulating landscape, with deep recesses and sunny glades, and smooth still lakes, and dashing torrents, and here and there less fertile plains, and anon bright broad green meadows, redolent of cheerfulness and joy. We could but faintly sketch its more prominent and striking features; for it seems very ill spent labor to attempt to describe or condense writings which have been to us as household words from our youth, and with which our readers are probably as familiar as ourselves. We cannot, however, dismiss our subject without inquiring a little more anxiously into our author's peculiar merits and qualities as a writer, and an attempt to form a somewhat more specific estimate of the school of criticism, of which he was the founder and the head.

The most natural comparison, as we have said before, to which every one is prompted to subject these volumes, is to the writings of Sydney Smith and Macaulay: and on a first or superficial impression, the comparison is not in their favor. The quaint wit of Sydney Smith, and Macaulay's stately rolling periods, and glittering images, beguile the time more quickly, and rivet the attention closer. Those who expected to find Jeffrey's essays of a similar stamp, have probably read or tried to read, the book, with a feeling of disappointment. It wants sustained interest for the more indolent class of readers, and is not a work for a lounger to skim over of a morning. The difference arises in a great measure from causes we have already adverted to: for these articles are truly *criticisms*—intended to teach and instruct. But in other respects they have merits of a higher order, and in a higher degree than either of these authors. In the first place, as pure English compositions, we think Jeffrey's writings incomparably superior, not only to his brother reviewers, but to most writers of his time. Sydney Smith's style is careless though effective. Macaulay's is an artificial costume. He is always in full dress, and marches perpetually to the same majestic but rather pompous strain. We read through his three volumes with great delight, but as we read, the everlasting reverberation of his sentences, like a great seawave on a sandy beach, made our head reel at last.* Jeffrey does not drive over the ground so smoothly, but he is infinitely better worth loitering with. His choice of words is unbounded, and his felicity of expression, to the most impalpable shade of discrimination, almost miraculous. Playful, lively, and full of illustration, no subject is so dull or so dry that he cannot invest it with interest, and none so trifling that it cannot acquire dignity or elegance from his pencil. He can rise to the heights of the most exalted argument, or gossip with equal ease with Mary Montague or Pepys, and neither his flights nor his descents seem to cost him an effort, or to interrupt the unencumbered flow of his thoughts. Other writers have been more stately, more accurate, more witty, more florid, than he; but few have ever combined so much facility and so much excellence in all. In playful satire, he stands, in our opinion, without a rival in his time. It was his favorite and most dreaded weapon, of which his rapid fancy, quick sense of the ridiculous, and his command of happy expression, rendered him as complete a master as ever practised the art.

Independently, however, of mere style, and apart from the great variety of subject embraced by his pen, the distinguishing feature of his writings, and that in which he excels his contemporary Reviewers, is the deep vein of practical thought which runs throughout them all. He is not what would now-a-days be thought an *original* thinker. He has no mysteries. He does not startle by unexpected fancies, or by every-day thoughts arrayed in half-intelligible language. On the contrary, he plainly eschews such things as offences against good taste and nature, and handles them unmercifully when they come under his cognizance. In particular, he is altogether untainted by the bastard philosophizing strain which the passion for German literature has introduced of late years—which, in our humble judgment, has obscured and damaged a great deal of vigorous thought, which, in a sober, natural, and English dress, would have been far more distinguished and useful. But the habit of his mind is to search after principle, and to discover the germs of truths in the more complicated phases of intellect, and the artificial states of society. He is the professed votary of simplicity and nature in all their forms, and therefore the whole strain of his reflections, which are always clear, acute, and just, and very frequently profound, is to deduce from his subject some

* We speak here of Macaulay's collected essays, which embrace his earlier writings. His more recent style is much more free of these characteristics, and while he has lost nothing of its attractiveness, has gained in vigor and simplicity.

general principle in ethics or dialectics, by which a canon or rule may be derived for general guidance and instruction.

In his preface, he remarks—

"If I might be permitted further to state, in what particular department, and generally, on account of what, I should most wish to claim a share of those merits, I should certainly say, that it was by having constantly endeavored to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress my readers with a sense, both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment; and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have, more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion; and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of poems and novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue; and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty—or to array them in foolish and fatal hostility to each other. I cannot, of course, do more, in this place, than *intimate* this proud claim. But, for the proof—or at least the explanation of it—I think I may venture to refer to the greater part of the papers that follow."—P. x.

With one qualification, we think, he is well entitled to the praise which he here assumes. He has a strong and ardent love of humanity, and delights to look on the sunny side of life. Human griefs and passions—the deeper sorrows and the minute unhappinesses of existence—find constant sympathy with him; and no little joy, no flash of true-hearted merriment, fails to find an echo in his breast. He is none of those grumblers of whom Seneca speaks, who accuse the order of the world, and would wish the gods amended, not themselves.* He admires and deeply venerates all that is august and glorious in this visible diurnal sphere, and labors, with earnest sincerity, to teach those lessons of high philosophy by which he thinks public and social happiness consist.

The qualification we refer to, is one which, perhaps, might have no place, if the volumes alone were before us; but in considering the school of criticism which he founded, and the decrees of that tribunal of which he was the head, it is impossible to omit the remark, that the highest and truest standard of right, if it was admitted at all, was never allowed to occupy its appropriate place. Let us not be misunderstood. There is nothing in the Essays before us which can do violence to the keenest religious sense; indeed, if we except one or two casual expressions in the review of Hayley's Life of Cowper, there is little we could wish altered in that respect. On the other hand, there are many passages—as, for instance, in the remarks on Bishop Heber's Journal—which breathe a tone of deep reverence for sacred things. With the scourging of hypocrisy, and the exposure of pretended sanctity, we should not only not quarrel, but sympathize. Nor is the least agreeable impression produced by these volumes, that softened and more solemn air which time and experience always produce on minds truly great. We do not complain, however, of what we find, but we desiderate what is absent. In so far as the critic derived his laws of judicial determination from the eternal truths of morality, and deals his censure and awards his praise in proportion as the great ends of man appear to be advanced or injured by the subject of the inquiry, he approached to the formation of a perfect standard of criticism. But why should the process stop there? If, after all, the true canon is to be found in the tendency to ameliorate and improve the race, will not that rule be purer and more perfect, if it embrace not temporal only, but the eternal interests of man, and have reference not merely to fallible conscience and a clouded moral sense, but to the clear, unchanging dictates of divine truth? The spirit of evangelical religion applied as a rule of judgment, is so far from excluding or superseding the principles of taste, that it strengthens and purifies these principles, and superadds an unfailing touchstone to that ethical test which Lord Jeffrey claims as his ultimate criterion of right;—with this difference, that certainty is substituted for speculation, at best doubtful, and AUTHORITY comes in to confirm the wavering opinions of man on the great questions of moral excellence and fitness. There is no more reason why a sound spirit of religion should quench the lamp of genius, or shed a gloom over the paths of literature, than there is for a similar effect being produced by making

* "Contra ille pusillus ac degener, qui obluctatur, et de ordine mundi male existimat, et emendare mavult deos quam se."—*Sen. Epist.* 107.

both subservient to a spirit of mere morality. If the moral musings of the sages of antiquity only give additional interest to their writings, and charm while they instruct;—if we love to stray with Plato in meditation through academic groves, or dwell with rapture over the darkened but delightful wanderings of Cicero after a futurity he dimly foresaw, but could not fathom;—if in these ancients, *their* religion, dim and doubtful, detracts nothing, but only adds to their classic grace—why should the charm be lost because we walk in broad noon, where they groped in twilight? Or, if moral judgments can best discern and preserve truth and unity, and nature, in all manifestations of intellect, surely those judgments must be the most accurate and the most exalting, which are founded on an unerring rule of right, and embrace the welfare of man, even in his everlasting destiny.

The true operation of the spirit of religious truth as a criterion of just criticism, is a subject which would lead us far away from our present theme; it deserves separate and full consideration for itself. We must, however, observe, that it would be impossible to speak of the Edinburgh Review, as a work—at least of its earlier and most celebrated numbers—without the use of terms of much stronger reprehension. Its careless, and even scoffing tone, and a certain irreligious air which it assumed, exposed it justly to great reproach, and did more to counteract the influence of the great and enlarged principles which it advocated, and to blunt the point of its brilliant sarcasm, than any other element. The age in which it started was one of much professed attachment to the Church, and clamorous fear of bringing her into danger, but of little real piety, and one in which sincere and simple religion was despised and derided equally by the skeptic and the bigot. By such articles as that on Missions, in 1807, not only was just offence and scandal given to the serious part of the community, but an excuse was afforded to those to whom the cry of "Church in danger" was convenient, to raise a popular outcry against an antagonist otherwise so formidable. It may not perhaps be easy to estimate accurately the amount of injury which was done to the really free and enlightened principles which it was the professed object of the Review to proclaim, by thus associating them in the minds of many good and worthy people with infidelity or carelessness, and inducing the belief that those who held the first, must of necessity be tinged with the last also. It is satisfactory to find, that while the great principles of freedom, and the just rules of thought, for which the Review contended, have gained strength every year of their advocacy, those very evangelical opinions, which were made the subject of ridicule and assault, have, like "birds of a tempest-loving kind," beat steadily up against the storm, until they have even found a resting-place in the pages of some of their opponents.

The principal department to which our author turned his attention, and to which the most important and effective of these criticisms relate, is that of belles-lettres and poetry. The dissertations which these volumes contain on the lighter literature of our language, and the inquiries into the elements in which the merit and excellence of true poetry consist, were those on which the critic's reputation was first founded. It does not follow, that they form the most interesting articles to a modern reader. But it was in that field that the power and effect of the Review was most eminently successful. Prior to the establishment of the Quarterly Review, Jeffrey remained absolute monarch of this kingdom; and although there may be some things which seem to us rather elementary, and others that appear to be unnecessarily repeated, when we read these essays now, we owe to him more, perhaps, than we have the means of calculating, for his constant, unceasing, and powerful efforts in the erection and defense of a sound standard of taste.

The foundation of his principles of criticism, and the cause also of his success in permanently establishing them, is to be found in his deep admiration, and thorough knowledge of the early English dramatists. Indeed, it must be admitted, that he draws little either on classical literature or the foreign writers of modern Europe; and this, perhaps, detracts from his reputation as a catholic author. It increased, however, that which is his greatest recommendation, the thoroughly *English* spirit which pervades all his dissertations. For the first time, for nearly a century, the public were sent back to refresh themselves at those long-forgotten springs. Dryden was perhaps the last example of the nervous English writers. Pope borrowed from him "the long resounding line," and indeed improved on his master, if not in strength,

at least in the rhythm and melody of his diction. But as the founder of a school, he led away his followers in a search after pointed antithesis and glittering conceits from the manly, vigorous style of those ancient models, on which Milton formed his majestic numbers, and from which Dryden learned the secret of his power. So much, indeed, did the fashion introduced by the brilliant wits of Queen Anne cast into the shade their rougher and more masculine predecessors, that during the last century Shakspeare himself was considered as an obsolete writer of a more vulgar and a ruder age. It is Jeffrey's greatest triumph to have instilled into the minds of his countrymen a sound appreciation and befitting reverence for these great fathers of English song, and to have recalled the taste for the graces of natural thought and passion, of which they are such abundant storehouses. Shakspeare, indeed, he worships, not with blind, but with most profound idolatry. He is the tutelar deity of his Parnassus, in whose half-inspired conceptions he sees all that is most wise, perfect, and fair, in the charms which human imagination can throw over the thoughts, actions, and relations of man. We extract the following passage from the review of "Hazlitt's Essays on Shakspeare," both as a tribute of homage to the Prince of poetry, and as in itself furnishing an example of rich and glowing eloquence, which for fire of thought, or exuberance of expression, may rank with the finest writing in the language :—

"In the exposition of these, there is room enough for originality—and more room than Mr. H. has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; partly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odors, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements!—which HE ALONE has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint; and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of ornament or need of repose! HE ALONE, who, when the object requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical—and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness—and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace—and is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery, and splendor, than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world: and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason—nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance, and unequalled perfection—but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator!"—Vol. ii., pp. 317, 318.

We do not think that we arrogate too much to our author, in tracing to this deep devotion to the early Elizabethan literature, and the impulse in that direction which he was so instrumental in promoting, much of that spirit of natural emotion, and that fathoming of the deep springs of human action, which so nobly distinguish Southey, and

Wordsworth, and Scott—and Byron, the greatest of them all, from the versifiers in blank and in rhyme of the preceding century. No doubt they all waged petty war with the Corypheus of criticism, and assailed the analytic tests to which they were exposed in his fiery crucible. In these minor controversies, the critic may sometimes have been in error; but the result, beyond question was, that, tried by these ancient standards, authors discarded artifice, and trick, and mere sound; and each strove with his neighbor in the endeavor to portray natural human feeling, in all its lights and shadows; and even Byron himself, who at last bore away the palm, owed his greatness to the wondrous power with which he stirred the deepest recesses of the heart, and transfused its strongest and darkest passions into his burning page.

The severity, and, as it was the fashion to term it, the malignity of the Review, was a subject of frequent accusation, particularly among those whose fame or vanity suffered by it. It was thought, that its style of chastisement, even when deserved, was too savage and remorseless, and that its extreme rigor clipped the wings of genius too close. But there never was any real foundation for these complaints, and they have long since died a natural death. A certain measure of exaggeration is perhaps essential to success in all efforts of intellect. If individual faults received sometimes too sharp a visiting, the Reviewer only practised the art which a painter so well understands, and heightened the color in details, in order that the whole might have the effect of nature. "Tamers of genius," as they have been called, the Edinburgh Reviewers certainly were not. But they knew that, to produce any effect upon the public, their task required to be boldly executed. They fostered genius far more successfully by their wholesome discipline and the salutary awe which they inspired, than could have been done by volumes of ill-placed commendation. Perhaps some "mute inglorious Milton" *may* have held his peace from terror of the suspended rod; but the greater probability is, that all the real genius of the time, confident in its own strength, braved the trial, while the public were preserved from the flood of mediocrities and puerilities which had disgraced the preceding age.

To one class of writers, in particular—the Lake Poets, the school of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—Jeffrey has been accused of an unjust and inexcusable aversion. As he undoubtedly exerted his powers of chastisement with great freedom on these gentlemen, and as his appreciation of them has been much canvassed and impugned, it may be worth while for a moment to consider the subject of controversy, although the public voice may be said to have substantially decided it.

Undoubtedly, all three were men of strong intellect, and very original genius, and have produced some compositions, at least, that will only perish with the language. Wordsworth, in particular, is a poet of the first order, and we are inclined to think, that his great beauties, and the high general character of his writings, hardly received full justice at the Reviewer's hands. Indeed, we do not think that any reader could form a just estimate of him from the protrait presented of him by the Review. His faults appear to us to be exaggerated, and his merits too sparingly praised. If our limits would permit us to go into detail, we think we could show, that even in some of the passages which the Reviewer selects as feeble and unintelligible, there is both poetic beauty and justness of conception. To this extent, therefore, we disagree with the general estimate which Jeffrey has formed of his writings. But while we think the estimate of the poet defective and erroneous, we do not blame the Reviewer's severity. If Wordsworth's faults had been native to him, we should have thought otherwise; but his warm admirers—and we profess ourselves of the number—cannot deny that he perpetually and wilfully obscures his strong and vigorous powers of fancy by an affectation absolutely indefensible; and an affectation all the more revolting that it consists in the intentional expression of plain and strong thought in language at once obscure and feeble, like a robust and powerful man putting himself in leading-strings. Scott himself expresses his wonder, "why he will sometimes choose to crawl upon all fours, when God has given him so noble a countenance to lift to heaven."* For this wilful degradation of genius we have no sympathy, nor could we ever find an excuse. Whether or not it was the result of a peculiar theory of the poetical, really signifies nothing; if there was such a theory, it was a false one. The mannerism, both of thought and expression, was deliberate, and it truly deserved no

* Lockhart's Life, vol. v. p. 40.

more mercy than it met with. To one accustomed, like the Reviewer, with the unencumbered action of Shakspeare, and Johnson, and Massinger, this perpetual walking in voluntary fetters was intolerable; and he scourged the delinquency all the more smartly, that the perpetrator could have thrown them off at pleasure, and given the efforts of his free genius to the world. We can only regret that the punishment had less effect in the way of correction than of warning; for we have always thought that if Wordsworth had only allowed unconstrained scope to his powers, and written as freely as Milton or Byron wrote, few names would have ranked higher among the poets of England.

Southey has very well expressed the real fault of his mystical brethren. "Both he (Coleridge) and Wordsworth, powerfully as they can write, and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault—that of making things easy of comprehension in themselves, difficult to be comprehended, by their way of stating them—instead of going to the natural spring for water, they seem to like the labor of digging wells." This from the hand of a friend, and a member of the brotherhood, is nearly as severe as any thing Jeffrey ever said of them.

We have little of Southey in the collection. The single review reprinted is that of Don Roderick in 1815, selected, plainly, from the unwillingness, on the part of the critic, to wound the admirers of the departed bard by recalling the harsher censures he had passed on his earlier works. And Don Roderick is perhaps Southey's best poem, written after much of his false taste had been purged by public opinion and his own experience. But we would rather have had the original review of "Thalaba," which we presume, on our own responsibility, to attribute to the same pen, as a better example of the style of chastisement which has been so much questioned. It was the first public assault on the poets of the simple school; and although the Reviewer would now probably moderate much both of the sentiment and the expression, it exhibits very strikingly the flood of false taste and conception which he undertook to stem, and the unrelenting severity with which he discharged his task. The review of "Thalaba" is an exaggeration, undoubtedly. Perhaps the novelty of the metre, and the lawlessness of the structure of the poem, jarred more on the critic's ear than it would now. And this general remark may undoubtedly be made of his principle of criticism, that he was sometimes too intolerant of "extravagant and erring" genius, and visited their trespasses out of bounds with a schoolmaster's disregard of the spirit or enterprise which tempted them to the transgression. Thus he extols Crabbe and Rogers in proportion as he objurgates Wordsworth and Southey, because the former wrote according to rule, violated no solemn canon, and set no pernicious example of forbidden license. Yet although, for the same reason, Crabbe and Rogers will always be popular authors when Wordsworth and Southey may be sparingly read, few, we think, would now hesitate to place the latter in a class of poetry to which the former have no pretension. When Southey does rise free from his tramınels, he soars a flight far higher than the pinion of Crabbe or Rogers could ever reach. After all, the strictures of the Reviewer were not only well-founded in regard to his faults of style and manner, but they were also not without effect. Southey's brilliant diction, and fine sense of natural beauty, were endowments too great and rare to be sacrificed to the artifice of so constrained a system. Vain as he was—and his vanity seems to have been marvellous—his later works were much more under the control of sound judgment; and he appears to have been the only one of the fraternity who, while he abused the preacher, endeavored to amend his life.

We need not enlarge on these topics. The Reviewer's task is done—his wand is broken. The bards over whom he wielded it sleep in their graves; or living, have ceased to sing. The impress of the judgment of another generation is beginning to be stamped upon their numbers, and to separate the immortal from the less ethereal parts. What share soever the critic's art may have had in directing their genius, and however far his sentences may be found to coincide with those pronounced by the age in which they flourished, all this is now matter of history. Distance, which has softened their defects, enables us to discern and to appreciate their true magnificence. We look back with mourning to that brilliant galaxy; and gladly would we now see on the horizon one flash of that radiant fire which blazed with such glory, and lighted up the firmament, in the days of our fathers. Let us hope that the spirit of poetry may again awake after so long repose, and that it may be our lot, in the career we

have just commenced, to hail a new revival of English song.

While, however, the department of poetry was the Reviewer's peculiar care, the reputation of our author as a writer for posterity stands, we think, even more firmly on another class of compositions. Less strictly critical, and partaking less of a literary aim, the political essays in these volumes deserve deep study. While the more piquant and racy castigations excited at the time more popular interest, justice, perhaps, has not been generally done to the enlarged and statesmanlike conceptions of the Reviewer, both on the general principles of government, and the details of public policy. The great value of these volumes, in their separate form, consists, we think, in preserving, from an oblivion into which they were quickly passing, these valuable reflections on the science and practice of politics.

The services of the Review as an advocate of freedom—of human liberty and happiness—cannot be too highly rated; nor are these forgotten, or in any danger of being so. It started during the full torrent of revolutionary violence, and monarchical bigotry. Perhaps, at the first blush, the Reviewers did not discern so clearly, amidst the din and dust of contending parties, the precise course to steer; but from the first, liberty was their aim, and they speedily guided their bark into the true current. They erected a noble bulwark against tyranny and oppression in all quarters, fearless of the frowns of the great, and the remonstrances of the timid. They hurled indignant denunciation against corruption in high places. The persecuted in all stations, from the Queen on the throne, to the wretched slave, found in them undaunted defenders. In the days of apostacy, they were found faithful among the faithless, and lifted up an undying testimony for the pure doctrines of constitutional right, and the personal independence of British subjects. For the courage, consistency, and consummate power with which they fought that battle, we in this day owe them a deep debt of gratitude. If there is aught of reverence for our ancient birthright—if any abiding good in free speech, free action, freedom of conscience, opinion, or government—if any charm in those golden links which unite our democratic constitution to all the stability of monarchy—and if we have gladly seen the gradual dissipation of those palpable clouds of darkness which so long brooded over the venerable fabric—never can *their* labors be forgotten, who with constancy kept the standard flying, when the handful that surrounded it was at the lowest. We have seen honor descend on those at whom the finger of scorn was pointed, and against whom all the artillery of power was brought to play. Men who began life as a contemptible and derided band, proscribed for their principles, have, by their steady adherence to them raised themselves and their principles together to public reputation and power. These things have come to pass, and teach us, how soon, after all, Error, though arrayed in robes of state, and armed with authority, may melt like a summer cloud. They teach us to look with a less unquiet eye on the vicissitudes of human affairs, or the reverses which are suffered in the battles of the truth. In the revolutions of states, as of seasons, periods of darkness are given us, that we may the more prize the too neglected light.

"Damna tamen celeres reparant cælestia Lunæ."

And not time and the tide only, but steadfastness and true hope will wear out the roughest day.

In this great conflict the whole strength of the society was engaged;—the fierce energy of Brougham—the deep power of Horner—and the wit and satire of Sydney Smith, were all concentrated in this high vocation. It is not now easy for any one, having no access behind the scenes, to assign his share to each; therefore we are the more indebted for the selection of the Essays before us, as giving us the means of appreciating Jeffrey's peculiar merits as a political writer.

Three of these strike us as being of singular ability, and very great interest. The review of Sotheby's Song of Triumph—that of Moore's Life of Sheridan, and that of O'Driscoll's History of Ireland. They exhibit the author's general manner of treating public questions in a favorable light, and afford a good criterion of the general cast of his political reflections.

The feature which chiefly gives them a distinctive character, is the prospective spirit in which they are all conceived. The author is prone to vaticinate; not from fancied inspiration, but from quiet reasoning on the impulses which generally move large bodies of men, and from the lights which history affords. These three articles illustrate this peculiarity. They are

all full of anticipations—more or less borne out by results—but conceived in such a spirit of practical wisdom, as to deserve and amply repay the intelligent study of them.

The review of the Song of Triumph, was written immediately after the battle of Leipsic, and affords an interesting example of the tone of feeling which actuated such men at the time, and the way in which they were affected by the startling and exciting events which had succeeded each other so rapidly. It is in itself, as the Reviewer indicates in a note, such a Song of Triumph as few now would be disposed to join in. But amid the

> "Roar of liberated Rome,
> Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,"

it was natural that men of all parties should share in the general enthusiasm. Europe was sick of war, and men naturally welcomed with joy a new order of things, which seemed to promise a respite from excitement which had become intolerable; and the dreamers after perfectibility, who had hailed the dawning star of the French Revolution, were the first to sacrifice the visions of their youth to the prospect of peace and quiet. It had not then appeared, that those who had struck the Eagle down were only doing homage to the Wolf. And thus we find Lord Jeffrey joining in the universal shout of exultation over the fallen Emperor, extolling the clemency, chivalry, and magnanimity of Alexander, and foretelling, if not exactly Saturnian days, at least a probable career of rational liberty for France.

We certainly do not refer to this article as exemplifying the infallibility of his prophetic vein; but chiefly as showing the general course of deduction on which his prognostics were founded. It is needless to observe, that his estimate of the great military leader of France must have suffered as much modification by the lapse of years, as his admiration for the Czar. Napoleon was a usurper, and ruled with an iron rod; and therefore all true freemen must reprobate his career. But his soul was lofty, and his conceptions magnificent, and some of the epithets in the article before us quadrate ill with the verdict already returned on the greatest chieftain of modern Europe. On the other hand, the sagacity of the Reviewer was altogether at fault in the expectations he had formed of the exiled family. No wonder;—he thought like the rest of the world, that in their exile they must have learnt and must have forgotten something—and like the rest of the world he found himself mistaken. As little did he dream that the Alliance, which he then thought united in defence of the common liberties of Europe, was so soon to become the watchword and *soubriquet* of despotism in all its monarchies. But he saw the contingencies before him clearly, and states them with singular precision:—

"The project of giving them a free constitution, therefore, may certainly miscarry,—and it may miscarry in two ways. If the court can effectually attach to itself the Marshals and Military Senators of Bonaparte, in addition to the old Nobility;—and if, through their means, the vanity and ambition of the turbulent and aspiring spirits of the nation can be turned either towards military advancement, or to offices and distinction about the Court, the legislative bodies may be gradually made subservient in most things to the will of the Government;—and by skilful management, may be rendered almost as tractable and insignificant, as they have actually been in the previous stages of their existence. On the other hand, if the discordant materials, out of which the higher branch of the legislature is to be composed, should ultimately arrange it into two hostile parties—of the old Noblesse on the one hand, and the active individuals who have fought their way to distinction through scenes of democratic and imperial tyranny, on the other—it is greatly to be feared, that the body of the nation will soon be divided into the same factions; and that while the Court throws all its influence into the scale of the former, the latter will in time unite the far more formidable weight of the military body—the old Republicans, and all who are either discontented at their lot, or impatient of peaceful times. *By their assistance, and that of the national vehemence and love of change, it will most probably get the command of the legislative body and the capital;—and then, unless the Prince play his part with singular skill, as well as temper, there will be imminent hazard of a revolution—not less disastrous perhaps than that which has just been completed.*"—Vol. iv. pp. 64, 65.

He was wrong in the alternative which he assumed as the most probable, but he was eminently right in his statement of the lesson which these events, properly deciphered, ought to read to the monarchs and nations of the earth. They are so full of grave instruction that we may be excused for quoting the following extracts;—

"The lesson, then, which is taught by the whole history is, that oppressive governments must always be insecure; and that, after na-

tions have attained to a certain measure of intelligence, the liberty of the people is necessary to the stability of the throne. We may dispute for ever about the immediate or accidental causes of the French Revolution; but no man of reflection can now doubt, that its true and efficient cause, was the undue limitation of the rights and privileges of the great body of the people, after their wealth and intelligence had virtually entitled them to greater consequence. Embarrassments in finance, or blunders, or ambition in particular individuals, may have determined the time and the manner of the explosion; but it was the system which withheld all honors and distinctions from the mass of the people, after nature had made them capable of them, which laid the train, and filled the mine that produced it. Had the government of France been free in 1788, the throne of its monarch might have bid a proud defiance to *deficits* in the treasury, or disorderly ambition in a thousand Mirabeaus. Had the people enjoyed their due weight in the administration of the government, and their due share in the distribution of its patronage, there would have been no democratic insurrection, and no materials indeed for such a catastrophe as ensued. That movement, like all great national movements, was produced by a sense of injustice and oppression: and though its immediate consequences were far more disastrous than the evils by which it had been provoked, it should never be forgotten, that those evils were the necessary and lamented causes of the whole. The same principle, indeed, of the necessary connexion of oppression and insecurity, may be traced through all the horrors of the revolutionary period. What, after all, was it but *their tyranny* that supplanted Marat and Robespierre, and overthrew the tremendous power of the wretches for whom they made way? Or, to come to its last and most conspicuous application, does any one imagine, that if Bonaparte had been a just, mild, and equitable sovereign, under whom the people enjoyed equal rights and impartial protection, he would have ever been hurled from his throne, or the Bourbons invited to replace him? He, too, fell ultimately a victim to *his tyranny*:—and his fall and their restoration on the terms that have been stated, concur to show, that there is but one condition by which, in an enlightened age, the loyalty of nations can be secured—the condition of their being treated with kindness; and but one bulwark by which thrones can now be protected—the attachment and conscious interest of a free and intelligent people."—Vol. iv. pp. 68, 69.

"The true theory of that great Revolution therefore is, that it was produced by the repression or practical disregard of public opinion, and that the evils with which it was attended were occasioned by the want of any institution to control and regulate the application of that opinion to the actual management of affairs. And the grand moral that may be gathered from the whole eventful history, seems therefore to be, that in an enlightened period of society, no government can be either prosperous or secure, which does not provide for expressing and giving effect to the general sense of the community."—P. 74.

"The events to which we have alluded, and the situation in which they will leave us, will take away almost all those pretexts for resisting inquiry into abuses, and proposals for reform, by the help of which, rather than of any serious dispute on the principle, these important discussions have been waived for these last twenty years. We shall no longer be stopped with the plea of its being no fit time to quarrel about the little faults of our constitution, when we are struggling with a ferocious enemy for its very existence. It will not now do to tell us, that it is both dangerous and disgraceful to show ourselves disunited in a season of such imminent peril—or that all great and patriotic minds should be entirely engrossed with the care of our safety, and can have neither leisure nor energy to bestow upon concerns less urgent or vital. The restoration of peace, on the contrary, will soon leave us little else to do: and when we have no invasions nor expeditions—nor coalitions nor campaigns—nor even any loans and budgets to fill the minds of our statesmen, and the ears of our idle politicians, we think it almost certain that questions of reform will rise into paramount importance, and the redress of abuses become the most interesting of public pursuits. We shall be once more entitled, too, to make a fair and natural appeal to the analogous acts or institutions of other nations, without being met with the cry of revolution and democracy, or the imputation of abetting the proceedings of a sanguinary despot. We shall again see the abuses of old hereditary power, and the evils of mal-administration in legitimate hands; and be permitted to argue from them, without the reproach of disaffection to the general cause of mankind. Men and things, in short, we trust, will again receive their names, on a fair consideration of their merits; and our notions of political desert be no longer confounded by indiscriminate praise of all who are with us, in a struggle that touches the sources of so many passions. When we plead for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, we shall no longer be told that the Pope is a mere puppet in the hands of an inveterate foe—nor be deterred from protesting against the conflagration of a friendly capital, by the suggestion, that no other means were left to prevent that same foe from possessing himself of its fleet. Exceptions and extreme cases, in short, will no longer furnish the ordinary rules of our conduct; and it will be impossible, by extraneous arguments, to baffle every attempt at a fair estimate of our public principles and proceedings."—Vol. iv., pp. 84, 85.

The selections given from the review of

Moore's Life of Sheridan, are general meditations on the state of Parties, devoted principally to unfolding and illustrating the true position and real principles of the Whig party in Great Britain. The article was written in 1826, when the lull of politics was so profound as to give no note of preparation for the tempests about to break, and before the death of Lord Liverpool had dissolved a cabinet which was apparently beyond the reach of assault. Although public opinion had made great progress since the days of the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, the Whig party seemed as far removed from power, and their adversaries as firmly seated, as they had been for forty years preceding; and the hopes of the friends of liberal government were rather directed to the conversion or compulsion of their adversaries, than to supplanting them in office. There had also grown into consideration what was then, and still is, termed the Radical party, flourishing under the expansive shade of Bentham and his Westminster disciples, and directing their censures then, as they sometimes do now, as bitterly against the Whig aristocracy, as against the Tories themselves. In defence of this middle party, standing on the ancient ways, and repressing the excesses of either extreme, this essay was composed. It is calm and philosophical—more so than it would have been had it been dated a year later, or indeed at any subsequent period—and demonstrates, with admirable clearness, the true vocation of the party, and the claims it possessed even on those by whom its prudence was considered timid, and its constitutional tenets as prejudice. We have no room to make lengthened extracts, but the following paragraph has something of sagacious prognostication, although the party, and our author himself, were doomed at no very distant period to experience a considerable mitigation of that rigor of exclusion which he so contentedly foretells.

"In practice, we have no doubt, we shall all have time enough; for it is the lot of England, we have little doubt, to be ruled in the main by what may be called a Tory party, for as long a period as we can now look forward to with any great distinctness—by a Tory party, however, restrained more and more in its propensities, by the growing influence of Whig principles and the enlightened vigilance of that party, both in Parliament and out of it; and now and then admonished, by a temporary expulsion, of the necessity of a still greater conformity with the progress of liberal opinions, than could be spontaneously obtained. The inherent spirit, however of monarchy, and the natural effect of long possession of power, will secure, we apprehend, for a considerable time, the general sway of men professing Tory principles; *and their speedy restoration, when driven for a season from their places by disaster or general discontent: and the Whigs, during the same period, must content themselves with preventing a great deal of evil, and seeing the good which they had suggested tardily and imperfectly effected, by those who will take the credit of originating what they had long opposed, and only at last adopted with reluctance and on compulsion.* It is not a very brilliant prospect, perhaps, nor a very enviable lot. But we believe it to be what awaits us; and we embrace it, not only cheerfully, but with thankfulness and pride—thankfulness, that we are enabled to do even so much for the good and the liberties of our country—and pride, that in *thus* seeking her service, we cannot well be suspected of selfish or mercenary views."—Vol. iv., pp. 162, 163.

The review of O'Driscoll's Ireland deserves to be written in letters of gold. It speaks a voice of warning and of wisdom to the united countries, which at this day are singularly seasonable; and it is remarkable with what precision the essayist has portrayed the very results which are now threatening a dismemberment of the empire. We content ourselves here with extracting the following passages:—

Protestant Ascendency is thus treated—

"They contrived, therefore, by false representations and unjust laws, to foster those prejudices which would otherwise have gradually disappeared—and, unluckily, succeeded but too well. As their own comparative numbers and natural consequence diminished, they clung still closer to their artificial holds on authority; and, exasperated by feeling their dignity menaced, and their monopolies endangered by the growing wealth, population, and intelligence of the country at large, they redoubled their efforts, by clamor and activity, intimidation and deceit, to preserve the unnatural advantages they had accidentally gained, and to keep down that springtide of general reason and substantial power which they felt rising and swelling all around them.

Their pretence was, that they were the champions of the *Protestant ascendency*—and, that whenever that was endangered, there was an end of the *English connexion*. While the alliance of the two countries was indeed no more than a *connexion*, there might be some truth in the assertion—or at least it was easy for an Irish Parliament to make it appear to be true. But the moment they came to be *incorporated*, its falsehood and absurdity should at once have become apparent. Unluckily, how

ever, the incorporation was not so complete, or the union so entire, as it should have been. There still was need, or was thought to be need, of a provincial management, a domestic government of Ireland;—and the old wretched parliamentary machinery, though broken up and disabled for its original work, naturally supplied the materials for its construction. The men still survived who had long been the exclusive channels of communication with the supreme authority: and though other and wider channels were now opened, the habit of employing the former, aided by the eagerness with which they sought for continued employment, left with them an undue share of its support. Still more unluckily, the ancient practice of misgovernment had left its usual traces on the character, not only of its authors, but its victims. Habitual oppression had produced habitual disaffection; and a long course of wrong and contumely, had ended in a desperate indignation, and an eager thirst for revenge.

"The natural and necessary consequences of the Union did not, therefore, immediately follow its enactment—and are likely indeed to be longer obstructed, and run greater hazard of being fatally intercepted, than in the case of Scotland. Not only is the mutual exasperation greater, and the wounds more deeply rankled, but the Union itself is more incomplete, and leaves greater room for complaints of inequality and unfairness. The numerical strength, too, of the Irish people is far greater, and their causes of discontent more uniform, than they ever were in Scotland; and, above all, the temper of the race is infinitely more eager, sanguine, and reckless of consequences, than that of the sober and calculating tribes of the north. The greatest and most urgent hazard, therefore, is that which arises from their impatience:—and this unhappily is such, that unless some early measure of conciliation is adopted, it would no longer be matter of surprise to any one, if upon the first occasion of a war with any of the great powers of Europe, *or America*, the great body of the nation should rise in final and implacable hostility, and endeavor to throw off all connexion with, or dependence on Great Britain, and to erect itself into an independent state!" * * * *

"One thing we take to be evident, and it is the substance of all that can be said on the subject, that things are fast verging to a crisis, and cannot, in all probability, remain long as they are. The Union, in short, must either be made *equal* and *complete* on the part of England—or it will be broken in pieces and thrown in her face by Ireland. That country must either be delivered from the domination of an Orange faction, or we must expect, in spite of all our warnings and remonstrances, to see her seek her own deliverance by the fatal and bloody career to which we have already alluded—and from which we hold it to be the height of guilt and of folly to hesitate about withholding her, by the sacrifice of that miserable faction."—Vol. iv., pp. 140, 141, 145, 146.

The field before us is so wide that we should exceed all pardonable bounds were we to attempt to exhaust it. The author's character as a metaphysical writer, if it stood only on his celebrated Essay on Beauty, would entitle him to rank in the highest class of mental inquirers. It is needless for us to criticise a performance so universally known and appreciated, wherever the philosophy of mind is cultivated. We are also compelled to pass, without the notice it deserves, another class of these Essays, which, perhaps, form the most entertaining part of the collection—we mean those general accounts or abstracts of works of lighter literature, in which his office and object was not so much either to praise or to condemn, as to cull the beauties, and distil them for his readers. Such are the articles on Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs, Lady M. W. Montague, Madame du Duffand, Pepys, Cumberland, and the Novelists. The light, easy, gossiping style in which they are treated, make the reader acquainted with the author, without his attention being distracted by the Reviewer's individual speculations. After the formal introduction is over, he lets the author tell his own story, but never at such length as to be tedious, and interposes whenever the spirit of the interview begins to flag. But, although much might be said of these things, and of others, our limits compel us to desist. "Mira illis dulcedo, mira suavitas, mira hilaritas," and truly may we add, "*cujus gratiam cumulat sanctitas scribentis.*"* For though we have endeavored, with what accuracy we could, to form a calm estimate of the work, we cannot disguise how difficult we find it to assume the critic when there stands before us one whom Scotland has so much reason to honor. It has been his enviable lot, if not to attain all the prizes of ambition for which men strive, at least to unite in himself those qualities which, in many, would have secured them all. A place in the front rank of literature in a most literary age—the highest honor of his profession spontaneously conferred by the members of a bar strong in talent and learning—eloquence among the first of our orators, and wisdom among the wisest, and universal reverence on that judicial seat, which has derived increased celebrity from his demeanor—a youth of enterprise—a manhood of brilliant success—and "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," encircling his

* Plin. Ep. 3. 1.

later years—mark him out for veneration to every son of that country, whose name he has exalted throughout Europe. We need not speak here of those graces of mind and of character, that have thrown fascination over his society, and made his friendship a privilege. Our rod of office drops from our hand;—we remember the warning—we trust not too rashly disregarded—

"Nec tu divinam Æneida tenta,
Sed longe sequere, et vestigia semper adora!"

ICE.—We remember to have announced, some years since, the arrival at Calcutta of a cargo of ice from America, subsequently of the increasing importance of this strange trade. Ice has since been imported to Liverpool, and we have the following interesting particulars from the *Liverpool Standard*:—"As we are henceforth to have this cooling luxury regularly supplied to us, and its great superiority, both in clearness and thickness, over the home article (owing to the precarious nature of our winters and other causes) is acknowledged by all who have tried it, a short notice of its uses, the manner of keeping it, and of cutting and securing it in America, may prove interesting. Ice has become a great article of export in America. Sixty thousand tons are annually sent from Boston to southern parts, the East and West Indies, &c.; and as saw-dust is solely used in packing, a large trade is also carried on in that article. The ice-houses near the lakes and ponds, are immense wooden buildings, capable of holding 10,000 to 20,000 tons each; some of them, indeed, cover half an acre of ground. They are built with double walls,—that is, with an inner wall all round, two feet from the outer one; and the space between is filled with saw-dust—a non-conductor—making a solid wall, impervious to heat and air, and of 10 feet in thickness. The machines employed for cutting the ice are very beautiful, and the work is done by men and horses, in the following manner;—The ice that is intended to be cut is kept clear of snow, as soon as it is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of the men and horses to be employed, which it will do at six inches; and the snow is kept scraped from it until it is thick enough to cut. A piece of ice is cleared of two acres in extent, which, at a foot thick, will give about 2,000 tons. By keeping the snow off it freezes thicker, as the frost is freely allowed to penetrate. When the time of cutting arrives, the men commence upon one of these pieces, by getting a straight line through the centre each way. A small hand-plough is pushed along the line, until the groove is about a quarter of an inch in width, and three inches deep, when they commence with the 'marker'—an implement drawn by two horses,—which makes two new grooves parallel with the first, 21 inches apart, the gauge remaining in the first groove. It is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. The same operation goes on, in parallel rectangular lines, until the ice is all marked out into squares of 21 inches. In the meanwhile, the plough is following in these grooves, drawn by a single horse, a man leading it; and he cuts up the ice to a depth of six inches. The outer blocks are then sawn out, and iron bars are used in splitting them. These bars are like a spade, of a wedge form. In dropping them into the grooves the ice splits off, and a very slight blow is sufficient to separate them; and they split easy or hard, according to the weather in a very cold day. Ice is very brittle in keen frost; in comparatively softer weather, it is more ductile and resistible. Platforms, or low tables, are placed near the opening made in the ice, with an iron slide reaching from them into the water; and a man stands on each side with an ice-hook, very much like a boat-hook, but made of steel, with fine sharp points. With these the ice is hooked, with a jerk that throws it on the platform on the sides, which are of the same height. On a cold day every thing becomes covered with ice, and the blocks are each sent spinning along, although they weigh two cwt., as if they weighed only a pound. The slides are large lattice-work platforms to allow the ice to drain, and three tons can thus be easily run in one of them by one horse. It is then carried to the ice-houses, discharged upon a platform in front of the doors, and hoisted into the building by a horse. Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons a day. If the weather be favorable, 100 men are sometimes employed at once; and in three weeks the ice-crop, about 200,000 tons, is secured. Some winters it is very difficult to secure it, as a rain or thaw may come that will destroy the labor of weeks, and render the ice unfit for market; and then it may snow and rain upon that, before those employed have time to clear it off: and if the latter freezes, the result is *snow-ice*, which is of no value, and has to be planed off. The operation of planing proceeds in nearly the same manner as that of cutting. A plane gauged to run in the grooves made by the 'marker,' and which will shave the ice to a depth of three inches at one cut, is drawn by a horse, until the whole piece is regularly planed over. The chips are then scraped off. If the ice is not then clear, the work is continued until the pure ice is reached, and a few nights of hard frost will make it as thick below—inch for inch—for what has been taken off above. The ice is transported on railways. Each ice-house has a branch railway from the main line; and is conveyed in properly constructed box-wagons to Boston—a distance of (as the locality may be) 10 to 18 miles. The tools, machinery, &c., employed, and the building the houses, and constructing and keeping up the railroads, &c., are very expensive; yet the facilities are such, through good management, that ice can be furnished at a very trifling cost per pound; and a failure of the ice crop in America would be a great calamity."—*Athenæum*.

VICTORIA'S PONIES.—The ponies ridden by her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal, during their sojourn at Blair Athol, have arrived at the Royal Mews, Windsor, with the other ponies of her Majesty, having been handsomely presented to their royal riders by Lord Glenlyon. Five roe-deer have also been brought from Scotland, presents from the same nobleman to his royal and illustrious visitors.—*Court Journal*.

MILL'S ESSAYS ON SOME UNSETTLED QUESTIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

From the Spectator.

THIS able work, with some others of a quality adapted to keeping, was put aside during the pressure of the Parliamentary season. We take the first opportunity to recur to it.

Of the five essays in the volume, the fifth, "on the Definition of Political Economy, and on the method of Investigation Proper to it," has been previously printed. The other four were written in 1829 and 1830, but retained in manuscript because of the temporary indifference of the public to the discussion of abstract questions in political economy. They are now published in consequence of the controversies excited by *The Budget* of Colonel TORRENS; and the first paper relates to the question at issue between that subtile economist and his opponents; Mr. MILL agreeing in principle with the Colonel.

One main object of the work is to "see that no scattered particles of important truth are buried and lost in the ruins of exploded error." "Every prejudice," continues Mr. MILL, "which has long and extensively prevailed among the educated and intelligent, must certainly be borne out by some strong appearance of evidence; and when it is found that the evidence does not prove the conclusion, it is of the highest importance to see what it does prove. If this be thought not worth inquiring into, an error conformable to appearances is often merely exchanged for an error contrary to appearances; while even if the result be truth, it is paradoxical truth, and will therefore have difficulty in obtaining credence, whilst the false appearances remain."

A principal topic of the first article is the notion, which originated in feudal times, that duties levied on commodities imported, were a "tax upon the foreigner." Mr. MILL not only considers that this result may really be brought about under certain circumstances—he even holds it to be *possible* that a tax on a foreign commodity, or an *export*-duty on a home manufacture, may not merely be paid by the foreign nation, but may cause a gain beyond the tax to the one, and an equivalent loss to the other country, by the manner in which it may opperate upon prices through an action upon the respective currencies. The main causes by which this singular result is brought about, are the state of the supply and demand, and the exchanges, or rather the economical condition which primarily acts upon the exchanges and permanently influences both currency and prices. The arguments and illustrations are of too abstruse a character to be followed out here; and would not be relished, and scarcely be apprehended, save by the economist, who will doubtless seek them in the volume. However, the scientific conclusion to which the author comes, is, that the peculiar conditions necessary to produce the effect predicated, are so complex that we can scarcely ever ascertain them, or know, even after the event, that is by the imposition of the tax, whether we have been gainers or losers. The practical result therefore is, that no tax should ever be imposed with any such refined objects: but custom-duties on foreign produce should be used as diplomatic weapons, and only relaxed in return for some "corresponding degree of freedom of trade with this country, by the nation from which the commodities are exported;" except as regards duties for protection, or on the necessaries of life, or the materials of manufacture—which are always injurious to the country imposing them, or taxes for revenue—in which the amount yielded is the first consideration.

The second essay, "on the Influence of Consumption on Protection," incidentally discusses the question of the influence of absentees upon the wealth of a country; and decides to a considerable extent against Mr. M'CULLOCH. Part of it rests upon principles involved in the preceding essay, and part upon an examination of the effects of custom upon an individual trader. As we conceive that all which the absentee landlord personally swallows, and all the *foreign* commodities, such as wines, which his household would absorb at home, may as well be consumed abroad, but that all his other consumption is an absolute loss to the country which he leaves, and a gain to that in which he resides, we are disposed to agree with Mr. MILL in his conclusion; because the case is too complex for any one to settle the precise extent of the injury inflicted by absenteeism. This paper, however, does not strike us as being the happiest example of scientific disquisition. It seems to combine a singular mixture of the largeness of scientific principle and the abstruseness of scientific discussion with the narrowness of practical individual transactions; nor do we fully recognize the truth of some of its propositions. Perhaps, too, the discussion is *deficient*. In a thorough consideration of the subject of absenteeism, we suspect that the question of productive and unproductive expenditure is a main element. If an unproductive expenditure is a benefit, it seems clearly to follow that absenteeism is an evil.

The "Words Productive and Unproductive" form the subject of the third essay, in order to their more accurate definition. After noticing the views of other writers upon the mooted question of what is productive labor and what is unproductive, Mr. MILL puts forth his own; which is more refined and less marked in the distinctions than most of the others. The illustrations and limitations occupy more space than we can afford; but the following passage contains the pith of his theory, and will fully indicate its character.

"The end to which all labor and all expenditure are directed, is twofold. Sometimes it is *enjoyment* immediately; the fulfilment of

those desires, the gratification of which is wished for on its own account. Whenever labor or expense is not incurred *immediately* for the sake of enjoyment, and is yet not absolutely wasted, it must be incurred for the purpose of enjoyment *indirectly* or mediately, by either repairing and perpetuating, or adding to the *permanent sources* of enjoyment.

"Sources of enjoyment may be accumulated and stored up; enjoyment itself cannot. The wealth of a country consists of the sum total of the permanent sources of enjoyment, whether material or immaterial, contained in it: and labor or expenditure which tends to augment or to keep up these permanent sources, should, we conceive, be termed productive.

"Labor which is employed for the purpose of directly affording enjoyment, such as the labor of a performer on a musical instrument, we term unproductive labor. Whatever is consumed by such a performer, we consider as unproductively consumed: the accumulated total of the sources of enjoyment which the nation possesses is diminished by the amount of what he has consumed; whereas, if it had been given to him in exchange for his services in producing food or clothing, the total of the permanent sources of enjoyment in the country, might have been, not diminished, but increased.

"The performer on the musical instrument, then, is, so far as respects that act, not a productive, but an unproductive laborer. But what shall we say of the workman who made the musical instrument? He, most persons would say, is a productive laborer; and with reason, because the musical instrument is a permanent source of enjoyment, which does not begin and end with the enjoyment, and therefore admits of being accumulated.

"But the *skill* of the musician is a permanent source of enjoyment, as well as the instrument which he plays upon; and although skill is not a material object, but a quality of an object, viz: of the hands and mind of the performer, nevertheless skill possesses exchangeable value—is acquired by labor and capital, and is capable of being stored and accumulated. Skill, therefore, must be considered as wealth; and the labor and funds employed in acquiring skill in any thing tending to the advantage or pleasure of mankind, must be considered to be productively employed and expended. * * *

"The skill of a tailor, and the implements he employs, contribute in the same way to the convenience of him who wears the coat—namely, a remote way: it is the coat itself which contributes immediately. The skill of Madame Pasta, and the building and decorations which aid the effect of her performance, contribute in the same way to the enjoyment of the audience, namely, an immediate way, without any intermediate instrumentality. The building and decorations are consumed unproductively, and Madame Pasta labors and consumes unproductively; for the building is used and worn out, and Madame Pasta performs immediately for the spectators' enjoyment, and without leaving, as a consequence of the performance, any permanent result possessing exchangeable value: consequently the epithet unproductive must be equally applied to the gradual wearing out of the bricks and mortar, the nightly consumption of the more perishable 'properties' of the theatre, the labor of Madame Pasta in acting and of the orchestra in playing. But notwithstanding this, the architect who built the theatre was a productive laborer; so were the producers of the perishable articles; so were those who constructed the musical instruments; and so, we must be permitted to add, were those who instructed the musicians, and all persons who, by the instructions which they may have given to Madame Pasta, contributed to the formation of her talent."

Surely, "'twere considering too curiously to consider thus"—introducing finesse rather than refinement into philosophy—distinguishing after the fashion of the old schoolmen; and that too without a purpose, for, after all the saying, nothing of the doing will be changed. In despite of all the arguments and no small portion of casuisty that have been printed upon the subject, we are still inclined to adhere to the broad, clear, and sensible definition of ADAM SMITH—that that alone is productive labor which "fixes and realizes itself in some particular subject or vendible commodity, which lasts for some time at least after that labor is past." If we are to admit, with Mr. MILL, that a soldier by affording protection, or a public functionary by upholding order, is in part, or with some other economists that he is wholly a productive laborer, because he *indirectly* contributes to production, that is to production by other people, we may change the nature of any thing by its relation to some other thing. Good roads greatly contribute to locomotion; but roads are not locomotion. Credit, (nay, it is said railroads by simplifying business,) reduce the amount of money which would otherwise be necessary to carry on the transactions of a country; but credit and railroads are not money. Those, however, who wish to see the examination of the *words* "productive and unproductive," pursued through all their ramifications and refinements of representing labor and expenditure, will do well to consult Mr. MILL'S essay.

The fourth paper treats of "Profits and Interest." One of its objects is to show that the rate of interest is not so true a measure of the rate of profit, as is generally supposed,—that interest, for example, may rise, and to a high rate, without any material change in the rate of profit; and Mr. MILL seems to think that such was the case during the late war. His principle we believe to be sound: it turns upon the question of demand raising price.

The instance we doubt, because the home outlay of the greater part of the public loans on matters connected with the war, and the monopoly (which Mr. MILL himself refers to in another place) of the foreign markets possessed by the British, produced great activity of industry, and a great demand. RICARDO's theory of wages and profits is also handled, to exhibit a case of exception, where profits might rise without any change in the wages or increased productiveness of industry: but as the hypothesis assumed is so unlikely as to seem impossible, the principle seems a barren principle. It is this—if a commodity could be produced without any outlay for implements or materials, all this previous expense might be added to profits, yet wages remain the same. The example given is corn. Strictly speaking, however, this might be held a greater productiveness of industry.

The fifth essay, "on the Definition and Method of Political Economy," is devoted to a defence, or rather to an exposition, of the propriety of proceeding by hypothesis. Upon this point we must confess an inclination to differ with Mr. MILL and the greater part of the modern school. It may be necessary in *abstract* sciences; but we doubt whether political economy ever can be an abstract science, any more than medicine, politics, war, or any other pursuit which deals with animal or intelligent life or its relations. It is true that the point and line of geometry are hypotheses, since no geometer can produce a line or point that shall fulfil the geometrical definition. But this assumption misrepresents nothing. The nature of the two pursuits is moreover essentially different. Geometry and its cognate sciences deal only with extension, &c.: in astronomy the nature which it contemplates is too remote—in geography too large, or what is practically the same, on too reduced a scale—to regard any thing save lines and the intervening spaces. A similar remark applies to the *art* of surveying; and in arithmetic numbers *alone* are considered, not the quality of the units that form the aggregate,—as, for example, the character, courage, and discipline of soldiers, are not considered by the arithmetician in working a sum where the number of soldiers happens to form part of the question. These sciences or arts are abstract, because their nature is so: but we consider it a useless, or it may be a mischievous, effort to endeavor to make that pure which is in its nature mixed, unless the teacher distinctly tell the pupil what he is about—unless he tell him, "This is mere hypothesis: what I am assuming never actually exists purely, or if it does it exists so obscurely that you cannot discover that state of existence: I am putting it to you in this hypothetical form, that you may more thoroughly exhaust the subject in every phase possible or imposible, to possess you more clearly with the science, to sharpen your perception, and to lessen your presumption." This, indeed, is done by Mr. MILL; and he sees the reality of the thing as thoroughly, perhaps, as it is possible to be seen,—as when he exposes the nonsense about "the impossibility of a general glut:" but he is not sufficiently distinct in impressing it; and we think, as we have said already, that he would use hypothesis far too much and actuality too little in the exposition of principles.

The literary merit of this book consists in its lucid arrangement and its perfect clearness; for though non-economical readers may sometimes be unable to follow the author, that arises from the abstruseness of the subjects, or from their own deficiency, not his. The scientific value of the essays follows from this very abstruseness: they are engaged in discussing essential truths, which, once established, can be clearly enough presented, but whose establishment is a work of exceeding toil and complexity; just as pure gold is plainly visible, though it cannot be detected by the vulgar, in the ore or the process of refining. But perhaps the most striking quality of the work is the love of truth, for its own sake, displayed by the author. This truth may not, as we think, be always attained; but it is always pursued without fear or favor, and, what is perhaps harder, without deference to great authority or learning towards preconceived opinion.

BRITISH ANTIQUITIES.—A barrow on the top of an eminence called Rolling Hill, not far from Bakewell, Derbyshire, was opened a few days since, and two rude unbaked urns found, containing ashes and fragments of human bones. The account adds: One of the urns was obtained entire, but the other unfortunately fell in pieces on being removed. On proceeding further into the tumulus, three human skeletons were discovered, deposited in separate cells or coffins, formed of oblong stones. One of the skeletons was of great dimensions, evidently the remains of a person of gigantic stature. The position of this skeleton was unusual, it having been placed in the cell or coffin in a sitting posture. A piece of metal resembling silver, and a large antler of a deer, were also found in or near the cell of the large skeleton. This locality is studded with ancient barrows, many of which are unexplored. —*Lit. Gaz.*

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.—The Paris papers mention that a first trial of M. Andrau's new locomotive power, by means of compressed air, was made on Monday, on the Versailles railroad (left bank), in the presence of Messrs. Bineau and Baude, Commissioners appointed by the Government, of the engineers of the railroad, and a great number of spectators. Although the locomotive was charged upon the low pressure system, because there was not a sufficient power to compress the air to a greater extent, the experiment perfectly succeeded. In expending two or three atmospheres, the locomotive ran a quarter of a league with great rapidity and regularity. The trial is to be repeated in the course of the next month.—*Athenæum.*

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

See Plate.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clambe the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

THE LIBELLED BENEFACTOR.

BY HORACE SMITH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

They warn'd me by all that affection could urge,
To repel his advances and fly from his sight;
They call'd him a fiend, a destroyer, a scourge,
And whisper'd his name with a shudder of fright.

They said that disease went as herald before,
While sorrow and severance follow'd his track,
They besought me, if ever I came to his door,
Not a moment to pause, but turn instantly back.

"His breath," they exclaimed—"is a pestilence foul,
His aspect more hateful than language can tell,
His touch is pollution—no Gorgon or Ghoul,
In appearance and deeds, is more loathsome and fell."

Such stern prohibitions, descriptions so dire,
By which the most dauntless might well be dismay'd,
In me only waken'd a deeper desire
To gaze on the monster so darkly portray'd.

I sought him—I saw him—he stood by a marsh,
Where henbane and hemlock with poppies entwined—
He was pale, he was grave, but no feature was harsh,
His eye was serene, his expression was kind.

"This stigmatized being," I cried in surprise,
"Wears a face most benignant; but looks are not facts;
Physiognomy often abuses our eyes,
I'll follow his footsteps and judge by his acts."

There came from a cottage a cry of alarm,
An infant was writhing in agonies sore,
His hand rock'd the cradle, its touch was a charm,
The babe fell asleep, all its anguish was o'er.

He reach'd a proud mansion where, worn by the woe
Of consumption, a beauty lay wither'd in bed;
Her pulse he compress'd with his fingers, and lo!
The complaint of long years in a moment had fled!

He paused where he heard the disconsolate moan
Of a widow with manifold miseries crush'd;—
Where a pauper was left in his sickness to groan,
Both were heal'd at his sight, and their sorrows were hush'd.

He sped where a king, sorely smitten with age,
In vain sought relief from the pangs he endured;
"I come," said the stranger, "your woes to assuage:"
He spoke, and the monarch was instantly cured.

Astounded by deeds which appeared to bespeak
In the fiend a benevolent friend of mankind,
From himself I resolved a solution to seek
Of the strange contradiction that puzzled my mind.

"Chase, mystical being!" I cried, "this suspense;
How comes it thou'rt blacken'd by every tongue,
When in truth thou'rt the champion, the hope, the defence,
Of the king and the beggar, the old and the young?"

"Thou hast witness'd," he answered (his voice and his face
Were all that is musical, bland, and benign,)
"Not a tithe of the blessings I shed on the race,
Who my form and my attributes daily malign.

"All distinctions of fortune, of birth, of degree,
Disappear where my levelling banner I wave;
From his desolate dungeon the captive I free,
His fetters I strike from the suffering slave.

"And when from their stormy probation on earth,
The just and the righteous in peace I dismiss,

I give them a new and more glorious birth
In regions of pure and perennial bliss."

"Let me bless thee," I cried, "for thy missions of love;
Oh! say to what name shall I fashion my breath?"
"The Angel of Life, is my title above,
But short-sighted mortals have christen'd me Death!"

THE GRAVES OF GENIUS.

From the Literary Gazette.

Where sleep the dead, whose living tones fill'd earth with dreams of heaven—
Where to their loved and precious dust has dust at last been given—
Where do they rest whose honor'd names breath'd ever of renown,
They of the burning heart and mind, they of the laurel crown?

Some lie beneath the sculptured tombs, beneath the holy shade
Of England's old cathedral-walls, wherein our fathers pray'd,
And marble statues stand around, and o'er them banners wave,
And chisell'd flowers in beauty bend above each hallow'd grave.

And some lie on a foreign shore, far from their childhood's home,
And only by their place of rest the stranger's step may roam,
And only the dark cypress-tree is left to mark the spot
Where one may sleep whose blessed tones can never be forgot.

And many lie beneath the sod, the village-church around,
Without a stone to tell us where their green beds may be found;
Neglected and alone they seem, and yet it is not so,
Though seldom to their quiet graves earth's wanderers may go.

Where sleeps the dust of those whose thoughts are not by death laid low?
Where are the tombs of genius seen?—what matters it to know.
Think rather of the place of rest the mighty dead must find,
And shrines that never may decay, in every thoughtful mind.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

From the Literary Gazette.

A goldsmith stood within his stall
'Mid pearls and jewels fine;
"The rarest treasure of them all
I prize in thee, Helena,
Beloved daughter mine!"

In came a gallant cavalier,
"Good day, fair maid," he cried:
"Good day to thee, my goldsmith dear,
Make me a costly diadem
To deck my lovely bride."

And when the diadem complete
Its blaze of richness flung,
Then mournfully Helena sweet
Upon her arm, when all alone,
The glittering circlet hung.

"How wondrous blest the bride will be
Who binds this on her brow!
Ah! had that cavalier sent me
A simple wreath of roses,
How happy were I now!"

Ere long in came the cavalier,
The garland view'd, and cried,
"Now make to me, thou goldsmith dear,
A little ring of diamonds
To deck my lovely bride."

And when the ring was all complete,
With precious diamonds graced,
Then mournfully Helena sweet
Upon her finger, when alone,
The sparkling hoop half placed.

"How wondrous blest the bride will be
On whom this ring shall glow:
Ah! had that cavalier on me
One lock of his dark hair bestow'd,
How happy were I now."

Ere long in came the cavalier,
Survey'd the ring, and cried,
"Thou hast for me, thou goldsmith dear,
Wrought all these gifts right skilfully
To deck my lovely bride.

"Yet that I may their fitness test,
Draw nigh, fair maid, to me;
On thy form be the proof express'd
Of my love's bridal ornaments—
She is as bright as thee."

'Twas on a Sunday morning fair,
And thus the beauteous maid
Was tastefully with skill and care,
That she might to the church proceed,
In her best robes array'd.

With modest glowing blushes graced
Did she before him stand;
On her the golden wreath he placed,
On her the ring of diamonds,
Then took her by the hand:

"Helena sweet! Helena dear!
The jest aside I fling—
In thee does that rare bride appear,
For whom I sought the diadem,
For whom I sought the ring.

Where gold, and pearls, and jewels shine,
Thy childhood here has fled—
Be that to thee prophetic sign,
That thou to loftiest honors
Must now by me be led."

Llangollen. Janet W. Wilkinson.

IRISH SONG.

SWEET BALLINATRAY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the Metropolitan.

BRIGHT isle of my heart! we must sever;
The ship is afloat on its way
That bears me, alas! and for ever,
From thee and sweet Ballinatray.
In the moonlight, as lovely before me
The land of my boyhood is spread,
Wild visions of fancy come o'er me,
And bring back the years that are fled.

I inhale the sweet breeze from the mountain,
O'er which in my childhood I stray'd;
I drink once again at the fountain,
Round which with my brothers I play'd;
They sleep, by their green laurels shaded;
They live not, like me, to deplore
The home by the stranger invaded,—
The land I shall visit no more.

ABSENCE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

From the Metropolitan.

BY day, I never have a thought
But thou art present there,
At night, no dream by fancy wrought
But thou that dream doth share.

I never touch another's hand
But wish it thine could be,
And when STRANGE lips speak kind and bland
Mine eyes weep INWARDLY.

The gentle stock-doves on their nests
Thy memory reveres,
Yea, all on which thine eye now rests
Is hallowed by my tears.

Thou canst behold the peach-trees bloom,
Inhale the fragrant rose,
And kneel beside the precious tomb
Where dearest ones repose.

Young lilies in the valley's shade
Can woo thy steps to stray,
Amid the oft-frequented glade
To muse on those away;

The violets' intense perfume
For thee like incense rise,
And harebells burst to sudden bloom
To glad thy pensive eyes.

But I am banish'd far from all,
A lonely exile here,
With none to pity in its fall
The ever-flowing tear.

Oh! I, who cannot see one thing
Familiar to the eye,
May o'er my breast fold Sorrow's wing,
And 'neath its shadow die.

Yet, thou would'st mourn—and thou would'st weep
Th' inevitable doom,
And sacred still the anguish keep
That sped me to the tomb.

Then fancy not—O! fancy not
The hardest fate is thine,
Thou art at HOME in the blest spot
Remembrance makes divine.

No!—MINE is far the hardest part,
The hardest far to bear,
This absence wringing my fond heart
With absolute despair!

DEAR SCENES OF MY BOYHOOD; OR, MAC CARTHY'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

From the Metropolitan.

DEAR scenes of my boyhood! how sweetly
Ye smile round my desolate way!
Bright moments of childhood! how fleetly
Ye passed with my fortunes away!
Yon walls, that fond mem'ry has haunted,
The steps of the stranger invade,
And the beautiful tree that I planted
Can yield me nor shelter nor shade.

Yet, though fallen, and stript of my glory,
Green Erin, thou still art my joy,
And with pride I remember each story
That flushed my young cheek when a boy;
I remember the days when, delighting
To roam o'er the scenes of my youth,
Thy fields were all gay and inviting,
And love wore the aspect of truth.

I have come, as an outcast and stranger,
To visit the home of my heart;
I have come—amid peril and danger,
And oh! how it pains me to part!
With the earliest dawn of to-morrow,
I sail for a far-distant shore;
I quit thee in sadness and sorrow,—
Mac Carthy* shall see thee no more.

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* "The existing proprietor of the forfeited estates of this family" (the Mac Carthys) "observed one evening in his demesne an aged man stretched at the foot of a tree, sobbing as if his heart would break. On expressing sympathy, and inquiring the cause of such excessive grief, he received this answer:—'I am Mac Carthy, once the possessor of that castle and these broad lands. This tree I planted, and I have returned to water it with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. To-night, for the last time, I bid farewell to the place of my birth, and the home of my ancestors."

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.*

BY HORACE SMITH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

'Tis well to see these accidental Great,
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
To the more noble eminence of mind,
And doing homage to a bard,
Whose breast by Nature's gems was starr'd,
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was sign'd.

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame.
The builders of the pyramids, who rear'd
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.
Tho' Homer's tomb was never known,
A mausoleum of his own,
Long as the world endures, his greatness shall proclaim.

What lauding sepulchre does Campbell want?
'Tis his to give, and not derive renown.
What monumental bronze or adamant,
Like his own deathless Lays can hand him down?
Poets outlast their tombs: the bust
And statue soon revert to dust;
The dust they represent still wears the laurel crown.

The solid abbey walls that seem time-proof,
Form'd to await the final day of doom;
The cluster'd shafts, and arch-supported roof,
That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb,
Become a ruin'd shatter'd fane,
May fall and bury him again,
Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still shall bloom.

Methought the monumental effigies
Of elder poets that were group'd around,
Lean'd from their pedestals with eager eyes,
To peer into the excavated ground,
Where lay the gifted, good, and brave,
While earth from Kosciusko's grave,
Fell on his coffin-plate with Freedom-shrieking sound.†

And over him the kindred dust was strew'd
Of Poets' Corner. O, misnomer strange!
The poet's confine is the amplitude
Of the whole earth's illimitable range,
O'er which his spirit wings its flight,
Shedding an intellectual light,
A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no change.

Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,
As if to form a halo o'er his head,
Not few of England's master spirits stood,
Bards, artists, sages, reverently led
To wave each separating plea
Of sect, clime, party, and degree,
All honoring him on whom Nature all honors shed.

To me the humblest of the mourning band,
Who knew the bard thro' many a changeful year,
It was a proud sad privilege to stand
Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.
Seven lustres had he been my friend.
Be that my plea when I suspend
This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

* He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, his pall being supported by six noblemen.

† "And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell."—*Campbell.*

THE POSTHUMOUS WORK.

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the Metropolitan.

The work has come forth—and sage, genius, and dunce,
All eagerly strive to peruse it at once;
O'er long lists of names the librarian sighs,
And plottings and strivings in book-clubs arise;
All mourn for the writer cut off in his prime,
All vow he surpassed every wit of his time,—
Nay, doubt whether Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Burke,
Could, united, have equalled his Posthumous Work.

At eve, the blue coterie pour forth their praise:—
"What talent, what judgment the story displays!"
"Such volumes the archives of England enrich;"
"Surely Westminster Abbey should grant him a niche;"
"Did you read his first work?" "Yes, and hailed the young ray,
Of the morning that promised a glorious day;
He has fairly, since then, by himself been surpassed,
And of all his productions, the best is the last!"

Not far from the scene, in a dimly-lit room,
Uncherished, unheeded, apart in her gloom,
Behold yon pale widow—she droops her sad head,
And weeps for the gifted one silent and dead:
Small intercourse now with the world can she claim,
Yet she hears in her chamber the echo of Fame
Giving honor to him most lamented, most dear,
Oh! why is the melody harsh to her ear?

She thinks on the hours when exhausted, opprest,
He toiled through the season allotted for rest,
And wrote with that mixture of hope and of dread,
Only known by the sad ones who write for their bread:
The world to the spell of his genius was cold,
It was sparing of praise, and more sparing of gold,
Long slights he endured, long unkindness he bore,
Till the suffering spirit could brook them no more.

She knows that the work now extolled and admired,
Was penned when the mind, languid, wasted, and tired,
Gave forth, in faint gleamings of shadowy light,
Its former perceptions distinctive and bright;
He died, with hopes wither'd, and energies check'd,
The victim of chilling and careless neglect,—
Oh! *half* of these honors, this homage, this praise,
Would have gladden'd, perchance would have lengthen'd his days.

Time's calm healing influence softens her pain,
The widow returns to life's duties again,
Oft speaks of his name whom she valued so well,
And loves on his cherished effusions to dwell;
Yet ever, while viewing these records with pride,
She mournfully turns from one volume aside,—
It wakes the sad thoughts in her bosom that lurk,
'Tis her loved one's last effort—his Posthumous Work!

SCIENCE AND ART.

ANOTHER PETRIFIED FOREST.—At Peddagoorul, on the way from Madras to Bombay, I fell in with a natural peculiarity, which deserves a special notice, though I am not geologist enough to do the subject justice. Whilst out shooting in the immediate neighborhood of the bungalow, among some low underwood, where hares abound, I was much struck with the stony nature of the ground. An uneven bed of rock covered the surface of many acres, which was evidently formed of prostrate trees of a gigantic size, in a state of petrifaction. The origin of the rock was too clear to be mistaken; and what renders the case more remarkable is, that the country is quite devoid of trees to a considerable extent. Should this cursory notice ever catch the eye of any geologist travelling by that route, I hope his attention may be drawn to the spot, for I am satisfied if these petrifactions were subjected to a scientific investigation, they would prove to be one of the most remarkable objects of interest in Southern India. —*Colonial Journal.*

ENGLISH EDUCATION IN CHINA.—The Bibliothèque Royale has just had transmitted to it from Canton a work, which, if we are not mistaken, bids fair to open China to us in a way far more efficacious than even the force of arms has done; and this by enabling the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire to acquaint themselves, without any other assistance than that which itself affords, with the ideas and scientific attainments which prevail in Europe. The work alluded to is a Chinese and English vocabulary, published for the use of the Chinese It is headed by a preface in Chinese, written in a moderate and conciliatory tone, which the Emperor must have read with no less interest than satisfaction, should it have been brought under his notice. This last-named circumstance is by no means improbable, as, according to the Hong-Kong Gazette of the 26th October, 1843, a considerable number of copies had been forwarded to the court of Pekin, and as information has been received since their arrival of many of the high functionaries of that capital having read and having been delighted with that work. Hitherto, the almost exclusive object of sinologists has been to compile dictionaries for the service of Europeans; but the opening of four new ports has given birth to new wants, and, among its other consequences, has created a sort of necessity for the publication of the vocabulary which we have now the pleasure of announcing. It was an idea at once happy and bold, to aim at furnishing the Chinese with the opportunity of acquiring, through the medium of their own language, an acquaintance with that of England. But an immense difficulty had to be encountered in attempting to set forth to the eye the sounds of a foreign tongue, the pronunciation of which is so arbitrary, by employing for that purpose the signs of a language which has no alphabet. To triumph over this obstacle, and others which need not be enumerated, nothing less was required than the learning and experience of a man who has had his abode in China for the last ten years, and to whom the spoken language of the Chinese is as familiar as his vernacular tongue. The author is Mr. Robert Thom, whose abilities are well known throughout Europe; the gentleman who, in connection with the younger Morrison, acted as interpreter to Sir Henry Pottinger during his negotiations with the Chinese plenipotentiaries; and this, not only in arranging the terms of the recent peace, but likewise in since discussing and settling the articles of that commercial treaty which now throws China open to European enterprise and activity. To him the public was previously indebted for his edition of Æsop's Fables in Chinese and English, and for an interesting tale translated from the Chinese.

The volume before us presents, first of all, a paradigma, or specimen sheet, on which each letter of the English alphabet, small and capital, written and printed, is accompanied by its pronunciation in Chinese phonetic signs, as well as in Mandchou letters. The author then instructs

the Chinese in all those principles which are necessary to be understood by them, in order to their finding, in the conventional signs which he employs, the pronunciation of the English words; a thing which he does almost as accurately as if he had availed himself of the sounds of the French language to give expression to them. In this publication, which is merely the first part of the work, all the words and all the phrases are arranged according to an order the most methodical. Each Chinese word is followed by Chinese phonetic signs, which give the pronunciation of an English synonyme placed opposite. The second part will contain the rules of English syntax. We may add, that Mr. Thom has published this work at his own expense, and that he has distributed copies gratuitously to foreigners who reside in China, as well as to the native merchants at the new ports, henceforward to be brought into constant intercourse with Europeans, and requiring the assistance which such a work affords.—*Asiatic Journal.*

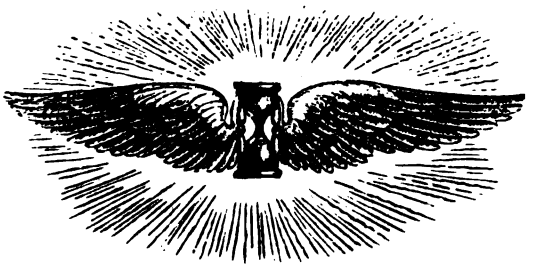
Roman Antiquities.—Several medals and Roman coins have lately been discovered at Bavay, in France. There was also a statuette in bronze of Harpocrates, represented as a half-naked child, having a scarf falling from the right shoulder over a part of his body to the left side. On the head is the lotus, on the back a quiver, and on the shoulders wings. On the right arm is a small cruise suspended by the handle, while the forefinger is placed on the lips. With the left hand he leans on a knotted staff, round which a serpent entwines. Near him is a bird resembling a goose, at his feet a hare or rabbit, and on his left a hawk.—*Athenæum.*

The Earl of Rosse's Telescope.—Though not perfectly finished, it is stated by Sir J. South, in a letter to the Times, that this mighty engine was on Wednesday week directed heavenward for a view of the stars. The noble owner, whose labors in forming every part of it, cannot be too much eulogized, writes that the metal just polished, is of a pretty good figure; and that with a power of 500, the nebula known as No. 2 of Messier's Catalogue was even more magnificent than the nebula No. 13 of Messier when seen with his lordship's telescope of 3 feet diameter and 27 feet focus. Cloudy weather prevented farther observation. The diameter of this metal is 6 feet and the focus 54.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Polish for Plated Ware.—The means used for cleaning and polishing plated ware cannot probably be improved; but it is nevertheless certain that the most judicious cleaning only hastens the period when the under-surface, with its coppery hue, must be discovered; and then, the only resource hitherto, has been the expensive one of replating by the old method. A physician has obviated this. The powder which he prepares from pure silver, chemically combined with other substances, is called by him *Argyroseum*. After being moistened by water, it is applied to the surface requiring to be coated, and the result is a layer of pure silver in intimate adhesion, with an exceedingly high polish. In the trumpery imitations of this discovery quick-silver is employed, which not only affects the health of those who use it, but substitutes a black hue for a coppery one, and invariably destroys the original covering. The invention is the fruit of two years' experiments on the part of Dr. Dods. The cost is stated to be only one-fortieth of that incurred for replating in the usual way: and to restore articles with the *Argyroseum* appears to be quite as easy as merely to clean them.—*Court Journal.*

The Moa, or Gigantic Bird of New Zealand.—[From a Correspondent.]—In relation to this extraordinary creature, of which several species have been determined by Professor Owen, from the bones sent from New Zealand to Dr. Buckland, Professor Hitchcock (of Massachusetts) suggests, that the enormously large birds' nests discovered by Captains Cook and Flinders, on the coasts of New Holland, may have belonged to this gigantic biped. Capt. Cook's notice of these colossal nests, is as follows: "At two in the afternoon, there being no hope of clear weather, we set out from Lizard Island (on the N. E. coast of New Holland, and in about 15° S. lat.) to return to the ship, and in our way landed upon the low sandy island with trees upon it, which we had remarked in our going out. Upon this island we saw an incredible number of birds, chiefly sea-fowl, which we killed; and the nest of some other bird, we knew not what, of a most enormous size. It was built with sticks upon the ground, and was no less than 26 feet in circumference, and 32 inches high." Capt. Flinders found two similar nests on the south coast of New Holland, in King George's Bay. "They were built on the ground, from which they rose above two feet, and were of vast circumference and great interior capacity: the branches of trees and other materials of which each nest was composed, being enough to fill a cart." We have no known bird but the Moa that would require so enormous a nest; and it therefore appears possible, that if these gigantic birds are extinct in New Zealand, still they may be at the present time inhabitants of the warmer climate of New Holland. At all events, the facts above stated are too remarkable not to be worthy the attention of naturalists who may visit New Holland. In connexion with this statement, it may be well to mention that the gigantic birds' tracks on the new red sandstone of Connecticut, indicate that at a very remote period, species equally colossal existed; and we may add, that there has very recently been placed in the Gallery of Organic Remains in the British Museum, two large slabs with the imprints of numerous birds' tracks, obtained through the agency of Dr. Mantell, from Dr. Deane, of Massachusetts, by whom they were discovered in a quarry near Turner's Falls. These specimens are the finest examples of these extraordinary "footsteps on the sands of Time," hitherto observed.—*Athenæum.*

Statue of Laplace.—The statue of Laplace, for his native town of Caen, is to be of bronze, and placed in the *Collège des Arts*, now the seat of the Faculty of Sciences of that town, and the place in which the illustrious author of the *Mécanique Céleste* commenced his scientific studies. Government has promised a contribution to the amount of one-half the cost, estimated at 11,000 francs; and the municipal and academic councils are engaged in raising the rest.—*Athenæum.*



OBITUARY.

JOHN DALTON, D. C. L., F. R. S.— *July 27.* At Manchester, in his 78th year, John Dalton, D. C. L. Oxon., F. R. S. London and Edinburgh, President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.

Dr. Dalton was born at Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 5th of September, 1766, of respectable parents, members of the Society of Friends. He gave early indications of mathematical ability. In 1781 he became a mathematical teacher in Kendal, from whence he contributed largely upon mathematical, philosophical, and general subjects, to the two annual works called the "Gentleman's" and "Lady's Diary." In 1788 he commenced his meteorological observations, which he continued throughout his life. In 1793 he published an octavo volume of "Meteorological Observations and Essays." In the same year he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the New College, Mosley-street, Manchester, and continued to hold his office until the college was finally removed to York.

In 1808, he published "A New System of Chemical Philosophy." and a Second Part in 1810. He also frequently contributed to Nicholson's Journal, the Annals of Philosophy, and the Philosophical Magazine, as well as to the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, of which, for half a century, he was an active member, having, together with his friend Dr. Edward Holme, M. D., F. L. S., been elected on the 25th of April, 1794. Indeed they were the oldest surviving members of the society, with the sole exception of Sir George Phillips, Bart., who became a member in 1785. Dr. Dalton had been President of this society since 1817. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1821 or 1822, and was also a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of several foreign colleges. In 1826, he was presented with a gold medal by the Royal Society, for his scientific discoveries; and in 1833 the sum of £2000 was raised by his friends and townsmen for the erection of a statue to perpetuate his remembrance. The task was intrusted to Sir Francis Chantrey, who brought to the execution of his subject a warm admiration of the man, and a proportionate desire to do him justice; and the statue when completed, was deposited in the entrance hall of the Royal Manchester Institution.

The University of Oxford did itself high honor in conferring on the septuagenarian philosopher the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. During Dr. Dalton's visit to London, about 1833, it was thought by his friends that it would be proper (if not inconsistent with his private feelings,) that he should be presented to the King, and in that case that the robes to which his academic degree entitled him would be the fittest costume for him at the levee. The Lord Chancellor (Brougham) being made acquainted with these feelings, not only immediately approved of them, but offered himself to present Dr. Dalton to the King Dr. Dalton having been made acquainted with the usual forms, agreed in the propriety of the view taken by his friends, and attended the levee. King William received the philosopher very graciously, and kindly relieved the little embarrassments of such an unusual position, by addressing to him several questions respecting the interests of the town of Manchester.

The mortal remains of this highly-esteemed individual were interred on the 12th August in a vault in Ardwick Cemetery, about a mile and a half distant from Manchester. The body lay in state at the Town Hall, on Saturday, Aug. 10, and the public were allowed to pass through the room during the greater part of the day. At 11 o'clock on Monday, the procession moved from the Town Hall in the following order:—About 500 members of various societies, 22 carriages, 300 gentlemen, 10 carriages, 100 members of the various institutions, 36 carriages, the last of which contained the Mayor of Manchester. The hearse, drawn by six horses. Six mourning coaches, drawn by four horses each, containing the relatives and friends of the deceased, followed by the members of the Philosophical Society. The procession moved through the principal streets of the town, and was joined near the cemetery by a large body of the Society of Friends. Most of the mills and workshops were closed, as were also the whole of the shops in the principal streets of the town. The vault in which the body was laid was allowed to remain open until five o'clock in the evening, during which period many thousand persons viewed the coffin.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

REV. THOMAS GILLESPIE, L.L.D. *Sept.* 11.—At Dunino, N. B., the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, L.L. D., Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrew's; an individual well known to the literary world for his many beautiful contributions to the poetry of his country, and known also to the classical world as an author and a teacher.

Dr. Gillespie was formerly minister of Cults, in the Presbytery of Cupar, where, after the manner of the Spanish adventurer, he had the words of the Roman poet carved over the portal—

"Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete;
Sat me ludistis, ludite nunc alios."

His immediate predecessor in the ministry at Cults was the Rev. Mr. Wilkie, father of the late lamented Sir David Wilkie; and we have heard Dr. Gillespie condemn his own want of taste in having, upon his entering to the manse, unconsciously, in the cleansing process, washed away many rude drawings from the walls of the nursery, the work of the infant painter. Like a kindred spirit, the Doctor had a great admiration of the genius of Wilkie; and, in the course of his pilgrimage in Cults, he collected many interesting anecdotes of Sir D. Wilkie's juvenile efforts and encouragements, and which were communicated by him to Allan Cunningham, and hold a place in his last work, "The Life of Sir David Wilkie"

Dr. Gillespie having been appointed assistant and successor to his father-in-law—that distinguished classical scholar, the late Dr. John Hunter, Professor of Humanity in St. Andrew's—in the year 1828, vacated the living of Cults, and settled in the city of St. Andrew's.

Very few men had greater versatility of imagination or power of satire; and few indeed could commit their overflowing thoughts more easily to paper, ready for the eye of the printer and the critic. There is a vast amount of his writings, both in poetry and prose, extant in the magazines of the day, as well as in the newspaper press of Scotland, particularly in that of Fife and Dumfries.

Dr. Gillespie was twice married, his former wife being a daughter of Dr. Hunter, already mentioned; and his second, who survives to lament his loss, a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. George Campbell, of Cupar-Fife, and sister of the Right Hon. Lord Campbell.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Capt. Basil Hall, R. N.—With sincere sorrow we record the death of this accomplished and gallant officer, at Haslar, on the 11th, in his 56th year. At present we have not had an opportunity of writing such a notice as his naval character and literary celebrity demand. He was of an ancient Scottish family, and entered the service early in life. In 1818 he published his voyage to China in the Lyra; and his visit to Corea and Loo-Choo on his return from Lord Amherst's embassy, was full of the most novel and interesting matter. Since then his literary publications have been numerous and exceedingly popular. No writer ever excelled him in vivid description: and especially at sea. He was also a valued and liberal contributor to several of our best periodicals. Unfortunately his constitution gave way under excitement of mind, after being severely tried by foreign climates; and it is remarkable that he was the last person to bid farewell to Sir Walter Scott, when in a similar condition, his account of which was affecting in the extreme—*Lit. Gaz.*

Francis Baily.—It is with regret that we announce the death, on the 30th ult., in the 71st year of his age, of Mr. Francis Baily, President of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Baily, whose scientific attainments are well known, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1821, was a member of the Royal Irish Academy, a Corresponding Member of the French Institute, the Royal Academy at Berlin, and other learned and scientific bodies. Mr. Baily, we believe, was, in popular phrase, the architect of his own fortune. In early life his struggles were great, and we have heard that he emigrated to America. Be this as it may, we find him at the beginning of this century resident in London, employed in the office of a stockbroker, and for many years eking out his small salary by a series of useful publications, generally on insurance, annuities, and like subjects; the last an 'Epitome of Universal History,' published in 1813. Eventually his talents were discovered and appreciated, and he soon obtained what only he desired, a sufficient fortune to justify his retiring altogether from business, and devoting himself wholly to science; and nobly did he employ his leisure and his fortune, as the records of the Astronomical Society bear honorable testimony.—*Athenæum.*

Granville Penn, Esq., F. S. A., died last week at his seat, Stoke Park, Berks, at the patriarchal age of eighty-two, and for nearly half a century occupied a marked place in the literature of England, especially as connected with sacred subjects. Of a name and family of great note, both in the old and new world, his later years were passed in great retirement, amid some of the most lovely scenery in our isle. The following works are from his pen:—

1. Critical Remarks on Isaiah vii. 18. 4to. London. 1790.
2. Remarks on the Eastern Origination of Mankind and of the Arts of Cultivated Life. 4to. Same year.
3. Three copies of his Greek Version of the Inscription on the Stone from Egypt, containing a Decree of the Priests in honor of Ptolemy the Fifth. 8vo. 1802.
4. A Christian Survey of all the Principal Events and Periods of the World. 2d edit. 8vo. 1812.
5. The Bioscope; or the Dial of Life explained. 8vo. 1812.
6. The Prophecy of Ezekiel concerning Gog, the last Tyrant of the Church; his Invasion of Ras, his Discomfiture, and Final Fall examined and in part illustrated. 8vo. 1814.
7. Original Lines and Translations. 8vo. London. 1814.

In a later work, Mr Penn opposed the rising science of Geology on somewhat similar religious grounds to those taken up by the Dean of York. —*Lit. Gaz.*

The Rev. Robert Taylor, so notorious as the sacred ally of Carlile in the preaching of infidelity, and the contracted husband of the no less notorious Miss Richards of the Rotunda, now Mrs. Dorey, died last month at Tours, in France, whither he had gone to avoid paying damages for his breach of promise to the lady, and where he practised as a medical man. He was fifty-two years of age, and has left a widow and a lot of manuscripts Taylor received a university education, and rather distinguished himself at college; he was dis-priested for his pestilent doctrines, and afterwards fell into that train of bold atheistical license which procured him the unenviable distinction of being called "The Devil's Chaplain." —*Lit. Gaz.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

The Septuagint Version in English. Translated by Sir Lancelot C. L. Brenton, Bart. Bagster.

Dr. Wall was the first who directed the attention of Biblical students to the important fact, that most of the discrepancies between the Septuagint version and the existing Hebrew text, have arisen from the efforts of the Rabbins to introduce a system of vocalization into their language, the want of which was of course felt when Hebrew ceased to be generally spoken. According to this theory, Hellenistic influence may be traced not merely in the Greek translation of the Bible, but even in the Hebrew text itself, as it is now preserved by the Jews; and the pointed Hebrew Bible must be regarded as a translation, not as an original record. The Septuagint and the pointed Hebrew are thus placed on the same level as rival versions. Dr. Wall's theory goes further, for it impugns the originality of even the unpointed text, for the attempt to vocalize it by the introduction of the letters *Ahevi* must, from the nature of the Hebrew language, have led to many perversions of the sense. It has been announced that Dr. Wall's work, minutely examining the internal evidence in support of this theory, will be published in the course of the present year. Sir Lancelot Brenton's translation suggests some historical inquiries which may throw light on the external aspect of the question, and we shall very briefly state the outlines of these investigations.

The great question to be decided is, the extent to which Hellenization was carried in Central and Western Asia under the Macedonian empire of Alexander and his successors. Egypt, under the Ptolemies, is the portion of that empire of which we have the most perfect account, and there can be little doubt that the language and literature of that kingdom became perfectly Greek. There is evidence that the Selucidæ endeavored to bring about the same change in their Syrian kingdom; and though they were not equally successful, we find, from the New Testament, that Greek was the common spoken language in Palestine itself; so that when Christ on the cross made an exclamation in Syrian (*Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani*), the bystanders did not understand his words (they said, "He calleth for Elias.") It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance, that St. Paul on one occasion addressed a Jewish mob in the Hebrew tongue, and far the greater part, if not the whole of the New Testament was written in Greek. To this may be added, that the quotations made from the Old Testament in the New, are taken from the Septuagint or some other Greek version, but not in any demonstrable case from the original Hebrew. It is not necessary to extend this inquiry further, else it would be easy to show that the Jews who settled in Alexandria exercised a very decided influence over their brethren in Palestine, and that this influence increased the tendency to Hellenism, which it was the policy of the Macedonian rulers to establish.

Nothing but a very minute and critical examination of the internal evidence would justify a decision in favor of the present Hebrew text or of the Septuagint in the passages where they differ, and Sir Lancelot Brenton has done good service to the cause of Biblical Criticism, by rendering the Septuagint accessible to general readers; for, until public attention is directed to the issue, scholars are not likely to undertake the labors necessary to lead to a right decision.—*Athenæum.*

Description of the Skeleton of an Extinct Gigantic Sloth, Mylodon robustus, &c. By Richard Owen, F. R. S., &c.

The researches of geologists, or rather paleozoologists, have, within the last few years, brought to light the relics of a series of animals, of a size immensely beyond that of any previously known, and not confined to the class of reptiles. The gigantic bones recently brought from America by Mr. Koch, and exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, are now deposited in the British Museum, where they have been scientifically put together, and form (notwithstanding the somewhat diminished size compared to the fictitious height given to them by Mr. Koch) one of the most extraordinary subjects in our National Museum, being, moreover, unique in Europe. The immense bones of birds, lately sent from New Zealand, belong to a (or, in fact, to several) species far larger than the largest ostrich; whilst it is only during the past season that zoologists and geologists have been startled by the discovery of the bones of a tortoise which must have measured 18 or 20 feet in length. One of the bones of this creature is now placed in a case in the British Museum, and by its side the corresponding bone of the Indian tortoise, which latter animal measures about two feet in length, and the relative proportions of the bones are nearly similar to those of a wren and a turkey. The memoir before us contains a very elaborate description of another of these gigantic animals, belonging to the family of the sloths, but which, when living, was a perfect Titan compared to its present representatives. With a trunk shorter than that of the hippopotamus was combined a pelvis equalling in breadth, and exceeding in depth, that of an elephant! and a tail equalling the hind limbs in length, and proportionably as thick and strong, whilst its ribs were equal in breadth to those of the elephant, and its feet (especially of the anterior extremities) of enormous power. The bones of this creature were discovered in 1841, near Buenos Ayres on the fluviatile deposits constituting the extensive plain intersected by the great Rio Plata. A memoir on such an object from the pen of Prof. Owen, needs no praise at our hands. The subject, as the title-page notices, is treated not only with reference to the precise determination of the abstract structure of the various portions of the skeleton, but also with especial reference to the various habits indicated by each bone; and the whole is illustrated by a series of plates of great precision and delicacy.—*Athenæum.*

The Pencil of Nature. By H Fox Talbot, Esq., F. R. S. No. I. London. 1844. Longman and Co.

Under this elegant and appropriate title, we have before us "a series of plates, or pictures, wholly executed by the new art of Photogenic Drawing, without any aid whatever from the artist's pencil,"—the first attempt at such a system

of transcription, and, unlike first attempts in general, almost attaining perfection. The plates have been obtained by the mere action of light upon sensitive paper, the representations of the objects being "impressed by Nature's own hand." Mr. Fox Talbot has the merit of having discovered, so long ago as 1833, the rudiments at least of this very curious and extraordinary art, which employs Nature herself in the capacity of an artist. In a "Brief Historical Sketch of the Invention of the Art," he has developed the successive stages of its progress, from a rude idea of the *possibility* of rendering permanent the images transmitted through the instrument absurdly called the *Camera Lucida*, to "the important epoch of the announcement of the Daguerreotype," at which period he had succeeded in fixing the images of objects upon sensitive paper.

The present number contains five plates, or pictures.—1. Part of Queen's College, Oxford; 2. The Boulevards at Paris; 3. Articles of China—that is, a view of the inside of a closet or cabinet of porcelain; 4. Articles of Glass; 5. Bust of Patroclus. These pictures possess all the beauty of tinted drawings or plates, in conjunction with a fidelity of outline and truthfulness of character which no human artist's hand could reach. The book is luxuriously printed.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Germany.

Vollständige Grammatik der Englischen Sprache, vorzüglich für jene bestimmt, welche nicht allein die Regeln derselben gründlich Kennen lernen, sondern auch in ihren Geist eindringen ihre besten Klassiker Kritisch würdigen, und sich einen natürlichen, genauen und eleganten Styl in dieser Sprache aneignen wollen. Von S. Hirst, Graduirtem Mitgliede der Universität zu Cambridge.

[This lengthy title-page declares that Mr. Hirst's Grammar is intended for those Germans who, not contented with a profound study of grammatical rules, wish also to penetrate into the spirit of the English language, attain a critical knowledge of its best classics, and acquire a natural, accurate, and elegant style. Title-pages of this kind are apt to remind one of the pictures outside of wild-beast caravans, raising expectations the interior cannot gratify. An examination of Mr Hirst's quarto (!) has convinced us that in his case the suspicion was just. It is the substance of Lindley Murray and Walker broken up into analytical tables, in which the excessive subdivision and classification which is the besetting sin of one school of German writers is exaggerated beyond all bounds. It would require as long a time to master Mr. Hirst's distinctions and definitions as a foreigner usually requires to master our language; and after they were learned, the study of the language would still have to be begun. The work is commonplace in its matter, with an affectation of originality and scientific arrangement in its form, that renders it, if not unintelligible, at least useless as a grammar.]—*Spectator.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On the Uses and Pleasures of History, preparatory to the study of History. By Washington Shirley Maturin.

Brief Views of Greek Philosophy, from the Age of Socrates to the coming of Christ.

Distinction between Crime and Insanity. A Premium Essay. By T. C. Morrison.

Six Thousand years Ago; or, the Works of Creation illustrated. By Mrs. Best.

Practical Instructions for using Guano as Manure, illustrated by Practical Results.

GERMANY.

Das Leben des Augustinus, vol. i., bis zu seiner Taufe; oder bis zum Schlusse des geschichtlichen Theils der Confessionen. Von C. Bindemann. *Berlin.*

Anaximenis Ars Rhetorica quæ vulgo fertur Aristotelis ad Alexandrum. Recens. et illustr. L. Spengel *Zurici.*

System der christlichen Lehre. Von C. J. Nitzsch. *Bonn.*

Ueber die geologische Natur des armenischen Hochlandes. Von Dr. H. Abich *Dorpat.*

Geschichte des Hauses Habsburg. Von C. M Lichnousky. *Wiem.*

Geschichte des Ursprungs und der Entwickelung des Französischen Volkes. Vol. I. Von E. Arnd. *Leipzig.*

FRANCE.

Voyages aux Antilles françaises, anglaises, danoises, espagnioles, à St. Domingo et aux Etats Unis. Par A. G. de Granier. *Paris.*

Isles Taïti. Equisse historique et geographique, précédée de considérations générales sur la Colonisation Française dan l'Océanie. Par Vincendon Dumoulin et Despraz. *Paris.*

RUSSIA.

Die Unâdi-Affixe, mit Anmerkung. u. Indices. Von O. Boehtlingk. *St. Petersburgh.*

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Friends of the work in the editorial corps and elsewhere, will oblige us by announcing—that *each number* will be embellished with an Engraving on Steel, executed expressly for the Eclectic Magazine, in a style of finish *not surpassed in this Country*.

It is intended that this Series of Prints shall embrace the whole range of Modern European Art, illustrating the different schools, and consist of a careful selection from subjects of a popular and interesting character, from the works of the most distinguished Painters. No pains or expense shall be spared to render this new feature of our periodical entirely satisfactory, and we trust a short time will suffice to establish the opinion that the insertion of a picture in the Eclectic Magazine will be a guaranty of its intrinsic merit. We feel at liberty to speak with great confidence on the subject, as we have engaged the assistance in this part of our editorship, of a gentleman who is abundantly capable of satisfying the expectations which this advertisement will create.

We have now in preparation for 1844, beautiful plates, from the following *English* Painters: *Lawrence*, *Danby*, *Chalon*, *Hilton*, *McClise*, *Wilkie*, *Eastlake*, *Turner*, *Martin*, *E. Landseer*, *Bonnington*, *Mulready*, etc.

☞ The American Eclectic was in existence two years, and now comprises *four* 8vo volumes of over 600 pages each. Old or new subscribers for the Eclectic Magazine, who would like to have the Eclectic from the beginning, will be supplied with the *four* vols., in Nos., at $5—and handsomely bound at $ 6,50. The most valuable articles of the British Quarterlies are contained in them, with a number of translations from German and French Journals, not elsewhere to be found in the English language.

☞ **COMMISSION FOR PROCURING NEW SUBSCRIBERS.** With a view to the increase of our subscription-list, we offer to *Postmasters and others* who will interest themselves in forwarding new names and money to us, the following commissions: For each subscriber who pays in advance, when the number is less than *five*, $1.—Over five, and under *one hundred*, $2.—Over one and under *two hundred*, $2,25.—Over two and under *three hundred*, $2,50.—Over *three hundred*, $3.

TO OUR PATRONS, EDITORS, ETC.

ANOTHER YEAR.

THIS Number completes the year 1844, a year in which we have been obliged to contend against much opposition and many obstacles. But we are safely through, and in high spirits for renewing our enterprise for 1845, Deo volente.

Some of our subscribers seem willing that we should labor hard, day and night, for their profit and entertainment, without any return of the "*needful*" from them. We suppose such may have been fearful of the issue, whilst there was rivalry on the field, and for that reason postponed payment. We confess that there seemed to be *some* apology for non-payment in advance, this year; but that apology can exist no longer. *Every one may feel assured of the continuance of the Eclectic Magazine.* And, although we shall excuse our non-paying friends for their delay in this case, if they will only "pony up" *now*, at the close of the year, yet we must say that we take the most pleasure in contemplating the names of those on our list, who are marked *paid*, and paid *early*. It really does us good, and gives a zest to our pursuits, to see the money coming in, as it should, at the beginning of the year.

☞ *This month and next, we do really hope to see all old scores wiped off, and none made for the future,* as we think our subscribers will universally embrace our offer to take FIVE Dollars, paid POSITIVELY *in advance*, as directed in the "TERMS."

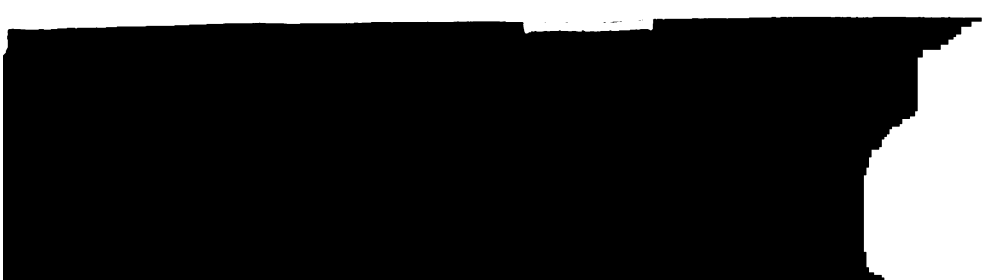
☞ TERMS.—*Six Dollars* a year; but if paid in ADVANCE, i. e., within the *second* month from the commencement of subscription, and at our own office, without expense to us, through private hands, or a post-master, FIVE Dollars will be received—otherwise *Six, positively.* Those from Mr. Campbell's list, who take the Eclectic Magazine now, will permit us to remind them that payment must be made *immediately*, in order to entitle them to receive it at *Five* Dollars.

☞ GOOD NEWS.—Hereafter we shall uniformly wait for the arrival of the Steamers, and make up *the entire* Number with *fresh* matter. The selections from the Quarterlies must, *of course*, run on through two or three months; but *all* the rest of the matter will be from the latest arrivals, and the Magazine ready in *ten* days thereafter. So that we shall publish between the *first* and *fifth* of each month. *In this way we shall have an advantage even* over "Weeklies," in getting out *fresh matter.*

☞ *Don't forget to read page* 3 *of cover*, "SOMETHING NEW," and show it to your friends. Each subscriber can easily get some friend to take so *good* and *cheap* a work. Do it, and oblige us.

To conclude: We are happy in the very *anticipation* of the future *prompt payment* of our patrons; and what, then, will the reality be, when we find *every one* sending up his *Five* Dollars, a sum so easily transmitted?

EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.



SOMETHING NEW.

REASONS FOR TAKING THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

1. It is the *cheapest* Periodical, in its price.
2. It is now the *only Monthly* of Foreign Literature.
3. Its Engravings, by SARTAIN, are exquisite, and superior to any others—*worth the price of the work.*
4. It is *well established*, and beyond all rivalry in its line.
5. It surveys the field of *German and French*, as well as English Periodical Literature, and *selects* from all.
6. It is *elevated and dignified* in its character.
7. It contains, for Five Dollars *in advance, all the best* articles from *the four Quarterlies*, together with choice matter from the Magazines and Papers.
8. It is printed on *fair paper*, and in type that will *not injure the eyes.*
9. It commends itself to all *persons of taste*, and is represented by good judges, to be "*the best periodical in the world.*"
10. The public *ought* to support a work of this description, in order to supplant the trash of the day.

TERMS. *Six Dollars* a year; but if paid in ADVANCE, i. e., within the *second month*, and at our own office, without expense to us, through private hands, or through a Postmaster, Five Dollars will be received—otherwise *Six positively.*

☞ *We now issue promptly, on the* FIRST *day of every month, waiting for the arrival of the steamers, which leave Liverpool on the 4th of each month, and bring us our Magazines.* Thus we shall always furnish *fresh matter*, selecting for October 1st, from the September Magazines, and so on.

☞ The Edinburgh and British and Foreign Reviews, were not yet out, when the Acadia left port.

☞ Again we request those in arrears for the Museum of 1843, and for the Magazine of 1844, to remit the amount *promptly* through a Postmaster.

☞ The price, as on first page of Cover, is *six* dollars, but *five* dollars will be taken, if paid literally in *advance*, i. e. WITHIN THE FIRST OR SECOND MONTH, and without expense to us—i. e. sent to our Office by private hand, or through a Postmaster. Those, out of the city, who wait for a Collector to call, or postpone longer than the second month, will be *positively* charged *six* dollars. This is fair.

☞ *Subscribers will facilitate our operations by paying as speedily as possible.*

☞ Postmasters are authorized to frank letters containing remittances.

CONTENTS OF THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

PLATE.—John Anderson my jo. By W. KIDD.

1.	HARRIS'S HIGHLANDS OF ETHIOPIA,	North British Review.	433
2.	THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS,	New Monthly Magazine.	449
3.	DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO,	Tait's Magazine.	460
4.	THE BEARD AND THE PIPE,	New Monthly Magazine.	467
5.	THE EARL OF CHATHAM,	Edinburgh Review.	470
6.	LOUISA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA,	Literary Gazette.	510
7.	COURSES OF ENGLISH READING,	Frazer's Magazine.	512
8.	YOUNG ENGLAND,	Edinburgh Review.	524
9.	LOUIS PHILIPPE'S VISIT TO VICTORIA,	Court Journal.	529
10.	AKERMAN'S NEW TESTAMENT,	Literary Gazette.	530
11.	BENEKE'S THEORY AND PRACTICE OF EDUCATION,	Foreign Quarterly Review.	532
12.	LORD JEFFREY'S CONTRIBUTIONS,	North British Review.	542
13.	MILL'S ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY,	Spectator.	562

POETRY.

John Anderson my jo; The Libelled Benefactor, 265; The Goldsmith's Daughter, 566; Irish Song, Absence, Scenes of my Boyhood, 567; Campbell's Funeral, The Posthumous Work, 568;

MISCELLANY.

Sale-catalogue of Books, Pirated English Works, Tasso's Monument, 448; Decorative Art Society, 512; Isabella of Spain, Dr. Dalton, 523; Sue's Wandering Jew, Railroad from Civita Vecchia to Rome, 528; Chain Bridges, 531; Algeria a Viceroyalty, Talleyrand, 542; Ice, Victoria's Ponies, 561; British Antiquities, Motive Power, 564.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Another Petrified Forest, English Education in China, 569; Roman Antiquities, Earl of Rosse's Telescope, Polish for Plated Ware, The Moa or Gigantic Bird of New Zealand, Stature of Laplace, 570.

OBITUARY.

John Dalton, D. C. L. F. R. S. Rev. Thomas Gillespie, LL. D., 571; Capt. Basil Hall, Francis Bailey, Granville Penn, Rev. Robert Taylor, 572.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.—Great Britain, 573; Germany, 574.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.—Great Britain,—Germany,—France,—Prussia, 574.

Postage,—Six sheets: under 100 miles, 9 cents; over 100 miles, 15 cents.

☞ Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama, Tenessee, and part of Missouri.

☞ Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is collecting for us in the South and South Western States and Florida, assisted by James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem and Henry Platt.

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